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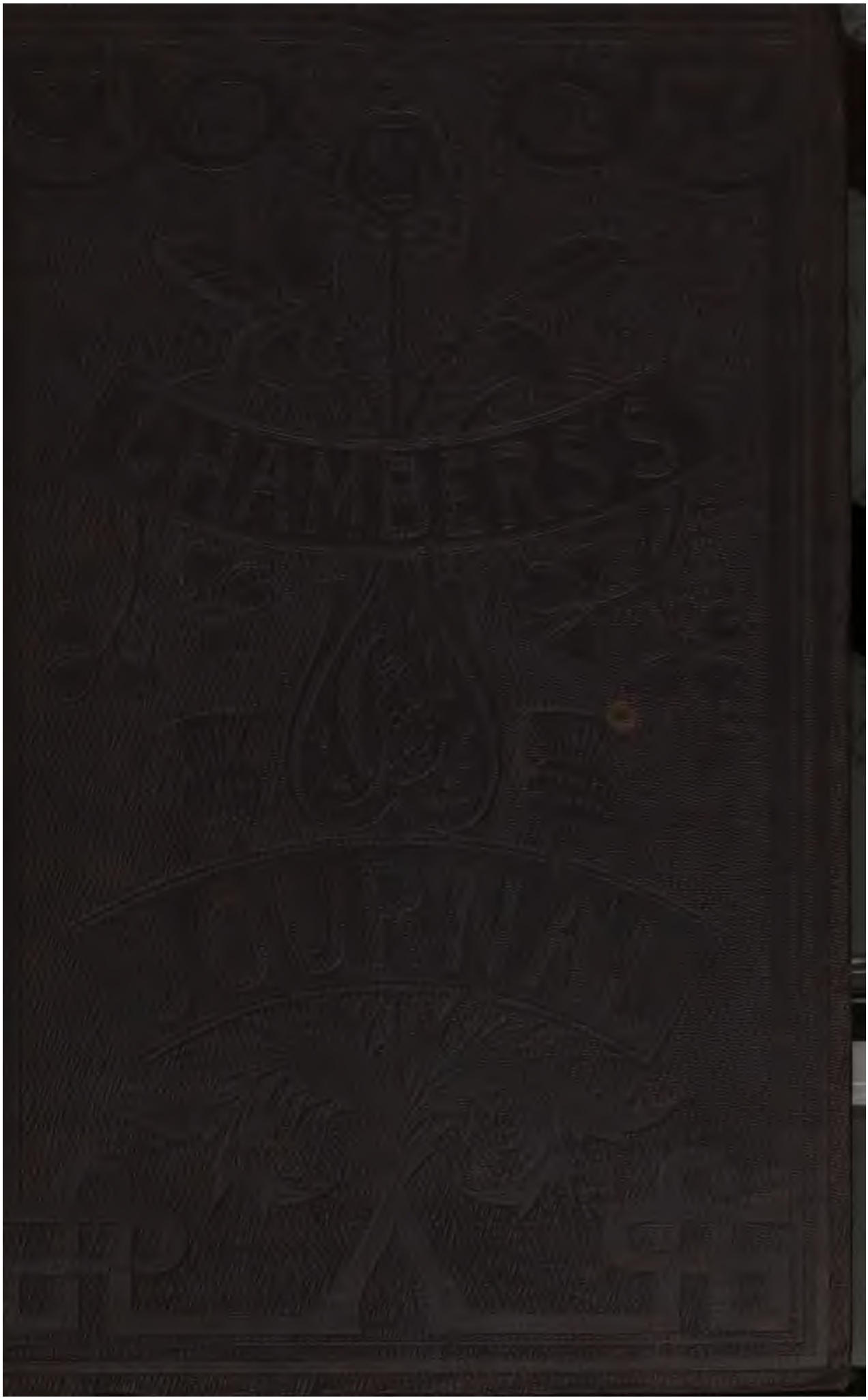

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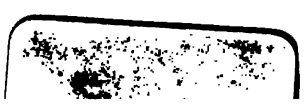

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THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.

On the banks of the river Lerg, where it forms its estuary with the Great Fiord of the North Sea, stood the quaint old town of Lerwig—a place that seemed from the rude harmony that characterised the buildings, to have sprung ready fashioned, ages before, out of the primeval forest. So primitive was its whole aspect, that, but for the vanity of each proprietor, who had branded his initials and the year of erection in iron hooks over the chamber-window, the spectator might have fancied the whole the work of a single night.

Tall narrow houses of timber, with their overhanging gables towards the street, rudely carved, but warped in every conceivable manner, extended in two lines parallel to the river; while smaller streets, diverging north and south, led to the heavy wharfs and storehouses lining the primitive harbour, or to the few detached mansions that, standing in their own grounds, constituted the fashionable quarter, and comprised the wealth and aristocracy of the ancient burg. In the centre of the main street, and built, like the town itself, of timber, stood the venerable church, or what had once been the cathedral, a perfect marvel of picturesque architecture, from the stern Runic to the florid Norman. Not a foot of the heavy timber that comprised the building was left unadorned by carving or unrelieved by grotesque tracery; while every beam or lintel was terminated by a corbel head, perhaps that of a grinning satyr, which, with the towering roof, open spire, and covering of red tiles, contrasted not unpleasingly with the massive and sombre tone of the structure below.

Facing the cathedral stood a double-gabled house of a more pretentious appearance than its neighbours, from the greater quantity of carving that ornamented the wooden mullions of the windows and adorned the door-posts of the low-arched entrance, denoting the building to belong to some wealthy inhabitant or official of the town.

The house was the abode of Carl Underwaldent, the burghgrave or mayor, who on the present occasion was standing with some friends at the casement looking out inquisitively on the busy street in front. The period at which our story opens is mid-winter—that is, about the 20th of January 1740—a time of the year when the most intense frost prevails, not only here, but over the whole of Norway and the adjacent countries. For nearly six weeks at this epoch, the sun never rises above the horizon; and the only light during the brief day, is a faint glimmering that lasts for barely two hours, caused by the reflection of the sun's rays on the snows of the mountain-tops, which, being again reflected upon the plains, affords that dubious light which constitutes day. As soon as this light disappears, the heavens are illumined by the aurora borealis, which, with the exception of the two hours at mid-day, is always present during winter in the Norwegian skies, affording a light more steady and perfect than the dim substitute that rules at noon.

The rivers, from the first setting in of the frost, are locked in sheets of ice, while the fiords into which they flow, like all the harbours on the western coast, owing to the warm sea-breezes, are, with rare exceptions, always open, so that the inhabitants of the coast have a free traffic with such winter commodities as are brought down by the mountaineers during the frost, by means of their sledges, when the rivers can no longer float their rafts. The mountainous range that, towering to a height of from 1000 to 2000 feet, encompasses the little burg of Lerwig, and forms part of that alpine chain that stretches through the whole extent of Norway, was, from pinnacle to base, covered for several yards deep with snow, which in the valleys and rifts lay to the depth of fifty fathoms. Along the plain, and spreading over the uneven streets of the grim old town, the snow lay compact as iron, from the friction of the sledges, that, loaded with merchandise or filled with chattering groups, were passing in rapid succession to and fro, the jingling of their horses' copper-bells keeping up a perpetual chime to their rapid and merry progress; while mountaineers and villagers in heelless boots or long arching skates, and every variety of costume, mingled with the inhabitants, and gave a singular animation to the wintery noon.

The room into which we beg the reader to follow us was large, and extended the whole length of the house; the walls were lined from ceiling to floor with scantlings of pine, and so finely polished that they shone like dark mirrors. The floor, composed of the same material, was covered with a coarse carpet of Finnish matting; a few heavy settles stood against the walls; while an arm-chair, stuffed with Lapland grass, was placed near the stove, and presented a most luxurious seat, being, from the warmth and nature of the grass or hay, a perfect nest of downy softness. About a dozen stools of all sizes were ranged about a table, or rather board, supported on trestles and covered with a sheet of huckaback, engrossing the whole middle of the apartment. To a series of brass nails round the walls hung pewter platters, iron and horn spoons, trenchers, and such implements of domestic use as were to be seen in a remote Norway household, and went far to bespeak the refinement of

the owner a century ago. The skeleton of a walrus—the bones as black as the beams from which it hung—afforded support to a set of iron lamps or cruses, that cast their light, when burning, directly on the table beneath, while the cavity of the thorax formed a receptacle for tobacco-pouches and sundry such articles. A round piece of bread like a Scotch bannock, hung by a hank of blue silk on the polished wall, and from a label duly engrossed, set forth that it was baked by 'Margarita, the frau of Carl Underwaldent, on the baptism of their first child, Gertruda, on the 17th day of January 1721.'*

A flight of steps at the extremity of the room led to the sleeping apartments, while, at the opposite side, a door opened on the hall and domestic offices; an elk's head and antlers over the entrance completed the appurtenances of the room, with one exception—the stove, which, placed between the two doors at the end of the apartment, projected about six feet forward. The stoves of the north are everywhere applied to the same purposes—they heat the house, bake, boil, and roast; and among the poorer classes, their flat tops invariably form a bed.

'The sun has set, Christopher, and taken his last kiss of purple Luhea, who is now as white as Hecla's night-cap,' exclaimed Carl Underwaldent, a broad-faced, jovial-looking man, as he turned his good-humoured countenance from the window and addressed a tall muscular youth, who, seated beside his young wife—a handsome girl of nineteen—was adjusting a shaggy bear's skin over the back of the hard seat, so as to protect her from the rough unpadded settle. 'You'll have a prime night for your travel, Chris,' he continued, as Christopher Steinhoff, the young man addressed, kissing the approving lips of his blushing bride, joined his father-in-law at the casement. 'There's a sky for you!' he went on, pointing to the firmament with a feeling of exultation. 'Talk of your sun all day, and your moon all night—ah, bosh!' he added contemptuously. 'I wouldn't give a dried ling or a cod's sound for such; boo! There, you have all the colours of the rainbow. See! how they shoot like jets of purple and orange flame! It's a good augury, lad, and sent to light you homewards. There's a dart of blue, now, might shame the brightest amethyst!' And, in his enthusiasm, Carl slapped his listener's shoulder, to rouse him to a keener sense of the beauties of the aurora borealis, as, the moment the sun faded from the tops of the mountains, it began shooting its dazzling streamers over the sky—at first, in darts and leaping coruscations, that, bounding here and there in puffs of coloured light, seemed to break the whole face of heaven into dimples; then converging over the Polar Star, spread out their belts of luminous colour like a vast fan, and waving in stately undulations, looking like Juno's bird majestically walking the heavens; again, with erratic bounds, streaking the vault with separate rainbows, that, blending into one whole of mingled colours, seemed to carpet the entire sky with interlacing gold and purple, till, with a leap and flash like lightning, the whole vanished, leaving the expanse a leaden darkness. 'You don't get such lights as those in Sweden, Chris,' resumed Carl, in a triumphant tone, to his son-in-law. 'Now, having had their frolic, they'll come out soberly. There! I told you so.' And, as he spoke, a bright trembling blush of the most exquisite rose began to gradually intensify round the north pole, till a deep belt of orange skirted the northern half of the firmament, when, like darts from a bow, it shot out a thousand pencils of colour, the whole pouring down a toned and softened light, sufficiently clear for the minutest offices of daily life.

'It will be a famous evening,' replied Christopher. 'With the air so light, we shall reach the second *stove* on the Lulians by midnight; and by starting early, descend the Tornea by breakfast; after that, we can easily cross the plain to Gora in time for dinner. But who are those people who seem older than Gustavus Adolphus, or even Vasa himself, so out of all memory is the shape of their garments?' he inquired, pointing to several passengers, who moved on foot or in sledges along the street.

'Here's Herr Peterhoff, he will tell thee the meaning of these matters,' replied his father-in-law, who readily availed himself of the opportunity to pass to another the explanation demanded of himself.

'Why, Christopher,' began Herr Peterhoff, turning to his young friend, 'we Norwegians are very primitive in our habits, and like to remain as our fathers left us; and it is only in the towns that any change takes place at all, for in the mountains, things remain stock still; and each parish is known by its costume; and some of the dresses have come down unaltered in fashion or material for several hundred years. That *strile* (farmer or peasant) with his breeches and stockings all of one piece, and his loose jerkin of *wadmel* and braided waistcoat, comes from the Salten Fiord; that Herdanger beside him, as you see, wears all black, with a bordering of red; the man in black and yellow is from Sogneford: so we know by his colours where the strile comes from; but as every Norwegian is his own smith and carpenter, each man has got his axe, saw, and gimblet hanging in a chain by his side.'

'Thank you,' cried Christopher, in return for the explanation. 'I have only one more question, which, as I'm a Swede, you will excuse my asking. Why have so many men letters chalked on their backs? Is it some trick of the boys, or do your people make slates of each other's coats to cast their accounts on?' and he pointed to several persons hurrying along, who with the utmost circumspection avoided the least contact, as with bent shoulders, and their coats on the stretch, they hastened on their several destinations.

'Ha! ha!' shouted his father Carl, in boisterous merriment. 'Now, by St Nicholas, the patron of salt-fish, thou hast made a great mistake, son Chris. Trick, quotha! A slate; no, no!' and he laughed again at the conceit of his son-in-law. 'Tell him, Frantz; tell him, neighbour;' and referring the explanation to one of his friends, he indulged in an inward chuckle at his son's remark.

'Why, friend Christopher,' observed the person addressed, 'our strile farmers are better skilled at the saw and adze than at the horn-book; so, when they bring down their deals in exchange for goods for the frau's housekeeping, the store-keeper chalks on their backs so many *lippards* of rosin, or so many lengths of deal; and as that is their only voucher for the delivery, they are careful not to get it rubbed out on their way to the pay-office, where all they have to do is to present their back to the clerk, who runs up the figures, pays down the thalers, and brushes out the reckoning. But, neighbour,' he added, turning to Carl, and snuffing with considerable gusto the aroma that issued from the stove, 'I smell the odour of roast-meats, and think the good frau has gotten dinner waiting in the oven; and it is a sin to do meat a shade too much, when the appetite is ready, and the time come for eating.'

'You are right, Frantz; so now, wife, set out the table at once, for I've a hunger on me as sharp as an east wind. Help yourselves, neighbours, and waeshail to all!' So saying, Carl turned, and taking from the wall his platter, knife, and spoon, invited his guests to help themselves in the same manner, an invitation that required no second urging. In the meantime, the

* The Norwegian housewives are justly proud of their bread-making; they bake but seldom, and their bread will generally keep good a year. It is a common custom to bake bread at the christening of their first child, and preserve it for the feast given on the coming of age or marriage of the child.

wife, a tall sour-looking matron, assisted by an aged friend, opened the stove, and began removing the several dishes, and placing them on the table; while Gertruda, Christopher's young wife, rose from her settle, and, aided by four or five companions and bride-maids, proceeded to light the lamps, and place large quantities of dried stock-fish, and pieces of bread or bannocks, beside every guest, the stock-fish being universally eaten as bread with every meal. Having attended to these lighter duties of the table, the young females drew their stools up to the board, and awaited the onslaught by the men. But we must take the present opportunity to make the reader acquainted with the personal appearance of the bride. Like the Norwegians of both sexes, Gertruda was remarkably fair, and the pure whiteness of her complexion would have made her face insipid but for the bright sunny blue of her large clear eyes, which, relieved by long dark lashes, gave it a peculiar vivacity and animation. Her figure was remarkably light and graceful. Over a *chemisette* as white as one of her native snow-drifts, she wore a close-fitting wadmel jacket of bright orange, which, fitting close to the form, and shewing the contour of the swelling bust, was laced in front from the neck to the waist, where it terminated in the form of a stomacher. A black girdle of polished leather, embossed with plates of silver, and adorned with small silver bells, rings, and other ornaments of the same metal, served to confine and adorn her slender waist. A full-flowing skirt of blue wadmel, gathered in flat plaits over the hips, fell in graceful curves round her person, and reached to within a span of her small-pointed shoe. Her hair, of soft sunny chestnut, was, after the fashion of young wives, gathered into bands, and confined round her well-formed head in braids, while a party-coloured kerchief placed archly on the back, and tied with an expanded knot, was, with the hair, profusely covered with rings, medals, coins, large silver spangles, and thin plates of silver and gold; so that, at every motion, the entire head-dress flashed and scintillated with a brilliancy perfectly dazzling. A long silver chain passed three or four times round the neck, with a gold ducat suspended from its links, and resting on the bosom, with amber bracelets, where the sleeve of the chemisette terminated in a frill, completed her costume; and Gertruda, like most of her Norwegian countrywomen, carried on her girdle and head-dress the whole of her bridal fortune.

Attracted by the savoury smell from the stove, two buxom girls suddenly made their appearance through the doors, and came eagerly forward to take their places at the table; but no sooner was the cold admitted into the room by the entrance of the maids, than the air of the apartment was converted into a cloud of snow, which fell like a fine white powder, covering every person and article with a layer of hoar-frost. So common a circumstance, however, produced no effect on the hungry visitors, who fell vigorously on the first dish that presented itself—a kind of hasty-pudding made of oat and barley meal, in which a salted salmon had been cooked, to give flavour to the mess. This was followed by roast ribs of beef, fat brisket of mutton, a haunch of venison, grouse, partridge, a stuffed hare, and a large dish of reindeer tongues. For the first quarter of an hour, all were too busy with their teeth and fingers to think of talking; but after the edge of their appetites was a little dulled, and the party began to eat more leisurely, Carl exclaimed: 'Try these reindeer tongues; they are of the real sort; I had them, with half a buck, from Tueta Ladrona himself, when he last came this way. Nay, you needn't blush, Gertruda,' he continued, observing the almost frightened look of his daughter as she heard the name of the individual mentioned—'the poor fellow meant no harm in asking for thy hand, although, even if I hadn't set my heart on Chris here—as thou didst too—he was quite out of the question.'

'Who's that?' demanded Frantz, with his mouth distended with stock-fish and roast brisket. 'Eh! what? Tueta, the Lap!—ah, bosh!' and swallowing hastily his mouthful, he turned his head, and, with a gesture of contempt, testified his disgust at the name of a Laplander by spitting on the floor.

'Had a Lap the insolence to propose for my Gertruda?' inquired Christopher, looking up from the rib of beef he was attacking with his teeth. 'I sicken at the name of a Lap.'

'Well, well, he meant no harm,' resumed the father apologetically; 'and I was obliged to speak him fair, for Tueta is powerful with his charms and incantations. Bless you! he's quite a magician, and has a black cat that, for instinct and devilry, I think is the very fiend himself. I wouldn't say it before him, but I hate a Lap; and that's the reason I've arranged for you to set out to-night, only three days after your wedding; because Tueta's gone home by the fiords instead of over the Tornea, where you might have met him; and his frown would put a blight on the best man living. Then, again, he's as dangerous to handle as a *goupe*.* Oh, he can do no end of mischief!'

'Have *you* got a cat, father Carl?' demanded Christopher, looking inquisitively at the top of the stove.

'Surely, lad—surely. Bumpo! Where is he?'

'Well, I suppose he is up there, on the roof of the stove,' he replied, 'for a pair of red eyes have been fixed on me for some time. There!' and he pointed to the servant's bed on the top of the stove.

'Oh, very likely; he's fond of a warm berth. Perhaps he's hungry. Bumpo!'

'I'll give him a bone, then,' cried the young man, taking up the heavy rib he had so carefully polished, and flung it with so true an aim, that it struck, as the company judged by the sound, the animal's head.

'By St Nicholas, that was a blow!' cried Carl sympathetically.

'It's made him shut up his eyes, at anyrate. I never saw such eyes in a cat's head before. But what manner of man is this Tueta?' inquired Christopher abruptly.

'Oh, he's well enough for a Lap,' replied his father; 'though he's not altogether a Lap, but a kind of cross: his father was a Dane, and so Tueta is rather good-looking, and as strong as an ox. Why, lad, his hat's covered with tin scales—one for every bear he has killed, according to the custom of the Laps. Then he plays on the flute beautifully; but notwithstanding, like all his people, he's powerful ignorant.'

'Poor wretch!' ejaculated Christopher, in a tone of pitying scorn.

'Poor!' exclaimed his father in astonishment, mistaking the cause of his son's pity: 'Tueta poor! A man with a summer *gamme* on the Waranger Fiord, and a winter one on the Luhea. Poor! A man who owns a thousand reindeer—has a cap of black fox, and a cloak of martens' skins—can eat deer's flesh every day of the year—has a rifle, a copper kettle, two iron spoons and a fork. Poor! Why, lad, where be thy senses!'

'Rich or poor, he's but a benighted heathen,' exclaimed the hostess; 'for who ever believed that a Lap had a soul! If he had one at his birth, his wicked mother was sure to sell it to the Evil One, with his first teeth. But if Chris and Gertruda mean to cross the Seggevara to-night,' continued she, 'instead of sitting here talking of Lapland heathens,

* The goupe, or lynx, when attacked, throws itself on its back, and, with its powerful claws, frequently rips up the dogs that hunt it.

you'd better yoke the horse to the *pulta*, and get the skins ready for travelling.' And the frau rose hastily. Her suggestion, or rather command, was at once carried out, for the wife's word was law in the house, however much Herr Carl might delude himself with the belief that he was its master.

Quitting the table accordingly, the female part of the company ascended to the bedrooms, to dress the young wife for her first departure from home, while the men gathered round Christopher, as he equipped himself for his long journey through the severe cold of a mountain region; and he was just accoutered and ready as the pulta, or travelling-sledge, and horse came up to the door.

Gertruda had just entered, carefully wrapped in her furs, and holding her vizard of white gauze in her hand, and was giving and taking the farewell kiss, when a pulta, drawn by a Danish horse, with its chime of merry bells, dashed past the window, and before the driver could be seen distinctly, had left the street, and was lost in the shadow of the mountains.

Cheered by knowing that another traveller was on the same path, Christopher hastened his preparations, and the weeping Gertruda was led out by her husband, and placed among the pile of cushions and furs. Passing her arms through the straps at the back of the sledge, to keep her stationary, Christopher carefully adjusted her mask, and drawing the skins over her person, fixed her securely in the low carriage; then looking to the priming of his rifle, he took his seat in the pulta, and waving his hand to the group at the door, gave his horse the rein. With an impatient bound, the animal dashed into the street, and with long strides, tore over the polished snow with a speed that soon left the town and its inhabitants far behind; while the velocity of their motion, and the purple fires and golden lights that cast their scintillating glory over their path, so exhilarated the spirits of the travellers, that their enjoyment rose to a kind of ecstasy.

Two hours of rapid travelling brought them to their first halting-place, whence, after an hour's rest and refreshment, the pair again set forward, and in two hours more reached their destination for the night—a stove, situated in a chasm of the loftiest pinnacle of the chain up whose side they had thus far travelled.* The view from this point of the Lulian Alps was truly magnificent. Far down at their feet, lay the narrow indented shores of Norway, while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the vast Atlantic; northward, the Loffoden Isles, and the stormy horrors of the North Cape; while on the east, the level plains of Sweden, and the barren steppes of Lapland, filled up the picture.

Taking advantage of the early morning, the pair performed the descent of Luhea, and halted at a small inn on the banks of Lulea Treiste. Christopher here discovered that a sprain his horse had sustained was likely to detain him some time, as not another was to be obtained, and his own was unfit to journey further: this, when a few hours' drive would have carried them to Gora, was most vexatious; for there was no knowing how long they might be delayed, or to what annoyances subjected. Finding his horse grew worse rather than better, towards evening, Christopher threw his rifle over his shoulder, and leaving Gertruda in charge of the master of the inn, set off to a gamme of Laplanders, to hire one or two reindeer to take their sledge home. As Gertruda sat reflecting on the discomforts that surrounded her, and contrasting the repulsive room with the cheerful abode she would make of her new home for her beloved Christopher, and picturing her future with all the colouring of hope and affection, her ear became conscious of a low breathing music that gradually stole into the apartment, and rising with measured cadence, filled the air with tones of such plaintive harmony, that the young wife bent her head with curiosity and delight to catch every vibration of the touching melody. When the strain was over, and Gertruda scarcely yet recovered from her wonder, she was roused from her reverie by the gladly recognised clack, click, clack, the noise made by the knees of the reindeer when in motion, and the jingling of the pulta-bells apprising her of the success of her husband's mission.

'I am to help you into the pulta, while Herr Christopher pays the Lap for the use of his deer,' observed the master of the inn, as he entered and announced the sledge. The host having assisted to pass her arms through the shoulder-straps, enclosed her hands in a pair of long gloves, closed the apron, and saying he would call her husband, retired. The man who stood by the deer having whispered in their ear the place of their destination—a custom a Lap never omits before starting—stepped backwards with the reins till on a level with the sledge, when, bounding into the vehicle, the reindeer dashed forward like the wind, the mysterious driver standing erect and motionless as a pine, while the host leaped upon the runners, and held firmly to the back of the pulta.

The whole proceeding was so quick, that Gertruda was unconscious of the treachery practised till already in motion. As soon, however, as she could comprehend her situation, she shrieked with terror, and called upon her husband for aid and rescue. Christopher, who was returning from an unsuccessful conference with the Lap, at that moment descended into the plain, and hearing the voice of his wife, sprang forward to ascertain the meaning of her cries, as the sledge came flying onwards. Without checking the speed of his deer, the motionless driver drew a missile from his breast, and hurled it at the head of the intruder; but Christopher, quick of eye, caught the projectile in his hand. One glance told him with whom he had to deal, and what to expect. It was the bone he had thrown at the supposed cat! Dashing it to the ground, he instantly brought his piece to bear on the erect form of the fugitive, and fired; but at that moment the pulta dipped into one of the hollows, and threw the back of the innkeeper into the line of aim, and the shot entering his spine, he threw up his arms, and, with a loud shriek, fell heavily on the snow; but, indifferent to the wail of the dying wretch, the impassive driver kept on his course, and in a few moments was lost in the haze that swept like a dark scud over the dreary region. Christopher saw that pursuit was hopeless, and turned with a vindictive heart to retrace his footsteps, brooding on some swift and terrible revenge. Suddenly, the silence of the night was broken by a cry, that rang through the frosty air with a wail so shrill and wild, that Christopher paused in suspense to hear a repetition of the sound. After some moments of intense listening, the growl and snarl of a gorging wolf came down like a deep breathing through the stillness. With a smile of grim pleasure, he reloaded his rifle, and, throwing it over his arm, stalked sullenly back to the inn.

When Gertruda saw her husband start so unexpectedly on their path, her first intention was to throw herself from the pulta; but she soon discovered that the accomplice, when he drew on the large gloves, had artfully united her wrists, so that she was a complete prisoner, pinioned and handcuffed.

That Tueta was the author of this outrage, she had no doubt; and when she could muster courage to look on the motionless driver before her, she had no hesitation in believing that he and the dreaded Lap were the

* Stove, a building erected and maintained at the public expense for the comfort of travellers among the mountains in Norway, where, free of all charge, large stoves are kept burning day and night, for the accommodation of all who journey in such elevated regions.

same. His well-built, muscular frame—for he differed in most characteristics from the people of his nation—afforded of itself a strong confirmation of her belief; while none but Tueta could have preserved such a dauntless attitude, his form rising like a mast from the carriage, and swaying with the flying pulta. Again, had other circumstances left any doubt, a glance at his dress would have dispelled it. A tall cap, of the priceless black fox, rose straight from his forehead; while the tail of a snow-white ermine, its extremity tipped with black, hung from the crown to his shoulders like a drooping feather. The robe that encompassed his person was made of many hundred skins of the black marten, and descended in regal amplitude from the neck to the heels, while a chain of silver amulets, rings, and medals, crossed, like a collar of state, his furry shoulders. As regarded his features, Gertruda was yet in ignorance; for though Tueta had seen her frequently, she had never herself met him, and it was only through her mother that she had heard of his proposal for her hand. It was therefore not without a certain curiosity that, despite the danger of her position, she watched for some motion of her guide that should enable her to see his countenance; but though the north wind came howling over the bleak steppes, and the flying reindeer dashed up the snow like spray, and the swells and dips in the surface of the plain made the carriage rise and fall like a vessel in a storm, the driver never for a moment removed his unprotected glance from the black outline of hills that rose like a wall in the distance, and towards which the reindeer stretched their utmost speed. As if a part of the inert vehicle, he continued to stand erect; now over the plain and uneven steppes, and anon up the mountain-track and down the gloomy glens and rifts. At length, dashing into a sheltered ravine, and skirting the bank of a frozen lake, whose ice, blue as steel, contrasted sternly with the universal white that covered hill and vale, the deer suddenly halted before a series of gammes or low huts—the winter encampment of Tueta Ladrona the Lap.

The driver had scarcely leaped to the ground, when, with a cry and a howl, a huge black cat bounded on his shoulders, and began caressing him in a manner as ferocious as playful. During this ceremony, three or four Laps hurried to the pulta, and, unfastening her gloves, carried Gertruda at once into the largest gamme; where, such was the effect of the sudden heat and unwholesome atmosphere of the place, she would have fainted but for the assistance of several women, who, by removing her furs, and giving her a draught of reindeer milk and brandy, succeeded in relieving her from the feeling of suffocation caused by the oven-like heat of the gamme.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the women placed before her hot milk, boiled salmon, and dried deer's flesh, which, as she had been many hours without food, and exposed to the rigour of the weather, she was absolutely in need of. From the women, she could learn nothing further than that Tueta himself had been her conductor—that this was only one of his farms—that the great gamme with his mother and sisters, was a day's journey further to the east, and that the hut she was in was the women's gamme. Failing to elicit any further intelligence, and expressing her weariness, they brought her a mattress of eider feathers, and a pillow of Lapland grass; and spreading it by the fire, Gertruda laid herself down on the luxurious bed, and, despite her anxieties, closed her eyes, and was almost instantly asleep: while the women, with their knees up to their chins, and faces resting on their hands, kept watch round the fire, gazing with their small bleared eyes into the glowing embers, and in subdued whispers, recounting to each other tales of incantation and witchcraft. The strong odour of cooked meat, and the voices of the women, raised in dispute, awoke Gertruda from a sleep that had extended over the lapse of two meals, so profound had been her slumbers. The sudden jangling of sledge-bells apprised her that something of importance had occurred, and while she was yet pondering upon its nature, the women began suddenly to attire her precisely as she had been dressed when she arrived. The same men immediately after entered, and taking her in their arms, placed her, pinioned as before, in a pulta, to which three reindeer were already attached, while Tueta, as before, stood at their head. Having given the usual muttered notice to his team, the Lap sprang into the carriage, and the animals bounded forward, leaving the huts, lake, and valley behind, as the buoyant sledge, holding onwards, rapidly crested the mountains that encompassed them. In about two hours, they descended the last hill, and entered on the vast level that, stretching from the Tornea River to the White Sea, extends for three hundred leagues its desolate waste of snow, without landmark or track.

Though their course was still rapid, it wanted that velocity which had heretofore characterised their progress, for the snow was so deep on the plain, that the runners of the pulta dashed it up like billows, while the sinking sledge was frequently some feet below the level of the channel through which they ploughed their impetuous way. After proceeding some leagues over this ocean of snow, Tueta, grasping the rifle that lay in front of the pulta, and pointing with it to the dark and hazy distance, turned his face for the first time to Gertruda, and said: 'He is a good husband, and will risk much for his wife. I will not kill him, but he shall have no advantage;' and dropping the muzzle of his rifle till it rested on the bottom of the carriage, he used the butt as a crutch to lean on.

'I do not comprehend,' replied Gertruda, in surprise at the abruptness of his words, and almost quailing before the piercing glance he bent with a fascinating power on her countenance. Shaking off some of the influence inspired by the presence of the dreaded man on whom she looked for the first time, she gazed on his features with a feeling of wonder and surprise. His eyes, of an intense black, had all the fire and tenderness of a southern clime, and though of the same colour, were unlike those of his people, in being full and open—a peculiarity that, with his broad forehead, he derived from his Danish father; at the same time, his high cheek-bones and projecting jaw were equally indicative of his Lapland origin, though the repulsive character of the latter feature was greatly modified by a full moustache, and a beard that flowed majestically on his breast. But the sallow complexion and small hands and feet were purely Lap, though the straight limbs and perfect symmetry of form were derived from his father. On the whole, Tueta was what might be justly called a handsome man.

'I mean,' replied the Lap, 'that your husband follows us. But we will strive on equal terms. Do you understand?—your husband is there!' and he turned his glance to the south. Gertruda directed her gaze in the direction indicated, and after a long scrutiny of the scud that swept over the horizon, perceived what might have been mistaken for the hull of a ship, which, parallel with themselves, seemed stationary on the verge of the waste. At length she was enabled to make out a sledge and four reindeer through a break in the scud, as it was for a moment defined against the leaden sky beyond. The pleasure which Gertruda derived from the knowledge of her husband's presence, was quickly banished when she saw Tueta turn his deer in a course that would bring him directly across her husband's track, especially when she looked at the deadly weapon he held in readiness. These feelings were excited to the keenest terror when she observed

the other sledge put about, and the two vehicles rapidly converging. When within a few furlongs of each other, Tueta raised his rifle, and fired; at the same moment, the pulta again flew round, and the animals bounded like the wind upon their former course. Instantaneously with the discharge, the leading deer of the approaching sledge sprang into the air, and fell dead among its companions. To cut the harness, and throw out the lifeless deer, rearrange his team, and once more follow the pursuit, was but the work of a few seconds; and Gertruda had the satisfaction to know that her husband was unhurt and again in motion on their trail.

Familiar with all the bearings of the snowy desert, and confident of his route, Tueta never for a moment doubted his being able to baffle all pursuit. But he had to deal with a man every whit as resolute as himself; and what might have been a successful stratagem under other circumstances, lost all its effect when met by such energy as was exhibited by Christopher Steinhoff, who was personally as indifferent to danger as the witch-inspired Lap himself. Though the death of his deer somewhat delayed him, yet he was again upon the track, sooner than Tueta could have believed possible; with his rifle on his knees, he urged on the chase with the utmost speed of his untiring deer. But so uncertain was the drifting scud, that it became necessary for both men to keep as large a space between them as possible, till one or other could fire with advantage.

'Herr Christopher is swift,' observed Tueta to Gertruda, as his eye caught her husband's sledge looming through the haze; 'but it shall avail him nothing; I'—— A flash of red flame leaped from the side of the dimly seen sledge as he spoke, and a bullet whirred in the air. With a deep frown, the Lap instantly reversed his rifle, and drew a cartridge from his pouch. 'He has unsheathed the knife; let him look to its edge,' he said vindictively, as he rammed home the charge. 'I would have spared him, but now he dies.'

'My husband!' exclaimed Gertruda in terror; 'spare him—spare him.'

'Hark!' he cried abruptly; 'the wolves bark over the dead deer; they will eat his flesh too, and the snow will bury his bones. Look!' and turning the direction of his deer, the pulta flew round, and held a course in the track of the sledge, which the next moment was seen bursting out of a dense scud, bearing down in full career, with such an impetus, that all Tueta's skill was needed to avoid a collision. They dashed past with a velocity that carried them again beyond the sight or sound of each other; but at the instant of recognition, and while in midway, both men levelled their rifles, and fired; and though Gertruda strove to discover whether her husband was hurt, such was the spéed at which they flew, that the sledge was beyond her sight before she could form an opinion. Tueta was apparently unharmed, for he directly reloaded his piece, and stood silent and motionless, as the pulta dashed onward on its altered course.

At length, as if awaking from a dream, the Lap shook his head, and looked keenly round the horizon. Not discovering the object he sought, he put about the pulta, and the deer started in an opposite direction with redoubled speed. After many bends and unsuccessful tacks over the pathless snow, his practised eye at last discovered the sledge emerging from the scud. Tueta instantly raised his rifle, and taking deliberate aim at the approaching figure, fired. The next moment, the piece fell from his hands, and without a sigh, or the slightest indication of pain, the Lap dropped heavily over the front of the pulta, as his foremost deer, pierced by a ball from the sledge, fell dead, bringing the vehicle to a sudden halt. So swiftly was the sledge borne over the ground, that it passed the pulta some distance before Christopher could check its velocity, or bring his vehicle to the side of his prostrate enemy. To leap from the carriage and fold his rescued wife in his arms, was the work of a moment. So unbounded was his joy, and so fervent Gertruda's thankfulness at her husband's safety, that for some time neither could speak; never till that moment, when their troubles were over, had the dangers they had escaped appeared so formidable.

He liberated his Gertruda's hands, and pressed her to his heart, as he carried her from the pulta, and placed her in his own sledge; and he thought as he kissed her lips, and received her approving smiles and thanks, that she had never looked so beautiful, nor been so dear to him, as then. Christopher next approached his prostrate rival, and searched minutely for the wound which he must have received more than half an hour previous, for he had fallen before the last shot that struck the deer was fired. A little blood that had oozed from the right side was the only injury his examination could discover; and believing he had only fainted, Christopher drew the dead deer into the pulta, and making it serve as a pillow to the wounded man, laid him along the carriage, and covered him up with furs. Trusting to the sagacity of the animals to take their master home, he clapped his hands, and starting the deer, saw them dash off in an easterly direction with their accustomed speed. Having watched their progress till they were lost in the haze of the horizon, he took his place by his beloved wife in the sledge, and directing his course south, was soon flying—like a ship before the wind—upon his homeward journey.

Obtaining a relay from a gamme near Kangis, in six hours more they were dashing through the solitary streets of Gora, and at length drew up before the door of Herr Steinhoff's house.

Leaping out of the sledge, Christopher caught Gertruda lovingly in his arms, and, as if fearful of yet losing his coveted prize, carried her into the house; placing her in a warm settle near the stove, he knelt by her side, and passing his arm affectionately round her waist, with an endearing kiss welcomed her to her Swedish home.

COMETS.

We were leaving Byculla Church, after evening-service, one Sunday in the spring of 1843, when the first comet we ever saw was presented to our eyes. Its whereabouts was announced to us in a very startling manner by the cry of a child who was with us: 'Mamma! there is a fiery sword in the heavens!'

Bending from beneath the carriage-hood in some consternation, we beheld the most glorious apparition our eyes had ever dwelt on—a comet, and such a comet! a small nucleus, bright and clear, and a tail which, scimitar-shaped, swept over half the heavens, and dipped its slender point in the western sea. Even now we can see by the eye of memory the white radiance of that delicate splendour. It was of most transparent light—one could see *through it* the stars of Orion quivering as through a milky haze. The visit of this glorious stranger was a surprise to the European population of Bombay; the natives—at least all to whom we spoke—*expected it*. When we asked our Parsee Arjeesia, what he thought of it, he replied: 'Much fine comet, Ma'am Sahib. People knew he was coming. Great empire going to fall.'

The superstition put us in mind of the similar one of Europe in the middle ages, with allusions to which the pages of the old dramatists are full. 'At my

nativity,' says Owen Glendower, 'the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.' And again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Shakspeare makes Calphurnia, with the feeling of *his* age as well as of hers, say:

> When beggars die, there are no comets seen—
> The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

How did these unlearned Asiatics forebode the coming of the comet, of which European science was ignorant? One cannot tell; but one thing is certain, the Chinese have ever had a peculiar sympathy with these long-tailed strangers; they traced the starry path of each of those visible to them through every separate constellation, more than five hundred years before the Christian era. They call the tail of a comet its 'brush;' and were the first to observe and record a fact which was not known in Europe till the sixteenth century—that is, that the tail is always turned away from the sun, so that their line of prolongation passes through its centre. It might, therefore, have been from Chinese science that the Parsee and Hindoo were led to expect *my* comet. How beautiful it was, and how we used to sit and watch it from the house-top on those delicious starry nights! We were told by some officers who came just then from England, that *there* it looked only like a cloudy star, and the eye had to seek for it before it could be perceived. We were sorry that the eyes most dear to us could not rest on its glorious beauty also; but stranger as it was, we grew quite to love it and look for it, and were pained when its place knew it no more, and it had vanished into space. Comets go away for such long periods of time, generally, that we can scarcely ever hope to greet them again. We have heard since that our bright visitor was even more resplendent in North America, for it was seen in daylight, in dazzling sunshine, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, on the 28th of February, the distance of the very dense nucleus from the sun's light admitting of being measured with much exactness. We ourselves have traced it as a fleecy cloud upon the eastern sky, before the daylight had *quite* faded; but the sun of India allows of no rival in its noonday dominion.

We have been led into this reminiscence of the comet of 1843, by hearing of the strange commotion and apprehension which the expected visitor of 1857 is creating in some parts of Europe, and even in England. A friend wrote to us the other day, that the shoemakers of the county town had left off work, expecting, like others, that the 13th of June was to see the end of the world; and being determined, they said, to enjoy the last month of their existence! Now, though we cannot assuredly say that combustion by a comet is *impossible*—for the orbit of Biela's comet intersects that of the earth, and *might*, therefore, as Humboldt observes, be productive of danger—still, the chances are so greatly *against* it, that we felt convinced ourselves we should experience no evil consequences from the coming visitor. As, however, everything mysterious or indistinct to our mind has a certain awfulness and shadow of fear about it, we purpose to lay before the general reader some facts concerning these fiery denizens of the sky, which may render them more familiar objects to our imaginations: not that we know a great deal of the comets; we are not at all, not even the wisest of our astronomers, on such intimate terms with them as we are with our next-door neighbours the planets, or even with the aristocracy of fixed stars beyond, but we do know something from actual and recent research and experiment, and that we mean to tell.

And first—rare visitors as the comets are to us, they are, nevertheless, a very large tribe in themselves. Kepler tells us that there are more comets in the regions of space than fishes in the depths of the ocean. They have not, as the stars, a striking family-likeness, but vary in appearance so much, that a description of one of them could only be applied with caution to another. 'The faintest telescopic comets are generally devoid of visible tails, and resemble Herschel's nebulous stars.' This is the most simple type; but we cannot be sure, therefore, that these are infantine specimens of the perfect meteor, as they may just as probably be the remains of older cosmical bodies exhausted by exhalation. In the larger comets, we can distinguish the head or nucleus, and the single or even double tail. The head presents no definite outline, except in a few rare cases, when it appears as a star of the first or second magnitude, as did that of our personal friend of 1843. Doubtless, this indicates, in the case of these individuals, a greater thickness of mass, capable of reflecting light in greater intensity. The tails are sometimes single, sometimes double; frequently their branches are of different lengths—in one instance, in 1744, a comet appeared with a *six*-branched tail, the whole forming an angle of 60 degrees. The tails are straight or curved, and sometimes appear even like a flame in motion, and are of all sizes. The tail of the one seen in 1618 measured 104 degrees!

The mass of a comet is smaller than that of any other cosmical body, indeed insignificant in comparison, though never yet in any case precisely ascertained; but they occupy much more space, their tails extending over many millions of miles. 'The cone of luminous vapour,' says Humboldt, 'which radiates from a comet, has been found in some cases—as in 1680 and 1811—to equal the length of the earth's distance from the sun, forming a line that intersects the orbits both of Venus and Mercury. It is even probable that the vapour of the tails of comets mingled with our atmosphere in the years 1819 and 1823.' Can any of our readers remember if those years were especially hot? for we *have* some small misgiving as to great heat this approaching summer, in consequence of the expected bright one.

The variations in form which occur in comets are many and frequent. The comet seen by Hensius at St Petersburg in 1744, had a well-defined tuft of rays emanating from that part of the nucleus or head which was turned towards the sun; and these, bending backwards, formed a part of the tail. The nucleus of Halley's comet, 1835, resembled a burning rocket, the end of which was turned sidewise by the force of the wind. The rays assumed different forms on successive nights, as they were watched by M. Arago and Humboldt from the Paris Observatory. The comet of 1823 had two tails in opposite directions, one turned towards the sun, the other from it, forming with each other an angle of 160 degrees.

With regard to the light of comets—an important question when the burning of the earth is dreaded from it—the experiments of M. Arago with an instrument called the polariscope, have informed us that it is *principally* reflected. 'On the 3d of July 1819,' says Humboldt, 'Arago made the first attempt to analyse the light of comets by polarisation, on the evening of the sudden appearance of the great comet. I was present

at the Paris Observatory, and was fully convinced, as were also Matthieu and the late Bouvard, of the dissimilarity in the intensity of the light seen in the polariscope, when the instrument received cometary light. When it received light from Capella, which was near the comet, and at an equal altitude, the images were of equal intensity. On the reappearance of Halley's comet in 1835, the instrument was altered so as to give, according to Arago's chromatic polarisation, two images of complementary colours—green and red. . . . . The comet shewed polarised, and therefore reflected light, whilst the fixed star Capella shone forth a *self*-luminous sun.' It does not follow that a comet has no light of its own; the reflected may exist with the independent light, as it is supposed may be the case even with the planets; but every experiment appears to prove that these snowy, and, when seen by daylight, cloudlike strangers, are nothing more than mirrors of the sun's brightness, and, as such, very little likely to set fire to the earth.

Three of the known comets are called planetary, because they do not pass beyond the limits of the orbits described by the principal planets. These are Encke's, Biela's, and Hayc's. Biela's comet—which appears every six years—intersects the earth's path in its course, and is the only one which does so; but when this passage occurred in 1832, it required a full month before the earth could reach the point of intersection. And even if so unlikely an event as a collision had occurred, the planet would probably have suffered little, if at all; the poor comet seems more likely to have been the victim of the shock. This comet also intersects Encke's, and both revolve at short periods. Littrow* has, therefore, justly observed, that 'amid the many perturbations experienced by such small bodies from the attraction of the larger planets, there is a *possibility*—supposing a meeting of these planets to occur in October—that we earth-dwellers may witness the wonderful spectacle of an encounter between the two, and possibly of their amalgamation or destruction.' One feels inclined to say with Cowper, in *John Gilpin:* 'May I be there to see!'

The host of other comets roll far away from our system into the regions of space, appearing only at long intervals of time, and in no dangerous proximity to our planet. The beautiful comet of 1811 requires a period of 3065 years to complete its appointed circuit—the colossal one of 1680 as much as 8800 years, according to Encke's calculation.

In closing this brief notice of comets in general, we cannot forbear to quote Humboldt's concluding remarks concerning them:

'Since scientific knowledge,' he says, 'has been more extensively diffused through wider circles of social life, apprehensions of the possible evils threatened by comets have acquired more weight, as their direction has become more definite. The certainty that there are within the known planetary orbits, comets which revisit our regions of space at short intervals—that great disturbances have been produced by Jupiter and Saturn in their orbits, by which such as were apparently harmless have been converted into dangerous bodies—the intersection of the earth's orbit by Biela's comet—*the cosmical vapour* which, acting as a resisting and impeding medium, tends to contract all orbits—the individual difference of comets, &c., &c. . . . . are all considerations more than equivalent both as to number and variety, to the vague fears entertained by early ages of the general conflagration of the world by flaming swords and stars with fiery streaming hair. As the consolatory considerations which may be derived from calculating probabilities address themselves to reason and to meditative understanding only, and not to the imagination or to a desponding condition of mind, modern science has been accused—and not entirely without reason—of not attempting to allay apprehensions which it has been the very means of exciting. It is an inherent attribute of the human mind to experience fear, and not hope or joy, at the aspect of that which is unexpected and extraordinary. The strange form of a large comet, its faint nebulous light, and its sudden appearance in the vault of heaven, have in all regions been almost invariably regarded by the people at large as some new and formidable agent, inimical to the existing state of things. The sudden occurrence and short duration of the phenomenon, lead to the belief of some equally rapid reflection of its agency in terrestrial matters, whose varied nature renders it easy to find events that may be regarded as the fulfilment of the evil foretold by the appearance of these mysterious cosmical bodies. In our own day, however, the public mind'—in Germany—'has taken another and more cheerful, although singular turn, with regard to comets; and in the German vineyards of the beautiful valleys of the Rhine and Moselle, a belief has arisen ascribing to these once ill-omened bodies a beneficial influence on the ripening of the vine.'

We need only add, that the expected comet of 1857 is, we are told, the bright stranger that frightened Charles V. from his throne, and—'it's an ill comet that does nobody good!'—was supposed to be an attendant sign of the Reformation, then about to be established in England through the accession of Elizabeth.

* *Beschreibende Astron.* 1835. S. 274.

THE ALDBURGH COACH.

Aldburgh, to which there are now three daily trains in summer, and two in winter, was, about twenty years ago, provided with one stage-coach, carrying four insides and thirteen outsides, besides occasional interlopers. Of this vehicle I was a pretty frequent customer, for the sake of the angling which is to be enjoyed in perfection in the river flowing past Aldburgh. Imagination fondly turns back to those days, when, just returned from a thirteen years' exile in India, I was fain to make periodical visits to a scene of recreation familiarised to me in boyhood, where the pleasures of the rod are to be obtained in perfection. Yet, verily, must I confess that my occasional piscatory enjoyments were purchased at a rather dear rate in the incommodations connected with that coach, by which I used to be conveyed to the place of action.

The starting of the Aldburgh coach was always attended with more or less of excitement. Notwithstanding my practice of engaging a seat the day before, and taking care to be on the ground in good time, I never somehow could be quite sure that all would be right. Generally, on coming up and casting a hurried glance at the interior, I would find the whole space occupied by a number of placid-looking, but determined females, inclusive of one with a nursing-child. My repugnance to outside travelling would make me insist upon my rights; but it was no pleasant thing to see the nurse and her baby descend from the vehicle, casting on me a look of outraged humanity as she passed, and then to take my due place among the indignant sisterhood who remained, not without some apprehension that they would combine with the outsides to toss me in a blanket at the first halting-place. Meanwhile, the driver-cum-guard—for the two were united in one—would bustle about, tearing and swearing, along with a distracted and bareheaded clerk

from the office, as they vainly endeavoured to reconcile a discrepancy between the numbers on the coach and the way-bill. In intervals of imprecation, the former official would come every minute to thrust parcels under my seat, obliging me to sit with my knees up to my mouth while he did so; or else would stuff packages into the pockets of the coach, till they amounted to the bulk of a couple of extra passengers, grievously encroaching upon the space assigned to the ladies and me.

When at length we had got every receptacle stuffed, and twenty extra things hung on, and all the insides and outsides fitted, and the three horses put into due order for starting by the assistance of porters and bystanders, off our vehicle rolled, or rather swung, along the crowded street. The fearful crowding on the top was shadowed to the insides on the walls of the houses we passed, and we saw our jeopardy in the countenances of the crowd which we left gazing after us. It usually happened that, before we had advanced two hundred yards, the driver stopped, descended, and, after casting a wistful look at the inside, as if he had not known that it was full, proceeded to make a new adjustment of the luggage on the top, in the hope of giving his vehicle a better centre of gravity. Then would be heard interchanges of civilities between him and certain Irish labourers whom he was disturbing in their seats, or possibly the scoldings of old women who considered themselves as disrespectfully treated, or clamours from my friend the nurse-maid, mingled with the screams of her infant charge, and the curses —not loud, but deep—of the old-bachelor gentleman, for his sins placed next her. On renewing our journey, a shoemaker's apprentice would get upon the steps behind, by way of quickening his progress to his work, and set himself to gaze with an alarmed and curious expression at my face, till I begin to think myself something not fit for this world. By and by, the outskirts of the town being reached, my young friend would drop with a farewell shout of defiance. The green fields now beginning to appear, I would turn to contemplate them through the window, but find I could get but the barest glimpses of them through a pair of hobnailed feet, hanging over from the roof. Rather than be reduced to a state of torpid endurance, I would then launch a remark on the long continuance of the east wind to my *vis-à-vis*, in the hope of leading to a conversation; but the curtness of the response would quickly settle that matter, and leave me no resource but to speculate in my own mind on the probable state of the river I was about to visit, and the amount of fish which I should consequently take.

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the driver, with an air of eager business, pushed into a public-house, where, by the favouring shift of a bit of curtain, I could see him in high confidence with the landlady, partaking leisurely of perhaps his second or third 'morning,' while the passengers sat in a state of patient and becoming solemnity. The reins were meanwhile intrusted to the hands of some stripling, who thought himself justified in playing the whip on the ribs of the skittish leader, which immediately would exhibit such vagaries as drew forth the screams of the old ladies. Our driver would come out, and, resuming his duty in no good-humour, revenge himself upon the three horses, and away we would go rushing at a furious pace down a slope terminating in a turn at a narrow bridge, by far the most critical part of the journey. We pass without accident, and keeping on at the same pace, soon reach the end of the stage, where a sigh of relief breaks from my lady-companions. Their stiffness is now at an end, and I am consulted as to whether there was real danger in the piece of road we had passed. 'Well, ladies,' said I, 'I do not think there was *more* danger in it than one would encounter in a voyage to India.' Then would follow some comments on the evils of drink, which, being of a nature more trite than pointed, I need not repeat.

Willie—for so our charioteer was named—left all the business of changing the horses to a couple of ragged stable-boys. Taking a parcel from one of the pockets of the coach, and surveying it with a knowing look, he would dive into the inn, usually followed by one or two of the outsides, who looked, or tried to look, as if they felt a little chilly. Then would the frequent passing to and fro of a dirty serving-girl reveal to us remaining passengers what was going on in the house. If we tired of watching these proceedings, we could turn our observation on the couple of hacks now attached to the coach—for the third was here dispensed with—and recall the apt description of Shakspeare:

> The poor jades
> Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
> The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
> And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
> Lies foul with chawed grass, still and motionless.

A loud remonstrance from the passengers was necessary to recall the roisterers, when out would come the driver, blown with insolence and whisky, to resume his seat, and revenge himself by a couple of miles of as furious driving as the condition of his cattle admitted of.

In the course of our journey—granting that we overcame the sense of danger—other disagreeables were in store for us. We would feel a trickling sensation about the neck, and discover it to arise from the dripping of wine, beer, or other fluid, from cases of bottles carried on the roof—some one or two of which were sure to be broken in consequence of the driver's rough way of disposing of them. Sometimes we were visited by a sickening odour from a cod or turbot slung on the outside of our open windows, the said fish having perhaps been left two or three days in the coach-office before Willie remembered that he had been commissioned to bring it for a dinner-party. The windows of the coach were seldom whole; and seldom did we fail to get either an ear-ache or a gum-boil from the wind whistling through one of the crannies. It was ludicrous to see invalids going out to Aldburgh in quest of the health to be inhaled with its pure mountain breezes, and frequently commencing their residence there with an addition, incurred by the journey, to their ordinary ailments. I have sometimes been obliged on one of my journeys by this conveyance to sit for half the time holding the door shut by a strap, the ordinary means of closing being out of order. Arrived at length at our destination, our woes could scarcely be said to have ended. Luggage had been left behind or given out at the stopping-places instead of other packages, which had been carefully brought on. Articles of dress belonging to the lady-passengers, and carefully packed by them in bandboxes, were found to have been crushed and wetted irremediably. Sad was it to hear the lamentations of the fair proprietor over perhaps a once gay turban in which great triumphs had been expected, as it would be extracted from its frail case, bearing much the appearance of a bunch of sea-weed.

At times, however, there was a mixture of agreeables in the Aldburgh coach; and I cannot reflect without

sorrow at the breaking up of the many associations connected with the old mode of travel. One who, like myself, travelled frequently by the coach, became acquainted with the principal families in the district, and all the characters along the line of road. Your periodical travellers were soon discovered: the farmers on the market-days, taken up at various points; the city-merchant on a Saturday, repairing to his family then living in the country; the clergyman on synod or assembly occasions; and the angler and the sportsman in their various seasons. There, too, you would frequently meet the gentleman who was amiably weak on the beauties of his native town, the place to which the coach was daily destined. How eloquent he was on its amenities, its healthiness—'pleasant the air, and light the soil.' He escaped monthly from the capital to draw an inspiration of the health-restoring atmosphere, and to fish once more the pools which never failed of trout. He was a living advertisement for the town; he could recommend you the proper inn, the comfortable lodgings, and the most respectable dealers. He could inform you on what days such a butcher had beef—scorning the base insinuation of a fellow-passenger that mutton was the only butcher-meat of the district. The awe-struck appearance of the insides would at times admonish you that a squire was squeezed in beside you; and when he was put down at the porter's lodge, and his numerous trunks reverentially deposited by the driver, the conversation became brisker, and the departed gentleman was turned inside out, his virtues and vices magnified or decried, according to the whim of the passengers or the humours of the time. The same awe was not always observed; for even in the rural districts of Scotland there are some unimpressible men who would push a snuff-box into the hands of the most distressingly mighty-looking aristocrat, and compel him to vouchsafe a reply. The various stoppages, also, at particular points, brought out a set of characters with whom we renewed our intercourse at each trip, thus getting, at times, an insight into the doings of the great folks in the neighbourhood. An enormous basket of fish let down at one lodge gave indication of a great dinner at the hall; the deposition of a squeamish lady's-maid, charged with numerous portmanteaus, the arrival of a great family at the castle. The inmates of certain public-houses, where parcels or trunks were left for the neighbourhood, were familiar to us; their raillery with the driver and the outsides, we anticipated as a periodical treat. And at some villages, which could not boast of a public-house, there was always some active man, who, seemingly for the public good, left his loom or his stool, and charged himself with the reception of messages and parcels for the whole country round. As surely as the buzz of a fly in the web brought out the watchful spider, would the distant rumble of the coach evoke from his employment the expected man of all work, who, having thrown aside his shuttle or his last, stood bareheaded and coatless, ready to scan the inmates of the coach, and carefully receive the communications for the parish. One such as this we were always glad to see at the little village of ——, who, while laying aside reverentially a parcel for the manse or hall, was not unmindful of the trunk of the country lass, or the letter for the shepherd in the distant glen. And shall we never again see that benevolent twinkle which recognised every passenger —that intelligent search which shewed that he knew better where the parcels were stowed than the driver —that sedulous care which, while uplifting the females of the place on the coach, did so with the most ingenious and fatherly gathering of their dresses? And have we heard for the last time that pleasant voice which used to bid a good-day to half of the passengers, and sometimes lent a friendly caution to the excited Jehu himself? All this has passed: no longer will the blast of the guard or the shout of the coachman awake from sleep the alarmed occupants of the train of carts on their way to the distant coal-hill; no longer will the white-headed urchins of the hamlet scream delight or defiance to the long-expected coach, and pursue it with yells to the end of the town; no longer will the stoutest of them pant and labour for a mile in its wake till the expected penny, chucked out by some compassionate philanthropist, sends them back to the village. The old hill-farmer will no longer draw to the side of the road with his battered gig, casting a timid and reverential eye on the towered coach, as it sweeps furiously on. The traffic itself on the road is changed: the carrier's wain has disappeared, and with it the bull-dog which was the terror of all the children on the way; the brewer's van, with its portly horse, is no longer seen at the change-house, where, at the cross-road, were never wanting rows of cart-horses, with exhausted nose-bags, patiently awaiting the close of the protracted revel of their masters. The drove of cattle, urged on by shouting and foaming drivers, no longer trespasses on the slightly protected garden of the villager, but is compressed into the truck, over which they gaze with a look of stupid resignation. The road itself will change: the ruts will become less worn, the sides more verdant; and the breakers of stones, who so frequently gazed from nooks by the way with goggled curiosity and suspended hammer on the passing coach, are few and far between. The anvil is mute in the stithy; the last blast is blown, and the brawny smith with his lusty sons is now in the Far West. The parish school suffers in the change: the children of the farmer and the laird are now wafted daily in the train to some school in the neighbouring town or capital; and the vexed teacher, well versed in classic and mathematic lore, must condescend to the labours of an infant school. The toll-house is a mockery, its receipts not being sufficient to support the old man who has scarcely strength to throw open its portals; and the change-house, with its sanded floor, often a welcome sight to the traveller on foot on a sultry day, is now a private house, uninviting and impervious. The very aspect of the towns and villages is changed: you see them from new points of view, and the unpresentable is often brought out painfully.

The old associations, the amusement and variety of travel, whether on foot or by coach, have passed away. The divergence of the pedestrian is gone, with all its suggestions and entertainments: the spring by the side of the way, at which you never failed to rest, and from which you rose refreshed, your hat 'moist with water-drops, as if it scooped the stream;' the runlet, where water-cresses were to be had in perfection; the knoll, whose ascent gave a distant view of some place of celebrity; the wood from which you could select your walking-staff—are now places comparatively unknown. This divergence could not be indulged in a stage-coach —but even in its day, there were many stops by the way, when something might be learned of the people through whom you were passing. We might even communicate with the return-coach, or scream out a message hastily as it passed; and when bent in the same direction, we could have kept up a conversation with a friend in his gig as he kept close behind with his horse's nose puffing into the basket; or, provided he could ride well, have him with us at the side of the coach, joking and galloping at the same time. But now, we pass each other in a whiff: the father knows not the features of his son in the crossing train. Even at the stations, where we are detained a second or two, there is an absence of all characters; one formal official twangs out the name of his village, as if trying to impress the passengers with the idea that it has a claim to recognition; but not a sash is drawn down

for the purpose of looking out; a mummy propriety occupies every passenger; the bell rings, the whistle sounds, and away whisks the monotonous and artificial mass of human beings.

MR CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.

Mr Andrew Crosse was a Somersetshire gentleman, of moderate fortune, who devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to experiments in electricity, and achieved a fame in that department of science. He died in 1855, at the age of seventy-one, and his widow has published a biographical volume regarding him, from which we learn that he was a man of ardent temperament and of singularly upright and truthful nature, with much of that simplicity which so often is seen forming an element of greatness. His old ancestral seat, Fyne Court, and his estate of Broomfield, occupy a retired but beautiful situation on the skirts of the Quantock Hills. He had in the course of time filled his house with electrical apparatus, and even extended it to the trees of his park, securing thereby, as may well be supposed, the alarmed wonder of the country-people, and probably inducing better educated neighbours to regard him as a little mad. In reality, he was a philosopher of the rarest stamp, one disposed to pursue nature into her coyest recesses, and wring from her her most mystic secrets, but all for the good of his kind, and in no observable degree for self-glorification.

In the early part of his career, Mr Crosse's attention was attracted to the crystals on the roof of a cave in his neighbourhood. He pondered on the laws which regulate the growth of crystals, and felt convinced that it was caused by some peculiar attraction. The idea of electric attraction occurred to him, and, taking home some of the water which dropped from the roof of the cave, he exposed it to the action of a voltaic battery, when, in about ten days, he was rewarded by seeing crystals forming on the negative platinum wire, which proved to be composed of carbonate of lime. When he repeated the experiment in the dark, the result was more quickly attained. Thus Mr Crosse simulated in his laboratory one of the hitherto most mysterious of the processes of nature. He pursued this line of research for nearly thirty years, totally unknown to the world, when in 1836 he was in a manner *discovered* by the British Association. Being induced to attend the meeting of that body at Bristol, he and his researches became known to Dr Buckland, who took an opportunity of speaking of them, introducing Mr Crosse as 'a man unconnected with any scientific body,' who had 'actually made no less than twenty-four minerals and even crystalline quartz.' The audience regarded him with astonishment, and their feelings were wound to a high pitch when they heard himself relate his experiments and their results. He owned to having made crystals of quartz and of arragonite, carbonates of lime, lead, and copper, besides more than twenty other artificial minerals. He considered it possible to make even the diamond, and expressed his belief that every kind of mineral would yet be formed by the ingenuity of man. The meeting got into a state of high excitement about Mr Crosse and his singular electrical operations. Compliments were showered upon him from all quarters; he became the especial 'lion' of the hour. These demonstrations, novel as they were, affected him not, and before the end of the week, he had slipped away, and was once more buried in his Somersetshire solitude.

A visitor at this time described Mr Crosse as a middle-aged man, of light active figure, intellectual cast of countenance, and the voice and movements of a person enjoying constant health and good spirits. His conversation was of a character entirely his own. 'Particularly striking is Mr Crosse's eloquence, when he tells you the wonders of his favourite science of electricity, of its mysterious agencies in the natural phenomena of the heavens above, of the earth beneath, and of the waters under the earth; how it rules alike the motions of the planets and the arrangement of atoms; how it broods in the air, rides on the mist, travels with the light, wanders through space, attracts in the aurora, terrifies in the thunder-storm, rules the growth of plants, and shapes all substances, from the fragile crystals of ice to the diamond, which it makes by toil continued for ages in the womb of the solid globe. As he describes to you all these wonders, not imaginations of a dreamer, but realities which he has himself seen and proved, by producing, by the same agent and the same process, only in a lesser degree, the same results, his face is lighted up, his eyes are fixed upon the ceiling, present things seem to have disappeared from him, lost in the greater vividness of ideas which his full mind throngs before him; he pours out his words in an unfailing stream; but though he has a command of epithets, he finds language inadequate to express his conceptions of the might of that mysterious element which, though so very mighty that it could annihilate a world as easily as it lifts a feather, he has summoned from its throne, compelled into his presence, guided with his hand, and made to do his bidding!—thus surpassing the fabled feats of the enchanters of old.'

The visitor entered the philosophical room, which he found sixty feet long, with a lofty arched roof, having been originally built as a music-hall. Here he saw an immense number of jars and gallipots, containing fluids on which electricity was operating for the production of crystals. 'But,' says he, 'you are startled in the midst of your observations by the smart crackling sound that attends the passage of the electrical spark; you hear also the rumbling of distant thunder. The rain is already plashing in great drops against the glass, and the sound of the passing sparks continues to startle your ear. Your host is in high glee, for a battery of electricity is about to come within his reach a thousandfold more powerful than all those in the room strung together. You follow his hasty steps to the organ-gallery, and curiously approach the spot whence the noise proceeds that has attracted your notice. You see at the window a huge brass conductor, with a discharging rod near it passing into the floor, and from the one nob to the other, sparks are leaping with increasing rapidity and noise, rap, rap, rap—bang, bang, bang. You are afraid to approach near this terrible engine, and well you may; for every spark that passes would kill twenty men at one blow, if they were linked together hand in hand, and the spark sent through the circle. Almost trembling, you note that from this conductor wires pass off without the window, and the electric fluid is conducted harmlessly away. On the instrument itself is inscribed, in large letters, the warning words, "Noli me tangere." Nevertheless, your host does not fear. He approaches as boldly as if the flowing stream of fire were a harmless spark. Armed with his insulated rod, he plays with the mighty power; he directs it where he will; he sends it into his batteries: having charged them thus, he shews you how wire is melted, dissipated in a moment, by its passage; how metals—silver, gold, and tin—are inflamed, and burn like paper, only with most brilliant hues. He shews you a mimic aurora, and a falling-star, and so proves to you the cause of those beautiful phenomena; and then he tells you, that the wires you had noticed as passing from tree to tree round the grounds, were connected with the conductor before you; that they collected the electricity of the atmosphere as it floated by, and brought it into the room in the shape of the sparks that you had witnessed with such awe.'

The crystal-producing operations were the subject of nearly unmixed admiration, and for some months

Mr Crosse stood on the pinnacle of fame as a great and original discoverer in science. People spoke of his *making* crystals, without either seeing that he in reality only arranged the conditions under which nature did the work, or imagining that such a creative effort as they attributed to him involved any impiety. It was by and by announced, unauthorisedly, that while Mr Crosse was experimenting with some highly caustic solutions, out of contact with atmospheric air, there had appeared, as if gradually growing from specks, between the poles of the voltaic circuit, certain insects of the *acarus* tribe. Mr Crosse himself made no pretension on the subject; at no time was he ever able to say more than that the insects always appeared under certain conditions, and not otherwise. It was, however, at once assumed that he now set himself forth as having developed animal life from inorganic elements—an idea most odious to both scientific and religious men. Instantly, he was assailed from a thousand quarters. Objections of the nature of pure assumptions were admitted as conclusive that the insects were produced from ova, according to the ordinary rules of nature. Serious, but weak people denounced him as an enemy of religion, though the fact was that Mr Crosse at all times of his life cultivated a pious frame of mind. The lustre that had fallen on his name was dimmed in a moment, and, notwithstanding all his protestations of innocence, it never revived. We have been assured that many honours which would naturally have been bestowed on the discoverer of the crystallising process, were withheld by reason of the unpopularity which arose from the vulgar error regarding the *acari*.

Little liable to be affected by the praise or blame of man, Mr Crosse continued, for the remaining eighteen years of his life, to pursue his experiments. He simulated the making of metallic *lodes* or veins in clay; he caused the electric fluid to tear pure gold in pieces. He always spoke as feeling life to be too short for what he had to do. 'The real motto of his laboratory,' says Mrs Crosse, 'was, "It is better to follow nature blindfold, than art with both eyes open." This expression explains the character of his mind, and the manner in which he sought results. When he walked out, he read, not in the book of man, but in the book of God. His acute powers of observation would reveal to him some peculiarity in the organisation of plants or combination of mineral substances, which often proved the first suggestion for a train of interesting experiments. Mr Crosse ever evinced the most wonderful patience in his scientific arrangements; for months, even for years, he would wait for results, and watch the slow induration of what he hoped might be an agate, or the minute aggregation of crystals, whose slowly developed facets he would carefully note down from time to time. At an early period of his experiments on crystalline formations, he was not unfrequently disappointed, from the fact of his having employed too strong an electric action. He used to say: "You cannot hurry nature;" too rapid an action throws down the substance in an amorphous state; atoms seem only to assume a crystalline form when they have time to arrange themselves in a state of polarisation to the surrounding atoms.'

At another time he wrote: 'When misfortune oppresses, and the cares of life thicken around us, how delightful is it to retire into the recesses of one's own mind, and plan with a view to carrying out those scientific arrangements, with a humble hope of benefiting our country, improving our own understandings, and finding unspeakable consolation in the study of the boundless works of our Maker! Often have I, when in perfect solitude, sprung up in a burst of school-boy delight at the instant of a successful termination of a tremblingly anticipated result. Not all the applause of the world could repay the real lover of science for the loss of such a moment as this.'

Though Mrs Crosse only attempts to give detached 'memorials' of her husband, the public owes her large thanks for her task, which certainly preserves for us some conception of a most remarkable man, sure in time to take a high place in the history of science. Her narration is often very animated, and her expressions striking and appropriate. The volume contains many specimens of poetry by her husband. They are far above mediocrity; yet we could have wished that he had never given to the muses any part of that time which might have been so much more worthily bestowed on science.

MUSIC OF THE STREETS AND CELLARS.

It is an April evening, colder than April evenings were wont to be in our childhood, but still bright and lovely as the young spring ever is. The sea is dancing in a fresh breeze from the south, and glittering with snowy crests of foam; the clear blue sky has here and there a mass of downy cloud resting on its deep azure, and from the esplanade there floats up the hill a sound —always the harbinger of spring and summer here— of street-music. How well in accordance are the sounds with those strange stirrings of memory and melancholy which the early season causes in most of us.

> We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not;
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught;
> *Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.*

Most people who have any sympathy with sounds can respond truly to Jessica's assertion, and say:

> I am never merry when I hear sweet music;

but this softening effect of it is peculiarly felt, we believe, when the strain floats unconfined upon the air, when, as Shelley says,

> A strain of sweetest sound
> *Wraps itself the wind around,*
> Until the voiceless wind be music too.

There is nothing more touching, in our opinion, than street-music; we can—as the musicians are frequently unseen—divest ourselves, when listening to it, of all thought of the performers, and imagine the sounds to be the 'airy tongues' of Milton, or the floating, fleeting magic that made Prospero's island

> Full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight to hurt not;

or, with a more human and less selfish sympathy, we can give a thought and a sigh to those who have perhaps wandered from their own land to gain a scanty subsistence beneath the ungenial sky of the stranger —the itinerant musicians.

A strange life theirs must be! such a compound of sweetness and sadness, pleasure and misery; for many of these wanderers have great taste for the art, and much apparent enjoyment in its exercise. Last summer, an Italian boy, who played the harp charmingly, performed upon our lawn for some half-hour or more, and appeared much more gratified by our admiration and understanding of his skill than by the pecuniary recompense of it. What links they are, too, of the present with the past! Thoughts of troubadours and wandering minstrels, of Welsh bards and 'plaided strangers' with their mournful bagpipes, flit through the mind as we listen, and come as awakened echoes of the past. Dreams of Blondel and Rizzio, of 'le petit Lully,' and of many another wandering voice and hand, are brought back by the sounds even now floating on the air. That very melody they play was composed by a plaided stranger of higher grade and of more noble itinerancy; it is the *Annie Laurie* of poor Findlater.

Street-music, like everything else, has made a step forward during the last fifty years. The old-established organ-tunes even are changed; the Hundredth Psalm, *Auld Lang Syne*, and *Jim Crow*, have given place to airs from operas, and even to Beethoven's waltzes; whilst the street-bands and separate itinerants perform, and often in creditable style, music of a very good and even classical description. It would be amusing to trace the history of street-music in England from its earliest days to the present; but the subject thus carried out would require more space than the pages of the *Journal* allow. There would be the romances of real life to which we have already alluded; the famous fight of the fiddlers on the Welsh marches; the inn-music, waits, &c., of Elizabeth's and the preceding reigns; and the itinerant musicians of the Civil War, who were so numerous that the parliament made an ordinance declaring them vagrants. If no very great judges of the art, our ancestors were nevertheless lovers of it: we allude of course to the great body of the nation, the people; for the practice of having music in taverns and inns is constantly alluded to in our old English writers. It was not alone the courtier who might say: 'I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.' The itinerant fiddler, according to Bishop Earle, 'made it his business to get the names of the worshipful who slept at an inn, in order that he might salute them by their names at their rising in the morning;' and indeed at the greater inns, such as we should now call hotels, there were musicians who appear to have been in some sort retainers of the house. Fynes Moryson has given a hint of this in his *Itinerary*, when describing the arrival of a gentleman at an inn: 'While he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offred musicke, which he may freely take or refuse; and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good-day with music in the morning.'

The last of these musicians who made it a regular custom to frequent taverns—'going abusking,' as it was called—was Thomas Eccles, a brother of the song-composer of Queen Anne's reign. The following account of him is given by one who heard this last of the inn-minstrels play in 1735:

'It was about the month of November that I, with some friends, were met to spend the evening at a tavern in the city, when a man, in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter. Immediately upon opening the door, I heard the twang of one of his strings from under his coat, which was accompanied by the question: "Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?" Our curiosity, and the modesty of the man's deportment, inclined us to say yes; and music he gave us such as I had never heard before, nor shall again under the same circumstances. With as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of Mr Handel—"Del minaccian," in *Otho*, and "Spero si mio caro bene," in *Admetus*. In short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us, his auditors, much at a loss to guess who he was. He made no secret of his name; he said he was Thomas Eccles, the youngest of three brothers; and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the king of France. We were very little disposed to credit the account he gave us of his brother's situation in France; but the collection of solos that have been published by him at Paris, puts it out of question.'

Unhappily, the moral character of poor Thomas Eccles was far inferior to his artistic one. He was idle, and given to drink; he lodged near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time.

Contemporary with this itinerant musician lived the once celebrated *small-coal man*, Thomas Britton, who established the first concert in London. It may not be unentertaining—we believe it may even be instructive—to give some account of this man, of whom we are told, that as he walked along the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coals on his back, the passers-by would say: 'There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion of gentlemen.'

Thomas Britton was born at Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. He left his native place while a boy, and bound himself apprentice to a small-coal man in St John Baptist's Street. 'After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up business. Upon this, Tom went into Northamptonshire again, and after he had spent his money, he returned again to London, set up the small-coal trade [we are sorry for this breach of promise], and withal took a stable, and turned it into a house, which stood the next door to the little gate of St John's of Jerusalem next Clerkenwell Green. Some time after he had settled here, he became acquainted with Dr Garenners, his near neighbour, by which means he became an excellent chemist; and perhaps he performed such things in that profession as had never been done before, with little cost and charge, by the help of a moving elaboratory, *that was contrived and built by himself*, which was much admired by all of that faculty that happened to see it; insomuch that a certain gentleman of Wales was so much taken with it, that he was at the expense of carrying him down into that country on purpose to build him such another, which Tom performed to the gentleman's very great satisfaction; and for the same he received from him a very handsome and generous gratuity. Besides his great skill in chemistry, he was as famous for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practick part of which faculty he was likewise very considerable. He was so much addicted to it, that he *pricked with* his own hand, very neatly and accurately, and left behind him a valuable collection of music . . . . which was sold upon his death for near a hundred pounds.'*

It was his skill in music, however, not in chemistry, which won for Britton the extraordinary place he obtained in society, which he retained, also, without any change of station, habits, or occupation. The stable, transformed into a house, as Hearne informs us, was very old, low built, and mean—fit habitation only for one of the humblest station; yet there assembled the wit, genius, and beauty of England, and there were heard such strains as Her Majesty's Theatre have since scarcely surpassed. On the ground-floor was a repository for coals; over it a long, narrow room, so low, that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could with difficulty be ascended. This chamber was the scene of his concerts, begun with the assistance—*not* pecuniary aid, for they were free of expense—of Sir Roger l'Estrange, 'a very musical gentleman,' and frequented by all the great geniuses of the age. Here, Dr Pepusch, or the great Handel, played the harpsichord; Bannister or Medler, the first violin; Hughes, a poet, Woolaston the painter, Shuttleworth, &c., on other instruments. Matthew Dubourg was then but a child; but his first solo played in public was performed at Britton's concert, 'standing on a joint-stool;' and we are told the poor child was so awed at the splendid assembly, that he was near falling to the ground.

In addition to his reputation as a musician, Britton was known as an acute collector of rare old books and manuscripts; possessing, it may consequently be inferred, no small portion of literary taste. In these pursuits, his familiar associates were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire. These noblemen were in the

* From Hearne's Appendix to his *Hemingi Chartularii Ecclesiæ Wygorniensis.*

habit of meeting, at their leisure, at the shop of a bookseller called Christopher Bateman, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row. As St Paul's clock struck twelve, Britton, who had then finished his morning rounds, would arrive there also, clad in his blue frock; and pitching his sack of small-coal on the bulk of Mr Bateman's shop-window, would go in and join them; and after a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, they were wont to adjourn to the Mourning Bush,* Aldersgate, where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

It was doubtless a happy thing for Britton that none of his noble friends made any attempt to remove him from the station in which it had pleased God to place him. They gave him their sympathy, their esteem, their society; and left him the habits, the associations, the ease, and the independence of his own birth: an example which it would be ever wise to follow. The error since has been the supposing that such tastes and so much cultivation render a man unfit for his station—displace and uproot him, as it were, and impose on him a different way of living. The blunder began when good Queen Charlotte recompensed a witty novelist by imposing on her the duties and habits of a lady's-maid; and it has gone on ever since. Let us learn from Thomas Britton that the arts may enlighten the lowliest dwelling, and cheer the humblest lot, without appearing ungraceful or out of place.

The circumstances of Britton's death were as remarkable as those of his life. Amongst the usual performers at his wonderful concerts was a magistrate for Middlesex, called Justice Robe, a man fond of practical jokes. At that period, the now well-known trick of ventriloquism had been little heard of—to Britton, it was probably quite unknown—Mr Robe had become acquainted with a blacksmith named Honeyman, who possessed this power, and was called, in consequence, the Talking Smith.

During the time that Dr Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house, this fellow got himself admitted, pretending that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. Dr Sacheverell, one of the stoutest and most athletic men then living, was so terrified by him during the few minutes he was in the room, that he was found almost in fits. Aware of these extraordinary powers of Honeyman, and probably, also, of the fact that poor Britton possessed books on the Rosicrucian philosophy, and had imbibed some fantasies on the subject of spirits, &c., from them, Robe had the folly and wickedness of trying the strength of the coalman's nerves. He invited him and Honeyman together to his house; and during the evening, Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, threw a voice into the air, which announced that Britton had but a few days to live, bidding him at the same time fall on his knees and say the Lord's Prayer, as the only means of avoiding his doom.

The poor terrified musician obeyed; went home, took to his bed, and never rose from it again. His was one of those finely strung natures which respond fatally to any stroke upon the imagination. He believed the warning as Mozart did the mysterious order for a requium, and his fine organisation yielded to his disordered fancy.

No more of those divine concerts in the poor coalman's hospitable dwelling, no more strange chemical experiments or pleasant chats under the shelter of the Mourning Bush; the lying voice had been an unconscious prophet—Tom Britton died, and was buried; followed to his grave, in Clerkenwell Churchyard, by a great concourse of people, who, to their honour, had learned to appreciate genius, honesty, and generosity, under the poor coalman's blue linen gown.

There is a picture of him in the Museum, painted by his friend Woolaston, beneath which are the following lines:

> Though doomed to small-coal, yet to arts allied—
> *Rich without wealth*, and famous without pride;
> Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
> Beloved and honoured by Apollo's train.
> In Greece or Rome, sure never did appear
> So bright a genius in so dark a sphere;
> More of the man had artfully been saved,
> Had Kneller painted and had Vertue graved.

It is greatly to be desired that a taste for music as good as that manifested by these 'sons of the people' should spread abroad amongst them now; and this appears likely to be the case from the improved style of the street-music. Let every sweet strain that floats upon the air hereafter, bring to us the hope and the wish that this gentle taste may be, indeed, so stealing upon the hearts of Englishmen, that it may work a greater wonder than it did of yore, in the days of Amphion or Orpheus—that of overcoming the evil of the gin-palace and the beer-shop, and make men meet together, not for the purposes of debasing, but of ennobling their nature.

A few such concerts as Britton commenced—humble, unpretending, and elevating—would as much tend to exalt the people as his tastes did to exalt himself. Let us trust that we may yet see the day of music amongst the million.

* Our readers are probably aware that a bush was the old sign for a tavern. The owner of this tavern was so affected by the execution of King Charles I., that he put his bush into mourning, by painting it black; hence the house retained, for more than a century, the name of the 'Mourning Bush.'

COB.

THERE are few objects of a peaceful nature more exquisite than the scattered villages of Devonshire, lying concealed amidst their pretty gardens, their fresh pastures, and ruddy orchards, or crowning the bold upland, and infusing an air of life into the rich arable and woodland scenery around. But the character and appearance of the cottages themselves are for the most part little calculated, on a close inspection, to give pleasure to any eye save that of the artist, who revels in the broken and uncertain outline, and in the colours of poverty and decay. Formed out of the earth on which they stand, their exterior is often untidy and dilapidated. The line of wall is seldom true. Daubed over at the first, perhaps, with a whitewash of lime, or coated with a coarse plastering, damp, frost, and total neglect have done their work. The red, raw material stands uncovered in all the deformity of nakedness, and the *Cob*, however dry and comfortable may be the shelter it affords, has ceased, in the language of Mr Loudon, 'to have any beauty, because it has no expression.'

The etymology of cob has long puzzled the lexicographers. Neither Jameson in the Scottish dictionary, nor Lye in the Anglo-Saxon, nor Webster in the American, has attempted to account for it. Johnson can only see in it a constituent in the composition of low terms. Nor do the Devonian philologists themselves throw any important light on its derivation. Leaving cob, however, to laugh at the etymologists, we shall proceed to put our readers in possession of the method of constructing it; and if Chapple has struck out the most ingenious theory with regard to the former, Mr Loudon has undoubtedly given us the most workmanlike account of the latter. We shall, therefore, although ourselves 'to the manner bred,' do little more than abstract from his amusing pages such hints as to the mode of preparing this most primitive

composition as may be most likely to interest, and, we hope, instruct our readers.*

The cob-walls of the west of England are composed of earth and straw mixed up with water, like mortar, and well beaten and trodden together. The earth nearest at hand is generally used, and the more loamy it is, the better is it adapted for the purpose. The walls, which are generally two feet thick, are raised upon a foundation of stone-work; and the higher the stone-work is carried, the more secure is the cob from the moisture of the ground. When the walls have been raised to a certain height, they are allowed some weeks to settle —the length of time of course depending on the state of the atmosphere. The first layer or *raise*—to use the Devonian expression—never exceeds five feet, and is sometimes restricted to three; the second is not so high; while every succeeding one is diminished in height as the building advances. The solidity of cob-walls depends so much on the process of making, that if the latter be hurried, the former are sure to be crippled, and to swerve from the perpendicular. It is usual to pare down the sides of each successive raise before another is added, the instrument used —which is called the 'cob-parer'—being like the peel or shovel used by bakers for removing the bread from the oven. As the work advances, the lintels of the doors, windows, cupboards, or other recesses are bedded on cross-pieces, and put in. The walls, however, are carried up solid, and the respective openings are not cut out until the work has well settled. In the process of building, the workmen use common pitchforks; and while one is on the wall arranging and treading down the cob, another stands below, and pitches it up to him. When the walls have reached their proper altitude, and have fairly settled down, the process of roofing commences. The rafters are fixed, and afterwards thatched with wheat-straw, or *reed*, as it is called in Devonshire, which consists of the stiff, unbruised, unbroken stalks which have been carefully separated by the thrasher from the fodder-straw, and bound up in large sheaves called *nitches*. In the following spring, the walls are plastered very smoothly with lime-and-hair mortar, and the plaster covered with a coating of rough-cast, composed of fine gravel, carefully screened and mixed with pure newly slaked lime and water, till the whole becomes of the consistence of a semi-fluid. This coating is forcibly thrown, or slap-dashed, as it is called, upon the wall with a large trowel, after which it is brushed over by the workman with the lime-liquid in the pail, which, like the sprinkling of comfits with frothed sugar, gives the last finishing-touch of beauty to the cob. A cob-house of two stories takes about two years to build; and there are instances of houses so constructed as far back as the reign of Elizabeth being found at this day in a state of perfect preservation. In the words of the Devonshire adage, all that cob wants to insure durability, 'is a good hat and a good pair of shoes.'

That cob should be so generally adopted in a country abounding, as the west of England does, in stone, marble, and granite, is undoubtedly owing to its cheapness, the facility with which it is wrought, and the dry, healthy, and comfortable dwelling which it forms. As regards cheapness, it will cost, speaking roughly, about a third of stone, and a fifth of brick-work; while, on the score of comfort, the thickness and non-conducting properties of the walls preserve a mean temperature within, as well during the heats of summer as the frosts of winter. But the material is ill adapted for barns and garden-walls; it harbours vermin, and is apt to be undermined by rats and mice.

The antiquity of cob is much less doubtful than its etymology. There can be no doubt that it was introduced into Cornwall and Devon by the Phœnicians, as it was introduced by them into all their other colonies. Although these princely merchants carried the arts of building and carpentry to the greatest perfection, it is probable that these were only displayed, to any considerable extent, in the temples of their deities, and the palaces of their kings and nobles. The Tyrian and Carthaginian watch-towers which bristled along the African and Iberian shores, we know from Sanchoniatho to have been built of a compound of stubble and mud, kneaded together like dough, and dried in the sun; and so probably were the dwellings of the vast mass of the Phœnician people. Ezekiel, who, of all the Hebrew writers, was the best acquainted with their customs, when speaking of breaking through a wall, invariably makes use of a word which would be utterly inapplicable to one of stone or brick —'I *digged* through the wall with mine hand.' And that houses formed of the same material were common in Palestine, is evident from the identical expression of Ezekiel being twice used by our Saviour in the sixth chapter of St Matthew: 'Lay yourselves up treasures, where thieves do not break through (literally, 'dig through') nor steal.'

In like manner, we find abundant traces of cob having been known to the ancient Greeks, and used by them very much in the same way as it is now wrought in Devonshire. Thucydides, in describing, in his second book, the works thrown up by the besiegers at the leaguer of Platæa, mentions the confining of the mud in layers of reed, just as it is confined at this day in Devon by what are there called *spires*—a species of rush which grows in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Topsham. Xenophon, too, in narrating the ingenious manner in which Agesipolis, king of Sparta, took the city of Mantinea, states that he dammed up the river which flowed round the town, and, by thus softening the walls, caused them to fall in. The Mantineans, he adds, when they rebuilt them, carried up the stone-foundation of the new cob (πλινθων) many feet, in order to prevent a recurrence of the same stratagem. These foundations are described by Colonel Leake, in his work on the *Morea*, as very perfect, and their intention as quite obvious. The masonry, which is complete as high as it extends, is clearly too low to have formed of itself a defensive wall.

In Egypt, cob was in familiar use at least as far back as the times of the Hyksoi, or shepherd-kings. This is evidenced by the task-work assigned to the Jews by Pharaoh, as detailed in the fifth chapter of Exodus: 'There shall be no straw given, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.' 'What the use of straw was,' says Bishop Patrick, 'in making bricks is variously conjectured: some think it was mixed with the clay to make the brick more solid'—this being, as we have seen, the precise object for which straw is used in cob. Josephus tells us that the task-work of the captive Jews in Egypt was the building of walls and a pyramid; and many have supposed that the pyramids of Dahshour, which are composed of sun-dried bricks made of mud and cut straw, were the very works which made the lives of the Israelites 'bitter with hard bondage.'

Ascending to a still more remote antiquity, we find that the tower which the Cainite worshippers of fire erected to their idol Bel on the plains of Babylonia —where stone is comparatively rare, and wood, as Heeren says, is still more scarce than stone—was faced with brickwork, cemented with slime, bitumen, mud, or whatever the *chemar* was; the centre, according to the conjectures of Bryant and Rich, being composed of earth. What this brickwork was probably like, we learn from the latter author, who describes the sun-burnt bricks of the *Birs Nimroud* and the *Mujalibbé* as looking like 'thick clumsy sods

* For the rest, we can only refer them to Mr Loudon's work, the *Encyclopædia of Architecture*, No. 839.

of earth, in which are seen broken reeds or chopped straw, used for the obvious purpose of binding them'—a description which corresponds very closely with the appearance of decayed weather-beaten cob. The walls which surrounded the city were in like manner, as we learn from Herodotus, built of the earth excavated from the moat which encircled them—a statement fully corroborated by Diodorus Siculus, who gives the most particular account of them. The original walls having perished, or, to adopt the strong expression of the historian, melted into air, they were rebuilt, probably by Nebuchadnezzar, partly of burned and partly of unburned brick. In the fourth century, these renewed walls were just sufficient for the hunting preserves of the Persian king. They, too, have entirely crumbled away,

> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind.

We may not go further in our attempt to trace the antiquity of this favourite compound. Were we to give the reins to conjecture, it might not be impossible to make out a strong circumstantial case for its probable existence in the antediluvian period. We might dwell upon the facts that, until the days of Tubal-Cain, the art of working metals was unknown, and that, therefore, the city which Cain built could not have been constructed of wood; that chemistry being yet unborn, it could not have been of stone, or brick and mortar; that mud was the most obvious material to a tiller of the earth; and that beyond the fingers and the feet, no assistance of tools was in this case needed. But we refrain, content with being able to say of cob, as Byron has said so splendidly of the ocean:

> Time writes no wrinkles on thy *muddy* brow;
> As *Nimrod* first beheld thee, art thou now!

THE COURT OF CHANCERY AS IT IS.

It has been truly remarked, that the Court of Chancery is an admirable illustration of 'the dog with the bad name.' The expression, 'like being in Chancery,' and others of a similar nature, are often used by people who wish to impress upon their hearers that which is tedious, expensive, and almost endless. If property is 'thrown into Chancery,' to use a popular phrase, all hope of its ever being of any further benefit to the parties interested in it, is abandoned. The Court of Chancery has won for itself an evil reputation which still clings to it, although no longer deserved.

The Court of Chancery has been thoroughly reformed. The changes began in 1850; and in 1852 an entire revolution was effected in its mode of procedure. The various times for taking the necessary proceedings were considerably shortened, printed pleadings were substituted for written ones, and unnecessary offices, such as those of the masters in Chancery, which had long been causes of delay and expense to suitors, were abolished. In many cases, too, relief may now be had by a summary mode of procedure. Also fees are paid by stamps, and officers of the court are remunerated by salaries instead of fees, so that greater fees than those prescribed by the orders of the court can no longer be taken. Thus, and in a great many other particulars, which it is unnecessary here to detail, has the Court of Chancery been reformed and its procedure simplified, with a saving of time and cost to the suitor; yet no one believes it. Works like Mr Dickens's *Bleak House* still continue to gain credence, although written long ago, and before Chancery reform began; novelists and newspaper writers still speak of it as it was years ago; and because they do not know of, or cannot comprehend its vast changes and improvements, will not admit that any have been made. This is most unfortunate; for not only are the people of England thus misled, but foreigners get these absurd notions into their heads, carry them home to their own countries, and represent our highest court in the realm as a monstrosity of iniquity!

There is also another class who rail against the Court of Chancery, who wish all forms and modes of procedure to be done away with, and would, no doubt, like justice to be administered after the manner of a Turkish pacha; but this is, in England, we are glad to say, an impossibility. Forms are, to a certain extent, actually necessary to prevent injustice being done by the law; for if the process of the law could be used without knowledge, cost, or trouble, by any one who might fancy himself wronged by another, then would it become an engine of tyranny and oppression, and not of justice and equity.

Let us hope that the Court of Chancery, which, by reason of its reforms, has, from being the slowest, become one of the speediest tribunals in the kingdom, may be regarded in its proper light, and become as popular as it has hitherto been unpopular.

FOUR SEASONS.

> Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
> Insanientis dum sapientiæ
> Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
> Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
> Cogor relictos.—Horace.

When Life was Spring our wants were small,
The present hour the future scorning—
A stunning partner at a ball,
A place among her thoughts next morning;
No fears had we that she could lose
The varied charms our fancy lent her,
Terpsichore was then our Muse,
And Mr Thomas Moore our Mentor.

Time passed till, though our wants were few,
Hopes rose, but 'twas not hard to span 'em—
An opera-box, *paille* gloves, a new
Rig out, or ten pounds more per annum;
When deeper aspirations came,
We called in aid—Imagination,
And drew on Fancy for our Fame,
And for our Love—upon Flirtation.

Grown more sagacious, by and by,
The wants and hopes of Life advancing,
We learned to spell Love with an *i*,
And dining took the *pas* of dancing;
We smiled at Fancy; pitied youth;
In Power began Life's aims to centre;
Demurred at Faith; and doubted Truth;
Till self became both Muse and Mentor.

Another Season served to prove
Our false appraisement of Life's treasure,
We found in Trust, and Truth, and Love,
The very corner-stones of Pleasure;
That youth of heart shewed age of head;
That gaining was less sweet than giving;
That we might live, and yet be dead
To all the real joys of living.

Our dreams how shadowy and vain
We've found; and turn back truer hearted,
With humbler quest to seek again
The simple Faith in which we started;
And deeper read in Wisdom's page,
Know now how we have been beguiled, who 'd
Suppose the objects that engage
The hopes of youth—the aims of age
Should find their end in second childhood.

Alfred Watts.

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THE VAGARIES OF PHYSIC.

LORD BACON assigned as a reason why the science of medicine had not advanced and kept pace with the other sciences, that 'physicians had reasoned in a circle and not in a line.' Dr Benjamin Rush compared the same science, as practised in his day, to 'an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides, and rotten at the foundation.' An American writer, who runs a tilt against every nostrum not belonging to the vegetable kingdom, hearing that Mr Wakley had recommended all poisons sold in druggists' shops to be placed on high shelves, dryly observed, that 'in that case the lower part of the establishment would generally be *to let!*' Seeing, then, in what bad odour the disciples of Esculapius are held even by members of their own fraternity, and how each generation, in its turn, 'kicks against the rusty curb of old father antic, the law,' we feel almost disposed to place our medical man under the conservative guardianship of that African doctor whose mode of practice is shrewdly likened by Sir John Forbes to that of the homœopathic school of medicine: the sable physician's remedy was to write his prescription on a board, and then, having carefully washed it off, to *give his patient the water to drink!* Verily, from the days of Hippocrates downwards, so many have been the odd conceits that have sprung, full-armed for mischief, from the prolific brains of the world's physicians, so many and so wonder-working the medicaments propounded, from the 'all-heal of Hercules' to 'Parr's Life Pills,' that, leaving the graver side of the subject to take care of itself, and dealing only with its 'tickled surface,' it seems as if an amusing volume might be written on the Vagaries of Physic. Omitting from our category those who have 'turned diseases to commodity,' and in whom 'there is no more faith than stewed prunes,' it would be worth while to trace the path of some one of those—and their name is legion—who, wise in their generation, have yet been led away by their own chosen and familiar will-o'-the-wisp. How have plain earnest men sometimes plunged headlong into quagmires through following the *ignis fatuus* of some particular traditionary mysticism, till, by the force of that very earnestness, they have succeeded in 'driving the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in spite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason!' How for centuries have our fathers before us given to some old formula a full measure of simple credence heaped up and brimming over; till we, in our later generation, are tempted to cry out indignantly: 'Have we laid our brains in the sun and dried them, that they want matter to prevent such gross o'er-reaching as this?' Where now is our faith in the 'simples' gathered beneath the moon, or plucked at some witching-hour under the 'fiery trigons?' How far have we wandered from the pastures of old father 'thyme,' lost our relish for 'sauce-alone, or Jack-by-the-hedge-side,' and discarded the safe companionship of 'Gill-go-over-the-ground!' How have we, degenerate, waged war in a crusade against 'Saracen's Confound,' and withheld from our gaping wounds the gentle succour of Teutonic 'stab-wort!' How have we set up new idols for our worship, and, like true iconoclasts, broken down the mysterious image from the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies, of physic! In medical traditionary lore, this same icon, as all searchers into by-gone authorities well know, was the image or likeness of a particular disease, said to be impressed on root, leaf, or flower, suggesting its specific virtue as a curative agent applied to the disease so indicated. It was called the *signature* of the plant. That prince of herbalists, Nicholas Culpeper, says: 'I wonder in my heart how the virtues of herbs came first to be known, if not by their *signatures.*' Now, as thou art a true man, O Nicholas, confide to us wherein it is fitting to put a bound to our credulity. In sober seriousness, if the 'signature' be all-powerful, may there not be also—in spite of the poet—something in a *name?* May we not hope to 'put money in our purse' by imbibing an infusion of 'money-wort or herb-twopence;' or tame a quarrelsome wife by means of 'loose-strife or grass-polly?' Might not 'ashen-keys' be applied with effect to a locked-jaw; or a habit of early rising induced—under Morpheus—by an admixture of 'pot-herbs, *boiled with an old cock!*'

Have you a mote in your eye, O my brother! search diligently for the 'pearl-trefoil;' it shall more benefit you than the four-leaved shamrock of fairy celebrity: 'it hath a white spot in the leaf like a pearl. It is' —as you might have divined—'under the moon, and its icon shews that it is of a singular virtue against the pearl or pin and web in the eye.' Or, better still, take 'herb-clary;' this, too, is 'under the moon,' and goes right to the mark. 'The seed put into the eyes, clears them from motes. Wild clary is a gallant remedy, to take one of the seeds and put it in the eye, and there let it remain till it drop out of itself (*the pain will be nothing to speak on*).' Thank you, Culpeper—Nicholas, we are obliged to you, but would fain be excused. The human animal is not, it would appear, the only 'unfledged biped' beholden to the ancients: the callow fowls of the air have a wonder-working elixir for destroyed vision in 'celandine or chelidonium, so called from a Greek word signifying swallow.' But mark our oracle's reservation: 'They say, that if you put out the eyes of young swallows when they are in

the nest, the old one will recover their eyes with this herb. This I am confident, for I have tried it [the old sinner!], that if we mar the very apple of their eye with a needle, she will recover them again, *but whether with this herb or not, I know not.*' The eyes, it seems, are 'under the luminaries; the right eye of a man, and the left eye of a woman, the sun claims dominion over.' Let those who attempt to operate for strabismus, look to it, or they may get themselves into trouble. In all matters ophthalmic, the Fates themselves seem to have laboured under an obliquity of vision. Esculapius, because of the marvellous cures he performed with the blood drawn from the right veins of Medusa's head—a lady who boasted but a reversionary interest in one eye, which belonged in common to herself and her lovely sisters the Gorgons—fell under the thunders of Jove; the issue being, that the great 'luminary' Apollo himself, the father of physic, for his just vengeance inflicted on the one-eyed Cyclopes who forged the thunderbolts, was thrust incontinently from heaven, and doomed to consort with the flocks of Admetus. After this, where shall the mortal be found bold enough to undertake so delicate an operation as that for *squinting*, on either the *right eye of a man or the left eye of a woman* '*under the luminaries?*' Running through the pages of our author, there is a genuine undercurrent of humour and shrewd common sense. We feel sure that he believes not in one-half he propounds with such solemn gravity. Sundry of his prescriptions savour strongly of the mendicant friar's celebrated recipe for the making of flint-soup. In his concoction of simples, he slily insinuates his 'powdered beet' or his 'cock-chicken.' Certain herbs are shewn to be peculiarly efficacious 'gathered with the dew on them;' others are of remarkable potency 'if the body be exercised after the taking thereof.' In his love of sack and canary, he is the very Falstaff of physicians. He holds forth on the virtue of moderation, but has evidently no mind to treat his friends in private with anything so meagre as 'a last year's pippin with a dish of caraways.'

Perusing some of his inimitable concoctions, we exclaim perforce: 'Why, what an epicurean rascal is this!' It would conjure up the shade of Father Mathew, only to hear him when he is busy in his distillery. In his battle with temperance, he is 'as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth two of Agamemnon.' There is 'a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him.' If he admonishes us to repent, truly it is 'not in sackcloth, but in new milk and old sack.' Under the head of Rosa Solis, or Sundew [query, mountain-dew?], is a rare specific for 'qualms and spasms of the heart. This herb is good [no doubt of it] made into a drink with aqua-vitæ and spices.' Hearken to Nicholas on the subject of the vine: 'The vine is a most gallant tree of the sun, very sympathetical with the body of man, and that is the reason that the spirit of wine is the greatest cordial among all vegetables.' He who, being sick, covets not a drink with a veritable smack of nectar in it, let him eschew the following: 'The powder of violet leaves, or a sirup of violets taken in some convenient liquor [!], and a little of the juice or sirup of lemons put into it, quenches the thirst, and gives to the drink a claret-wine colour and a fine tart relish pleasing to the taste.' If this is not a draught for Olympian Jove, 'may a cup of sack be our poison.' Here follows another 'convenient liquor:' 'Take fifty kernels of peach-stones, and one hundred of the kernels of cherry-stones, a handful of elder-flowers, fresh or dried, and three pints of muscadel.' O Falstaff, 'if sack and sugar be in fault, God help the wicked!' Yet he who can gravely advocate the above delectable compounds, comes down with a sly rebuke on Schola Salerni—a gentleman whose name we humbly suppose to be a corruption of *Silenus*. 'Schola Salerni advises to take *much wine* after pears, or else they say they are as bad as poison; nay, and they curse the tree for it, too; but if a poor man find his stomach oppressed by eating pears, it is only working hard, and that *will do as well as drinking wine.*' Take comfort, ye sons of toil; ye shall eat pears with impunity—ay, in the sweat of your brow! After so much wine, it is not to be wondered at that our friend Nicholas should indorse the following libel against 'sweet basil.' He says: 'Hilarius, a French physician, affirms, upon his own knowledge, that an acquaintance of his, by common smelling of this herb, *had a scorpion bred in his brain:* something is the matter; basil and rue will not grow together, no, nor near each other, and we know rue is as great an enemy to poison as any that grows.' It was rue, in combination with figs, walnuts, and some few other ingredients, that was said to be taken daily by Mithridates, and which gave the 'Pontic monarch of old days' immunity against the poisonous assaults of his enemies. A simpler physic than this was patronised, we are told, by the grandfather of him of Utica: 'Honest old Cato used no other physic than the coleworts. I know not of what metal his body was made; this I am sure, cabbages are extremely windy, whether you take them as meat or medicine; yea, as windy meat as can be eaten, unless you eat *bagpipes* or *bellows*, and they are but seldom eaten in our days.'

Should the public be desirous of knowing how the celestial personages whose names so frequently figure as presiding over the vegetable kingdom, conducted their ministrations with reference to the animal economy of the human subject—Culpeper is their man. He has walked among the immortals, and knows their ways and their whereabouts. Like us poor mortals of this lower earth, it would appear that they have their likings and their dislikings, their love and their hate. 'Sympathy and antipathy,' be it remembered, 'are two hinges upon which the whole of physic turns; and that physician who minds them not, is like a door from off the hooks, more like to do a man a mischief than to secure him.' Moreover, 'he who would know the reason of the operations of the herbs, must look up as high as the stars, astrologically.' So he adds: 'To the stars went I.' Having soared thus high, but a step further, and we find him in the presence of great Jupiter himself. 'Up comes Mars to him—"Come, Brother Jupiter," he says, "thou knowest I sent a couple of trines to thy house last night, the one from Aries, and the other from Scorpio; give me thy leave by sympathy to cure this poor man with drinking a draught of wormwood beer every morning."' So much for sympathy; now for antipathy. 'The moon was weak the other day, and she gave a man two terrible mischiefs, a dull brain and a weak sight. Mars lays by his sword and comes to her—"Sister Moon," says he, "this man hath angered thee; but I beseech thee take no notice—he is but a fool. Prithee, be patient; I will with my herb wormwood cure him of both infirmities by antipathy, for thou knowest that thou and I cannot agree." With that the moon began to quarrel: Mars, not delighting much in women's tongues, went away, and *did it whether she would or no.*' Yet this is the '*gallant* Mars!' Worse, however, follows. 'He had no sooner parted with the moon, but he met with Venus—and she was *as drunk as a hog!*'

Enough of the immortals. One step lower, and we come to the pope. If Nicholas has an unkind corner in his genial heart, he reserves it for his holiness. In his love for his darling simples, with their rare old Saxon names, he is 'as true as truth's simplicity, and simpler than the infancy of truth.' He is not half pleased to hear misletoe called lignum sancæ crucis; inveighs in no measured terms against pansy being 'blasphemously called an herb of the Holy Trinity, because it has three colours,' and quarrels with

archangel as a term for dead-nettle. Of sea-wormwood he says: 'It hath gotten as many names as virtues—and *perhaps one more.* A papist got the toy by the end, and called it holy wormwood; and, in truth, I am of opinion their giving so much holiness to herbs *is a reason there remains so little to themselves.*' But he has not done yet. 'St Peter's wort,' he says, 'rises up greater than St John's wort; and good reason, too, St Peter being the greater apostle, ask the pope else! For though God would have the saints equal, the pope is of another opinion. There is not a straw to choose betwixt this and St John's wort, only St Peter must have it, lest he should want pot-herbs.' Thus does Nicholas deal the pope a sly poke in the ribs with a herb pronounced by Dioscorides, Pliny, and Galen to be good for sciatica!

For a concluding specimen of the wisdom of our ancestors in the discovery of remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to, let us turn to the art-magic as developed in our hedgerows. We must be pardoned if we place amongst our cabalistic observances some few prescribed remedies, the medicinal value of which is boasted in sober seriousness: such, for example, as peonies to be hung round the neck, wild tansy to be worn in the shoes, so that it be next the skin; divers other herbs to be bound round the wrists of the hands—the disease to be cured lying in some distant region of the body; and vervain, as a remedy for scrofula, to be tied to the pit of the stomach by a *white ribbon* round the neck. Lastly—hear it, humanity Martin!—'A good handful of the hot, biting culrage or water-pepper put under a horse's saddle, will make him travel the better, although he were half-tired before.' We have the authority of Mizaldus and others for the fact, that neither witch nor devil, thunder nor lightning, can harm a man in the presence of a bay-tree. Wood-betony, according to Antonius Musa, the physician to Octavius Cæsar, possesses similar miraculous properties. The power ascribed to the fig-tree is of a somewhat different character. With stories of a cock and bull, most persons are familiar; but the connection of the latter animal with the fig-tree—a tree under the dominion of great Jove himself—is a fact not sufficiently known. 'If you tie a bull, be he ever so mad, to a fig-tree, he will quickly become tame and gentle.' The only difficulty in the way of administering the remedy proposed seems to lie in who shall '*bell the cat.*' There would appear to be also some mysterious connection between the same animal and fig-wort, since we are told that 'Venus owns the plant, and the *celestial bull will not deny it!*' Again, we cannot help thinking that 'mouse-ear,' though itself under the dominion of the moon, must have felt *tickled* when first it caught the echo of the following announcement: 'Though authors do cry out upon alchemists for attempting to fix quick-silver with this herb and moon-wort, a Roman would not have judged a thing by the success; if it be to be fixed at all, it is by lunar influence.'

Of all famous herbs, none is comparable to moon-wort. We would strongly advise all horse-jockeys to give it a wide berth, and Messrs Bramah and Chubb especially to keep a sharp eye upon their business, if ever they find themselves in its vicinity. 'It is an herb which, they say, will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon it. This, some laugh to scorn, and those no small fools neither; but country people that I know call it unshoe-the-horse.' Besides, I have heard commanders say, that on White Down, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found thirty horses' shoes, pulled off from the feet of the Earl of Essex's horses, being there drawn up in a body, many of them being newly shod, and no reason known, which caused great admiration.' If the Earl of Essex himself took kindly to the view of the subject here broadly hinted at, all we can say is, that we could not recommend him a more appropriate restorative, after the toils of his campaign, than that contained in the following recipe, under the head of melilot, or king's-claver: 'The head often washed with the distilled flowers of melilot, is effectual *for those that suddenly lose their senses!*'

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds.—*Hamlet.*

CHAPTER I.

In one of my late visits to the continent, I became acquainted with a gentleman whom I will call M. de Rosny. He was first pointed out to me on the promenade as 'the gentleman who was said to have seen a ghost;' but on my thereupon expressing a desire to be introduced to him, I was told that he had the greatest aversion to be questioned on the subject, and, in fact, never had been heard to allude to it.

Being aware that people who have seen, or who believe that they have seen apparitions, are generally characterised by a similar shyness, the natural consequence of the ridicule and incredulity they have to encounter, I was not deterred by this announcement; and accordingly, many days had not elapsed before I had so far attained my object, that I was on speaking terms with M. de Rosny.

He was a good-looking dark man, of about five or six and thirty; gentlemanlike in appearance and manner, rather grave, and decidedly clever. He was by birth a Belgian; and was said to have inherited an ample fortune, together with the title of count, from his father, who, though of an ancient and noble race, had embarked in mercantile affairs, to repair the declining fortunes of the family.

Cautious not to risk success by precipitance, I was in no haste to betray my curiosity. But, one evening, when the conversation accidentally turned on the mysteries of life here and hereafter, I ventured to say, that if one single case of appearance after death were well established, the great question of there being a world to come would be irrefragably settled; adding, that I, for my part, believed there was no scarcity of such evidence, if everybody who had any to produce would speak out upon the subject, and if those who had the courage to do so only met with fair-play.

He entirely coincided. 'But,' said he, 'since anybody who is rash enough to make such an avowal is sure to be treated as a fool or a liar, there is no chance of the question ever receiving the consideration it deserves. Indeed, I think the man is a fool who risks being laughed at by telling people what they are predetermined not to believe.'

Notwithstanding this unpromising beginning, M. de Rosny ended by telling me what I wanted to hear. Not then; for it was evening when we held the above conversation, and he said with a shudder: 'I shouldn't sleep if I speak of it now—I should think I saw again'——

There he stopped; but he agreed to meet me the next morning; and all I can say is, that I am thoroughly convinced that he believed the truth of the following story he then told me.

The wealthy De Rosny, having a desire to see the world, set out on his travels at four-and-twenty. His time was his own; he went where he pleased, stayed in a place till he was tired of it, and partook of all the amusements that came in his way. Amongst the acquaintances formed in his travels was Arthur Edmonds, an Englishman, younger than himself, and was travelling to counteract a tendency to consumption, brought on by too close study at Oxford.

They met several times, and finally at Venice, where they put up at the same hotel—Il Leone

Bianco, on the Grand Canal, near the Rialto. Here they became very intimate; and as their pursuits were the same, and they frequented the same society, they engaged a gondola between them, in which they spent much of their time.

One morning, about a fortnight after their arrival, just as they were stepping into their boat, a gentleman came hastily out of the hotel, and called for a gondola. There happened to be none there at the moment; and as he evinced great impatience, the young men offered him a seat in theirs. He accepted the offer with many thanks, saying that he had an appointment of importance, and was already past his time. They rowed him to his destination; and on parting, he expressed a hope that he might be allowed to return them thanks in person the next day, at the same time handing them his card.

'Count Stanislaus Krasinski,' said De Rosny, reading it.

'And an uncommonly nice fellow,' rejoined Edmonds.

And such he appeared to be; he was tall, handsome, well dressed, polished in his manners, and, though a Pole, spoke French like a Frenchman. They were delighted with their new acquaintance, who soon became their companion in all their pleasures. Indeed, they liked his society so much, that they pressed him to join them in a projected tour to the east; but his great desire, he said, was to see England; and Edmonds promised him an introduction to his family, who were residing at the Lakes—'a country you must visit,' he said, 'as it is one of the lions of England. Our place is in Suffolk; but, unfortunately, my mother can't live there; the climate does not agree with her.'

'If you go there,' said De Rosny, 'you will be falling in love with Edmonds's sister. Elle est très belle; et riche aussi, n'est ce pas, mon cher?'

Arthur replied, that he was perhaps not a fair judge, but he thought she was very pretty, and that, moreover, she would have a very good fortune, as, besides her paternal portion, she had L.20,000 left her by an aunt.

'That aunt was a trump,' added he; 'for she left L.60,000 between three of us; and if either of the three die without issue, his or her portion goes to the survivors.'

Both the young foreigners expressed their admiration of English fortunes; and the Pole remarked, that in his country, ladies were seldom so well provided for; that as for himself, being an only son, he had great landed estates—though not much money, he rejoined laughingly; but that if he had had the misfortune to be born a girl, he would have scarcely had a subsistence.

This agreeable intimacy was at length interrupted by a letter summoning De Rosny to Pisa, where his only sister had been residing some time with her husband. He departed with reluctance, promising to be back in a fortnight; and, as he had a great deal of luggage, he retained his room, giving the key to Edmonds to keep till his return; and reminding him that there was a store of good cigars there, from which he was welcome to help himself.

On his return, after being absent a month instead of a fortnight, he learned with surprise that both Edmonds and the Pole had quitted Venice. The landlord handed him a note from the former, in which he said that he was tired of waiting for him; and that as Krasinski was leaving for England, he should leave too, and go on to Rome, where he hoped De Rosny would rejoin him.

De Rosny now bethought himself of the key of his room, which he had intrusted to Edmonds; but the landlord produced it, saying that it had been found in the door.

'In the door?' said the count.

'Oui, monsieur. Two days ago, I happened to be up stairs, and seeing the key in the door, I took possession of it; but your trunks are there, and I hope you'll find everything safe.'

De Rosny, annoyed at the negligence of Edmonds, who was aware of the value of the property left in his charge, now ascended to his chamber. On opening the door, he saw indeed all his trunks and portmanteaus in their places as he had left them; but a very cursory examination shewed that he had been robbed, and that by a very discerning depredator. His clothes were there, except a few very *recherché* articles of the toilet; but his jewels, his rings, his pins, his diamond snuff-boxes, and other things of that description, which he had collected in the course of his travels, were all gone; as also a bag of gold coins and medals of great value, which he had inherited from his father, and which he was carrying to Rome to the Prince B——, who wished to purchase them.

When the landlord was told what had happened, he expressed the greatest surprise and dismay; and condemned the Signore Inglese very much for not having committed the key to his care. Of course, he could not be answerable for the people of all nations that went up and down those stairs. He was confident none of his servants had committed the theft; and he fixed his suspicions on a stranger, in appearance a Russian, who had lodged there a week, and had gone out one morning, promising to be back to dinner, but had never returned, even to pay his bill.

The annoyance was great, and the loss considerable. The police having in vain used every effort to discover the thief, De Rosny left Venice, disgusted with his own folly and Edmonds's carelessness, and entirely cured of his passion for buying baubles.

He determined now to prosecute his journey to the east; and, being too much out of humour with his English friend to desire him for the companion of his travels, instead of going to Rome, he embarked at Triest for Corfu. After lingering a little amongst the islands of Ionia, he proceeded to Athens, Constantinople, &c.; and about four months after leaving Venice, he arrived at Beyrout, where he lodged and boarded with a Greek called Simonides. Here he fell violently in love with the daughter of his host, who seemed nothing loath to accept his addresses. Her father, however, thinking no good would come of this attachment, was exceedingly annoyed by it, and endeavoured to get him out of his house; but not immediately succeeding in that object, he set his son, a boy of fourteen, to keep watch upon the lovers in the meantime.

This was the position of affairs, when one night De Rosny suddenly awoke out of a sound sleep, and saw a person, as he thought, sitting in a corner of the room. His instant impression was, that it was the boy Alexis; and he sat up for an instant to assure himself it was not a delusion, before he jumped out of bed to chastise the lad for the impertinent intrusion. But as he rose, the figure rose too, and approached the bed; and then he saw that it was Edmonds, pale and wan, with a countenance expressive of intense melancholy.

When M. de Rosny came to this point of his story, I eagerly asked him how he felt, and if he was frightened. 'But, perhaps,' I said, 'you thought it was Edmonds himself alive?'

'No,' he said, 'I did not think that; indeed, I believe I did not think at all. I was not frightened; I was paralysed. My sensations were such as, I imagine, people feel under the influence of mesmerism.'

He went on to say, that after an interval, he recovered his faculties; and found himself still sitting up in bed, in perfect darkness. He thought that Edmonds had talked to him; had told him that he had been murdered; that his murderer was the same that

had committed the robbery; and that he, the count, must proceed immediately to England, to convey this information to Edmonds's mother and sister, and thereby prevent a great calamity.

'And were you now convinced that you had really seen a ghost?' I asked.

'Why, at first I was,' he replied; 'but after a little consideration, I persuaded myself that I had been dreaming. In the first place, I had never believed in ghosts; and in the next, I found the room perfectly dark; so that, had a figure been there, I could not have seen it at all, much less distinguished its features. Then I thought it might be some trick of old Simonides and his son to frighten me away—though that could hardly be, unless they had a secret entrance into the room, as I had locked the door. Besides, I did not remember that I had ever told them anything about Edmonds.'

Well, De Rosny proceeded to say, that after some time he sunk into sleep, from which he woke satisfied that he had merely had an unusually vivid dream, such as we all of us occasionally experience. He looked at his tongue, and felt his pulse; reviewed his yesterday's bill of fare; thought he must have eaten something that disagreed with him; or, perhaps, have lately indulged too much in the hookah. In short, he settled himself in the belief that it was a dream; and this conviction was strengthened by there being no repetition of the apparition. Had it been the shade of Edmonds that visited him, of course he would have come again to enforce his request. So he dismissed the subject from his mind, and thought no more of it.

Simonides was in the right. There was no good likely to come to the fair Japhira from her intimacy with the count; for when he saw that she was taking his attentions seriously to heart, not being inclined to fetter himself with a wife, he thought it prudent to leave her for a little. So he made an excursion to Mount Carmel, visited Tyre and Sidon, and other interesting localities, and returned to Beyrout only to prepare for a longer absence from her, this short excursion having convinced him that he could live perfectly well without her.

After a brief period of repose, therefore, he again started, and in the course of his wanderings came to Jerusalem, where, owing to the celebration of some grand festival, he had a great difficulty in procuring a lodging. At length, he found a very poor one in the house of a man called Abime, who lived in the Via Dolorosa; but the man had a sinister eye, and there was something suspicious about his family; insomuch, that De Rosny warned his servant Stephano to be on his guard, and keep his eyes open and his trunks shut.

Tired with his journey, he went early to bed the first night, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by—he knew not what—but he fancied somebody had roused him. He cast his eye round his small room—for he had burned a light ever since his unpleasant dream at Beyrout—but could see no one, though he fancied he heard footsteps. Upon this, he jumped out of bed, and opened his door, which he had both locked and barricaded with a heavy portmanteau. He looked out into the passage, but there was nobody there; and all being quiet again, he returned to bed and tried to settle himself to sleep; but in vain—there still were the footsteps. Again he got out of bed, looked under it, and examined the room more particularly; but finding nothing, he suddenly recollected that his room was at the top of the house, and making up his mind that the noise proceeded from the midnight peregrinations of some marauding cat, he contrived to forget it, and go to sleep. He did not think of this disturbance in the morning; but as it was repeated the two following nights, he mentioned the circumstance to Stephano, who had heard no such noises, and suggested that they might proceed from rats behind the wainscot. The host was appealed to, who said he had never had such a complaint made to him before, though he admitted that there might be rats on the premises. So the matter rested till night, when the count retired to bed, fatigued, as usual, with the day's sight-seeing; but no sooner had he settled himself to rest, than the noises again startled him from his slumbers. With an exclamation of impatience that sounded very like an oath, he caught up his slipper, that lay by the side of the bed, and hurled it resolutely at the invisible visitant; but he succeeded in hitting nothing except the lamp.

'Sacré!' he exclaimed, and vexed and irritated, he turned his face to the wall, determined, in spite of cats or rats, to go to sleep. 'I'll not pass another night in this cursed hole!' thought he. 'I heard Colonel Everest say he intends to leave to-morrow; and I'll go out early and endeavour to secure his lodging.'

'Who's there?' he cried; for his soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder; and turning sharply round, he beheld by his bedside the same figure he had seen at Beyrout. There stood Arthur Edmonds, 'in his habit as he lived,' but with a less melancholy expression of countenance than he had exhibited on his former visitation.

I repeated my question, 'How did you feel?' and he confessed that his first sensation was terror; but that gradually the same paralysation of the faculties stole over him. When he passed out of that state into his normal condition, he was sitting up in bed, no figure visible, and the room quite dark.

He rose, felt for his matches, and tried to light his lamp, but found it had been broken by the blow of the slipper, and the oil spilt. He tried his door, which was fast; felt all about the room, but discovered nothing to explain what had happened; and then he got into bed again to reflect on it.

It appeared to him that he had not only been wide awake when he felt the hand on his shoulder, but that he had not been to sleep at all; and he recollected distinctly what he had been saying to himself at the moment. 'But then,' he said, 'did I fall asleep and dream the rest? Surely it must be so,' he added, rebelling against any other interpretation of the circumstance; 'for why should he come to me? Why not go to his brother himself, and tell him what he wants?' Then he summoned to his recollection what the ghost had said; 'that I ought to have complied with the request made to me at Beyrout; however, that was no longer necessary; but what he now enjoined, he conjured me not to neglect. I am to go to Malta, where I shall find his brother, and then we are to proceed together to Naples, where we shall have this mystery unravelled.'

'How obscure! Why not say what we were to do? But ghost-stories always run in this fashion—ghosts go about things in such an absurd roundabout way, that it is impossible to believe in them. I daresay Edmonds is at this moment alive and well as I am; much better, probably, for I think I must be ill; this climate doesn't agree with me, and the sooner I get back to the west the better. I can go by Malta, certainly; indeed, I should naturally do so; and then I'll go to Sicily—I want to see Sicily; and thence to Rome, and I'll inquire if Edmonds has been there,' &c.; and having made up his mind to this course of proceeding, he went to sleep and slept till morning.

On the following day, he was still less inclined to believe in the ghost; and although, for many reasons, he would have been glad to change his lodging, he

resolved now not to do it, lest it should be, unknown to himself, a weak compliance with his fears; for bravely as he talked, and obstinately as he argued, he confessed that he would not have been sorry to be secured from such dreams in future. 'No,' he said, 'I'll stay where I am for the short time I have to be here; perhaps I may discover the trick, if trick there is;' and when he went to bed that night, he determined to be on the alert and keep all his senses about him: in spite of which laudable resolution, he incontinently fell asleep, and when he opened his eyes, his lamp was burned out, and the broad daylight was glaring into his room.

CHAPTER II.

The succeeding nights of De Rosny's stay at Jerusalem being equally undisturbed, and his days very much occupied, the impression made by his ghostly visitant naturally became fainter and fainter; and when he started on his return to the west, with the intention of taking Malta in his way, he persuaded himself that it was by no means in compliance with the request of his late friend, but that he should have done so under any circumstances, as perhaps he might.

He accomplished his journey without meeting with any extraordinary adventure; but when he sailed into the harbour of Valetta, and saw the boat of the medical officer coming from the Lazaretto to ascertain their state of health, he owned to me that he felt a strange qualm of anxiety that convinced him he had not entirely succeeded in arguing himself into a disbelief of the apparition.

'I knew,' said he, 'that Edmonds had a brother in the army; but I had never heard in what regiment he was, and still less where he was quartered; therefore, if I found the regiment to which the young man belonged actually here, and he on duty with it, it would give more colour and probability to the ghost's story than I liked to think of. However, I was not left long in doubt, for almost at the same moment that the Lazaretto boat pushed off from the shore, we observed another from the quay making for our vessel; and in it was seated an officer in uniform—red, with blue facings. Of course, there is always a garrison at Malta; I knew that, and yet my heart beat at the sight of that red coat. I felt myself turn pale; and I stood breathlessly watching the boat as it neared us, and, somehow or other, quite prepared for the question that followed:

"Have you a Mr Edmonds on board?—Mr Arthur Edmonds?"

"No," said the captain.

'All the passengers were clustered at the side, looking over at the boat; and the young officer stood up and reviewed us all—perusing our faces, as if in hopes, notwithstanding the denial, of detecting the one he wished to see; then he reseated himself, and desired to be rowed back.

'It was clear, then, that the regiment in question was here, and I had no doubt of this being the brother: there was a strong family resemblance, extending even to the voice, and quite sufficient to satisfy me of that. I was relieved, however, to find that he was expecting Arthur from the east. If he had been dead so many months, the family must surely have known it ere this. Edmonds had no doubt fulfilled his intention of going to the East, but not having taken the same route as myself, we had never met.

'I kept up my spirits with this supposition during our short quarantine; and the morning after we got ashore, I walked up to the barracks, and inquired for Lieutenant Everard Edmonds—for such was his rank, as I had ascertained by reference to the Army List. I sent in my card, and was immediately admitted.

'I had been rehearsing this meeting in my mind, studying how I should account for my visit, and how I should avoid incurring the young man's ridicule, in case I found it advisable to disclose the real motive of it, which, however, I had resolved not to do, if I ascertained that Arthur was alive. But I was spared all confusion; for the moment I entered, he advanced eagerly towards me with my card in his hand, and said, after the first salutation and giving me a seat: "What can you tell me of my brother?"

"Nothing," answered I. "I have done myself the honour of calling on you for the express purpose of making inquiries about him."

'His countenance fell; he looked blank. "Nothing?" he repeated—"you don't know where he is? Has he not been travelling with you?"

"No," I answered; "I have been travelling alone. He did talk of going with me to the east; but I fancy he altered his intentions; at least"——

"When did you last see him?" asked he.

'I hesitated a little, and then said: "At Venice—we parted at Venice."

"And you have not seen him since?—you did not meet at Rome or Naples?"

"I did not go to Rome or Naples; I went by Triest. May I ask if you are also without intelligence?"

"Wholly," he said—"entirely without intelligence. We have never heard a word from Arthur since he left Venice. In his last letter, which I think was dated early in April, he said he was starting for Rome and Naples, at one of which places he expected to meet you, with whom, he had previously told us, he was to travel; and that you were to proceed together to the east. He acknowledged the receipt of some money that he had written for, and desired us not to be uneasy if we did not hear from him, as he should be continually on the move: nor were we for some time. Arthur is a sad idle fellow about writing; and a silence that would be alarming with most people, does not alarm us. But circumstances have happened that render this absence of intelligence unusually perplexing and inconvenient. I daresay you may have seen Count Krasinski with my brother?"

"Certainly," said I; "I knew him very well. When I left Venice, he was there with your brother. He talked of going to England."

"He did go," said the lieutenant; "and took a letter of introduction to my family. He said that Arthur and he left Venice together, and that Arthur was gone to Rome to meet you."

"I have no doubt," I said, "that was his intention; we had originally proposed that route; but your brother left Venice during my absence, and circumstances induced me to alter my plans."

"But you wrote my brother to that effect, I suppose?" said Edmonds.

"Why, no," I replied; "to confess the truth, I did not. I ought to have done so, but I was vexed and angry. When I went away, I left the key of my room in your brother's charge. He thoughtlessly left it in the door; and when I came back, I found some inquiring traveller had been investigating the contents of my trunks, and had relieved me of all my valuables."

"Arthur *is* dreadfully thoughtless," said the lieutenant.

"I had some famous cigars," continued De Rosny, "to which he had leave to help himself, and, I suppose, he went to get some of these, and forgot to bring away the key. The landlord said he had had a scamp of a Russian there, who went away without paying his bill, and he had little doubt but he was the thief."

"Probably," answered Everard. "But it is very extraordinary that we hear nothing of Arthur!"

'I began to feel,' said De Rosny to me, 'that I ought now to say something about my vision or dream, but I did not know how to begin: on the one hand, expecting that he would take me for a fool or a

madman, and fearing, on the other, that if he gave any credit to the story, he would be dreadfully distressed; so I remained silent, reflecting on what I should do, and I suppose looking very grave, for the young man suddenly laid his hand on my arm, and said: "Pardon me, Monsieur de Rosny, but, from your manner and countenance, I cannot help thinking you know more of my brother than you are willing to own"—— I felt myself change colour. "Whatever you know, I beseech you to tell me!"

"But I know nothing!" I replied.

"Then you suspect something—you have heard some report—let me hear it, whatever it is! I, too, have some reason to fear—some cause for anxiety; but I had hoped it was mere fancy—mere nervousness"——

"What," said I, interrupting him, "have you seen him too? Has he also visited you?"

"Who?" said he, looking wildly at me. "What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?"

"You spoke of fancy; you seemed to hint at something that might be mere delusion. I also have had a strange experience—a dream it may be"——

"Relating to my brother?" asked he eagerly.

"Relating to your brother," I replied, now relieved from my difficulty; and on his conjuring me to narrate the particulars, I forthwith proceeded to do so, begging him, however, not to attach any serious importance to the circumstance, unless he should find more conclusive reasons for apprehension.

'He listened to my narrative with the greatest interest; and when I had finished, he confessed, that if I had told him such a story a few weeks earlier, it would probably have been received with the ridicule I feared; "but," said he, "a circumstance has occurred to my sister, that seems, unhappily, but too confirmatory of your vision or dream, or whatever it was;"' and he then proceeded to acquaint De Rosny with the cause of their alarm.

It appeared that Krasinski, whose intention to visit England had been intimated by Arthur to his mother and sister, duly arrived there, bringing with him a very flattering letter of introduction to the family, who were residing at Ambleside. As he wished to see the country, he took a lodging in the village, and being a very agreeable, accomplished man, was soon a welcome visitor in the best houses there, and to none more welcome than to Mrs Edmonds and her daughter, the fair Emma, who, as her brother had justly said, was an exceedingly pretty girl, with the additional charm of a good fortune. Whether it was her beauty or her fortune, Everard said he did not know—perhaps it was both—but Krasinski had fallen violently in love with her, and had made her proposals which were accepted without reluctance. In fact, the passion appeared to be mutual, and the advantages of the match not inconsiderable. Count Stanislaus Krasinski was a name not unknown, and the family stood high in public esteem. Though he spoke of his large estates as comparatively unprofitable, he appeared to be rich, and his personal qualifications and endowments were undeniable. The title of Countess Stanislaus Krasinski was not unattractive to the young lady, and the great friendship Arthur entertained for the gentleman seemed to render the connection everything that was desirable. Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard to apprise him of the engagement, and Emma appeared at the summit of happiness; the marriage, she said, was to take place soon, and they were to go to Rome, where Arthur and Krasinski had agreed to meet and pass the winter together. 'Fancy,' she said, 'how astonished and delighted Arthur will be when I am introduced to him as Countess Krasinski, for we cannot write and tell him, since we don't know where he is. We have had no letter since he left Venice. Arthur is a bad correspondent—he always was, and I suppose always will be.'

Arthur's negligence being habitual, the family appeared to feel no uneasiness on his account, and everything regarding the marriage advanced most prosperously; the young people walked, and boated, and rode together in the mornings, whilst Krasinski's talent for music and bewitching voice formed the charm of their evening society. Emma esteemed herself the most fortunate of mortals. The prospect of leaving her mother was the only drawback to her felicity; but Krasinski declared himself so much pleased with England, that he had no difficulty in promising to spend much of his time there. The ensuing spring, he said, must be spent in Poland; but he assured Mrs Edmonds that scarcely a year should pass without her receiving a visit from her daughter.

This state of things had lasted several weeks, when a cloud suddenly darkened their sunshine, but whence it came, no one knew. Emma's beaming face paled visibly; her bright eyes grew heavy and dim; her step lost its spring; all day she strolled listlessly about the garden, with her head bowed down, and apparently buried in thought. Mrs Edmonds was silent, but looked anxious and perplexed; and Krasinski, who at first hovered about them, solicitous and assiduous, at length became silent also, and exhibited an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Still there was no word of the marriage being broken off or even postponed, and the period fixed for it was fast approaching. Every one remarked the change, but nobody could obtain a clue to the mystery; and, in fact, as it ultimately appeared, the only person who could have furnished one was Emma, and she seemed to be impenetrable on the subject. Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard that she had questioned her in vain as to the cause of her depression, which appeared to date from a certain day, on which she and her lover, in the course of their morning excursion, had been witnesses to a very distressing accident; though how this circumstance should have produced such a sinister influence, she was at a loss to conceive.

They were walking on the banks of Windermere, when a beautiful little girl, about six years old, was drowned. The agony of her mother, and her entreaties to Krasinski to save the infant, were most distressing, and doubly so to Emma, since, although she too entreated him, he resisted his first impulse, which was evidently to jump into the water, and suffered the child to perish unaided. Although he excused himself by saying, that the last time he was in the water, he had been seized with cramp, and nearly drowned, Emma did not recover her spirits all the afternoon. Mrs Edmonds thought this quite natural; and Krasinski expected to find her as usual on the following day; but when she appeared at breakfast, they were struck with her altered appearance. She said she had a headache, and had not rested well; but from that day, her health declined, and her whole demeanour changed.

Affairs being in this position, Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard, requesting him to try if he could extract the secret from his sister. 'Some cause,' she said, 'there must be for so remarkable an alteration; and Krasinski's not having saved the child seems to me a wholly inadequate one.'

Upon this, the young man, who really thought it a pity his sister should lose so good a match for a caprice, sent her a letter, urging her to confide in him if she had anything to tell; and if not, entreating her to throw off this mysterious depression, which must be very displeasing to her lover. 'As for the accident that distressed you,' he said, 'you must remember that men are not always masters of their actions, and we may be incapable of doing at one time what we could do easily at another. The bravest are sometimes seized with a panic; and that you should sacrifice your future happiness, and your lover's too, to an exaggerated sentiment on this subject, would be an

absurdity that would render you perfectly ridiculous in the eyes of the world; and, moreover, it would be an act of unpardonable injustice towards him.'

To these representations, Everard received an answer, which he now put into the hands of De Rosny.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE HANDICRAFTS.

WHILE planning this paper, I chanced to read, in a late number of the *North British Quarterly*, one headed 'Employment of Women,' which expressed many of my ideas in forms so much clearer and better than any in which I can cast them, that I long hesitated whether it were worth my while to attempt to set them down here at all; but afterwards, seeing that this *Journal* may fall into many hands never laid upon the Quarterly, and that these Thoughts aim less at originality than usefulness, I determined in any case to say my say. It matters little when, or how, or by how many, truth is spoken, if only it be truth.

In taking up the question of female handicrafts, in contradistinction to female professions, the first thing that strikes one is the largeness of the subject, and how very little one practically knows about it. Of necessity, the class is a silent class; it lives by its fingers rather than its brains; it cannot put its life into print. Sometimes a poet does this for it, and thrills millions with a *Song of the Shirt;* or a novelist presents us with some imaginary portrait—some *Lettice Arnold, Susan Hopley,* or *Ruth,* idealised more or less, it may be, yet sufficiently true to nature to give us a passing interest in our shop-girls, sempstresses, and maid-servants, abstractedly, as a class; but of the individuals, of their modes of existence, feeling, and thought—of their sorrows and pleasures, accomplishments and defects—we 'ladies' of the middle and upper ranks, especially those of us residing in great towns, know essentially nothing.

As I have said, the working-class is the silent class; and this, being a degree above the cottage visitations of Ladies Bountiful, or the legislation of Ten-Hours-Bill Committees in an enlightened British parliament, is the most silent of all. And it includes so many grades—from the West-end milliner, who dresses in silk every day, and is almost (often quite) a 'lady,' down to the wretched lodging-house 'slavey,' who seems to be less a woman than a mere working animal—that, viewing it, one shrinks back in awe of its vastness. What an enormous influence it must unconsciously exercise on society, this dumb multitude, which, behind counters, in work-rooms, garrets, and bazaars, or in service at fashionable, respectable, or barely decent houses, goes toiling, toiling on, from morning till night—often from night till morning—at anything and everything, just for daily bread and honesty!

Now, society recognises this fact—gets up early-closing movements, makes eloquent speeches in lawn sleeves or peers' broadcloth at Hanover Square Rooms, or writes a letter to the *Times,* enlarging on the virtue of ordering court-dresses in time, so that one portion of Queen Victoria's female subjects may not be hurried into disease or death, or worse, in order that another portion may shine out, brilliant and beautiful, at Her Majesty's balls and drawing-rooms. All this is good; but it is only a drop in the bucket—a little oil cast on the top of the stream. The great tide of struggle and suffering flows on just the same; the surface may be slightly troubled, but the undercurrent seems impossible to be changed.

Did I say 'impossible?' No; I do not believe there is anything under heaven to which we have a right to apply that word.

It seems to me that one of the chief elements of wrong in the class which I have distinguished as handicraftswomen, is the great but invidious distinction drawn between it and that of professional women. Many may repudiate this in theory; yet, practically, I ask lady-mothers, whether they would not rather take for daughters-in-law the poorest governess, the most penniless dependent, than a 'person in business'—milliner, dressmaker, shop-woman, &c.? As for a domestic servant—a cook, or even a lady's-maid—I am afraid a young man's choice of such an one would ruin him for ever in the eyes of respectability.

Respectability—begging her pardon!—is often a great fool. Why should it be less creditable to make good dresses than bad books? In what is it better to be at night a singing servant to an applauding or capriciously contemptuous public, than to wait on the said public in the daytime from behind the counter of shop or bazaar? I confess, I cannot see the mighty difference; for the question, it must be understood, is not of personal value or endowments, but of external calling.

And here comes in the old warfare, commenced justly in the respect due to mind over matter, head-work over hand-work, but deteriorated by custom into a ridiculous and contemptible tyranny—the battle between professions and trades. I shall not enter into it here. Happily, men are now slowly waking up—women more slowly still—to a perception of the truth, that honour is an intrinsic and not extrinsic possession; that one means of livelihood is not of itself one whit more 'respectable' than another; that credit or discredit can attach in no degree to the work done, but to the manner of doing it, and to the individual who does it.

But, on the other hand, a class that, as a class, lacks honour, has usually, some time or other, fallen short of deserving of it. In the class of handicraftswomen who stand to professional women as ordinary tradesmen to the gentlemen, one often finds great self-assertion and equivalent want of self-respect, painful servility or pitiable impertinence—in short, many of those faults which arise in a transition state of partial education, and uncertain, accidental refinement. Also, since a degree of both refinement and education is necessary to create a standard of moral conscientiousness, I believe this order of women is much more deficient than the one above it in that stern, steady uprightness which constitutes what we call elevation of character. Through the want of pride in their calling, and laxity or a slovenliness of principle in pursuing it, this class is always at war with that above it; which justly complains of the unconquerable faults and deficiencies which make patience the only virtue it can practise towards its inferiors.

How amend this lamentable state of things? How lessen the infinite wrongs, errors, and sufferings of this mass of womanhood, out of which are glutted our church-yards, hospitals, prisons, penitentiaries; from which, more than from any other section of society, is taken that pest and anguish of our streets, the

Eighty thousand women in one smile?

Many writers of both sexes are now striving to answer this question; and many others, working more by their lives than their pens, are practically trying to solve the problem. All honour and success attend both workers and writers! Each in their vocation will spur on society to bestir itself, and, by the combination of popular feeling, to achieve in some large form a real, tangible, social good.

But in these Thoughts I would fain address individuals, and stimulate them to action. I want to

speak, not to society at large, for 'everybody's business' is often 'nobody's business,' as we well know, but to each woman separately, in her personal character as employer or employed.

And, first, to the employer.

I am afraid it is a natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that we are so hard to be taught justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female; and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes. No; kindliness, unselfishness, charity, come to us by nature: but I wish I could see more of my sisters learning and practising what is far more difficult and less attractive—common justice, especially towards one another.

In dealing with men, I think there is little fear that they will take care of themselves. That 'first law of nature,' self-preservation, is—doubtless for wise purposes—imprinted pretty strongly on the mind of the male sex. It is in transactions between women and women that the difficulty lies. Therein—I put the question to the aggregate conscience of us all—is it not, openly or secretly, our chief aim to get the largest possible amount of labour for the smallest possible price?

We do not mean any harm; we are only acting for the best—for our own benefit, and that of those nearest to us; and yet we are committing an act of injustice, the result of which fills slop-sellers' doors with starving sempstresses, and causes unlimited competition among incompetent milliners and dressmakers, while good workers are lamentably scarce and extravagantly dear. Of course! so long as one continually hears ladies say: 'Oh, I got such and such a thing almost for half-price—such a bargain!' or: 'Do you know I have found out such a cheap dressmaker!' I wonder if any of these ever reflected, without a wholesome blush, on the common-sense law of political economy, that neither labour nor material can possibly be got 'cheaply'—that is, below its average acknowledged cost, without *somebody* being cheated. For my part, these devotees to cheapness, when not victims—which they frequently are in the long-run—always seem to me little better than genteel swindlers.

There is another lesser consideration, and yet not small either. Labour, unfairly remunerated, of necessity deteriorates in quality, and thereby lowers the standard of appreciation. Every time I pay a low price for an ill-fitting gown or an ugly tawdry bonnet—cheapness is usually tawdry—I am wronging not merely myself, but my employée, by encouraging careless work and bad taste, and by thus going in direct opposition to a rule from whence springs so much that is eclectic and beautiful in the female character, that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' If, on the contrary, I knowingly pay below its value for really good work, I am, as aforesaid, neither more nor less than a dishonest appropriator of other people's property—a swindler—a *thief*.

Humiliating as the confession may be, I believe that, on the whole, men are less prone to this petty vice than women. You rarely find a gentleman beating down his tailor, cheapening his hosier, or haggling with his groom over a few shillings of wages. Either his wider experience has enlarged his mind, or he has less time for bargaining, or he will not take the trouble. It is among *us*, alas! that you see most instances of 'stinginess'—not the noble economy which can and does lessen its personal wants to the narrowest rational limit, but the mean parsimony which tries to satisfy them below cost-price, and consequently always at somebody's expense, except its own. Against this crying sin—none the less a sin because often masked as a virtue, and even corrupted from an original virtue—it becomes our bounden duty, as women, to protest with all our power. More especially, because it is a temptation peculiar to ourselves; engendered by many a cruel domestic narrowness, many a grinding struggle to 'make ends meet,' such as men, in their grand picturesque pride and heedless magnificence, can rarely either feel or understand.

I do not here advance the argument, usually enforced by experience, that cheapness always comes dearest in the end, and that only a wealthy person can afford to make 'bargains,' because I wish to open the question—and leave it—on the far higher ground of moral justice. The celebrated sentiment of Benjamin Franklin, 'Honesty is the best policy,' always seemed to me a very unchristian mode of inculcating the said virtue.

Another injustice, less patent, but equally harmful, is constantly committed by ladies—namely, the conducting of business relations in an unbusiness-like manner. Carelessness, irregularity, or delay in giving orders—needless absorption of time, which is money—and, above all, want of explicitness and decision, are faults which no one dare complain of in a customer, but yet which result in the most cruel wrong. Perhaps the first quality in an employer is to know her own mind; the second, to be able to state it clearly, so as to avoid the possibility of mistake; and no blunder or irresolution on her part should ever be visited upon the person employed.

There is one injustice which I hardly need refer to, so nearly does it approach to actual crime. Any lady who wilfully postpones payment beyond a reasonable time, or in any careless way prefers her convenience to her duty, her pleasure to her honesty—who for one single day keeps one single person waiting for a debt which at all lies within her power to discharge—is a creature so below the level of true womanhood, that I would rather not speak of her.

And now, as to the class of the employed. It resolves itself into many branches, and, of late years, has started into many off-shoots of occupations, all valuable in their way, such as glass-painting, wood carving and engraving, watch-making, &c., &c.; but the main trunk—the root of women's manual employments—is undoubtedly the use of the needle.

There are few of us amateurs who have not a great reverence for that little dainty tool; such a wonderful brightener and consoler; our weapon of defence against slothfulness, weariness, and sad thoughts; our thrifty helper in poverty, our pleasant friend at all times. From the first 'cobbled-up' doll's frock—the first neat stitching for mother, or hemming of father's pocket-handkerchief—the first bit of sewing shyly done for some one who is to own the hand and all its duties—most of all, the first strange, delicious fairy work, sewed at diligently, in solemn faith and tender love, for the tiny creature yet unknown and unseen—oh! no one but ourselves can tell what the needle is to us women!

With all due respect for brains, I think women cannot be too early taught to respect likewise their own ten fingers.

It is a grand thing to be a good needlewoman, even in what they call across the border 'plain sewing,' and in Scotland, a 'white seam;' and any one who ever tried to make a dress, knows well enough what skill, patience, and ingenuity, nay, a certain kind of genius, is necessary to achieve any good result. Of all persons, the poor dressmaker is the last who ought to be grudged good payment. Instead of depreciating, we should rather try to put into her a sincere following of her art as an art—nay, a pleasant pride in it.

> The labour we delight in physics pain;

and I doubt if any branch of labour can be worthily pursued unless the labourer takes an interest in it beyond the mere hire. I know a dressmaker who evidently feels personally aggrieved when I decline to

yield to her taste in costume; who never spares pains or patience to adorn her customers to the very best of her skill; and who, by her serious and simple belief in her own business, would half persuade you that the destinies of the whole civilised world hung on the noble but neglected art of mantua-making. I respect that woman!

Much has been said concerning justice from the employer to the employed; and as much might be said on the other side of the subject. For one to undertake more work than she can finish, to break her promises, tell white lies, be wasteful, unpunctual, is to be scarcely less dishonest to her employer than if she directly robbed her. The general want of conscientiousness among tradesfolk, does more to brand upon trade the old stigma of disgrace which the present generation is wisely endeavouring to efface, and to blacken and broaden the line, now fast vanishing, between tradesfolk and gentlefolk—more, tenfold, than all the narrow-minded pride of the most prejudiced aristocracy.

I would like to see working women—hand-labourers—take up *their* pride, and wield it with sense and courage; I would like to see them educating themselves, for education is the grand motive-power in the advancement of all classes. I do not mean mere book-learning, but that combination of mental, moral, and manual attainments, the mere longing for and appreciation of which, gives a higher tone to the whole being. And there are few conditions of life, whether it be passed at the counter, or over the needle—in the work-room, or at home—where an intelligent young woman has not some opportunity of gaining instruction; little enough it may be—from a book snatched up at rare intervals, a print-shop window glanced at, as she passes along the street—a silent observation and imitation of whatever seems most charming and refined in those, undoubtedly her superiors, with whom she may be thrown into contact; and though the advances to be thus made by her be small, yet, if she has a genuine desire for mental improvement, the true thirst after what is good and beautiful—the good being always the beautiful—for its own sake, there is little fear but that it will gradually attain its end.

There is one class, which, perhaps, from its household familiarity with that above it, has perhaps more opportunities than any for this gradual self-cultivation—I mean the class of domestic servants; but these, though belonging to the ranks of women who live by hand-labour, form a body in many points so distinct, that I shall not dwell upon them here.

All I can ask is—something different from the usual cry of elevating the working-classes—whether it be not possible to arouse in them the desire to elevate themselves? Every growth of nature begins less in the external force applied than the vital principle asserting itself within. It is the undercurrent that helps to break up the ice; the sap, as well as the sunshine, that brings out the green leaves of spring. I doubt if any class can be really elevated, unless it has first indicated the power to raise itself; and the first thing to make it worthy of respect is, to teach it to respect itself.

'In all labour there is profit'—ay, and honour too, if the toilers could but recognise it; if the large talk now current about 'the dignity of labour' could only be reduced to practice; if, to begin at the beginning, we each could but persuade the handful of young persons immediately around us and under our influence, that to make an elegant dress or pretty bonnet—nay, even to cook a good dinner, or take pride in a neatly kept house, is a right creditable, womanly thing in itself, quite distinct from the profit accruing from it. Also, since hope is the mainspring of excellence, as well as happiness, in any calling, let it be impressed on every one that her future lies, spiritually as well as literally, in her own hands.

Seldom, with the commonest shadow of a chance to start with, will a real good worker fail to find employment; seldom, indeed, with diligence, industry, civility, and punctuality, will a person of even moderate skill lack customers. Worth of any kind is rare enough in the world for most people to be thankful to get it—and keep it too. In these days, the chief difficulty seems to consist, not in the acknowledgment of merit, but the finding of any merit that is worth acknowledging—above all, any merit that has the sense and consistency to acknowledge and have faith in itself, and to trust in its own power of upholding itself afloat in the very stormiest billows of the tempestuous world; assured with worthy old Milton, that

> If virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.

But I am pulled down from this Utopia of female handicrafts by the distant half-smothered laughter of my two maid-servants, going cheerily to their bed through the silent house; and by the recollection that I myself must be up early, as my new sempstress is coming to-morrow. Well, she shall be kindly treated, have plenty of food and drink, light and fire; and though I shall be stern and remorseless as fate respecting the quality of her work, I shall give her plenty of time to do it in. No more will be expected from her than her capabilities seem to allow and her word promised; still, there will be no bating an inch of that: it would be unfair both to herself and me. In fact, the very reason I took her was from her honest look and downright sayings. 'Ma'am, if you can't wait, or know anybody better, don't employ me; but, ma'am, when I say I'll come, I always do.'—(*P. S.* She didn't!!)

Honest woman! If she turns out fairly, so much the better for us both, in the future, as to gowns and crown-pieces. If she does not, I shall at least enjoy the satisfaction of having done unto her as, in her place, I would like others to do unto me—which simple axiom expresses and includes all I have been writing on this subject.

AN EARLY WORKER AT THE ROCKS.

In 1793, there appeared at Glasgow a respectable-looking octavo volume, entitled *The History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride.* The title bore that the book was 'published with a view to promote the study of antiquity and natural history.' It is now a scarce volume, and few know anything about it. The district to which it refers is part of that coal and iron field which now pours into the city of Glasgow such a stream of wealth. In 1793, no one dreamt of its natural richness; iron-smelting was either not practised at all, or only on the most trifling scale; and the researches of modern geology were yet wholly in the future. Yet this volume contains correct and minute accounts of the minerals of the district, as well as of the fossils found in the carboniferous strata, with exact representations in copper-plates of the latter, being, it is believed, the earliest efforts in Scotland to depict these objects. You may here see the equiseta, lepidodendra, sigillariæ, and ferns of the coal, as correctly delineated as in any recent geological treatise. The corals, encrinites, univalves, and bivalves of the formation are presented in great variety, all correctly named according to the nomenclature of that day, which, however, is considerably different from that now in vogue. There are also teeth and spines of fishes, all set down as teeth by the author, with

what appears to be a scale of a holoptychius, described in the letter-press as a fragment of a crustaceous animal. Making allowance for a few misapprehensions, unavoidable in the then obscure state of the science, the chapters on the fossils are marvels of intelligence. The author had the sense and the courage to dismiss the old notion as to fossils—namely, that they were stones of a peculiar kind produced as *lusus naturæ* (sports of nature). 'It is evident,' he says, 'on the slightest attention, that these bodies possessed organisation and life, in the same manner that shell-fish and other marine productions do at present. It is almost certain, that most of them lived and died in the places where now found; and that these places were once covered with sea.' These views are precisely those of geologists of the present day. Altogether, this *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride* is a marvel of insight into certain things then considerably out of the way of ordinary mortals.

And who was the author? His name and position in life are given on the title-page—'David Ure, A.M., preacher of the gospel.' We find that this name has no place in any biographical dictionary, and has never been referred to in the history of geological science. Strange—but perhaps to be accounted for by the local nature of the book, and the modesty and early death of its author. When we inquire into Ure's history, we find that he was in various respects a highly interesting person.

He was the son of a working-weaver in Glasgow, and was trained to his father's trade. Left in boyhood with the charge of a widowed mother, he not only worked for her support and his own, but contrived, in intervals of labour, to gratify the insatiable thirst for knowledge with which nature had inspired him. It will appear more of a wonder to an English than a Scottish reader, that this weaver lad every day cast aside his apron to attend the Latin classes in the High School, and afterwards those of the university, in his native city. Dr Moor, a Greek professor of some celebrity, who was somewhat ungracefully addicted to doggerel rhyming, but was a good-hearted and worthy man, regarded his weaver-pupil with the respect due to his extraordinary diligence and manifest abilities. After scolding other youths for negligence, he would make a bow to David, and say:

> David Ure,
> He sits secure,
> He 'll ne'er be fined by Dr Moor.

The young man usually worked at his loom for the greater part of the night; but while his hands were throwing the shuttle, his eye would be intent on the pages of Virgil or Homer laid open on the beam by his side. Antiquities and natural curiosities of all kinds early excited an interest in David's mind. On one occasion, while at college, being informed of something worthy of his notice on the top of Ben Lomond, he took advantage of the Christmas holidays to make a pilgrimage thither, notwithstanding that the ground was covered with snow. The fancies that beset the scientific mind at the dawn of philosophy struck a chord in the active brain of David Ure. He thought of discovering the perpetual motion and philosopher's stone. But here the facetious Greek professor gave him a hint, which instantly righted his mind. 'David,' said he, 'we have got a sufficient perpetual motion in you; and industry and perseverance are the true philosopher's stone, because, though they should not produce gold, they will produce what can be exchanged for gold.'

The subsequent career of David Ure was very much like that of the run of Scottish students in humble life. He advanced from the loom to be assistant to the schoolmaster of Stewarton, in Ayrshire—and from thence to be the master of a 'subscription school' in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton. During this course of exertion, he was pursuing the studies required for a pulpit in the Scotch church. When at length licensed as a preacher, he was appointed assistant to the Rev. Mr Connel, minister of East Kilbride—that is, he undertook the pastoral duties for which that clergyman was unfitted by age or bad health—at a salary of ten pounds a year, besides his maintenance! willing, no doubt, to work at this low rate for some years, in the hope of at last succeeding to the salary of his principal. His frugality in these years may be judged of from the fact, that out of the ten pounds he continued to relieve, if not wholly to support, his aged mother. While performing the whole round of parochial duty, of which the composition of two sermons a week would unavoidably form a part, Mr Ure studied the ancient history and mineralogy of the district, making, it is said, some discoveries from which great practical benefits were afterwards derived; and it was then that he composed the work for which his name deserves to be held in remembrance.

The habits of David as an observer are fully described by one who seems to have known him intimately. 'Whether travelling to gratify his curiosity, or to execute any commission, it was always on foot. Though short of stature, he was of a vigorous structure of body, and blessed with a sound constitution. He often carried bread and cheese in his pocket, and enjoyed his repast beside the cooling spring. When his circumstances would afford it, he would repair to the village alehouse and enjoy his favourite luxury, a glass of ale. His greatcoat was furnished with a large pocket, in which he stowed such minerals or other objects as had attracted his notice. He carried a tin-box for stowing curious plants; a large cudgel armed with steel, so as to serve both as a spade and a pickaxe; a few small chisels and other tools; a blow-pipe with its appurtenances; a small liquid chemical apparatus; optical instruments, &c.; so that his friends used to call him a walking shop or laboratory. In this way he braved all weathers; and heat and cold, wet or dry, seemed equally indifferent to him. He was a patient observer and accurate describer of nature. *His descriptions were always taken down on the spot*, in a species of short-hand invented by himself, and which, it is to be regretted, no one but himself understood.'

It is pleasant to learn of one whose intellect calls for so much respect, that he was simple, sincere, and unworldly, of a cheerful affectionate disposition, and almost incapable of being made angry. His extreme good-nature prompted his friends to lay plots for incensing him, if it were possible, by stories concerning ridiculous mistakes which they alleged he had committed, or laughable situations into which he had been brought. But these little tricks invariably failed. David would laugh as heartily at the fiction as any, or, if it had any foundation in fact, he would affect to correct it; thus in general greatly heightening the merriment of the company.

We fear it was David's fate to spend a good many years in the situation of an assistant-pastor. There is a want of dates for his history; but as Dr Moor ceased to teach the Greek class at Glasgow College in 1774, and Mr Connel died in 1790, we may presume that David was not much less than ten years at work on his ten-pound salary in East Kilbride. The patronage was in the crown, and he had been promised the succession. But when the vacancy took place, some perverse influence—it is said from a female quarter—caused the charge to be given to another, to the great disappointment of the parishioners, most of whom in consequence seceded and joined a dissenting body. David, with his characteristic generosity, no sooner

heard he was to be disappointed, than he left the parish, in order that he might not stand in the way of a 'harmonious settlement' for the presentee. Taking his pronged staff in his hand, he set out on foot for Newcastle, and there undertook the duty of assistant-preacher in a presbyterian chapel.

The publication of his book in 1793 recommended him to the attention of the benevolent patriot, Sir John Sinclair, as one who could give material assistance in the compilation of that remarkable work, the *Statistical Account of Scotland*. He was one of the three talented young men whom Sir John for some time employed as his assistants in this task, each of whom, as we have heard from one of them, received a hundred a year of salary. In the case of certain parishes, where, from the senility of the minister or other causes, an account was not furnished, David Ure supplied the deficiency. He also prepared the indices for the work. While thus toiling under the eye of good Sir John, he became favourably known to the Earl of Buchan, who, with all his childish vanity, was not without some generous impulses. The parish of Uphall, in his lordship's patronage, becoming vacant in 1796, David Ure was selected for the charge, thus at length attaining the summit of his professional ambition, and being placed in comfort for life. Sad, however, to tell, he had not enjoyed his preferment above two years, when he was cut off by dropsy. The first delineator of Scottish fossils lies in Uphall church-yard, under a stone which his friend the Earl of Buchan raised and inscribed as follows: 'D. Ure, A.M., in hac ecclesiâ rite repositus, morbo acerbo Hydrop. diu vexat. animam denique reflavit, et Deo reddidit, die Martii XXVIII., A.D. MDCCXCVIII., et hic sepult. fuit. H. M. David, Buchaniæ Comes, in test. amic., I.T. F.C. Pulvis et umbra Sumus.'*

BUSINESS IN EGYPT.

HAVING business to transact with the *nazir* or director of the customs at Alexandria, relative to a ship which had to be cleared out that day, the captain and myself, one hot morning in August, bestrode our respective donkeys, and cantered away towards the sea-side, where the custom-house is situated. Not a breath of air was stirring, whilst the sand and the houses reflected the most intense heat; even donkey-boys had deserted their positions; and rabid-looking, half-starved dogs dug up unseemly smells from dirt-heaps—so abundant in Egypt—in search of some sheltered and cooler retreat.

Galloping through the Turkish street, or main thoroughfare, which leads to the Mahmoudiah Canal, we turned abruptly to the left, and entered a dirty little alley, barely two yards wide. Here, however, we were protected from the sun; but, at best, it was a sad alternative; for other evils existed, which threatened cholera in lieu of a *coup de soleil*. The streets, in fact, were a general sewer, whence arose a pestilential vapour. Children in cool attire puddled by the side of these cesspools, making mud-cakes, and wholly unconscious of any inconvenience from swarms of flies on all parts of the face and body. Imagine, too, an occasional half-putrid cat, the skeleton of a dog or two, scores of rats killed during the night, and thrown out by ancient duennas; some rinds of water-melons, and half-starved poultry earning a filthy livelihood; and, huddling all these together, you shall have a perfect and unexaggerated picture of the by-streets of Alexandria in this present year of grace. Through these streets, the captain and I scampered as fast as our donkeys and the pathway would admit of; now and then we emerged into little open squares, where stood extemporaneous coffee-houses, formed of long poles stuck in the earth, and covered over with mats and old canvas sails; where, further, the atmosphere was darkened with flies, allured by the fruits and sweet-meats exposed for sale by some half-dozen liberated negroes; and indolent old fellows lolled on wooden benches, smoking, playing at backgammon, and sipping hot coffee or glasses of cold sherbet. Now we came into a narrow tortuous street, full of heavily laden donkeys, water-carriers, and Egyptian damsels doing up each other's hair, and investigating horrible secrets, as they proceeded. The last turning was the worst of all; for we had to pass through an ordinary-sized street-door into an equally circumscribed passage—a short-cut, and provided with a well besides, which made the crowd the denser. At last we got out, and emerged upon the open beach. Immediately to our left was the cumbrous old building we were in search of; but to get at the entrance-gate without suffering bodily injury, was no easy matter. The whole space, from the landing-jetty right up to the walls of the custom-house, was literally crammed with goods, carts, donkeys, porters, boatmen, mules, merchants, horses, and one or two European carriages belonging to the officials. Now and then a long string of gawky camels would come picking their way over bale-goods and bars of iron, and, amidst the babel that reigned around, some sudden gust of wind would lift up a cloud of sea-sand, nearly blinding the unwary, and effectually stopping for a while the hooting, screaming, and swearing, of the busy multitude here assembled.

In a hut, about the size of a common turn-up bedstead, sat two officers of excise, black as Egypt's sun could make them, and as open to bribery as any officers of excise in the world. Handing these a piaster or two, and recommending our donkeys to their care, we prepared for the assault. No Redan ever presented more obstacles than we here found, in bales piled loosely one above the other, with intervening gaps filled up with iron bars, broken hoops, baskets of rice, and all imaginable odds and ends. Sometimes, just as we had scaled a perfect mountain of cotton, the upper bale would topple over, and send us floundering amongst broken zembils (straw bags) of rice. But it was not only these impediments we had to contend against; boatmen, crouching like spiders on the look-out for unwary prey, would dart out from behind a pile of Manchester goods, and insist upon hurrying us off to vessels in the harbour; donkey-boys were equally desirous of securing our custom; and, besides these, were atlases of porters, tottering under weights sufficient to crush any ordinary beings, and which imparted such momentum to their movements, that it was physically impossible to stop one of them, until he had jerked the burden off his back, or some accidental encounter threw man and weight violently to the ground. There were, moreover, a large class of idlers (*hamals*), who worked exclusively within the building, and who, guessing the purport of our visit, undertook, to a man, to see the ship cleared out in something less than the twinkling of an eye, for the usual *buckshish*.

The captain engaged one of these porters to pilot us through the bewildering maze and confusion around; and the first place he took us to was a long narrow room, to the right hand of the chief entrance-gate;

* The principal facts of this memoir are obtained from an article signed J. Headrick, in the *Scots Magazine* for December 1808. Mr Headrick, if we mistake not, was one of the three assistants of Sir John Sinclair, and author of the *Report on the Island of Arran*. Edin., 1807.

on the very threshold of which despair seized upon us at sight of the vast number of applicants and expectants standing about. In the room itself there was nothing to give one an idea of pressing business and excitement. *Staffer Allah!* God forbid! that any one should seem hot and hurried in these burning climes. 'There 's a time for everything,' was the motto of the head-clerk in this department; a worthy old Armenian, with a pinched-up face and meagre person —'A time for everything,' as he quietly displaced his huge spectacles from off his very prominent nose, for the better enjoyment of a good pinch of snuff —the only earthly enjoyment he ever indulged in; then, having methodically pulled out and opened an enormous pocket handkerchief, he violently applied it to its use; and folding it up as leisurely, replaced it in a capacious pocket; drawing out thence, the better to make room for it, a tobacco-pouch, half-a-dozen rusty old keys, a dirty bit of dried cream-cheese, which was to serve for his lunch, a rosary and cross, and a pocket tooth-comb—the latter being used exclusively for the dressing of his beard. Sarkies Oyln was more innocent of hair on his head than a new-born babe—of which we had proof, for the heat of the weather induced him to lay even his skull-cap aside. We stated our business in a few words to this functionary, handing him at the same time the requisite certificate from the ship's brokers, as to the precise amount of grain shipped. The Armenian took the paper, and, being ignorant of European characters, sent it by a trusty hand to some learned *turgiman* (interpreter), who lived hard by, requesting that he would translate and write down in Turkish the sum-total of the figures. This done, he begged us to be seated, and opening a musty old desk in front of him, drew out some bread, a couple of cucumbers, a paper of mixed salt and pepper, an onion, and a small piece of garlic. These, with the cheese already alluded to, constituted his mid-day meal; and yet this man was reputed to be worth some thousands of pounds sterling. While waiting the return of the messenger, we had ample opportunity of surveying the apartment and its other inmates. Save the door of entrance, there was not even a pigeon-hole window or other inlet for light and outlet for nauseous gases. A low divan ran round three sides of the room, and on it were seated, at intervals of a yard, some eight or ten minor officials, all of whom had vast heaps of papers and piles of books on their respective desks; all were sitting cross-legged, and not one was paying the slightest attention to the business of the day. Some played at backgammon, others were shuffling dirty packs of cards, while the remainder were either smoking, eating, or relating anecdotes *sotto voce*. Every now and then, some enraged Jew-broker, whose patience was fairly worn out, would jostle his way into the room, and beg to be informed whether his business was to be settled that day or not.

'Shuay, shuay, ya Ebni!' drawled out the Armenian, with his most nasal twang; 'gently, gently, my son. Do you take us for asses, or the sons of cows, that you come here to heap dirt upon our beards? Is not the sun hot to-day, and the want of wind oppressive? Do you suppose we are giants? Mashallah! look here,' taking up an armful of papers—'did Solomon ever have so much difficult reckoning, or Job so many trials of temper to contend against? Mashallah!'—growing more vehement and loud—'one would think the pasha—may Allah widen his shadow!—was your uncle or your grandfather, you make so much noise. Haidey, get out of this, and wait till we send for you, unless you wish an ass to sit on your father's grave;' and then the old fellow would wind up with a tirade of abuse, the minor fry joining in chorus, till the discomfited Jew beat a hasty retreat, and the Armenian, sticking on his spectacles, looked over them at us, as though for approbation, stroking down his beard the while, and uttering over and over again: 'Adjibee!' —that is, wonderful! incredible! the idea of such a ruffian bearding us in our own den!

After half-an-hour's absence, the messenger returned with the paper in his hand, and the information that the turgiman was nowhere to be found; upon which the custom-house clerk coolly informed us that the captain had better call again next day: no, not next day, for that was Sunday, but on Monday morning. The turgiman would be warned to attend, and such a trifling delay would give the captain an opportunity of amusing himself by going into the country to *shum il Howah*—that is, literally, smell the wind, or for change of air. Moreover, he suggested that by that time a fair wind would set in, and everything would go on comfortably and pleasantly. Satisfied in his own mind at the result he had arrived at, the Armenian filled his pipe, and was in the very act of lighting it, when he and the rest of the officials were perfectly electrified by what they at first considered a sudden fit of lunacy on the part of the English skipper. No sooner had this bluff, honest-hearted fellow been put in possession of the intentions of the custom-house, than starting up into the middle of the room, and flinging his straw-hat violently on the floor, he approached the terrified officials, one arm akimbo, and shaking the hand of the other in a most alarming manner.

'Look 'ee here,' roared the captain, as though he were hailing a man half a mile away, 'by the piper that played before Moses, you 'll not smoke again in this world until my vessel 's cleared out and done with.'

Whereupon he snatched the pipe from the terrified nazir, and flung it to the opposite side of the room. Then ensued a scene that baffles description. The spectators were convulsed with laughter, the officials wavering between wrath and excessive fear.

'What does he say?—what does he mean?' tremblingly inquired the Armenian. After the captain's menace was duly interpreted, an appeal was proposed to the great man of the establishment—the Bey Effendi, whose apartments were at the opposite extremity of the edifice. Thither we litigants accordingly repaired, followed by a clamorous rabble; some of whom sided with the authorities, whilst by far the greater portion, from selfish motives, upheld our cause. On arriving at the bey's room, a servant gave us to understand that his master could not then be disturbed, being engaged in his noonday devotions. The captain was for forcing an entrance, whereat the natives immediately set him down as a decided lunatic. After a short parley, the Armenian was at length convinced that, if we stated the amount of grain shipped, *in Arabic*, and if he found our statement tallied with his own account, there could not be any great danger of his compromising either himself or his employers. Unwillingly, and threatening dire retribution for the insult offered him, he led the way back to his own office; and there, after handing us back our document, produced his own shipping-book, where, in characters strangely resembling the imprints of a spider's feet, he had day by day entered the shippers' names and the amount shipped. We stated our estimate of the sum-total at so many *ardebs* of wheat. Then was the mathematical genius of the whole posse of clerks called into requisition to accomplish the necessary addition. The vessel had been ten days loading, and had received so many boats, each containing so many ardebs per diem. The boat's notes, and the permits to ship, guaranteed this fact, so that it was next to impossible that an error could exist. Nevertheless, it occupied these learned pundits a full hour of groaning and calculation before the required result was obtained. At last three of them, amidst the murmured plaudits of the Arab idlers hanging about the door, accomplished the feat, and then it

was satisfactorily ascertained that the reckonings tallied to a measure. Then, and only then, did our Armenian friend recover his dignity and composure, when, pulling out a scrap of paper not more than two inches square, he cocked up one knee, which served as a writing-desk, and reed-pen in hand, wrote off leisurely and quietly the few necessary words of the certificate: this done, he sprinkled it carefully with fine sea-sand; and then the certificate was passed from hand to hand, to make sure that no error existed in the ciphering. Satisfied on this point, the nazir divested himself of his *khatem* (ring of office); dipping the forefinger of his right hand into his inkhorn, he smeared the seal over; and then first wetting the paper with his tongue, struck the impression, and handed us the document, without which no consul is justified in clearing out a vessel, and no vessel can, under any pretence, obtain a pilot to guide her out of the harbour.

But our work was not yet finished; the Bey Effendi had to countersign this passport; and although he had long since finished his prayers, he was then indulging in his afternoon siesta—having first threatened to flay his slave alive if he dared permit any one to interrupt the nap. Our friend the captain, however, made noise enough outside the door to awaken even the seven sleepers; so, after much ineffectual resistance, the bey himself came to the door, inkhorn in hand, and there and then affixed the necessary signet, telling the captain, as he handed him back the paper, that he prayed Allah never to let him hear his voice again in that building; so the captain strolled over to the harbour-master's, and, paying the requisite fee, soon got the necessary clearance, and was far out at sea by sundown. Had he not violently resisted, he might have lost a whole week or more, and perhaps have missed the opportunity of making a good passage home. But such thoughts never trouble an oriental; with him, to-day or to-morrow is all one—to go or not to go amounts to the same thing. If it is destined by Allah to happen, it will happen; and if not, it is worse than useless troubling one's self about the matter.

It is the same all over the Turkish possessions—in Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, or Turkey in Europe; nothing can exceed the annoying and vexatious ignorance and obstinacy of the eastern people.

Sometimes whole cargoes of furniture and crockery-ware were imported for the use of private families residing in the East; and these were at once warehoused in the custom-house until the vessel that brought them had finished discharging the whole cargo. Meanwhile, other ships also were disgorging goods of all descriptions, and as there was no method—no system adopted in the warehouses—the result may be more readily conceived than described. Boxes of fragile goods were recklessly bundled into the most convenient corner, and piled over with heavy iron machinery or equally heavy packages of furniture; so that the hapless proprietors, after weeks of fatiguing and fruitless search, ultimately deciphered their private marks or addresses upon some dust-besmeared portions of deal-board, carefully crushed, and containing the pulverised remains of a once costly set of China.

It was no easy matter to impress upon these Egyptians the size or description of the goods one chanced to be in search of. Like all orientals, after listening to the first few words of explanation, they would jump to immediate conclusions, and disappearing in the chaos, return with some box or parcel as different from that you were in search of as the light of day from the darkness of their own minds. All musical instruments, for instance, are recognised under the term *nobee* (Arabic, music). A lady was once in search of a semi-grand piano which had been swallowed up by the custom-house some three months prior to her arrival from England; as soon as the Arab hamal heard the word 'nobee,' he paid not the slightest attention to the rest of the description which indicated its great size and exceeding weight, &c.; he at once mentally plunged into the dark recesses of his memory, and fished up these facts, which, in his own opinion, were highly satisfactory—namely, that nobee meant a musical instrument, and must consequently be either a drum or a fiddle, a guitar, fife, or psaltery. These comprised the width and length of his acquaintance with musical instruments; so he at once clambered out of sight, and after a tedious absence, returned in high glee for his expected reward. He had brought with him a traveller's leather hat-box, under the firm conviction that it contained a small drum!

I shall never forget the rage of the customs' people at Beyrout, when one immensely heavy deal-case, the property of a learned German naturalist, fell into their clutches, and was forced open, despite the frantic explanations, promises, threats, and gesticulations of the travelled savant. The more fuss the doctor made, the more the officials were convinced that they were about to have a splendid haul of smuggled silks and other costly goods. A large mob had collected round the place, and the suspense and curiosity were intense. Presently the lid yielded, and the first thing that met their astonished gaze was a lot of saw-dust, with a camel's skull carefully packed in the centre. This, however, was supposed to be a mere blind; empty baskets were produced, and the naturalist, to his great discomfort, saw the packing, which had cost him so much care and labour, shovelled up and thrown into old baskets, with little respect to the fragile contents. No sooner had the skull been removed than they came upon a small stuffed alligator, then a few specimens of fish, some petrified olives and other matter, and lastly, they disinterred a whole row of large well-stoppered glass bottles. This, then, must be the treasure—must contain costly pearls or scammony, or some taxable drug. The head of the custom-house, who had been personally attracted to the spot by the rumour reaching him of the apprehension of a noted smuggler, now took upon himself the duty of investigation, as much from intense curiosity as from a suspicion of his not over-honest confrères, who might slip anything very costly unperceived into their capacious sleeves. The first bottle he hauled out he held up to the light, and very nearly dropped with a combination of emotions difficult to conceive—it contained a large snake in the act of swallowing a frog, carefully preserved in spirits. The next bottle contained a scorpion; the third, some lizards; the fourth, centipedes; the fifth, bats; and so on, until every bottle had been displaced. Then there arose a shout of laughter, mingled with exclamations of unfeigned surprise. The custom-house officers were completely nonplussed; the nazir himself, a very superstitious man, terribly alarmed. He set down the doctor immediately as some evil-disposed person who could wither up the health-springs of one's blood at a single glance. Calling away his people, he hurried off to his office, murmuring verses of the Koran; and not a soul amongst the natives would lend a hand in helping the doctor to repack his much-valued collection. What a human being could want with such abominable things was an unsolvable enigma to the whole town and neighbourhood.

I know of only one parallel incident to the foregoing, which inflicted a terrible shock not only upon the authorities, but upon the whole population of a province in European Turkey. The case was this. An eccentric Polish physician, who had been travelling in the East, was returning into his own country, and undergoing the term of his quarantine at, if I remember right, Orsova. When the authorities came to examine and purify his luggage, they found, amongst other things,

a very small phial, carefully corked and sealed, packed in a small box, and stowed away at the very bottom of his portmanteau. On inquiring what the contents were, judge of the horror and consternation of the officials on being very coolly informed that it was matter from the pustules of a plague-infected patient in Egypt, which the doctor was carrying to his own country to experimentalise with in inoculation. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless a fact; and I believe the Turks were for some time undecided as to the propriety of burying the doctor alive in the same deep pit full of quicklime in which his plague-materials were carefully deposited.

A WORD FROM NUMBER THREE.

You see there's myself and two more on us as clubs for takin' in *Chambers's Journal* among us; and we lends it to one another like; and so I see what was wrote the other day about the railway travellin',* and as how low fellers like huz isn't pleasant to be rode along side on in the same vehicle as your second-class genteels. That may be all very true; but if every man as has cause has a right to complain, the genlman as wrote that there won't have it all his own way.

Why, in coorse, it ain't agreable for folks as wears fine clothes, and allus goes out dressed slap-up like, when they has a bit of travellin' to do, to ride along with poor fellers like huz that's maybe agoin' out in a workin' sort of way, or hain't got the toggery all right, even if we had the time to spare for putting of it on. And then when we do go out a bit from home, it comes natral that we should make ourselves merry and comfotable-like, more especially if we meets a friend, which it's the occasion of many a feller being the worse for liquor when he's out on sich occasions. And so, as I was sayin', we workin' men don't feel it agreable nouther to be forced to ride in those 'ere second-class vehicles; we're better pleased when we have all our own equals about huz; and if we're not exactly quite the thing for cleanliness—or if wese bin atakin' a little too much refreshment—or if we wants to pass away the time by singin' a stave of a song with chorus all round, or the like of that, why, you see, when we're all together among our own sort, we feels quite at home and sociable, as I may say. We're all uzed to it, you see, and 'abit is a second natur.

Well, I suspects that the genlman as wrote that harticle, must be the same as I come upon one night comin' up from Hexeter to Bridgewater, and I'm jist agoing to tell you all about it.

There was Bill and his two cousins, as is all Hexeter men, as well as myself; and his two cousins, which had been to sea in Her Majesty's ship, the *Dolking*, come into Plymouth, and got leave to spend a few days with their parients at Hexeter. Well, Bill axes me to go down with him for a day, which his uncle had invited him to do, sayin' I should be welcome; so we went down parlimentary, quite comfotable; which the old man gave us very good eatin' and drinkin', and we spent the day very pleasant altogether. In coorse, we did not choose to go away home before night, we found the company so agreable; and we was goin' when we got some refreshment at the pubic-house near the station; indeed, to say the truth, Bill, as the sailors said, freshened his nip a little too much; and that's a fact. We was all royal, but Bill was so bad that we had a great todo to get him into the carriage at all. As there was no third-class by the mail-train, we was forced to get second-class tickets; and, as I was sayin', I thought it lucky there was no one in the same but ourselves. Well, just as the train was movin', a genlman and lady comes runnin' up post haste, and bundles right on end into the carriage where Bill and me was, which I was not pleased to see it. Well, Bill got himself to sleep very soon; and I hoped all would be quiet—and a sleepin' man generally don't quarrel much—but all of a suddent, he begins choppin' his teeth in his sleep, and snorin' like, and then he kicks out with his hobnailed highlows most furious; and that's the truth on it; and I can tell you that if he had took a feller on the flat of the shin-bone with one of those there kicks, it wouldn't have been no joke.

Well, I have said that I suspects this here genlman was the same which made sich a complaint to *Chambers's Journal;* and I know he sat nearly opposite to Bill at the time, and looked frightened out of seven years' growth, for several of Bill's kicks—and they *was* kicks, and no mistake—passed right and left at each side of his legs, before he could make his escape to the tother side of the carriage, away near where the lady was asittin'; which I must say that same lady looked to me as if she wanted more to laugh nor to cry at that particular moment. Howsumever, it was no use tryin' to wake up Bill; and so he snored, and chopped, and kicked like winkin' all the way to Bridgewater; but as he had it all to himself, he hurt nobody but the carriage. When we come to Bridgewater, the genlman got out, and made no end of row, and insisted on huz drunken fellers, as he called huz, being put out; which I told him we were quite agreable, seein' as how we didn't want to go no farther. And now I say, if that the genlman says was done—that is, that we third-class people should have a carriage for ourselves with every train—we should not be troublesome to people as thinks they be our betters. I suppose, by his writin' so sharp, he is either a lawyer or a member of parliment; and so let him make a law to procure us the haccommodation which we naturally require. It is not fair at all to make us pay a good splice more for goin' at one hour than at another, and only a board to sit on either way, which I'll do the genlman the justice to say that he has stated the fact in that respect quite correct and proper. He's a little hard on us poor workin' fellers; but what he says is true, we would not come in his way if we could help it; and I hope the directors of railways will take his advice, which it would be better and more agreable for all partics.

BOB.

* See article, Poor Number Two! in No. 174.

TRADITIONARY MEDICINE OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

PENNANT, in his *Tour in Scotland* (1772), gives some details of the popular medical practice of the Highlands before the days of educated physicians. In connection with the article in our present number, entitled 'The Vagaries of Physic,' we have thought it worth while to reproduce these details in a condensed form. It is highly worthy of remark, that the Highland therapeutics are, on the whole, considerably more rational than some medical systems of the learned in past ages.

Fevers and colds were the principal diseases; of the former, ague was of recent introduction. What was done in cases of fever we are not told. 'Common colds were cured by *brochan* or water-gruel, sweetened with honey; or by a dose of butter and honey melted in spirits, and administered as hot as possible. Adult persons freed themselves from colds, in the dead of winter, by plunging into the river—immediately going to bed under a load of clothes, and sweating away the complaint.' This, it may be remarked, comes nearly to the same point as modern hydropathy. 'Warm cow's milk in the morning, or two parts milk and one of water, a little treacle and vinegar made into whey, and drunk warm, freed the

Highlander from an inveterate cough. The chincough was cured by a decoction of apples and of the mountain-ash, sweetened with brown sugar. Consumptions and all disorders of the liver found a simple remedy in drinking of butter-milk. Stale urine and bran made very hot, and applied to the part, freed the rheumatic from his excruciating pains. Fluxes were cured by the use of meadow sweet or jelly of bilberry, or a poultice of flour and suet; or new-churned butter; or strong cream and fresh suet boiled, and drunk plentifully morning and evening. Formerly the wild carrot boiled, at present the garden carrot, proved a relief in cancerous or ulcerous cases. Even the faculty admit the salutary effect of the carrot poultice in sweetening the intolerable fetor of the cancer, a property till lately neglected or unknown. . . . . Persons affected with the *scrofula* imagined they found benefit by exposing the part every day to a stream of cold water. Flowers of daisies, and narrow and broad-leaved plantain, were thought to be remedies for the *ophthalmia*. Scabious root or the bark of ash-tree burnt was administered for the toothache. The water ranunculus is used instead of the cantharides to raise blisters.'

A peculiar disorder called *Glacach*, attended by tightness and fulness of the chest, and frequent in the beginning of consumption, was also called the *Macdonalds' Disorder*, from a power supposed to reside for its cure in a family of that name. They touched the part affected in the manner of Valentine Greatrakes, and muttered certain charms. This family of Machaons never would accept any gratuity.

On long journeys, the Highlanders repelled the attacks of hunger by a small quantity of the dried root of *corr* or *cor-meille* (*orobus tuberosus*, or wood-pease). This, Pennant thinks, may have been the Caledonian food described by *Dio*, of which the quantity of a bean prevented both hunger and thirst, and which the people had ready on all occasions. The extraordinary marches of the Highlanders under Montrose and Dundee become more credible when we know of the use of the *cor-meille*.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children—'where,' as the good Germans have it, 'the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall'—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not: I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—*Mary Howitt.*

HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.

Let it be recorded, as a matter of detail, that at every important performance the advertisement beseeches the ladies to come without their hoops. This fashion seemed even to contemporaries to be as troublesome as it was ridiculous. In *Faulkner's Journal*, from the 31st of January to the 4th of February 1744, the committee of the Charitable Musical Society, in announcing the *Messiah* for the 7th, once more entreats the ladies 'to lay aside their hoops,' representing that if they will abandon that fashion 'for one evening, however ornamental, the hall will contain a hundred persons more, with full ease.' When the Festival of the 1st of May 1790 took place at Westminster, a handbill, signed 'John Ashley, by order of the directors,' containing the regulations for the carriages and other encumbrances, stated also, 'no ladies will be admitted with hats, and they are particularly requested to come without feathers, and very small hoops, if any.' It seems as if these fashionable follies were chronic, for a similar announcement by the Sacred Harmonic Society, *apropos* of crinolines, would not be out of place at the present time.—*Schœlcher's Life of Handel.*

THE RURAL LIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forswear
Contentions wearisome—life's wear and tear,
Town-bred ambitions—thoughts of gain or loss
Of worldly dross;
All wild unreasonable hopes of thine,
Straightway resign;
Satisfied in these meadows to possess,
Like innocent little children, happiness;
All debts of hope deferred, or wealth's increase,
Glad to compound and liquidate for—PEACE!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forbear
To trust implicitly in man-made laws,
Nor urge the justice of the justest cause
Too far.
Thou, rather, loving-kindness ever strive
To keep alive.
Annoyances and trespasses *will* be,
Which 'twere as well thou didst not *choose* to see;
By gentle bearing prove thy gentle blood—
Shine, thou, the mirror of good neighbourhood.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Take care,
Whate'er thy duty, be that duty done,
Nor shun it, if thyself thou wouldst not shun.
Easy—Not thee!
At ease, and slothful—indolent and free,
God will not let man be!
Up, and be doing, then—the wilderness
Invites thy hand to conquer and to bless;
Deserts are but the earth at liberty—
'Twas Chaos when the universe was free!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Declare
Th' eternal truth of nature, and be free
Of old simplicity. With reverence store
Unwritten lore.
Lo! the First Cause, benevolent and great,
In all we contemplate.
Nor let seclusion dull the social mind,
For friends estranged are kin to friends unkind;
Be sedulous of hospitable cares,
Angels have thus been cherished unawares!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Despair
Of finding heaven on earth—days void of care,
Exemption from the miseries of life,
And unsought strife.
Thy heaven on earth is but a heaven of clay,
Passing away.
Tenant at will of evanescent hours,
Joys unsubstantial, transitory powers;
Steward of these lands, and of this life of thine,
Commanded to improve, and to resign!

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HINTS OF NATURE.

A MAN who can take a hint well, ought to be held in esteem. He manifests a certain greatness as well as refinement of soul, when he infers neither more nor less than is meant, and acknowledges the courtesy of a friend's intention by prompt respect to his feelings. We feel at ease with such a man; we know that any topic of conversation *mal-à-propos* and unpleasant will be adroitly changed, or, if we are in a mood for solitude, our well-bred and sensible visitor will withdraw, without offence on either side. Intimacy becomes stronger and more congenial when the sin of boredom is judiciously avoided. It is an old story, that the extremes of a virtue are akin to faults. One may sometimes meet with a man of such exquisite, or rather morbid sensibility, as to be continually on the look-out for a veiled meaning, and awkwardly afraid of ruffling the feathers of his acquaintance. On the other hand, there are men so obtuse and spiritually purblind, that verbal intimations must be as plain as a stage-aside, and expression of countenance as unmistakable as a stage-hero's, or they will not be comprehended: in other words, there are some men who put us under the necessity of giving a *broad* hint, to which even the coarse-grained nature of our annoyer does not entirely reconcile us. Now, just as prodigality is not so mean as avarice, I think it is better to be thin-skinned than to wear a rhinoceros's hide.

Possibly, I give too much importance, in my estimation of character, to this capacity of taking a hint, for I judge of power of mind, as well as refinement of feeling, by observing to what extent the faculty is possessed. With a view to this generalisation, however, it becomes expedient to extend our cognizance beyond hints social, to hints intellectual and imaginative. Your one-idead man gives the cut direct to any thought, sentiment, or fact not tending to his one idea. He does not love digression, to which the appreciation of hints must needs tend. His remarks may be forcible, and, in the main, just, but they will certainly become prosy and monotonous by virtue of being so rackingly relevant; the nail will be knocked on the head until it is broken short off. Even when the one idea is a good one, you feel that truth has got into the wrong hands. On the other hand, I apprehend that similes, metaphors, and tropes arise from the poet's or the orator's delicate perception of hints. Laboured conceits and figures of speech do not affect us pleasingly, because we see that the mind went in search of them, and did not wait for a hint. It is one thing to pluck flowers by the wayside, and another to go out of your way to pluck flowers. The latter occupation is perhaps innocent, but rather tiresome.

The foregoing remarks probably make apparent the meaning I attach to the word 'hint;' but it may be as well to employ a few words in stating the meaning concisely. A 'hint,' then, signifies something from without, which diverts the mind from one train of thought, and suggests another. In the perception, the mind is chiefly passive; but it becomes active in the reflective process to which that perception gives rise. It is clearly not enough that thought be interrupted; it must be directed into a channel more or less divergent.

I hardly know how to justify my saying so much of hints in general, since the idea I am bent on expressing relates to hints dropped by nature and taken by philosophers. If I were asked what mental property seemed to me of most service to a natural philosopher, my answer would be, capacity to take a hint; but as it is impolitic to ride a hobby too hard, I pause to make a large admission. Let it be granted, then, that logical acuteness, industrious research, fertility of comparison, ingenious analysis and synthesis, ready perception of consequences and conditions, and as many other such talents and accomplishments as occur to the reader, are essential to the development and enlargement of a science, and, in a subordinate degree, to the discovery of laws. The initial thought forming the basis of elaborate processes, and giving the clue to Baconian experiment, is generally due, I submit, to a hint given by nature herself accidentally, and often without emphasis. The qualities of mind necessary to enable a savant to build up and fortify a theory and systematise phenomena, are frequently found where the rarer power of appreciating a delicate suggestion exists in a much lower degree. By confounding the growth of a science with its beginning or birth, Lord Bacon was led into somewhat extravagant notions as to the effect of his philosophical process of putting nature to the question. He gave out, that in scientific matters, genius would thenceforth be superfluous—that an average intellect, working according to defined method, would be fully adequate to the requirements of human knowledge. Experience has shewn that he was wrong. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive how a mind so sagacious and comprehensive could fall into a plain error like this, were it not that the highest genius is apt to be overpartial to its own offspring. *Maximus temporis partus*, as the great philosopher styled his work, is certainly not an overmodest title; but then his real greatness of soul (in theory, not practice) well carries off a little magniloquence. It is not denied, then, that a great part of the bulk of our

knowledge, the improvement of its arrangement and instruments, and much theoretical and practical advancement, are due to steady and orderly argumentation and experiment. A great deal, too, depends on extending research into those fields where nature is most likely to be suggestive. Any accumulation of observed phenomena will probably contain intimations which genius may lay hold of and utilise. By these means, also, we are more likely to encounter striking suggestions, which, even without the aid of extraordinary mental endowments, will not escape the notice of disciplined intellect.

Practical arts necessarily existed, and have often been considerably developed, long before the corresponding sciences can properly be said to have originated. In several instances, the occasions are recorded on which great accessions and improvements of practical skill came to be made; and it will be observed, that in most of these, nature took the initiative—that is to say, our knowledge was acquired, not by directly questioning nature, but by cross-examining her upon some little information casually given. In fact, mankind are not so much in the position of counsel, endeavouring to extort suspected truth from an examinant, as of counsel cross-questioning upon some point which takes them by surprise, but which they skilfully turn to account. 'Critics,' says Shenstone, 'must excuse me if I compare them to certain animals called asses, which, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.' I do not quote this for the sake of the sentiment, but of the simile, which in some measure illustrates my meaning.

I have made one considerable admission, and now have to make another. No illustration of this theory of hints can be produced that shall not be an illustration of some other truth as well; for no faculty exists by itself and independently of others—all results and all processes of thought are by their nature complex; yet, in some of the examples I shall adduce, the faculty of taking a hint seems sufficiently predominant for my purpose. The doctrine of specific gravity was forced upon the attention of Archimedes on his entering a bath, and finding that the immersion of his body caused the water to overflow—no very remarkable incident, and one doubtless commonly observed, but he took the hint which others overlooked. Some merchants, having lighted a fire on the sea-beach, remarked among the embers a curious crystalline substance, produced by the fusion of sand and the ashes of sea-weed: some practical mind among them seized upon the incident, and gave, or rather restored to modern science and civilisation, one of their most important coadjutors—glass. A chandelier swinging from a church-roof, set Galileo thinking about the theory of oscillation, and as a result, we have the pendulum. The wife of Galvani, being an invalid, was indulged on one occasion with a dish of frogs; Galvani observed a convulsive motion in one of these on being touched by a knife, and making note of the fact, succeeded, on further inquiry, in establishing the science to which we owe the electric telegraph. A boy was employed to work the valves of a steam-engine, and, getting tired of his monotonous occupation, ingeniously connected them with the engine itself, which became self-acting. We, observers after the fact, wonder so simple a contrivance did not occur before to maturer minds. The high-pressure steam-engine was itself probably a result derived from a very commonly observed phenomenon. The fabrication of fire-balloons originally occurred to the brothers Montgolfier in a similarly accidental way. I may mention too—bearing in mind that other faculties besides ability to take a hint combined to produce the result—the story of Newton and the apple. Whoever will take the trouble to look over a history of the arts and sciences, can easily enlarge the list.

In several of the above instances, the *experimentum crucis* seems to have been furnished by nature herself—that is, by a combination of circumstances, humanly speaking, fortuitous. In some cases, the mind of the observer was already engaged on kindred topics, which circumstance no doubt increased its sensitive appreciation of any suggestion from without bearing on the subject of thought. Probably a great many other facts, lying at the foundation of different arts and sciences, were similarly noted, being stumbled over rather than hunted after and found. It is likely, for instance, that the directing power of the magnet was accidentally remarked.

Man, however, is not content to stumble over his information, and make the best of it he can; he peers here and there in search of particular knowledge, and, ten to one, misses it after all; but then he is put in the way of obtaining other knowledge, perhaps no less important, and such as it had not entered into his heart to conceive of.

The amount of scientific acquisition made in this way is surprising. In the middle ages, and since, men sought for the elixir of life and philosopher's stone. They were not more successful in the direct object of their labour than the daughters of Pelias, when, acting on the prescription of Medea, they cut their aged father to pieces, in order to renew his youth by the process of boiling. The alchemists, however, were the founders of chemistry. We owe to them gunpowder (*abritomen*), and many of the most common and useful drugs. It was once as needful for men of high and low degree to have their horoscopes taken, as it is now to sit for photographic likenesses. To that end, the astrologers studied the grammar of the stars, and made sorry progress. Yet, whilst meditating on these things, they rocked the cradle of modern astronomy. It is extremely common for philosophers to light upon one truth while in search of another. Whoever has attempted original investigation, knows how apt the mind is to be led into collateral thought, and how often the more important results of research are due to those digressions.

We easily see that success would be highly improbable if men set about inventing sciences *mero motu*, and depended for the discovery of occult agencies on direct investigation. The connection between light, heat, electricity, and magnetism would never have been discovered by theory or experiment. Through chance coincidences, the existence of such a connection came to be suspected; and thus the prosecution of this branch of inquiry was brought within the province of systematic thought. The researches of Professor Faraday on these subjects are models of experimental skill and sagacity. Who knows but that accidental phenomena may ultimately lead to the discovery of the law governing this connection, and enable us by theory to account for the different manifestations? At present, speaking mathematically, the theories of light, heat, &c., are distinct, and nothing appears from them indicating such a connection as really exists, or, indeed, any connection at all. Again, the theory of gravitation, as it at present stands, does not answer the inquiry whether or not that force and other forces are merely modifications of the same central energy; and to prove the negative or the affirmative, seems beyond human power. Chance may, some time or other, furnish a clue. For what we know, gravitation may be *en rapport* with the imponderable agents. We cannot at present modify the force of gravity. However much we change a body chemically or mechanically, gravity acts as before. Yet there is nothing to shew that it may not be varied just as electricity, heat, &c. are, by some complex and unknown arrangement. There may be, and probably are, other agents—some, perhaps, included in the vague category of chemical forces—susceptible of theoretical and even mathematical

ntation, besides those already within man's ken; attempt, even by the highest genius, directly ver whether or not such agencies exist, would When genius has a clue, it may follow it; but will not be forced.

ourse, and as I intimated before, all our know- s certainly not due to hints from nature. A any important results have been obtained by ite guessing. If I were inclined to stretch a I would say that in such cases the hint given is simal. Thus, the discovery by Franklin of the y between electricity and lightning, looks very like a guess; indeed, the principal credit is due ingenuity of the means by which that philos- established the fact. In the history of science, d many happy guesses, which for long periods ed merely barren speculations, because the ns could not test their conjectures.

many discoveries, credit must of course be to direct inference. Mechanical improvements, lly, are often made by the adaptation of means s, and some of them possess much scientific ance. For instance, in the working of voltaic es, it was found that the bubbles of gas adhering positive metal impeded the chemical action. lee conceived that if the surface of the metal ough, the gas would pass off more freely. He ngly precipitated on the positive metal the powder of platinum, and the result justified pectations. The sustaining battery of Daniel is lue to elegant reasoning. I have said that eries lying in the direct line of development of ce are often—it may almost be said generally to direct logical processes. When once the nental laws of action are discovered, it becomes er of mathematical analysis to find out related nena. The theory of light, perhaps, has been ruitful in these species of results. Some of the ntricate and beautiful phenomena of polarisation letected by the interpretation of mathematical se deduced from the undulatory theory. I must nit to mention a great triumph of this kind ly achieved. The discovery of the planet ne by Leverrier and Adams was made by purely ct investigation proceeding on the known law vitation and the ascertained motions of other s. Astronomers were well aware that certain bations of Jupiter remained unaccounted for. nference was natural, that another planetary occasioned them. That inference was made. rier and Adams, skilfully applying the machinery dern analysis, or, to speak profanely, 'putting a mill,' established the fact, and determined proximate elements of the disturbing sphere. egree of scientific tact and learning requisite to e successfully with such a problem, is certainly at the same time, the amount of *genius* required haps not very extraordinary. It was a matter of pment, a working according to known methods known instruments. Newton's analysis of the s orbit remains unapproached. He invented the ments by which he worked, and the process in he used them.

pite of the great expansion of old knowledge and ion of new, of which the nineteenth century is ably boastful, it remains a singular fact, that e cannot jump, however we may spur it on. uman mind must come very close to a new truth it can lay hold of it, and make that truth its

Even in trivial matters, the same law prevails. ery fashions grow. Modern costume is the reverse turesque or comely, yet we cannot invent a dress persede it on any ground of indisputable superi-

Now and then, a preposterous 'mode' or a new ophical theory comes up, but we shortly find oth are merely revivals of ideas old as the hills; and we think of the old saying, 'There is nothing new under the sun.' Man pants for knowledge as the hind for the water-brooks. No wonder he sometimes becomes impatient of growth, and longs for some California in the fairy fields of science, where knowledge may be picked up in nuggets. Well, if we cannot know as fast as we wish, we can speculate to our hearts' content; and we *do* speculate on the 'conservation of forces,' the 'correlation of forces,' and the 'central law.' If coming knowledge casts its shadow before, perhaps that shadow is speculative thought.

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

EMMA'S LETTER.

My dear Brother—I do not wonder that you blame me; everybody must do so. But what makes me more miserable than I otherwise would be—for I am now intensely wretched—is, that I fear I shall never be able to account rationally for my conduct; for if I were to make known the real cause of the alteration that mamma has told you of, I should subject myself to ridicule as well as blame. You know how I loved Krasinski, and what happiness I anticipated in being his wife; and you can hardly suppose that his not having saved that poor infant—though I own it did surprise and pain me—could be the sole cause for my acting as I have done. I am aware mamma and others think it is; and I do not undeceive them, from the fear of ridicule, as I have said, and because mamma, who always frets when Arthur is long silent, would be alarmed by my story, which might make her very ill, and she is by no means strong at present. Even to you, dear Everard, I could not tell my secret, were you here, but writing it is different; and I can't bear that you should think me so weak and capricious as I see by your letter you do. So I am going to tell it to you; and, indeed, it will be a relief to me to tell it to somebody, for I think of it all day. Besides, it may induce you to make inquiries about Arthur. Do write to the consuls and everybody likely to know about him—that is, if you have not heard from him since you last wrote. De Rosny is the name of the gentleman he told us he was going to travel with; and Krasinski says they were to meet at Rome, which agrees with Arthur's last letter. You will wonder what all this means, and why I am unusually anxious about dear Arthur—well, you shall hear.

Mamma has told you about the drowning of that poor, dear, little child. You may imagine how that accident shocked me! The little face and outstretched arms rising from the water, were before my eyes all day—I could not shut them out; and then I was vexed, surprised, and mortified at Krasinski's conduct. But I tried to excuse him, and to think what a dreadful thing it would have been if he had been seized with cramp—as he says he was the last time he went to bathe—and drowned too; though I should have been so proud of him, and loved him a thousand times more if he had tried to save her; and, O Everard! if he had been drowned, I should have adored his memory, and, I am sure, been much happier than I am now with this horrid idea that has taken possession of me, and that I cannot, cannot shake off.

I went to bed that night with my mind oppressed to the greatest degree with what had happened. I generally go to sleep the minute I lie down, but that night I could not. If I did begin to doze, I woke with a start and the horrid recollection of what I had seen; till at last, irritated and weary, I began to cry, which you will think very childish; but I believe it did me good, for I fancy I cried myself to sleep.

Now, you know I have often said that I never dream, and Dr D—— says it is because I sleep so very sound; and Mrs C—— says, that doubtless I do dream, but that when sleep is profound, we do not remember our dreams; and I incline to this opinion; because, sometimes at the moment of waking, it appears to me as if a scene of some sort was slipping away from me, like a dissolving view or a diorama; and I try in vain to catch at it: it is gone like a breath; and this has happened several times lately; and now I think that I had had this dreadful dream before, but did not recollect it.

Well, I at last cried myself to sleep, and dreamed that I was in bed, just as I really was, and that the door opened, and Arthur came in, and walked slowly up to the foot of the bed, and stood looking at me with such a sorrowful face! oh, so sorrowful! so pale too! and his hair looked wet and dripping with water. And I thought I sat up in bed, and asked him if he had saved the child, and he said: 'No; the child is with us.'

And I said: 'Where is that?'

'In the other land,' he answered. Then he shook his head reproachfully, and said: 'She is happy; but if you will not attend to what I tell you, you will keep me in darkness and trouble.'

Then I said I would attend, and asked what he wanted me to do.

'To promise me,' he said, 'that you will not marry Krasinski till I can be present at the wedding, and give you away;' and I said: 'I promise.'

Then he bowed his head, and said, he hoped I would keep my promise, and went away out at the door slowly, as he had entered; and when he turned round, I saw inscribed on his back, 'Drowned at Venice, 9th April 1847.'

Then I awoke, and I was so impressed with the reality of this dream, that I was dreadfully frightened —though I was not frightened at all in my sleep— and I buried my head under the clothes, and lay in terror till I saw a gleam of daylight; and then I ventured to uncover my face and look about; and never was I so glad as when I heard the servants getting up, and I could ring for Bella to come and dress me. I rose directly, and went into the garden, where I walked on the terrace till the bell rang. When I went into the breakfast-room, everybody said how ill I looked, attributing my appearance to what had happened the day before, and I did not contradict them.

No one but myself can judge what the dream of that night was—how like reality. I afterwards dreamed it again and again, with slight variations, and Arthur looked more mournful and reproachful every time, till I felt, let people think what they would, I must do what he told me, and that I never could be happy in my marriage if I did not.

I assure you, my dear brother, that I struggled valiantly against this weakness, as you must think it; but the time fixed for the wedding was at hand, and every day my new things were arriving from London, and my aunt and cousin, and Colonel Gordon, who was to give me away, were coming; so I plucked up courage, and told mamma that I did not feel at all well, and that I should therefore request Krasinski to defer our marriage till the spring, as I was quite unequal to undertake the journey to Rome. This was just after mamma's last letter to you.

I saw very well that she did not believe that this was the whole truth; but you know I durst not tell her of the dream, she would have been so dreadfully frightened about Arthur. However, she said if that was the case, she must send for Dr F——. I begged her not to do so, but she did; and accordingly he came. I am sure she told him that she feared I had something on my mind; for he questioned me so searchingly, that at last I confessed that I was much troubled with disagreeable dreams. He said he had no doubt that they were caused by some derangement of the stomach; and looked at my tongue, and attributed my depression of spirits and the dreams to what he calls nervous dyspepsia. He may be right. I have certainly lost my appetite entirely, and feel a dreadful languor that I cannot account for. Of course, he ordered me some medicine, which I took for a fortnight; but I got worse instead of better, for I had the dream every night. I thought Arthur looked more mournful than ever, and that he reproached me bitterly for not obeying him, and said I should repent it when too late. I positively dreaded going to bed; and Krasinski's visits, instead of giving me pleasure, actually made me miserable; and if I had not been ashamed, when I saw him coming up the gravel-walk, I should have run away, instead of going joyfully to meet him, as I used to do. So, at last, I grew desperate, and resolved to act for myself without consulting anybody.

Mamma had broken the ice a little, by telling Krasinski that she feared I was falling ill, and that the marriage must be deferred; but he would not hear of it, and urged, on the contrary, that we should be married without further delay, in order that I might get to a better climate. He said he had no doubt that the moist air of this place was killing me, and that he was beginning to feel the effects of it too. This alarmed mamma; and as I saw she was inclined to coincide with Krasinski, there was no time to be lost. So I commenced the conversation by saying, that it was very strange we did not hear from Arthur. I must tell you that this was a subject that always wearied Krasinski; for though, since my dream, I had never mentioned Arthur's name, scarcely a day passed that mamma did not remark on his long silence; so he made no answer, but began singing a favourite song of mine—you know he has a fine voice—and sat down to the pianoforte: but I had screwed up my courage, and was determined to go on.

'Don't play now,' I said; 'I want to speak to you.'

He turned round on the music-stool, still keeping the fingers of his right hand on the keys, and said with a look of impatience:

'Bien; parlez! Qu'est-ce que c'est?'

This manner of his rendered it more difficult for me to go on, but I said: 'I should like to know if Arthur really went to the east with Monsieur de Rosny.'

'Ah!' said he, shrugging his shoulders, and beginning to play again, 'who knows?'

This made me rather angry; and I said drily: 'I am aware this subject is not an agreeable one to you;' but this seemed to offend him, and turning sharply round, he said:

'Comment? Que voulez vous dire?'

'I do not mean to say anything to displease you, but I know you are weary of mamma's wonderings and questionings about Arthur; but the truth is, I am getting very anxious myself.' Here he shrugged his shoulders again, and made a gesture with his lips and eyebrows, as much as to say that he could not help my folly.

I thought this unkind, for he might have shewn more sympathy with my feelings, and I continued hastily: 'In short, Krasinski, I am so uneasy, so seriously alarmed indeed, that I cannot think of being married till I hear some satisfactory news of Arthur. I have more cause for alarm than I choose to tell mamma—I have had dreadful dreams about him. You smile'—and he did smile contemptuously, though he looked very pale, and in a manner amazed—'but you would not smile in my case. I see him every night—in my dreams, I mean; but I see him as plain as I see you now; and he tells me'——

'Assez, mademoiselle,' he said, interrupting me; and he rose from his seat and took up his hat.

I rose too, and laid my hand on his arm. 'Listen, Krasinski,' I said. 'I have never believed in dreams—but this seems more than a dream: you can have no idea of it. It is *that* that has made me so ill—so depressed—so changed in everything. I can scarcely help believing that it is Arthur himself that comes nightly to my bedside and tells me'—— Krasinski, who could not contain his indignation at my folly, here attempted to leave the room; but I was between him and the door, and held his arm fast, for, now I had begun, I was determined to go through with it. 'He tells me we must not be married till he can be present at the wedding, and give me away, and I have promised to obey him.'

'A votre plaisir, mademoiselle,' said he, bowing, with an attempt at calmness, but evidently fearfully agitated; and he laid his hand on the latch of the door.

'Don't be so hard upon me, Krasinski,' I said, bursting into tears, for I could keep up no longer. 'Heaven knows what I have suffered! I could not tell mamma; I was ashamed to tell you; but this dream speaks to me like a voice from the dead. I fear something dreadful has happened to Arthur; I cannot help believing that he was drowned at Venice—drowned on that 9th of April, the very day that you said you came away together! Was he?—was he? Confess the truth!'

Krasinski evidently thought I had gone out of my senses, for he stood looking wildly at me, with the strongest expression of fear and horror on his countenance whilst I uttered these words; and then exclaiming: 'Grand Dieu! est-il possible!' he rushed frantiely out of the house.

Mamma, who happened to be at her bedroom-window, saw him flying down the garden, and suspecting that something had happened, came in search of me, and found me lying on the floor in the drawing-room. I had fainted. The next day I received a letter from Krasinski, saying that he could only explain my extraordinary conduct by supposing that I wished to break off the engagement; that he was the last man in the world to claim the hand of a lady under such circumstances, however strong his attachment and deep his regret; and that since he had remarked for some time that his presence was rather a source of pain than pleasure to me, he should leave Ambleside immediately. It was a calm, gentlemanly letter; but he is evidently very indignant, and I cannot wonder at it; for my behaviour must be utterly incomprehensible to him. I often fear I have destroyed my own happiness and his by yielding to an unpardonable weakness.

I have but one consolation—the dreadful dream has left me. Only once since Krasinski went have I seen Arthur in my sleep, and then I thought he looked cheerful, and bent over my bed, and kissed me, and said: 'Good girl! Good girl!' And now, dear Everard, lose no time in making every inquiry about Arthur, and write without delay to your unhappy but ever affectionate sister, EMMA EDMONDS.

This letter, which had been looked upon as nothing but the weak effusion of a nervous girl, could hardly fail, when taken in conjunction with De Rosny's strange experience, of making some impression on the young men, unwilling as they were to attach any serious importance to ghostly admonitions. They discussed the subject over and over again, generally concluding, however, that, notwithstanding the singular coincidence of the vision and dream, it would be absurd to attach importance to them, because, if people could come back from the other world to tell their wrongs, 'ghosts would be as plenty as blackberries,' and the fact of their appearance placed beyond the possibility of doubt.

Still, they heard nothing from Arthur; and, midst the pleasant parties and jovial meetings to which Everard introduced his new acquaintance, he would sometimes exclaim: 'It is certainly strange that we have no news of my brother!'

'Suppose we go to Naples!' said De Rosny one day to Everard, shrugging his shoulders, as if in half contempt of the proposition he was making; 'it will be all in my way; and a little change will do you no harm.'

'Well, things are getting rather slack here,' answered Everard. 'I don't care if I do go so far with you, if I can get leave for a couple of months.'

The leave was applied for and obtained, and with the first opportunity, they took ship for Naples.

AN INTERESTING ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

READER, did you ever read an act of parliament? Perhaps you remember, once upon a time, lighting upon a document which began, 'Whereas it is expedient to . . . . Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same.' Then you looked at the interpretation-clause, and found that, 'for the purposes of this act,' 'land' shall mean 'houses,' and a church a chapel; that the word 'bishop' shall comprehend and apply to an 'archbishop;' or, as appears by one example of legislative facetiousness, that 'the word coals shall include cinders' (which, by the way, we learn this last every day from our coal-merchants, without the aid of an act of parliament); that man shall mean woman, and many men mean one; and so on. These statutable equivalents you felt disposed to acknowledge as rather amusing preludes to the study; but when you proceeded in your inquiries, and came upon words of unknown meaning and un-English aspect—estates tail, *pur autre vie*, tenants in common, pleas, demurrers, and replications—your glazed eyes passed speedily over the mass of type, till the delightful apparition of the final clause, 'this act shall apply to England only,' almost drew from you the exulting cry of Diogenes, on a similarly dull occasion: 'Courage, lads; I see land!'

Of course the study of acts of parliament, like all other studies, has its difficulties, and a good deal must, we suppose, be left to the lawyers; and you are perhaps very well content to leave *all*, with a parting benediction of 'much good may it do them.' *First*, however, bear a word of remonstrance. Imprimis, it is of no use abusing the lawyers, as is often done, for monopolising that of which you give them the monopoly; *Secondly*, You are ignorant at some peril, for the law of England presumes that all Englishmen know the law, and will certainly deal with them as if they knew it; and *Thirdly*, Acts of parliament offer a not uninteresting means of studying the manners, political movements, and predominant thoughts of the various eras in our national history.

Now, it is not our intention to touch the first two points above mentioned, or even to illustrate, at any great length, the third in order; but there happens to be an act of parliament, passed not long since, which has the rare virtue of being not only useful—for we fear there are some acts of parliament which are not entitled even to the praise of utility—but also interesting. Let us look together at this 'interesting' act of parliament.

It is known as the 19 and 20 Vict. c. 64, and is entitled, 'An Act to repeal certain Statutes which are not in Use;' and it enacts in the usual form, that 'the

acts hereinafter mentioned, together with all enactments (if any) confirming, continuing, or perpetuating the same, or any of them, are hereby repealed: provided always, that such repeal shall not affect any legal proceeding commenced under any of the said acts before the passing of this act.' This is the whole act, with a list of statutes repealed, one hundred and eighteen in number, ranging from the 13th year of the reign of King Edward I. to the 17th George III., and comprising, as may be expected, a great variety of subjects. Of course, these are not all the acts which were passed during this period. Great numbers have been from time to time repealed; many still remain in force. What changes have come over English society —its politics, its education, its religion, its language— in the interval! Look in the list at the statute of 7th year of Richard II.'s reign, entitled, 'No man shall ride in harness within the realm, nor with launcegays.' Here is a word now probably known only to one in a thousand of the community. We confess we were more than half inclined to associate the term with some sort of *mauvais sujet*, male or female, and were eagerly on the look-out for some further light, when we discovered evidence that these launcegays were a most inveterate and deeply rooted subject of complaint; for thirteen years afterwards we find in our list:

20 Ric. II. c. 1.—No man shall ride or go armed: launcegays shall be put out.

Certainly, most peremptory! Still we were no nearer to the meaning of launcegays. What an appalling thought, too, that up to the 21st day of last July, one might have been breaking the unrepealed statutes of one's country every day without knowing it! Suppose a launcegay should turn out to mean a dog-cart, a Scotch terrier, or a pretty cousin!

Distracted at the thought, we hurried down to our library of reference. Several dictionaries were searched in vain. At last Nares's Glossary gave us: 'launcegaye, a kind of spear.' Camden mentions it in his *Remains;* and Tyrwhitt, in his note on *Canterbury Tales*, says: 'The said Evan then and there, with a launcegay, smote the said William Tresham throughe the body a foote and more, whereof he died.' Not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, and also accounting for launcegays being forbidden in the troublous time of King Richard II., Bolingbroke, Percy, and old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

The fifth next in order has rather an amusing title:

4 Hen. IV. c. 25.—An hostler shall not make horsebread. How much he may take for oats.

Do you remember the scene in *Henry IV.*, at Rochester, in which the carrier, who has a gammon of bacon and two *razes* of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, complains that the house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died, to which the other replies: 'Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.' Reader, mark the coincidence of date; was it not rather this act of parliament killed him?

Are you an Irishman?—then don't read the next paragraph; it is written only for Englishmen:

1 Hen. VI. c. 3.—What sort of Irishmen only may come to dwell in England.

Here is a problem! Verily our ancestors in Henry VI.'s reign didn't evade difficult subjects of legislation. Let us try our hand at a specification. They should be honest; not repugnant to soap; not combative; have at least one pair of trousers approximately perfect, and a hat with the crown in; not have more than fifteen children; nor be too much given to a 'drop of the craythur.' Half of us, however, in these days of degenerate indolence, to save ourselves trouble, shelve the difficulty by saying, 'No Irish need apply.' Our fathers boldly looked the difficulty in the face, and, what is more, legislated for it.

Let us look at the act itself, which will shew us something of the Norman-French not yet gone out, and also serve to mark that the Commons were not yet advanced to the dignity of a legislative power; it is, as we shall see expressed, to be enacted by the king, with the assent of the Lords, *at the request* of the Commons. It was not till the reign of Charles II. that the preamble of acts of parliament assumed the shape now in use.

'Item pur tant ge diverses homicides murdres rapes roberies et autres felonies riotes conventicles et malefaitz jatarde ount estez faitz en diverses countees d'Engletiore par gentz [the intelligent reader will not mistake this for *gents*] nus en Irlande reparantz a la ville de Oxenford et illocques demurrantz desoutz la jurisdiction del' universite d'Oxenford a grande peure de toute manere poeple demeurant la environ come par toute la communalte du roialme assemblez en cest parlement fuist grevousement di ces compleint.' After this recital, the act goes on to say, that the king, with the assent aforesaid (that is, of the Lords), and at *the request of the Commons*, ordained that all persons born in Ireland eject themselves out of the realm (soient voidez hors de roialme) in a month's time, on pain of losing their property and being imprisoned at the king's pleasure. An exception is allowed in favour of graduates, clergymen, and others; and amongst them, merchants and other inhabitants of the cities and boroughs, of good fame, who can give security for their good behaviour. All scholars of Ireland, dwelling in England, are to find security for their good behaviour, and to bring testimonials from the lieutenant shewing that they are del' obeisance du roy; and from the Feast of St John then next, no person born in Ireland is to enter the realm of England without such testimonial, on pain of being treated as a rebel. The phrase del' obeisance du roy reminds us that, notwithstanding the achievements of Henry II. and Strongbow, Ireland was still only partially subdued, a large portion being under the government of native chieftains, which continued to be the case till the reign of Elizabeth.

Welshmen, by the way, seem to have had rather a bad reputation about this time; in proof of which, we find the following statutes:

4 Hen. IV. c. 27.—There shall be no wasters, vagabonds, &c., in Wales.

4 Hen. IV. c. 29.—Welshmen shall not be armed.

2 Hen. VI. c. 4.—Welshmen indicted of treason or felony, that do repair unto Herefordshire, shall be apprehended and imprisoned, or else pursued by hue and cry, and a forfeiture of those which do not pursue them.

It must be remembered, however, that Wales was only even nominally annexed to England in Edward I.'s reign, and was long afterwards greatly disaffected; and in particular, that the fourth year of Henry IV.'s reign was the exact time of the great outbreak in Wales, headed by Owen Glendwyr, in concert with the insurrection under Harry Hotspur, which terminated in the battle of Shrewsbury. With this confluence of powerful and daring spirits against him, we can understand the new king—himself without title derived from might —very readily consenting to an act of parliament enacting (valeat quantum) that 'Welshmen shall not be armed.'

We may form a tolerably fair estimate of the very primitive state of English society about this time, from an act of the fifth year of Henry IV., long since repealed, and therefore not in this list; but which serves, however, to illustrate those that are. It bears this exhilarating title: 'It shall be felony to cut out the tongue or pull out the eyes of the king's liege

people;' and proceeds: 'Item—Because that many offenders do *daily* beat, wound, imprison, and maim divers of the king's liege people, and often purposely cut out their tongues or put out their eyes, it is ordained and established that in such case the offenders that so cut tongues or put out the eyes of any of the king's liege people,' shall incur the pains of felony.

The 9 Hen. V. stat. 1, c. 10, in our list has an odd title: 'Keels that carry sea-coals to Newcastle shall be measured and marked.' Here the now proverbial improbability seems to be quite a common thing, 'to carry coals to Newcastle.' The act, however, refers to small vessels, called keels, which brought the coals to be shipped on board the colliers at Newcastle.

Some useful acts appear in the list, shewing that our forefathers had, tolerably early in English history, some sense of the value of sanitary reform. As early as the reign of Richard II., we have an act entitled, 'The punishment of them which cause corruption near a city or great town, to corrupt the air;' and again, in Henry VII.'s reign, 'An act that no butcher slay any manner of beast within the walls of London.'

Towards the reign of Henry VII., the various trades seem to have begun to attract legislative attention. The first act on the list in his reign is 'an act for finers of gold and silver;' soon after, 'an act concerning upholsterers;' then an act, entitled 'pewterers walking.' Then in Henry VIII.'s reign, 'an act for avoiding deceits in worsteds' (Ah, ladies, how could you allow *this* to be repealed?); and so on, till we are at last fairly launched into the consciousness that trade is getting brisk, that we are become a nation of shopkeepers, and are legislated for as such. Coining, apprentices, horses, worsted yarn, coverlets, leather, steel, woollen cloth, raw-hides and calf-skins, hats, are all subjects of legislation before the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. One word, however, as to the pewterers aforesaid. They appear to have been a dreadful torment, for, in the 4 Henry VIII., there is again an act 'pur le pewterers,' and in the twenty-fifth year of the same reign, 'an act concerning pewterers.' Let us see what these pewterers have to say of themselves. The act in Henry VII.'s reign is in the form of a petition, but, be it observed, the *Commons* are included:

'To the King our Sovereign Lord, and to the noble Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, humbly and lamentably shewn and complain unto your most abundant Grace, your humble subjects the pewterers and brasiers of your cities of London and York, and of all other places of this your realm, That whereas many simple and evil-disposed persons, using the said crafts, daily go about from village, from town, and from house to house, as well in woods and forests, to buy pewter and brass, and that knowing thieves and other pickers' bring the vessels they have stolen 'to them in such hid places to sell, and sell it for little or nought; and about they bring it into privy places, or into corners of cities and towns, and there sell much part of it to strangers, which carry it over the sea by stealth; also, the said persons so going about, and divers other using the said crafts, use to make new vessels, and mix good metal and bad together, and make it naught [this word deserves notice], and sell them for good stuff, where, indeed, the stuff and metal thereof is not worth the fourth part that it is sold for, to the great hurt, deceit, and loss of your subjects; also, divers persons using the said crafts have deceivable and untrue beams and scales—that one of them would stand even with twelve pounds' weight at one end against one quarter of a pound at the other end—to the singular advantage of themselves, and to the great deceit and loss of your subjects, buyers and sellers with them.' After this exordium, they pray that it be enacted, that pewter and brass ought to be of a certain goodness; that makers shall set on their marks, searchers be appointed, and so on. You see it looks like little else than an attempt of the great 'pewterers' to crush the little ones, whose descendants we may still recognise going about with their little furnaces of hot coals as 'pewterers walking.'

The next act renders the former perpetual; while the third complains of the apprentices repairing unto strange regions, and teaching foreigners the 'craft and mystery of the pewterers', to the great impoverishment of the same, 'which before this time has been one of the best handicrafts within this realm.' The pewterers, by the way, don't seem to have had very enlightened notions about free-trade: but how well this marks the increased facilities for travelling, and readiness to travel: we are not all going to stay where we were born, we can tell you! We have here the foreshadowing of the ready locomotion of these modern days.

The acts 'concerning Egyptians' refer, as most of our readers know, to the gipsies. The 1st in Henry VIII.'s reign recites that they use 'great subtil and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes, and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies;' and enacts that all such persons shall leave the realm within sixteen days, upon pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods and chattels. By the act of Philip and Mary, the penalty is death. Certainly, it was time that these statutes were repealed; but it is not very encouraging to remember that amongst us now, three centuries after the passing of these acts, there are still persons, as the newspapers within the past month have shewn, who are the dupes of those who persuade them that they by 'palmistry can tell men's and women's fortunes, and so by craft and subtilty deceive them of their money.'

Our space is now exhausted. Of course, we have been obliged to leave the major part of these acts of parliament untouched. They constitute, if looked into, a quaint and interesting commentary on the history of their age. The legislature have acted wisely in formally repealing them. No act should be allowed to remain on the statute-book that is not enforced. We ought to know under what laws we live, and to what we are amenable; and these one hundred and eighteen acts of parliament must have felt—if an act of parliament *can* feel—that they had survived their day.

A FORENOON CALL IN ALGIERS.

YESTERDAY, we all started on our promised visit to the family of a cadi who lives in the neighbourhood of Algiers. A cadi, as all readers of the *Arabian Nights* must know full well, is a native justice of the peace, a Worship Shallow after the oriental pattern. Law and religion are here the same ordinance, and the ancient caliphs were at once pontiffs, judges, and doctors of the law, having under them three classes of vicars—the imamas or ministers of religion, the muftis or doctors of the law, and the cadis or judges. Who does not remember the summary punishments inflicted on evildoers in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid!—the fines and bastinadoes, the imprisonments and bowstrings which served as a gentle *divertissement* to the placid repose and sunny languor of Bagdad; how the wandering prince in disguise, and the scolding wife Fatima, dervishes, Jews, one-eyed calendars and water-carriers, and all the other *dramatis personæ* of the fascinating eastern romances, were invariably summoned once in the course of their adventures before the cadi, who usually ended his inquiry by a decree equivalent to 'your money or your life.' Dear, old, bearded dignitaries of our childish days!

The cadis are still retained under the French military government of Algiers, but with a greatly modified jurisdiction. Under the decree of the 26th of September 1842, the whole colony, including native or imported populations, of whom there are in Algeria no lack, are placed under the French law and tribunals. But there still remain some special Mussulman offences, which are brought before the native cadis as of old. The commonest cases of a penal nature referred to their judgment are those of drunkenness—by far the most numerous—breaking of the fasts, blasphemy, and improper behaviour in religious edifices. The questions relative to native divorce and heritage are also still under their jurisdiction.

The cadi to whose wife we were about to pay our respects, must have been a man of some substance, as he dwelt in a large house about a mile out of town, and under the same roof with various other members of his family. In fact, the establishment was somewhat patriarchal in size. The Moors have rarely more than one wife apiece, and the six ladies who received us were each married to a brother, a nephew, or a cousin of the cadi. The introduction was effected for us by some French ladies; and an English lady married in Algiers, who spoke the Moorish language perfectly, kindly accompanied to serve as an interpreter. We made altogether a party of ten, including three children, two of whom were little boys, under the age that excludes males from admittance into the sacred precincts of a harem. Leaving the main road, we plunged down a steep path, whose condition, nearly impassable from mud—this being the rainy season—plainly shewed that the female inhabitants of the domain were wholly unaccustomed to walk abroad. An English lady in a provincial town would have thoroughly scolded gardener and errand-boy, or laid down a cart-load of gravel with her own fair hands, rather than have been obliged to wade through such slush every time she went to the church, or the school, or the shop, or to see Mrs John Smith in the High Street. With some difficulty, and by dint of our goloshes, we got over the road, carrying the children with us, and passed through two ill-kept fields to the massive white house. The Moorish dwellings have much the look of a feudal border fort: the rooms open into interior courts, and present nothing to view from the outside save tiny slits like Gothic loopholes. The total absence of chimneys makes them still more devoid of life; but they are wonderfully picturesque amidst their cypresses and vine trellises, especially when, from their walls, as white as driven snow, they reflect back every colour of sunset!

We were received on the threshold by a fine-looking Moor, who was saluted as 'Monsieur Omar,' and who most courteously invited us in. He was in full costume, with a shaven head and a red fez. He ushered us into a small hall at the foot of the stair, down which, to meet us, came one of the ladies, a lively-looking woman about forty years old, with dark hair and eyes, and dressed in a variety of light silk and cotton garments, including of course the full trousers, of a pale-pink and white check. She shook hands with us all round very energetically, ejaculating 'Slama, Slama,' with every shake, which, we suppose, was 'How do ye do?' and then took us up a low flight of steps into a court surrounded by pillars and arches—a sort of domestic cloister, open to the blue heaven; then up a second flight of stairs to the second story of the same, round which clothes were hung out to dry, and into a large airy room, matted and carpeted, rejoicing in two exterior windows looking over the country and beautiful blue bay, in a four-post bed of light construction, a sort of cushioned divan in the recess of the centre window, a large old chest richly ornamented in colours and gilding, and a couple of recesses with shelves, on one of which was the invariable set of coffee-cups. Hither flocked, one by one, the feminine members of the household, all attired in gay party-coloured garments and woollen stockings, with dark hair cut short, and hanging down by the side of their rouged cheeks quite straight; smart handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, and earrings. One or two had their eyebrows painted to meet between the eyes, and their nails tipped with henna. They had rather handsome faces, good eyes and hair; but there was only one of them that could be called beautiful, and even her face was devoid of all ennobling expression. They looked good-natured and lively, and extremely glad to see us, though we feared we had taken them by surprise, as they were not arrayed in regular Moorish *grande parure*, though their dresses were very fine and gay. One of them brought a beautiful baby with curling hair of a deep gold colour; and another presented to us a merry little girl about five years old, bagged up like her seniors in full trousers, and with her hair dyed of a peculiar auburn. They pressed us to be seated, some on the divan, some on the carpeted floor; and then tucking their trousered and stockinged legs under them, in a most adroit and convenient manner, they formed, with us, a large social circle, across which they chattered like so many magpies, the English interpretress rendering the questions and answers as fast as she could.

We had brought for them some little presents, consisting of artificial flowers, bonbons, and a pair of English scissors. Those who received the flowers stuck them into their head-dresses, and seemed to be greatly satisfied with them. The scissors were given to an old woman, the mother of one of the husbands, for all relationships seemed represented in this family group. The wife of the cadi was a tall woman, dressed in mourning on account of the death of her mother. She was not so handsome in colouring as the others, but had a more intelligent expression than any one of them. She ordered coffee to be brought, which was served up on a tray, each cup being set in a sort of filigree frame, that served as a saucer. The beverage was most excellent. Our party of thirteen, seated in a circle on the floor drinking it, would have been a sufficiently ludicrous spectacle to a looker-on.

They were highly delighted with our ornaments, and felt the silk of my dress between their fingers. One lady shewed them a Roman brooch with a head of Dante cut in lava; they asked if it was the portrait of her husband!—probably taking the fillet and bay-leaves for some ornamental variety of an Englishman's costume. A little magnifying-glass hanging at a girdle also delighted them extremely. We asked about their education, and were told they could none of them read or write; so that when members of a family are separated by marriage, and live in different towns, they are wholly dependent on chance opportunities of communication through word of mouth of friends. Neither do they know their own ages, usually referring to some public date in order to indicate the limits of their recollection, as 'we remember the coming of the French,' &c.

The life led by these unfortunate creatures is forlorn in its utter absence of moral and intellectual action. They have not only no education, in which they are not wholly singular, but no religion on which to fall back; they have no concern with the ordinances of Mohammedanism; they never enter a mosque except about three times a year; to the graves of the dead they pay occasional visits of reverence; but from all the duties enjoined on Christian women of all ranks, in all persuasions, they are cut off. They can neither teach their children religious truths, for in these they are themselves but half instructed; nor can they take part in charities, for that true religion which visits the widow and

the fatherless can be but ill followed where every movement is fettered by a cruel conventionality.

The Moorish women, however, who are seen in the streets of Algiers, are not of a respectable class. Moorish ladies live in a profound retirement. The houses of the town being built up a very steep ascent, the flat terraces ascend like so many steps; and we read that, until the arrival of the French, it was strictly forbidden any man, under pain of death, to go on to these terraces, lest he should see from thence the women of neighbouring families. The muezzins who ascended the minarets of the mosques several times a day to announce the hours of prayer, had alone the privilege of overlooking the roofs and courts of Algiers; and we are further informed, that pretty good care was taken that these muezzins should be chosen from among the blind! From the terrace of the Casbah, or ancient palace of the deys, we ourselves saw a Moresque come unto her roof, 'hanging out the clothes,' and then a second emerge from another house, and clamber over to the top of an adjoining one, from which she was separated by a low wall, and disappear by a staircase, to pay her respects to her gossip. We were told that the part of the Casbah in which we were, had been appropriated to the women of the dey's family, so that in ancient times no sacrilegious inspection of Algerine privacy could have been perpetrated, though the Casbah is the highest point of the whole town, and looks down from roof to roof, till the eye of the gazer rests on the broad bosom of the blue Mediterranean.

But we are leaving our particular friends, who rejoiced in the sonorous names of Ayesha, Ouria, Toma, Mouna, Gossa, and Haniffa. After an hour of vehement conversation, neither party understanding a word of what the other said, except by help of the good-natured interpreter, and gestures extremely *à propos*, we rose to go, shook hands with each of our entertainers in succession, making altogether a sum of sixty shakes of the hand got through in five minutes, exchanged sixty ejaculations of 'Slama,' and were ushered down stairs, and through the court to the outer hall, passing, as we went, the open door of a saloon, where sat a handsome moustached Moor on his divan, cross-legged, and lazily reading a book. He looked up as we passed, and slightly bowed with a whimsical expression of indolent wonder at the sudden irruption of a bevy of foreign ladies upon the womenkind of his establishment. Such a picture he made in his fez, seen through the arch of the open door, that I could not resist scanning him in what he probably considered an audacious English manner. And so we were bowed and shaken out of the establishment, heartily thankful that we were not born Mussulwomen, nor under the marital or summary penal jurisdiction of a Moorish cadi.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog is the only representative of the *Erinaceadæ* to be found in our latitudes, and his appearance and habits are so entirely different to those of the rest of our Fauna, that he has become surrounded with quite a little group of myths and wonderful stories. Among the ancient Egyptians, and in the Greek and Roman fabulists, we find him the emblem of craft and subtlety. Ælian has much to tell us about his warfare with the foxes, and Aldrorandus devotes many pages to the proverbs and symbolism connected with him. In the rural districts of our own country, he is the subject of many curious superstitions, which cause him to be remorselessly killed wherever he shews himself. His old English name, urchin, was also one of the popular names of the elves, many of whose attributes were believed to resemble his. The fairies sucked cows as they slept, and so did the hedgehog, and, like them also, he took especial delight in pillaging orchards. Pliny indeed informs us that he climbs up the trees, and after shaking off the choicest apples and pears, tumbles himself down upon them, and runs away with his booty sticking upon his back! but this is either one of Pliny's long-shots, or the idiosyncracy of some individual Tuscan, for at anyrate it is not the custom of the English species. To hear his cry when one is starting on a journey, is reckoned very unlucky. 'The hedgepig thrice hath whined,' is one of the dismal omens which herald in the caldron-scene in *Macbeth;* and Prospero's spirits, it will be remembered, turned into hedgehogs to annoy Caliban. A little animal possessing such very negative means of defence, would seem to be harmless and pitiable; but, according to our rustics, he is the most astute creature in all creation, not excepting even the fox. The peasantry of Berkshire have a legend about him, in which Reynard plays but a poor figure. A fox and a hedgehog, they say, once disputed which of them was the swifter animal, and agreed to run a race of three heats between two ditches in a large field. The hedgehog, like a cunning old knave as he was, hid his wife in the ditch which was to form the goal, so that when he had made a pretence of starting, she might jump out, and pretend to be himself just arrived. No sooner had the fox cried 'Off!' than Mrs Hedgehog cried 'In!' and directly she had in her turn made a false start back, old Thorny-sides leaped out and said 'In again!' So after three desperate runs, the broken-winded fox, which never perceived the ruse, was compelled to yield, and ever since that day the hedgehog has been his master.

The hedgehog usually takes up his residence in woods or wide double hedgerows, where he can hide away beneath the underwood; but he is perhaps fondest of a little thicket of fern and bracken near a running stream. The best time to meet with him is on a summer evening soon after sunset, for he is then just roused from his day-sleep, and walks out to look after food. You may often see him stealthily creeping along a hedge-bottom, rooting with his long snout among the herbage, and every now and then stopping to crunch, with extra gusto, some delicious *bonne bouche* in the shape of a savoury cockroach or plump earth-worm. The moment he sees you, he begins to run; but his awkward legs are not meant for fleetness; and directly he sees there is no chance of escape, he tumbles upon his side, bows his head under his breast, draws in his legs and tail, and in half a second lies at your mercy, a ball of prickles. While in this position, it would be as easy to tear him to pieces, as to pull him open; he resists every effort, and possesses, moreover, a power of elevating and depressing his spines at will, which makes the attempt far from pleasant. So great is the strength and toughness of this covering, that Mr Bell states he has seen a hedgehog in his possession run towards the precipitous wall of an area, and without a moment's hesitation, throw itself off, contracting at the same instant into a ball, in which condition it reached the ground from a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and after a short interval, it would unfold itself, and run off unhurt. The writer has seen them *thrown* from nearly three times this height, without any apparent injury.

For his size, the hedgehog is immensely fierce. He is a great gourmand, and will face almost any danger to please his palate. They are often known to enter poultry-houses, and after driving away the hens, devour the eggs. The young of birds which build their nests near the ground, are eaten by them, and they even attack the snake. This latter fact was often doubted, till Professor Buckland put it to the test by shutting up the two animals together in a

large box. When first introduced, it was not apparent whether the snake recognised his enemy. It did not dart away, but kept creeping gently round the box while the hedgehog lay rolled up, and did not appear to see the intruder. The professor then laid the hedgehog on the snake, with that part of the ball where the head and tail meet, downwards, and touching it. The snake proceeded to crawl; the hedgehog started, opened slightly, and seeing what was under, gave the snake a hard bite, and instantly rolled itself up again. After lying a minute, it opened a second, and again a third time, repeating the bite; and by the third bite, the back of the snake was broken. This done, the hedgehog stood by the snake's side, and passed its whole body successively through its jaws, cracking and breaking it at intervals of half an inch or more, by which operation the snake was quite finished. The hedgehog then placed itself at the tip of his fallen enemy's tail, and began to eat upwards—as one would eat a radish—slowly, but without intermission, till half of him was devoured, and next morning he ate the remainder. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* gives another instance of their voracity. He tells us that he once enclosed, in three separate hampers, a hedgehog, two starlings, and a wood-pigeon; the lids of each were securely fastened, and they were left in a garden-house all night. Next morning, the strings of all the hampers were severed, and only a few feathers were left of the birds, the hedgehog being found in the wood-pigeon's hamper. With all his hankering after flesh, however, it is pretty clear, from the make of his mouth and teeth, that nature intended him for a vegetarian. 'The manner in which they eat the plantain-roots in my garden,' says White of Selborne, 'is very curious. With their upper mandible, which is much longer than the lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched.' The popular idea, that they suck the cows as they sleep, has been commonly denied by all scientific men; but it still remains an article of the farmers' creed, and they have certainly been found early in the morning in very suspicious vicinity to their udders. In all probability, the notion originated in the fact, that they are attracted to the animal by the smell, and sometimes come in for a share of the milk which may have been squeezed out during sleep.

There is another peculiarity about the hedgehog which is very little known, but, if properly investigated, seems likely to lead to valuable discoveries. No poison of any kind will act upon its system. Pallas gave one a hundred cantharides, which the animal appeared to relish amazingly; while half of one of these acrid insects given to a dog or cat, would cause the most horrible torment. M. Leny caused one to be bitten several times in the throat and tongue by a viper, but without having the slightest effect; and Mr Cuthbert Johnson, the well-known agricultural writer, states that prussic acid, arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, have each been tried upon it without producing the slightest indisposition.

The home of a hedgehog is a curious little structure of moss and dried leaves, and is generally constructed with greater skill than that of any other of the nest-making mammalia. Sometimes he builds it under the shade of a thick furze-bush, or oftener still in the little caves hollowed out by the rain—

> Under an oak whose antique root peeps out;

and this perhaps is his favourite den, as it affords him the most protection from the foxes and dogs. The care he takes in rendering his dwelling wind-and-rain proof, has given rise to a popular notion that he is able to foresee changes in the weather, and alters the situation of his house accordingly; hence, in many parts of England, a hedgehog's nest is looked upon as a kind of Murphy's *Almanac*, altogether infallible. Bodenham, in his *Garden of the Muses*, published in 1600, alludes to this idea in the simile:

> As hedgehogs doe foresee ensuing stormes,
> So wise men are for fortune still prepared.

Into this hibernaculum, when the nights become chilly, and his food scarce, he betakes himself for his long winter's sleep; first, however, taking care to roll himself up in such a prodigious quantity of moss and dried leaves, that the severest snows will leave him warm and dry. Unlike the rest of the sleepers, he accumulates no provisions. The only store he takes with him is a goodly layer of fat about the viscera and under the skin, which is slowly absorbed, as the waste of his inactive life requires. With the first warm beams of spring he wakes up lean and hungry; and it is said that in this voracious condition he will attack almost anything, and has even been known to break his fast upon a hen.

The disposition of the hedgehog may be very considerably modified by taming. James Douza, the celebrated Dutch scholar, had a pet one which followed him about, and evinced the greatest attachment for his person. When it died, Lipsius immortalised its memory in some Latin verses, almost as rough and unpoetical as the subject. In London, they are much used to destroy the black beetles which abound in the underground kitchens; and many instances are recorded of their becoming familiar with those who treat them kindly. The writer formerly had one who used to know his name 'Spot' very well, and would directly uncoil himself at the sound of his master's voice. He had so far overcome his natural timidity, as to lie before the fire in company with a cat and dog. With the latter, he was on very friendly terms; but the cat and he always regarded each other with mutual aversion. Every now and then, without the slightest provocation, he would suddenly open and bite her leg or tail, and then instantaneously contract himself again with a Touch-me-if-you-dare kind of air, which was vastly amusing. This may have been the mere exuberance of hedgehog spirits, but it was a great deal too much like earnest to make it pleasant for pussy, who, however, never ventured to retaliate, for she had probably found that his prickles were more than a match for her claws. She contrived to kitten upon a table, in order that her young should be out of his reach; but one day, during her absence, he climbed up by the leg, and pushed one of them off, and then rolling himself down after it, was proceeding to drag it away by the neck to his hole under the fireplace, when the mother happened to return. Then ensued a battle-royal. Utterly unmindful of her usual caution, the infuriated parent dashed herself three separate times against the enemy, and was each time received with fixed bayonets. Never, probably, was there such an expenditure of spitting and fuming; but all to no purpose, for the hedgehog clung to his prey like a ferret. Had not the writer interfered, and caused the hedgehog to drop the kitten, it would probably have been rent in two between the combatants. The cat was much pricked all over her face and shoulders, and the hedgehog had some ugly scratches under his throat. After this affair, they never lay together on the hearth.

The uses to which the hedgehog has been put are numerous. Among the peasantry on the continent, and in many parts of England, it is used as food to a considerable extent. Hedgehog-dumpling is by no means an uncommon cottage-dinner in Buckinghamshire. The flesh of the young animal is very white, and not unlike rabbit. Among the Romans, the spines were extensively used in carding wool, and several decrees of the senate are extant against the rich wool-staplers, who were in the habit of buying them all up, and thus forestalling the market. In medicine, he was

formerly much used. According to Albertus Magnus, the right eye of a hedgehog fried in oil, and kept in a brass vessel, imparts a virtue to the oil, so that when used as an ointment to the eye, it imparts such a wonderful clearness of vision, as to enable a person to see as well by night as by day! The fat is still believed by our country-folks to be very efficacious in deafness, and many a hedgehog falls a martyr to the delusion.

We were about taking leave of our hero without saying a word about his domestic relations. He chooses his mate early in the spring, and it is said remains constant to her during the season; but they must be very knowing people who can speak positively upon such a delicate subject. She usually produces from two to four at a time. When first born, they are very pretty little animals, with soft white spines and hanging ears. As they approach maturity, the thorns become harder and darker, and the ears become erect.

THE MISER OF MARSEILLE.

Marseille is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaume and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will shew you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how in the fulness of time it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseille a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

'Alas, my child,' said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, 'you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbours are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nought else to give you.'

'But, mother, it is not like water,' replied the boy: 'it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water.'

Madame Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbour, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him; and his plaintive cry for water at oft-recurring intervals brought tears to the mother's eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, lest by so doing she should also awaken his desires to greater activity, when she knew she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son: 'Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry.'

'I am sorry for that, mother,' replied Jacques; 'but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever.'

'O Jacques, can you ever forget that?'

'Never, mother. No day passes, but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseille suffer so much, and so often?'

'It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so: wealth might remedy the evil,' answered his father.

'How so?' asked Jacques.

'Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river.'

'And what would that cost, think you, father?'

'More money than you could count, my son,' replied the elder Guyot; 'so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about.'

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

'It is strange,' said Madame Guyot, 'how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago.'

'Well,' replied the father, 'even that is not the chief object of his anxiety.'

'Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!' said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. 'Our neighbour's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger.'

'I was not thinking of Madeline, wife,' replied Monsieur Guyot: 'in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid.'

'Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth,' added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

'Ah, wife,' said her husband, 'you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content.'

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and, waving backwards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warmer than in our

foggy island. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure, said softly: 'It might be done in a long lifetime; but, O Madeline, Madeline!' then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbours whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot looked very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossips at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

'He is never so happy as when by my side,' she would often say to her mother; 'that any one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife.' The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbour, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and, the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's *fiance* came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed, while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience.

The wedding-day came, and she of course was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseille for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found, or made, many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbour, partly from old association, and still more because of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseille should be carried off by strangers; for she had long since made up her mind, that since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage-day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had aforetime interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his *one* love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

'O my son,' said Madame Guyot, 'since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself.'

'Better as it is, mother,' replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Ay, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousandfold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been

spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: 'There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body.' Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hands, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying, as he did so: 'I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be your wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!'

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseille. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love-dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognised the elder female as *the* Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseille ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving-kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering from them, he would even smile, and murmur: 'It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings.' Ay, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty source strength to 'endure to the end.'

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. 'Ah, Jacques,' said he, 'they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones. But, oh, what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And thou, too,' said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, 'well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded from me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfil. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lip shall touch thee.' So saying, he drank the water it contained, and gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the towns-people, for there were many who would not touch him while living, who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrance—the curious ransacking each room till they at last stood beside all that remained of the object of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town, who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: 'Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseille are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully laboured all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use.'

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseille owe their aqueduct.

SEDENTARY OCCUPATIONS.

Health is the greatest of earthly blessings: with health a peasant may be rich, for he may be content; and without it, a Crœsus may be miserable in the midst of his gold. And yet this inestimable gift is daily and hourly flung away, as if, like money, it was of use only when *spent;* or as if its preservation was not worth the cost of a little reflection and self-denial. It is our purpose hereafter to bring before the readers of this *Journal* some plain and simple observations relating to the preservation of health; but we would now attempt to explain, in a popular way, why sedentary employments are so generally injurious, and to offer some suggestions, by attending to which, our sedentary brethren may avoid in a great degree the mischievous consequences now too often found attending their pursuits.

Health depends mainly on three essential conditions —sufficient nutriment, pure air, and a uniform flow and circulation of the blood throughout the entire

system. Experience amply proves that vegetable food will sustain the human frame in strength and vigour. Beyond a certain point, it is not so much *what* we eat, as our power of digesting and assimilating it, on which our physical strength depends. As regards food and air, we are, most of us, dependent on circumstances; and we shall presume that those for whom we write eat such wholesome food as they can procure, breathe the air such as they find it, and can exercise no great power of choice in either of these particulars. It is, then, to the *third* condition of health—namely, a regular and equable flow of blood to every part of the system—that we shall chiefly confine ourselves, because sedentary occupations interfere directly with this condition; and much may be done, by a little care and forethought, to counteract their injurious tendency.

Man is naturally calculated to sustain, when in health, severe and continuous labour. This, his natural condition, provides for the uniform circulation of which we speak; but when he spends the greater part of his time in bodily inaction, and more especially when at the same time his *mind* is at work, then, in two different ways, the great rule of health is violated.

It is an ascertained fact, that when any portion of the animal economy is called into action, it is subjected to immediate *waste*, and requires an immediate succour in the form of an increased supply of the vital fluid. Thus, the engagement of the eyes and brain in sedentary pursuits, tends directly to that state of fulness in the blood-vessels of the head, which, when in excess, is called *congestion*, and becomes a most dangerous, and too often fatal malady. We say 'in excess,' because, upon the principles just now laid down, an extra flow of blood to those parts is necessary at certain times, and it rests with ourselves to keep it within proper bounds.

Now, if we take a healthy man, after half an hour's moderate exercise in the open air, as a type of the human frame in its best state, we shall find that the large muscular lower limbs are receiving—are, in fact, at any given moment in possession of—a very large proportion of his blood. Such is by no means the case when the same person has been sitting a couple of hours at a table or desk, especially if exposed to a low temperature. This blood must flow somewhere; and a good deal of it goes to the head—not only what is necessary, as we have supposed—but more than that, and thus a tendency to congestion is established.

If all which is withdrawn from the lower limbs crowded at once to the head, the consequences would be immediately fatal, as apoplexy or paralysis would be thereby induced. But nature takes means to prevent this, and the internal organs have their share of the superfluity. They are thus 'engorged' and oppressed, and a tendency to disease is engendered in them also. Such are the effects of those conditions of body in which the equable flow of the circulation through every part alike is compromised.

The great object, then, should be the maintenance of the desirable state of *equilibrium* which we have supposed above; and failing that, we should aim at as near an approach to it as it is possible to attain. For these ends, it will be well to attend to the following simple rules:

Avoid study as much as you can during the first periods of digestion. The eyes and stomach are both supplied with nerves from the same branch, and the employment of the eyes in reading or writing soon after eating deranges digestion, and throws the whole system out of gear. All who transgress this law, will have a reckoning to pay sooner or later. Avoid the sitting posture as much as possible. This may be done by using a standing-desk for reading and writing, and transferring your work to it now and then. If this cannot be done, get up occasionally, and take a few turns up and down the room; or even stand up and sit down again. If your feet are cold, let your walk be on the toes—*springing* on them, as is done in dancing—a most excellent winter exercise for the sedentary. If need be, wrap your feet and legs in some warm garment when you resume your seat: an old cloak or dressing-gown will do. It is far better to use a hot-water footstool—anything rather than *submit* to cold feet. You may as well expect to live without air or food, as to enjoy health unless you can contrive to counteract a tendency to cold feet, if you are unfortunate enough to suffer from it.

Never imagine that you are doing yourself justice, if you do not walk as much each day as can be done without absolute fatigue. What this may be, will vary according to age, state of health, &c.; but, as a rule, it may be laid down, that a slight feeling of lassitude is about the best measure you can have. The healthy will only increase their debility by attempting long 'constitutional walks' beyond their powers, and without proper training. Great mistakes are made here by young men in their summer excursions, from which they often return with the seeds of jaundice and fever lurking in their constitutions, in consequence of overheating, chilling, and over-exertion.

Sedentary persons should feed moderately, and avoid fermented liquors as much as possible, especially if of a naturally sanguineous temperament. Those who are naturally pallid and dyspeptic should use a more generous diet, eating a moderate quantity at each repast, and above all things, avoiding that disturbance of the digestive process which is the result of application to study soon after eating. An excellent drink for such persons is bitter beer with a dash of soda-water into it, in the proportion of about 'half-and-half.'

This is by no means a complete system; but it contains nothing which may not be profitably put in practice by the sedentary. They should also avoid small print in reading, small hand in writing, and insufficient or too glaring light at all times.

ARTIFICER-SOLDIERS.

The Royal Sappers and Miners have now merged into the corps of Royal Engineers. When this useful and distinguished branch of the service was first formed, it consisted of only sixty-eight men, under the designation of the Soldier-artificer Company. In 1813, when the name of the corps was changed to that of the Royal Sappers and Miners, it numbered about 3000 men; and in 1856, when the Sappers ceased to be distinguished from the Engineers, their total force was over 4000. Up to the latter date, the corps was officered by the Engineers, and was, latterly, divided into thirty-two companies, of which twenty-eight were devoted to general service, four being set aside for the national surveys. There was also a small troop of drivers attached to the corps. About two years ago,* we drew attention to the remarkable history of these military artificers, written by one of themselves—Mr Connolly, now quarter-master of the Engineers. Mr Connolly's work was *sui generis*—a picturesque biographical history, setting forth the leading incidents in the lives of the different members of the corps, with singular impartiality, privates coming in for mention equally with their superiors. The work seems to have proved the success which its merits entitled its writer to expect; and we have it now before us in a second edition, with considerable additions, including minute details of the various operations in which the Sappers were engaged in the Crimea, as well as some fresh notes on the achievements of the survey-companies.

In the Crimea the corps had constantly to work under the fire of the enemy. Read this account of the formation of the double sap between the two

* June 23, 1855, No. 77.

foremost parallels on the left attack: 'Not without great toil and watching was it completed. In aspect, it bore a wild crenated outline, as if the miners, in struggling to make a direct approach, were so oppressed with difficulties, that, defying the energy and capacity of art, they were forced to make progress by running into sidings and notches. The last gabion to connect the sap with the parallel was fixed by Corporal Lendrim. The whole way was broken up by mining, and the planting of every gabion was attended with imminent risk. Stones blown from the rock were built into the parapets and compacted with earth and clay thrown among the blocks from sacks and bread-bags. So fierce at times was the firing, and so clear the moon, that the extension of the trench throughout an anxious night was confined to the placement of only four gabions. Some nights the sap was pushed ahead as much as ten yards, which was regarded as an exemplary effort. "For every three gabions fixed during the night, two were knocked down at daylight by round shot;" and not unfrequently one has been struck from the hands of the sapper essaying to stake it. Such gaps and such violence sufficiently mark the trials of the undertaking, and account for its slow and wearying progress. Up to the close of the siege, the sap demanded the labour and vigilance of small parties to patch up the broken revetments and replace the shivered gabions.' It fared no better with them in the sap near the Cemetery: 'One night, at this sap, Corporal Henry T. Stredwick had with him a half brigade of Sappers who were tasked to lodge and fill eighteen gabions; but the moment they began to work, a galling array of heavy projectiles opposed every foot of progress. Repeatedly the gabions were capsized: full ones on two or three occasions were blown from the trace, and the Sappers knocked over and buried under them. Even resolute men would have had ample excuse for abandoning so murderous a spot; but, regarding nothing as insuperable or too hot, the Sappers held obstinately to the work, and succeeded in lengthening the trench by twelve gabions.'

The Quarries was a fatal spot to the Sappers; it was there that Sergeant Wilson, a man of no common merit, lost his life. 'Two old acquaintances who had not met for years, chanced in the early night, as the darkness was falling, to recognise each other in the Quarries. Each grasped the other's hand, and while engaged in an animated greeting, with the warm smile of welcome on their lips, a round-shot struck off both their heads! The friends were Sergeants William Wilson of the corps and Morrison of the Royal Artillery. A genuine Scotchman was Wilson, with an accent as provincial as a Highlander. Thick-set, well knit, and athletic, he was formed for the hardships of labour. His composure under fire was remarkable; of danger, he knew nothing. Among detachments of the corps, he was the spirit of the trench, and moved about the lines and batteries with the same air of tranquillity as in a workshop. As a sapper, few were more excellent, few more apt and bold in situations of difficulty, peril, and surprise than he. Throughout the siege, he scarcely ever missed his turn in the front. If counted up, it would be found there were not many in the corps who had passed as many *months* in the trenches as Wilson. Safe and reliable, he was greatly in requisition by his officers. When new approaches were to be opened or new batteries constructed, Wilson, if not more importantly employed, was mostly deputed to start them. Indeed, of the execution of many he had the charge, and the tact he exercised in the arrangement of his working-parties was something extraordinary. For many weeks of the concluding operations, he was rarely away from the trenches; and had he lived, his brilliant services would have put him in the possession of the highest honours it belonged to his class to wear.'

"I regret much," wrote Lieutenant-colonel Chapman to Sir Harry Jones, on the 6th, "to have to report that Sergeant Wilson, of the first company Royal Sappers and Miners, was killed in the Quarries by a round-shot yesterday evening. Frequently commended, and not long ago promoted for his distinguished conduct during the progress of the siege, this excellent sergeant of Sappers has earned the esteem, not only of three successive directors of the right attack, but also of every officer under whom he has done duty. Always ready for whatever he might be called upon in the severe weather of last winter; ever foremost at the point of danger, he has left to the young soldiers of the corps an example of devotion to the service which they may do well to emulate."

Corporal John Ross would appear to be one of the most distinguished of the corps. He was several times during the siege specially singled out for reward by the commander-in-chief, and it was he who discovered and was the first to announce the abandonment of the Redan by the Russians. These pages contain many instances of his kindliness, skill, and valour.

It is impossible to make our quotations reflect in any degree faithfully the quality of Mr Connolly's book; but before closing it, we must draw attention to the services of the survey-companies. 'The four survey-companies,' says Mr Connolly, 'are engaged in completing the secondary and minor triangulation of Great Britain; the detail-survey and contouring of Scotland and the four northern counties of England, and the revision and contouring of the northern counties of Ireland. Occasionally, they carry on special surveys for the government; execute similar work for sanitary purposes for local boards of health, and make surveys of particular towns, parishes, and manorial estates—for municipal service or proprietary record and reference—at the expense of local corporations or of private noblemen and gentlemen. Small parties have at times been employed in making tidal observations for investigating the theory of the tides and for other scientific uses, and also in gleaning much subsidiary information, to be embodied in the Ordnance Memoir of the Survey, should it at a future day be published. In Ireland, the companies did excellent service in collecting various statistical details, and gathering minerals, fossils, and objects of natural history, to assist in developing the investigations of those interesting subjects. In conducting the survey of Great Britain, however, that branch of the duty has been abandoned.'

One cannot read of these companies without surprise at the superior accomplishments of their sergeants. Here is a short notice of Sergeant-major Steel: 'As a mathematician, he holds a fair reputation for proficiency and accuracy; but it is chiefly with the work of the triangulation and astronomy he has most distinguished himself. His early service was passed on severe hill-duty. Ben Auler and Creach Ben were his first mountain-stations. . . . . At Creach Ben he learned the use of the instrument, and succeeded Lieutenant Hamley, R.E., in its charge in 1841. He is the first non-commissioned officer of the corps who used one of the larger instruments. In prosecuting his new trust, his travels embraced all parts of the British isles. Now, he would have his station on the mountain-top—now on some craggy peak, and anon staged on the tower of some majestic castle or cathedral. This, again, he would leave for service on some stormy coast, or to perch his observatory on the slender weather-worn spire of some quiet village or city church. At Norwich Cathedral, his observatory rested on a scaffolding 315 feet from the floor of the building—nearly the height of St Paul's—but without the advantage of a dome at the base, to diminish the apparent distance of the observer from the ground. Here he used to creep into

the *nest* through a hole in its floor. Some of the men were weeks before they could reach the top, while it was the duty of Sergeant Steel and others to ascend it, and carry on the work in the most tempestuous weather and in the darkest nights. The oscillations of the structure were frequently very violent; but the observer, cool and fearless, continued to complete his arcs, and to record the movements of the stars. In one of the storms which broke over Norwich, an architect paid the sergeant a visit; but the vibration of the nest appeared so alarming to him, that, through his representation, a peremptory order was given to abandon the station, by removing the instrument and scaffolding from the spire. At Beachy Head, the sergeant spent a winter season, where he was exposed to cold the bitterest he had ever experienced. This was in March 1845; and at midnight, when the temperature was 25 degrees below freezing-point, he did not forsake his work, but continued to observe the elongations of the pole-star, protected only by the canvas sides of his frail observatory. In moving from place to place, he acquired much skill and facility in the construction of scaffolding and stages; and some of these fabrics, from his own designs, have only, perhaps, been excelled by the interesting works of Sergeant Beaton. Soon after this, Sergeant Steel was employed during periods of five years in carrying on a series of astronomical observations with Airy's zenith sector for the determination of the latitude of various trigonometrical stations used in the Ordnance survey of the British isles. Out of the twenty-six sector stations, he visited seventeen, at fifteen of which he took the whole of the observations, with the exception of a few at Balta, and about one-half at Southampton, which were made by Corporal William Jenkins. The record of his observations, comprising about 700 quarto pages of closely printed matter, attests both his industry under difficulties and his talents. In this honourable service, he displayed a quickness of perception, an accuracy in the manipulation of his instrument, and a skill and dexterity in the taking and registration of his observations, that place him in an enviable light even among scientific men. The most important work with which the name of Sergeant Steel is *popularly* associated, is the triangulation of London for the Sewers' Commissioners. He it was who designed the beautiful scaffolding around and above the ball and cross of St Paul's, and who for four months carried on his duties in the observatory, cradled above the cross, with so much spirit and zeal, notwithstanding at times its alarming oscillations. In that period, he made between 8000 and 10,000 observations, and, on the completion of the service, superintended the removal of the scaffolding, which was found to be an operation even more difficult and hazardous than its erection. Another important work superintended by him, was the remeasurement of the base-line on Salisbury Plain by means of the compensation-apparatus, which he conducted with his accustomed fidelity.' This is the Mr Steel who, in 1855, furnished the British Association with 850 determinations of latitudes and theodolite observations from Arthur's Seat, with the view of determining the attraction of that mountain.

Quarter-master William Young is also a man of marked ability. 'For fifteen years, he superintended a large force of computers and others, employed in carrying out the various calculations for the principal, secondary, and minor triangulation, the preparation of diagrams, the calculations of latitudes, longitudes, and meridional bearings, also the computation of distances and positions for the hydrographical office, to enable the Admiralty to project the nautical surveys of the coast of the United Kingdom. With these scientific duties was connected the computation of trigonometrical and meridional and parallel distances for the surveys and large plans of towns. . . . For some years Mr Young superintended, under an officer of engineers, the compilation and calculations for the publication of the grand triangulation of the United Kingdom, and the arcs of the meridian connected with it. In addition to these scientific duties, he had charge of an official correspondence, and the management of large public accounts, the magnitude of which may be judged by the fact, that in four years alone more than L.100,000 passed through his hands—L.50,000 at least in personal payments, and the remainder in issues through him, to other persons rendering their accounts to him for examination. This brief abstract affords sufficient evidence of the extent and responsibility of his duties, which, Colonel Hall reported, "could only have been performed, in the highly efficient manner in which they had been, by the possession on his part of great mathematical knowledge and aptitude for applied sciences." In some respects to compensate him for his services, he had, when a non-commissioned officer, been awarded the highest military rewards and allowances that the regulations permitted—namely, 4s. a day and an annuity of L.10 a year and a silver medal. These, with his sergeant-major's pay, made his annual allowances reach about L.170 a year, exclusive of his regimental advantages of excellent quarters, fuel, and clothing. Even this, the ultimate stretch of military reward, was wholly incommensurate with his acquirements and deserts; and to retain his services in the department, it became necessary that a special course should be taken to better his station in the corps. This was successful; and by the cordial and generous advocacy of Sir John Burgoyne, a commission was obtained for him to the rank of quarter-master, by which he is placed, in a pecuniary view, in a position above the chief civil gentlemen on the survey, and on a par nearly with the lieutenants of engineers employed on it.'

Who would think of romance in connection with the subject of triangulation? And yet, what between living upon mountain-tops and on high scaffolds—airy perches, difficult of erection, and never visited without the sense of insecurity—the surveying sapper is constantly in the way of adventures. Mr Connolly says, in writing of Sergeant James Beaton: 'Throughout his survey-career of more than twenty-three years, his adventures and vicissitudes on mountain-duty, in observing, in scaffold-building, in travels by land and sea, exposed in camp to frost and snow, to violent winds, storms, and deluging tempests, belong almost to the romance of science. This is true not only with respect to the arduous and trying services of Sergeant Beaton, but to many others who, like him, have been allotted to the laborious duty of the great triangulation.'

UNDER THE LIMES.

BY THE LATE MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

As there I stood beneath the flowering limes,
Whose golden blossoms waved above my head—
A fragrant orchester, where hymns were said
In musical intonements and rich chimes
By myriad bees—I saw, as distant climes
Are visible in dreams, a lady laid
Upon the opposite bank, where black yews made
A darkness that benighted sun and air—
Strange contrast with the brightness round me cast!
But oh! the beauty of that face divine,
Where rose and lily did such tints combine
As my tree-odour and sunshine surpassed!
So brightly shone her clouds of golden hair
That—spite of all the shade—there was no shadow there!

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TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

I CERTAINLY do meet with odd people on my travels, though these are neither numerous nor extensive. I have never passed the bounds of—speaking Hibernicé—my three native countries; yet within England, Scotland, and Ireland I have met with characters enough to set up a modern Sentimental Journey; and heard little bits of histories, full of nature, feeling, or humour, that would furnish studies for the greatest novel-writer of the day. Most of these I have lighted upon in railway-carriages—places fruitful in episodes to one who generally travels second-class and alone.

Yes, in this slowly deteriorating world, we may well begin to fear that clothes and purses do not confer that unquestionable respectability which it is generally supposed they do; else why, in spite of silk gowns, unexceptionable broadcloth, and *no* lunch in a basket, as an ingenious avoidance of Wolverton, Swindon, York, &c., can first-class never trust itself to itself, but must stare in mute investigation of its own merits and position till within a county or so of its terminus, when repentance and satisfied gentility come quite too late? Now, second-class, whose only passport is its face, and only safe-conduct its civil behaviour, has no such qualms, but plunges at once *in medias res*, settles itself to the evident duties of humanity *in transitu*, and reaps corresponding benefits.

Nature certainly meant me for a second-class passenger. I cannot help taking a vivid interest in everything and everybody around me. Convinced that

The proper study of mankind is man,

or woman, as it happens, I suffer no little impediments to daunt me, and succumb to none of those slight annoyances, which are grave evils to persons of sensitive organisation. To be sure, it was an inconvenience to be thrust into the carriage with those two young couples, married that morning, and bound for Australia next day, especially when the one husband, half-seas over, would balance sleepily between the corner and his wife's shoulder, and the other wife chattered the most coquettish nonsense to the other husband. Still, in each of the opposite partners, I could trace a quiet sturdy seriousness, which led me to moralise on the future fate of all four, and even to see a wise meaning in the dispensation of matrimony, morally as well as physically, coupling opposite faults and opposite virtues. Also, on that terrible incursion of the Goths, in the shape of six big labourers, accompanied by the unmistakable fustian odour, all brutish and stupid, and the only ''cute' one fierce with his wrong in having the next carriage closed in his face by a 'gentleman;' how the man kept looking at his crushed bleeding finger, and muttering savagely: 'He'd none ha' done it, if I'd had a good coat on my back!' Even among these it was interesting to watch the care with which three or four of them guarded each a branch of white sloe-blossom, to brighten some wretched London attic—the train was going to London; and it was more than interesting—even touching, if it had not been so lamentable in its indications—to see the blank gaze of sullen wonder with which the man with the hurt finger stared at me when I asked the simple civil question, in the commonly civil tone which we English are apt to think it lowers our dignity to use to any but our equals, 'if he disliked having the window open?' He made not the smallest reply—he only stared. Poor fellow! I wonder whether, in lavishing abuse on the boorishness of the British peasant, it ever crosses the superior British mind to try the novel system of teaching inferiors politeness *by example?*

But I am wandering from the companions who amused and occupied me during a day's journey last week, and who unconsciously suggested this article. Honest folk! I daresay it never struck their simple imaginations that they were decided 'characters,' or that 'a chiel' in the corner was 'takin' notes' of their various peculiarities.

It was a double carriage, meant for sixteen, and nearly full. Various comings and goings took place the first hour, which I scarcely observed, till finally waking up out of thought, and feeling that one must take an interest in something, my mind centered itself in the other compartment on a row of black curls, slightly marked with gray, under a sailor-like sort of cap, and above a very nautical pair of shoulders. Shortly, an unmistakably nautical voice, seasoned with a slight foreign, or, as I afterwards discovered, Jersey accent, made itself heard through the clatter of tongues at their end of the carriage and the quiet silence of ours.—We were three women in black, myself, and a gentleman, who looked like a clergyman.

The black curls shook, and the brawny hands gesticulated more and more, in the enthusiasm of description to some passenger opposite. Shortly I saw that the whole compartment, and even those in our own who could hear, were absorbed in attending to our maritime friend.

'When I was becalmed off the Isle of France'—'When I commanded the So-and-so, trading with the West Indies'—'When we ran ashore off the coast of Guinea'—these and similar phrases reached us—small fragments of conversation, and casual allusions to

stray corners in every quarter of the globe, which at once arrest the attention and admiration of us islanders. Truly, if we have a weakness, it is for those who traffic upon the deep waters. The sea-captain was, I saw, fast becoming the hero of the carriage.

I could only see his black curls; but I was amused by the face opposite to him—'fat, fair, and forty'—thoroughly English, and set off in thoroughly English taste by yellow flowers inside a bright-red bonnet: bourgeoise to the core. She might have never trod beyond the safe pavement of some snug provincial town, save when once—for she wore a bracelet that I felt sure was bought at the Crystal Palace—dragged up to London to bring down to admiring neighbours her report of its wonders. A comfortable, jolly, impassive face, which listened with a sort of patronising smile, I thought, to the wonders of the deep, as detailed by the sailor. I never was more astonished in my life than when, in a pause of the anecdote—it was some attack at sea—Mrs Red-bonnet observed in the quietest drawl:

'Yes, they thought the bursting o' that cannon would ha' killed him; but I just laid him down on a table in the cabin, and I plastered his face all over with wadding, and cut two holes for his eyes, and he got well somehow. There beant no partic'lar scar left—eh? You see?' Appealing to the carriage generally, as a mild recognition of her personal property in the aforesaid black curls and broad shoulders, which nodded acquiescence.

'Ay, ay—they 'd have finished me, more than once, but for her there.'

'Her' smiled; and in the aforesaid meek drawl continued: 'Yes, we 'd some bad business in that nigger trade. Do you remember the blackie that was nigh killing you asleep in the cabin?—only I happened to come in, and stuck a sword into him. I helped to throw the other three black rascals overboard; I was a strong woman then.'.

And the lazy blue eyes drooped, and the fat cheeks smiled, in amiable deprecation; while the whole carriage looked with amazed curiosity at this middle-aged matronly Thalestris that we had got among us.

'Ay, ay—my wife 's right,' said the sea-captain, who thereupon subsided a little, and left his better-half to give tongue, which she did pretty freely, telling in that languid dolorous voice the most unaccountable stories of niggers running away—'So I just thought I 'd put a musket to his back'—of niggers trying to assassinate her, when her husband lay sick—'but I just had a horsewhip in my hand, and I gave it him till he howled for mercy: you must get the upper hand of these blackies, or they 'll get the upper hand of you.' Or else tales of shipwrecks, disasters, illnesses of the captain—'But oh, bless you, the crew always minded me; they knew I could command the ship almost as well as him.' All of which the captain lazily confirmed with his gruff 'Ay, ay;' he evidently had long ceased to consider his wife as at all a remarkable personage.

Not so her present audience. More than one smile arose of amused incredulity—but always, I noticed, *behind* the black head and its curls. And fat and rosy as the face was, I could trace a certain cold hardness in the blue eyes, a squareness of jaw, and merciless rigidity of mouth, which made me feel that—comfortable as she looked—on the whole I had rather *not* have been one of the 'rascally niggers' who offended Mrs Red-bonnet.

Various turns her conversation took, from these 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones' anecdotes—some of which I really, for the sake of womanhood, had rather not put down—to little episodes in the domestic history of 'a poll-parrot, whom I took out of the nest, and now he speaks three languages—I declare he does; and for sense and fondness he 's just as good as a child.' Then, in answer to a question—with a momentary shadow over the round face—'No, sir; we have got no children.' Poor Red-bonnet! perhaps otherwise she would not have 'put a musket into the back' of an unlucky blackamoor, who must once have been mother's son to somebody.

Human nature is weak, especially female nature. It can resist an attack of pirates much easier than the petty vanity of telling the story afterwards, with every addition possible, for the entertainment of a railway-carriage. In ours, the masculine tongue stopped entirely—reposed on the glory of adventures passed through—or only now and then dropped a gruff word, in true man-fashion, as if when a thing was once done, it was a great 'bother' afterwards to be obliged to talk about it.

Not so the better-half. The captain's wife chattered on, at the rate of nine knots an hour; till the three decent bodies in black, who sat by me, cast doubtful looks at one another, and up to the carriage roof, in the mild pharisaical style of thankful self-gratulation; and even the pale young clergyman turned his quiet head half over the compartment, listening with an air half-shocked, half-compassionate, to these apocryphal tales of slave-stealing off the African coast, and accidental butcheries on the Chinese seas, told with as much coolness as if the offending Malays had been Cochin China fowls.

I had noticed the parson's head before. It was one of those that you will frequently find in English country pulpits—pale, fair-haired, with features so delicately cut, and woman-like, in short, that you instinctively think, 'That man must be very like his mother.' Yet there was great firmness in it—the sort of firmness you never see but in fair people—mild, and not aggressive, yet capable of resistance to the death. The brow, square and high, and made higher still by a slight baldness, seemed to occupy two-thirds of the head. Intellect, power of work, patience, perseverance—even a certain sweet kindliness, were all there—and something else, which, alas! you too often see in English country clergymen: a narrowness, a placid assertion of infallible right—the only possible right being that which the assertor held—a still, cold, uninvestigating, satisfied air, to which belief had only one phase, and that was the particular phase in which its defender saw it. The Thirty-nine Articles were written in his face—everything beside them or beyond them being heretical or impossible.

At least, this was the impression he gave me; if a false one, and the reverend unknown should read this paper, I here humbly demand his pardon. For he was true to his profession, which was more than I was; for I confess to an involuntary smile when, shooting her arrow abroad, it might be at random, or it might not, Mrs Red-bonnet thus broke out:

'Yes, it 's all very fine to talk about savages; for my part, I should like to tell the people at home a bit of what I know about the missionaries that teach 'em. Lor' bless ye! I wouldn't give a penny to a missionary-box! I 've seen 'em abroad. They 're all a take-in. They just learn a few little black boys their letters, and then they go up country and enj'y themselves. I knows their ways! Of all the humbugs on earth, there 's not a bigger humbug than a missionary.'

More than one pair of eyes glanced towards the clergyman. He sat motionless, his thin lips drawn almost into a straight line; a pale red came into his cheek, and faded away again; but he never said a word.

'Ay,' added the Jersey captain, with a loud sea-laugh, innocent enough, for his back was to the clergyman, whom, I do not suppose, he had ever seen—'but the poor fellows mean no harm; it is only in the way of business. One of them did say to me,

when I asked of him what he went out for: "Captain," says he, "what do you sail your ship for?" "Money," says I. "That's it," says he; "so do I." And, by George, it's the same with all them poor missionary fellows; they only do it for the money.'

The clergyman started—his brow was knitted, his thin sallow hands tightened on one another; yet still he kept silence. His soul evidently writhed within him at these slanders cast on his cloth; but he did not speak a word. He was not born for a Martin Luther, a Renwick, a John Knox—he could 'keep the faith,' but he could not fight for it. He could sit still, with those blue eyes flashing indignant fire, those delicate lips curled with scornful disgust at the coarseness of the attacks levelled at his creed—nay, at any creed, in the presence of one of its vowed professors; but it never occurred to him to turn and say a quiet word—not in defence of the Faith, for it needed none, but in protestation against the blind, ignorant injustice which could condemn a whole brotherhood for the folly or wickedness of one. It never seemed to cross his mind to say to these poor people—of whom I heard my neighbour whispering, horrified, 'What heathens!'—that the shortcomings of a thousand priests are as powerless to desecrate real Christianity, as the poor fool who burrows away from daylight in a cave, to annihilate the light of the sun.

But passive as he was, there was something in his earnest ascetic face which gave a tacit condemnation to Mrs Red-bonnet. Gradually her onslaughts ceased, for nobody seconded them; and after the first, nobody even smiled. Something of that involuntary 'respect for the clergy,' which lies firm and safe at the bottom of the Saxon heart—especially in the provinces—imposed general silence; and the woman, who was not a bad sort of woman after all, I think, turned her course of conversation, and went on a more legitimate tack.

I did not listen to it; my mind was pondering over the pale young priest, and how strange it is that Truth, of itself so pure and strong, the very strongest thing in the whole world, should often be treated by its professors as if it were too brittle to bear handling, too tender to let the least breath of air blow upon it, too frail to stand the smallest contamination from without. Good God! I thought, if people would only believe enough in their own faith to trust it to itself—and to Thee!

We reached the terminus; and, as usual, all the fellow-passengers, like Macbeth's witches, 'made themselves air.' Mrs Red-bonnet, the captain, the clergyman, myself, and the three meek dummies in black—severally parted; in all human probability, never to meet again in this world. Peace go with them! I am their debtor for a few harmless meditations; and if they see themselves in this article, it will do them no harm—perhaps a little good.

I stopped at the terminus—one of the principal English ports—our great southern sea-gate, as it were. The salt smell blew across me, and the dim tops of far-away masts rose over the houses; indicating the quay, which is the grand rendezvous of partings and meetings between England and her colonies—England and half the known world.

Having to stay two hours, I went into the waiting-room. There—starting up as I entered—was a lady: I never shall forget her face!

Young, though not in first youth; sweet, so inexpressibly sweet, that you forgot to notice whether it was beautiful; nay, it shamed you from looking at it at all; for there were the red swollen eyelids—the hot spots, one on each cheek, while the rest of the face, though composed, was dead white. Yes, this is, as I said, the great sea-gate, the place of meetings and partings—memorable, year by year, to hundreds and thousands. She was sitting at the table—on one side of her lay a pocket-book, and two or three letters; on the other, open, the waiting-room Bible, in which she seemed to have been reading. Hastily she shut it, and started up.

No, there was no need for that. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—quitted the room as quickly as I came into it. Whether I ever saw the lady again—how much I felt, or pondered, or guessed of the pang which only those who have endured can understand—I do not intend to say; let it remain between her and me: I shall not 'put her in print.' If she chance to take up this paper, perhaps she will remember. I will only chronicle this one fact, which was to me a curious comment on the 'odd people' of my journey—on the 'heathen' captain and his wife, the silent, wrathful clergyman, the 'humbug' missionary and all—how I found her, with her unknown story betrayed in every line of her poor face, sitting quiet in the solitary waiting-room, with her hand on the open Bible.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF BLAZON.

THAT 'the noble science of blazon' should still maintain itself in spite of the utilitarians, is a strong example of the tenacity of associations once generally established. The bearing of heraldic arms, when the arms they represent were really borne by knight and squire, was the distinctive mark of gentility; none being permitted to assume them who was not entitled to them by his rank. And so enduring is a notion which has once rooted itself in the mind of a people, that even now, though centuries have elapsed since the armour of chivalry was consigned to the museums of the curious, no one who lays claim to gentility would like to be supposed deficient in his due attributes of helmet, crest, shield, and motto.

How we ourselves view this question, we shall not at present say. The wealthy cotton-spinner may still aspire, an it likes him, 'to write himself down *armigero*,' and sue out his liveries and arms at the Heralds' College: our business is with the heraldic devices of the past, and not with those ingenious imitations which the multiplication of persons desirous of bearing arms has kept the invention of heralds on the stretch to supply for emblazonment on the panels of carriages and the covers of side-dishes.

It has been long a matter of dispute amongst antiquaries from what period the adoption of armorial bearings is to be dated. Some of the more zealous illustrators of the *Arte of Armorye* would carry it back to the heroic ages, because Achilles and Æneas are represented to have borne some device upon their shields. By more than one writer the hieroglyphs of the heralds are deduced from those of ancient Egypt; while others, more rationally, see their origin in the symbols borne by commanders of all ages on their banners, or impressed by sovereigns and states upon their coins. Our own Sir George Mackenzie attributes their invention to the patriarch Jacob; Professor Robison, and after him Gwillim, to Alexander the Great. But the *Treatise on Armourye*, of the learned prioress of Sopewell, the Lady Juliana Berners, in the *Boke of St Albans*, as it is our most ancient, is also perhaps the most curious disquisition on the subject. It discusses the questions of 'how gentylmen began, and how the law of armys was first ordaynt;' and, in the fashion of the old chronicles, commencing with the fall of the angels, and proceeding through that of man and the deluge, it makes out our Saviour to be 'a gentylman on his moder's side;' and goes on to shew, 'by the lynage of coote armuris, how gentylmen are to be known from ungentylmen.' Mixed up with all this mass of pedantry and absurdity in the books on heraldry, there are, as usual, a few grains of truth and reason. No doubt, in the earliest ages, kings and

military chieftains bore distinguishing devices on their standards and their coins—sometimes, perhaps, on their shields and helmets. But the general use of such devices, and their hereditary transmission, are practices that unquestionably arose only in the age of feudalism and chivalry; and it is not difficult to account for their adoption. The essence of the feudal system was the obligation to military suit and service of those who held lands under the lord or suzerain. Each knight was bound for his 'fee' to bring into the field, when called on by his lord, a certain number of men-at-arms. An army, therefore, was necessarily composed of a great number of separate companies, each obeying the orders only of its knightly leader, and fighting under his banner or pennon. It became expedient, consequently, to vary to a very great extent the symbols displayed on these standards; and it is obvious how equally necessary it was that the person of the leader himself, who often fought with the visor of his helmet down, so that his features could not be recognised, should be distinguished by the blazoning of conspicuous colours on his shield, and some well-known badge on his helm. The symbols or 'bearings' thus introduced on banner, shield, crest, or surcoat, as rallying-points in the battle-field, became permanently associated with the noble deeds that were performed under their cognizance. The sons of those who had 'won bright honour' on such occasions, would therefore naturally wish to bear the badges which their fathers' prowess had distinguished; and the inheritance of arms was thus an unavoidable consequence of their general assumption.

The practice having in this manner introduced itself almost as a matter of necessity, the sovereigns in chief must have soon found it desirable to regulate it on some fixed principles. It is very doubtful, however, by whom this was first attempted. The statement of Menestrier, a French writer of considerable eminence in the fifteenth century, is most probably correct. He traces the institution to Henry the Falconer, who was raised to the imperial throne of the west in 920, and is said to have applied himself diligently to the regulation and encouragement of tournaments. But the earliest well-authenticated instances of the adoption of armorial bearings on shields belong to the twelfth century, as those of Richard Fitzhugh, Earl of Chester, and Geoffry Magnaville, Earl of Essex. The shields on the Bayeux tapestry—the work, as our readers know, of the wife of William the Conqueror—exhibit not only crosses of different shapes and colours, but a sort of dragon. At the period of the first Crusade, it was certainly customary to ornament shields very highly. Robert of Aix, who was himself present, describes the shields of the European knights as 'resplendent with gold, gems, and colours;' and it has been plausibly suggested that the vast concourse of warriors from all countries on this occasion must have necessitated the use of a great variety of distinctive blazonings, and probably introduced what became subsequently a general practice.

Many heraldic badges and devices were no doubt originally assumed as distinctive decorations at tournaments; but the greater number took their rise from incidents on the field of battle—such as the bloody heads and hands, the battle-axes and swords, gauntlets, arrows, turrets, and so forth, with which so many shields are charged. The 'simple ordinaries,' as they are called—the bar, the bend, the cross, &c.—were probably, at their origin, but stripes of blood or paint struck on the field of victory across a plain shield by its bearer or his approving leader, as a memento of the action in which he had distinguished himself. Some bearings are celebrated by tradition as having been granted in this manner; others are known to have been assumed by the choice of their wearers. We may instance, as an early example of the first kind, the insignia of the Hays; the first of which name, it is said, obtained his arms when, with his two sons, having rallied the Scottish army to the defeat of a horde of Danes at the battle of Luncarty in 942, they were brought to the king with their shields all covered with blood. The legend says the father was a ploughman, and fought with the yoke of his plough; whence the crest of the Hays has remained to this day a rustic bearing a plough-yoke in his hand.

The scallop-shells, bezants, Saracen's heads, crescents, and crosses in all their varieties, smack strongly of the Crusades, in which they were doubtless first adopted. The animals with which so many coats are charged, were probably assumed as emblematical of the possession of their respective qualities. The 'magnanimous lion, king of beasts,' was of course a general favourite; and every device that ingenuity could suggest, was soon adopted to vary his mode of appearance, so that the same bearing should not be repeated in any two instances. He is 'tricked' of all colours, and in every attitude—rampant, passant, statant, seyant, combatant, guardant, reguardant; and again, by duplication, statant-guardant, passant-reguardant, &c. He is cut up into demi-lions, or reduced to a lioncel. He is 'collared,' 'crowned,' 'fettered,' or 'armed' with every known implement of violence; his head and limbs, and even his tail, are severed and displayed in every imaginable position; and, lastly, the unlucky beast is *debruisé*, *dehaché*, or, '*coupéd* in all parts' to adorn the coat of the Maitlands.

Next to the lion, in general esteem, ranks, perhaps, the leopard, two of which are supposed to have been borne on the shield of William the Conqueror. The stag, the boar, the eagle, the falcon, the greyhound, the bull, and the horse, run very close in the rivalry of favour. The choice of beasts of chase is probably derived from the predilection of their first bearers for the sport; indeed, there always seems to have existed a close connection between heraldry and the chase. The *Boke of St Albans*, already mentioned, treats of 'hawkyng, huntyng, and armourye;' and Henry the Falconer has been noticed as the probable founder of the science of blazon itself. The technical description by heralds of some of these bearings, sounds not a little whimsical to the uninitiated; as where mention is made of 'two greyhounds *respecting* each other,' a 'peacock *affronté*,' a 'buck's head *attired* proper,' &c.

Some charges are evidently chosen as a sort of hieroglyph of the family name; such are the roach borne by Roche, primroses by Primrose, the crow by Corbet, three whales by Whalley, pikes by Lucy, arrows by Archer, bows by Bowes, the elephant by Oliphant, three right arms mailed and gauntleted by Armstrong, bulls' heads by Gore, with many other instances. Not only have the earth, seas, and air been ransacked for heraldic figures, but the heavens likewise and the regions of fable. Chaloner bears three cherubim; suns, crescents, and stars shine on many a shield; griffins, cockatrices, wiverns, dragons, harpies, mermaids, phœnixes, and unicorns, display their portentous attributes, and were probably assumed, like the Gorgon's head of old, for the purpose of petrifying an antagonist. Stephen of Blois bore a centaur on his coat. The arms of the Duchy of Milan are a crowned serpent swallowing an infant, which is said to have been adopted by Otho, first Count of Milan, when, on his way to the Holy Land with Godfrey of Bouillon, he slew the 'great giant Volux,' who wore this terrific crest upon his helmet. Bishops, on the other hand, appropriately inscribe keys, crosiers, mitres, bibles, lambs, and angels on their coats. The bearing of the Bishop of Chichester is odd enough—namely, 'a Presbyter John sitting on a tombstone; in his left hand a mound, his right extended; a linen mitre on his head, in his mouth a sword.' The command or capture

of fortresses naturally suggested the towers, battlements, keys, portcullises, and battering-rams seen on many escutcheons. One of the most singular bearings in existence is that of the ancient Scottish family of Dalziel—namely, a naked man hanging from a gallows with his arms extended—a bearing of honour, though so liable to be taken for the reverse, since, if 'hoar antiquity may be believed,' it was granted to perpetuate the memory of a brave and hazardous exploit performed by an ancestor of the Earl of Carnwath, in taking down from a gallows the body of a favourite kinsman of Kenneth II., who had been hung up by the Picts. A reward having been offered by the monarch to any one who would rescue the corpse, none were inclined to venture, till a gentleman of the family of Menteath came to the king and said 'Dal-zel' (Gaelic for 'I dare'), and having performed the task, assumed the above arms and the surname of Dalziel. Such at least is the legend.

The 'differences' borne to distinguish the younger branches of a family are said to have a hidden moral in them. The crescent of the second son indicates that there is room for the increase of his fortune; the mullet, or spur, of the third, hints that he must up and ride if he means to get anything; the martlet, or swallow without feet, of the fourth, reminds him that he must keep upon the wing, having no land to stand upon. These allusions are probably imaginary.

The origin of 'supporters' is much disputed by heralds, some maintaining them to be derived from the custom of an individual about to be invested with some dignity being led to his sovereign between two nobles, in remembrance of which he chooses two noble animals or figures to support his arms. Menestrier, the French heraldic writer already referred to, traces the practice to that of ancient tournaments, 'in which the knights caused their shields to be carried by pages in the disguise of lions, bears, griffins, blackamoors, and the like, who also held and guarded the escutcheons exposed to public view some time before the lists were opened.' The probability, however, rather is, that supporters were introduced as a sort of ornamental garnish to the shield, and originated in the taste or caprice of the seal-engravers. Their use is at present confined, in England, to the nobility and Knights of the Garter, with the addition of a few untitled families who have received a royal grant for some special service. In Scotland, the chiefs of clans and baronets of the Nova Scotia creation are also entitled to them.

Formerly, abbeys and religious houses bore arms; trades, guilds, and corporations bore them, and fought gallantly under them too; towns and cities likewise had their escutcheons, as well as the universities, and their several colleges, schools, and public hospitals. They are, in most cases, still jealously preserved, and employed on the seals of these bodies, on their badges of office, and for other purposes. Every bishopric, as already mentioned, has its shield and armorial bearings, in this country as well as throughout the continent.

Blazoning was not confined to the shield; but, at the time when arms were really worn, was likewise displayed on the surcoat, the mantle, and the *just-au-corps* or bodice. On these, the charge was usually embossed in beaten gold, or embroidered in resplendent tissue. Richard II. carried this magnificence of decoration to its highest pitch; but long before his reign, the knights and nobles of France and England were accustomed to plunge into the dust and blood of battle arrayed in the most costly and splendid attire. Sir John Chandos lost his life at the affair of Pont de Lussac owing to the rich and long robe he had on over his cuirass, which Froissart describes as 'blazoned with his arms on white sarcenet, argent a pile gules, one charge on his breast, the other on his back.' A curious document, entitled *The Apparel of the Field of a Baron in his Sovereign's Company*, contributed by Sir Frederick Madden to the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*, gives an inventory of the equipments for a foreign campaign of Henry, the fifth earl of Northumberland, the same whose *Household Book* is so well known. It describes, in the earl's wardrobe, his 'harness and cote-armure beaten with his arms quarterly,' with a large number of coats, standards, banners, and hundreds of pennons, all 'beaten' or 'powdered with my lord's arms.'

'Badges of cognizance' were sometimes called 'signs of company,' a phrase explanatory of their use. Retainers of every description bore the badge of their lord, and the minstrel of a noble house wore it suspended to his neck by a silver chain. The 'bear and ragged staff' of the earls of Warwick, the 'buckle' of the Pelhams, and the 'annulet' of the Cliffords, are well-known badges of ancient baronial families. The badges of the House of Lancaster were the antelope and the red rose, and a swan 'gorged and chained.'

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby

wore the first and last of these embroidered on green and blue velvet when he entered the lists near Coventry against 'the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray.' And in that age of factious broils and civil warfare, badges were thought of sufficient importance as party symbols to be forbidden by statute—particularly Richard's white hart, which was so frequent an annoyance to Henry IV. In our own days, we have seen the violet and the fleur-de-lis proscribed in turn for a similar cause. The Scottish clans commonly employed as badges a sprig or branch from some tree or bush: Chisholm, the alder; Menzies, the ash; Buchanan, the birch; Maclean, the blackberry; Buccleuch, the heather; and so on.

The charge and cognizance were, moreover, profusely embroidered on the trappings of the war-horse and the draperies of the tent; but above all, they were blazoned conspicuously on the standard and banner of the sovereign, noble, and banneret, and the pennon of the knight. These were borne before them in all warlike expeditions, often planted on the field by their side, hung out at their temporary lodgings, suspended from the roofs of their halls, and finally reared to droop in sympathetic decay over their graves.

The architect made a liberal use of arms, as well as of crest and badge, in the adornment of both the exterior and interior of his buildings, ecclesiastical, civil, or domestic. They were sculptured on the walls and over doorways and windows, enriched the gables, drips, corbels, and pinnacles, were painted and embossed on ceilings, and introduced, above all, in stained windows. On every piece of furniture they were carved in profusion, embossed on plate, embroidered in the richest manner in gold and silver upon silk or velvet, on canopies, arras, the coverlets and draperies of beds, cloths, and vestures of numerous kinds. The heralds wore them on their tabards, which were and are literally 'coats of arms.' But one of their most ancient and solemn uses was on seals, the seal of a knight or noble affixed to a deed being a convenient substitute for his signature, when, as was usually the case, he could not write—a desirable confirmation of it when, by miracle, he could.

On sepulchral monuments, arms were splendidly and profusely sculptured and blazoned; none, however, appear on the most ancient monumental effigies preserved in our churches and cathedrals. One of the earliest on which they occur is that of Geoffry Mandeville, Earl of Essex, in the Temple Church. He died in 1148, in the very infancy of heraldry. The general use subsequently made of heraldic scutcheons as an ornament to tombs and a memorial of the family alliances of the deceased, is observable in all our cathedrals and churches; in which also the hatchment,

or funeral achievement, of the departed was usually preserved as long as its more perishable materials permitted, together with, in many cases, the real arms in which he had fought. Over the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral, there still hang his shield and surcoat, embossed and embroidered with the arms of England and France, with his gauntlets and the scabbard of his sword. The sword itself is said to have been taken away by Oliver Cromwell. Of the genuineness of these remains, we believe no doubt is entertained.

But without exhausting our subject, we are afraid we have fully exhausted the reader's patience; we therefore bring our lucubrations to a close, although we are thereby necessitated to leave many strange charges entirely unnoticed.

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

It was a bright day in spring when they sailed into the beautiful bay of Naples.

'What a place to come to on such an errand!' exclaimed Edmonds.

'A very good place to come to—never mind the errand,' said De Rosny, smiling.

They employed themselves as people usually do on their first arrival at that fascinating capital; and they had a very good excuse in doing so, since they had no directions how else to proceed—a circumstance which eased their consciences when they thought of the ghost, which was not very often amid so many amusements. Moreover, not long after they arrived, they received a letter from the host of the Leone Bianco, to whom, at the instigation of Emma, they had written to make inquiries on the subject, saying that, on reference to his books, he found that it was not on the 9th, but on the 10th of April that Arthur and Krasinski had quitted Venice. Naturally, this discrepancy discredited the ghost considerably, if ghost there was, though Everard was by no means free from anxiety about his brother.

However, his uneasiness was shortly still further lightened, by a letter from Emma, conveying the pleasant intelligence that they had at last heard from Arthur.

'But you will wonder at his carelessness, well as you know him,' she said, 'when I tell you that the letter was written at Venice in April, though we have only just received it! He writes to acknowledge the receipt of the money he had sent for; and says that he is about to quit Venice, and try to rejoin M. de Rosny at Rome—M. de Rosny having been called away several weeks ago—and that he is tired of waiting for him, especially as his friend Count Krasinski is leaving for England, and that he shall go on with M. de Rosny to the east. He says he has given Krasinski an introduction to mamma, and advises me to take care of my heart, as he is a "handsome nice fellow, and sings like a nightingale;" and so he certainly does. He concludes with begging us not to be uneasy if we get no letters, as he shall be constantly on the move, and have no time to write. Of course, a letter written so long ago would have gone for nothing, and mamma was in a dreadful way when she read it; but, on turning the leaf, we found a postscript dated Aleppo, begging a thousand pardons for his having forgotten to post the letter, which, to his horror, he had just found in his desk. He adds: "I am all right; but I've sprained my wrist by a fall from a camel, and am obliged to scrawl this with my left hand; so no more from your affectionate brother."

'How lucky that I never told mamma of my dream! What needless misery it would have cost her! This letter is almost the duplicate of the one we received from Venice, and I think he must have mislaid this and written a second, which he has since forgotten. It appears to have been wet; it is not very legible; and we have just made out that the post-mark is *Milan*, which is odd, when the postscript is dated *Aleppo*. Can he be on his way back?

'But, O Everard, how ill I have behaved to Krasinski! Will he ever return to me, or think of me again? Perhaps, when he can bring Arthur with him, he may, if he really loved me as he said he did; but he has never written, nor did I expect he would, for he is very, very proud.'

'So much for the ghost!' exclaimed Everard; and he wrote to his sister, saying that he hoped this affair would be a warning to her not to indulge in absurd superstitions; above all, not to act upon them. 'Things will come to a pretty pass if young ladies take counsel of their dreams in the conduct of life. I am afraid, Emma, you will never see any more of Krasinski; and I suspect you have lost a good husband by your folly.'

All anxiety regarding Arthur being thus removed, De Rosny, feeling that his mission was at an end, announced his intention of leaving Naples. He invited Everard to accompany him northward; but the latter declined, alleging that he liked the place, and, his leave being nearly expired, it was not worth his while to move.

'Confess,' said De Rosny, 'you don't like to leave the beautiful Russian? When I am gone, who knows but she may pay you another visit.'

'I have no such hope,' answered Everard; 'she will scarcely return my bow when I meet her on the stairs, though I take off my hat with an admirable grace, and endeavour to look as killing as I can.'

'Well, you will have the consolation of listening to her delicious voice, at all events,' said De Rosny.

'That's a dangerous pleasure, so I mean to relinquish it,' answered Everard. 'These apartments are too expensive for me when I am alone, and I shall remove to the Hôtel d'Italia.'

The beautiful Russian alluded to was the Countess Stephanie Menchikoff, and Everard's acquaintance with her had originated in a singular incident.

On their first arrival at Naples, or, at least, after they had been there a few days, but before the intelligence from Venice and London had destroyed all faith in the apparition, De Rosny, who, sceptical as he was, did not like the idea of another interview with his midnight visitor, observed, that it was very perplexing, if anything was required of him, that he was not told what it was.

'Here we are at Naples, but what are we to do? Unbeliever as I am, I complied so far as to go to Malta—where, however, I probably should have gone in any case, though not quite so soon—and I have accompanied you here; but what next? How are we to proceed? It would be much more to the purpose if the ghost had directed us what to do.

'But that's always the way in ghost-stories,' replied Everard. 'There is always something that renders their proceedings incomprehensible and abortive. He ought to pay you another visit, and explain his intentions.'

'Well, to confess the truth, I had rather be excused—unless, indeed, we were together. I should have no objection to that sort of thing if I had company; indeed, I should rather like it. A man, when he is alone, under such circumstances, is not master of his mind; his recollection afterwards is confused, and he does not know whether he is asleep or awake. Suppose we invoke the spirit some night when we are together!'

'With all my heart!' said Everard. 'Why not this

very night? With a bottle of Lacrimachristi, and some good cigars, we may get through the night; and if nothing comes of it, we shall, at anyrate, have the satisfaction of feeling that we have done all we could in the business.'

Accordingly, having spent their evening very agreeably in hearing an opera of Rossini's, they established themselves in their salon, when the other inhabitants of the hotel went to bed; and with their wine and their cigars, prepared to pass the night.

They chatted for some time about the music and the singers they had heard, till all seemed perfectly quiet in the hotel; and then Everard proposed that they should collect themselves, and solemnly invoke the spirit—it must be admitted, however, without the smallest expectation that their invocation would have any effect.

'You had better pronounce the invocation,' said De Rosny; 'but I believe we should put out the light first: here are the matches to light it again.'

The candles being extinguished, Everard, in a low, earnest voice, called upon his brother, if he were dead, to appear to them, and instruct them how they should proceed to effect whatever purpose he designed in sending them to Naples.

A short silence ensued, and then, to their amazement, they heard the handle of the door turn. De Rosny, who, from his own experience, was naturally less incredulous than Everard, pressed his companion's arm:—the door opened, and they saw by the gleam of light that entered from the staircase, where a lamp burnt all night, a ghostly figure glide in, and, with noiseless step, cross the room towards the window, where it paused, waiting, as Everard—who now really believed it to be his brother—supposed, to be spoken to. Overcome with awe, he rose from his chair, prepared to address the apparition; but at the first motion he made, before he had time to utter a sound, the figure fled with such precipitation, that Everard, who pursued it, only reached the door in time to see the tail of a white petticoat disappearing on the stairs above. However, he heard a door close on the second floor, and De Rosny, who was following, exclaimed: 'Quel dommage! Voilà un revenant avec qui je ferais volontiers connaissance!'

'Whether she is pretty, I can't say,' rejoined Everard, 'for I only saw her petticoat-tail, but she is young to a certainty. I never beheld such activity. She was up the stairs like a bird! Her feet scarcely touched the ground! What could have brought her here at that identical moment? One would think she knew of our design, and was playing us a trick.'

'Impossible,' returned De Rosny; 'nobody knew of it. Probablement, elle s'est trompée de chambre.'

This was the most feasible explanation: they enjoyed a hearty laugh at their own expense; and, the solemnity of their vigil being utterly dispelled, they went to bed. The next day, they asked the waiter, without telling the motive of the inquiry, who lodged over their heads, and they were informed it was the Countess Stephanie Menchikoff, and that she had previously occupied the lower floor, but had moved, the day the young men arrived, to one less expensive. The waiter added, that she was *très belle*, and a very fine singer; 'elle a une voix charmante,' he said. Whether she was married, he could not say; nobody visited her but her brother.

After this, the young men made several efforts to become acquainted with the fair stranger; but she resolutely discouraged all their advances, in spite of a good deal of perseverance on the part of Everard, who was considerably *épois;* which was not to be wondered at, for she was really a beautiful woman, and her voice, as the waiter said, was *charmante*. He often spent half the evening, when De Rosny was otherwise engaged, at her door, listening to her enchanting strains. Sometimes her brother was with her, and they sang together, with exquisite taste and skill.

One evening, as he was ascending the stairs, he met this brother—a tall, fine-looking, dark man, bearded and moustached, who started back with apparent surprise, and evinced so much annoyance, that Everard relinquished the indulgence of listening to the music, lest he should get into a quarrel that would end in making him ridiculous, since the lady certainly gave him no encouragement.

His ill success diminished his regret at removing to his new apartments, which he did the day of De Rosny's departure. As he had formed acquaintance with two or three young compatriots, he got on pleasantly enough, till his leave had nearly expired, when he wrote to De Rosny, who was at Rome, to announce his approaching departure, and to mention also, that when he was packing up at their old hotel, he had found a valuable ring of De Rosny's in one of the drawers of the *chiffonier* in the salon.

'I should have sent it before,' he added, 'but I could not find a safe vehicle. Yesterday, however, I chanced to meet that little fig-merchant that was on board the packet with us, and as he said he was starting for Rome, I have ventured to intrust it to him—I mean the fellow that had that comical souse in the water. Heaven knows whether he is honest; but I have not told him the value of the parcel. Pray, write immediately, and say if you have received it, as I shall not feel happy till I know it is safe.'

Two days after this letter was forwarded, Everard discovered that he had been robbed of the money that had been remitted to him from England to pay his bills and his passage-money to Malta, and also of a set of diamond studs and some other articles of value. How or when this robbery had been committed, was as difficult to discover as the thief. It might have been done in the night, or while Everard was out the preceding evening. People of all countries and languages were incessantly coming and going; several had quitted the hotel that morning, and no suspicion attached to any one in particular. Of course, this delayed his departure; he wrote to his commanding-officer to account for his absence, and to De Rosny to acquaint him with his misfortune; but instead of an answer by letter—indeed, before he could have received one—De Rosny arrived himself.

Everard, supposing he had come to relieve him of his difficulties, eagerly welcomed him.

'How kind this is of you!' he exclaimed; 'you may imagine what an awkward fix I'm in!'

'Why?' said De Rosny, looking astonished. 'What has happened?'

'Haven't you received my letter?' said the other.

'Yes, and the ring also.'

'But my subsequent letter?'

'No; I started almost immediately—at least, the day after the Greek brought me the ring. But what's the matter?'

Everard thereupon related what had occurred.

'Very vexatious!' said the other; 'but console yourself with the reflection that your loss is nothing to mine at Venice.'

'It's as much to me,' replied the lieutenant, 'because you're a rich fellow, and the loss of your jewellery and other little matters is nothing to you. But if you have not had my letter, what has brought you back to Naples?'

'You shall hear,' replied De Rosny. 'That ring you sent me by the Greek is part of the plunder of the rogue who robbed me at the Leone Bianco.'

'Is it possible?' said Everard.

'Quite true, I assure you,' answered De Rosny.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Everard, turning pale. 'Then probably the rascal who committed the robbery is actually here—and my brother'——

'That is the point,' returned De Rosny.

Everard sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands—'My poor brother!' he exclaimed. 'Poor Arthur!'

'We are certain of nothing yet: the man that stole it may have parted with it—it may have passed through many hands since; but, to say the least of it, it is a curious coincidence, that here, where we have come in compliance with the directions of the ghost or dream, whichever it was, we should stumble upon the first trace of the thief.'

'And murderers!' murmured Everard, without raising his head.

'The first thing to be done,' suggested De Rosny, 'is to find out who inhabited those rooms.'

'The Russian countess left them the day we went in; but she can have nothing to do with it; besides, it may have lain for some time where I found it. It was quite at the back of the drawer of the chiffonier—the drawer I used to keep locked, where I put my money; and I should not have seen it, but that, in my haste, as I was coming away, I pulled the drawer quite out.'

'Well, we must get what information we can,' replied De Rosny; but the difficulty was, how to get any that was available. The master of the hotel said that the Countess Stephanie had lodged there some weeks; before her, the rooms were inhabited by an English family; who were preceded by some Turks of distinction; and so forth; and as they were very expensive apartments, all the occupants had been of the higher class. All he could say was, that nobody had ever complained of the loss of such a ring; and that it was quite uncertain how long it might have been in the drawer. They spoke to the inspector of police, who shrugged his shoulders, without making any remark.

This affair occupied them a good deal for some time. They were unwilling to believe that the clue, so unexpectedly found, was to lead to nothing; besides, Everard had begun to be seriously alarmed about his brother, and the letters of his mother and sister expressed considerable uneasiness.

'How should that letter of Arthur's,' said Emma, 'have been posted at Milan? If he was then on his way back, which he surely must be by this time, if he has not long ago returned, why does he not write again? His conduct is inexplicable, if he is alive and well. How came that letter wet, too? Does it not seem as if that had some connection with the drowning? But then the landlord of the hotel says he left on the 10th of April. Altogether, it is very perplexing, and keeps mamma in dreadful suspense. What would her case be, if she knew all?'

Notwithstanding these reasons for anxiety, they were obliged to resign themselves to inaction, since they knew not how to take advantage of the hint afforded by the ring; and as Everard had procured an extension of leave, he resolved to accompany De Rosny to Rome. After spending a fortnight there in sight-seeing, he took his place in the public conveyance to return to Naples, and found himself seated beside the Greek fig-merchant, whom he saluted, and thanked for having safely delivered the parcel he had intrusted to him.

'It was very lucky I met you that day,' said he, 'for the parcel contained a very valuable diamond ring belonging to Monsieur de Rosny, which otherwise never would have reached its owner; for I was robbed that night of all my little valuables, and my money too. A rascal got into my room at the hotel, and plundered me of everything of value, except my clothes.'

'Ah, no—that would not suit; they are not portable enough. So you were one of the victims. You know he is taken?'

'Who? The thief?'

'You have not heard of it?'

'Not a word! Where? At Naples?'

'At Naples. A trap was laid for him, and he was caught robbing somebody at the Hôtel d'Italia; and since he is found to be an escaped *forçat* with the mark of the *bagne* on his shoulder, he is condemned to death, and I am going to see the execution; for, to say the truth, he is an old friend of mine.'

'I compliment you on your acquaintance.'

'Well, he was the most plausible fellow in the world. I think he would have deceived the devil himself. When I first knew him, he was a teacher of music, and lodged with my sister at Milan. He was the cleverest fellow, too, I ever met! He spoke French and Italian like a native, and, indeed, generally passed for an Italian, though he was in reality a Russian. I should think he would have made his fortune in your country if he could have been honest. He was connected with the Carbonari, too, and was at one time employed as a spy, which, I suspect, is the real reason why they take his life.'

'Did you ever hear if he had a sister?' asked Everard, struck with a sudden thought.

'No,' replied the other, 'I never heard of his having a sister; but he fell desperately in love with a danseuse: a beautiful woman she was; and she had a sweet voice, too, though not of sufficient power for the theatre. I believe it was a real attachment, for he took her from the stage, had her voice cultivated, and married her; and for some time they made an excellent thing of it. They went to Paris, and had great success as chamber-singers; but wherever he went, somehow, something unpleasant happened, and I lost sight of him for a long time. I had a strong suspicion, lately, that he was on some new course of action. He was very shy of his former acquaintance, and seemed very flush of money. He used to pretend not to see me when we met; but a few months since I was taking a cup of coffee in the Corso, when he happened to pass, and saluted me quite in a friendly manner. I thought he wanted something of me; and when he sat down beside me, and called for some curaçoa and cigars, I felt sure of it, and buttoned my breeches pocket. However, it was not money he wanted, but only that I should put a letter for him into the post at Smyrna or Aleppo.'

'But how did he know you were going there?'

'Oh, he knew that my business carried me there frequently. I forgot the letter, however, and never thought of it till I got back to Milan.'

'To Milan? And did you post it at Milan?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Have you any recollection of the address of that letter?' inquired Everard.

'None, except that it was addressed to somebody in England,' answered the Greek.

'May I ask you if that letter ever got wet while it was in your possession?'

'To be sure it did; don't you remember my falling overboard? I had it in my pocket-book then. Why do you ask?'

Overcome by surprise and emotion, Everard could scarcely answer; but as soon as he could speak, he gave his communicative companion a sketch of past events; adding, that the finding of the ring, and this remarkable disclosure about the letter, led him to suppose that the thief under condemnation was also the murderer of his brother, and that the revelations of the ghost were but too correct.

The Greek, to whom such beliefs were not strange, had no difficulty in accepting the evidence, and confirmed at once Everard's suspicion in regard to the Countess Stephanie.

'It seems that he has been carrying on this system of plunder some time,' said he: 'his wife always had apartments in a first-rate hotel; he never took

anything bulky, and he deposited his spoil with her. It was a capital scheme! In his own apartments, nothing could be found; and who would have thought of searching a great lady's rooms at a hotel? He had several disguises; and they say his make-up, and his familiarity with different languages, rendered it almost impossible to detect him; besides, the fellow is half a comedian.'

Furnished with this information, Everard's first care was to send back a messenger to De Rosny, which he did from Velletri, urging his following him to Naples immediately; and he accordingly arrived almost as soon as himself.

'But what is this fellow's name?' inquired De Rosny.

'Caldesi is the name he went by at Milan; but the Greek says he has several *aliases*, and that to his knowledge he sometimes passes for an Italian or a Frenchman. I have already applied for an order to see him, and was most anxious for your arrival; to-morrow he is to be executed.'

But although the English ambassador was appealed to, the order was not to be obtained. 'The criminal has confessed and made his peace with Heaven,' said the priest; 'his last moments must not be disturbed;' and all their exertions could not procure a reversal of this decree.

They were inexpressibly disappointed; but anxious at least to see the man whom Everard now feared might be the murderer of his brother, they were early at the place of execution. The scaffold was erected in the Piazza Cavalcotojo; and the ambassador, though he could not obtain permission for them to visit the prison, provided them with an order that secured them an advantageous situation from which to view the last moments of the culprit. But early as they were, soldiers, who have their part in all such ceremonies on the continent, lined the square, and crowds of lazzaroni and other curious spectators, eager to see how a fellow-creature died, were already assembled.

With difficulty the two friends reached their places; and they were not long seated, before a murmur and movement among the crowd announced that the procession was at hand. A group of people approached; uniforms glittered in the sun, contrasting with the black and gray robes of ecclesiastics; and, surrounded by the Bianchi, carrying crosses covered with black, they could just discern an uncovered head. De Rosny was silent; Everard could scarcely preserve the semblance of composure; he felt as if the next few moments would reveal a terrible secret.

The procession stopped behind the scaffold; and some minutes elapsed before the chief figure in this awful scene ascended the steps, and appeared accompanied by one of the *padri assistenti*, to whose assiduous ministrations, to judge by his attitude, he was attentively listening. After a few words spoken, the confessor appeared to give him his blessing, and then the unhappy man raised his head to take his last look at the world he was leaving.

'Ciel!' cried De Rosny, starting from his seat; and as he did so, the eye of the criminal met his. A glance of recognition and indomitable resolution acknowledged the acquaintance.

'Krasinski!' murmured De Rosny, in a voice stifled by agitation.

Everard seized his arm, and, livid with emotion, rose too; then the eye turned on him, and quailed—Arthur and Everard Edmonds might have been taken for twins, they resembled each other so remarkably.

'I read my brother's murder in his face!' he gasped out.

De Rosny significantly bowed his head.

A moment more, and the signal was given; the tragedy of death was over; and the possessor of all those rare endowments was gone to account for the use he had made of them, carrying with him the secret that was never to be disclosed.

A piercing scream, and a movement among the crowd near a woman who had fainted, testified to there being one heart amidst the thousand that beat for Michel Lowstoff.

All efforts to discover Stephanie failed. Arthur Edmonds was no more heard of; and the only thing ever ascertained was, that he and Krasinski had quitted Venice on the 9th of April. On being personally interrogated, the landlord of the Leone Bianco called to mind that the bill had been ordered and made up for the 10th; but that on the morning of the 9th, for some reason unknown to him, they had altered their minds, and suddenly departed.

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

One of the many popular errors prevalent in France concerning England is, that there are more suicides here than there; and the reason given is the one which Montesquieu enunciated years ago, and which men, parrot-like, repeat after him without examination, that our execrable climate is so miserable we are glad to escape its perpetual fogs even by self-murder. As every *milord*, according to Gallic ethnography, has an insane love of boxing and betting, so has he the 'spleen' and a suicidal monomania. You may argue with a Frenchman on this point to the end of time without effect; you may prove by the eternal truths of Cocker that he is wrong, and that the balance is most heavily weighted on his own side; he will only laugh at your credulity, and ridicule your national pertinacity. The thing is undeniable, according to him. 'Have we not got fogs, and rain, and miasma, and swamps enough to infuse that profound disgust of life which is our national characteristic: ergo, must we not necessarily have the largest number of suicides?' So the argument ends with a smile and a shrug; perhaps with an epigram in addition; and the Frenchman leaves you saying to himself: 'Que ces Anglais sont bêtes!'

But a recently published work, 'crowned by the Imperial Academy of Medicine,' and written by M. Lisle, ought to set the question of proportion at rest, for this generation at all events. No man who carefully masters the facts and reasonings of this work, can doubt for a moment where lies the suicidal preponderance in Europe; and where—adopting the Frenchman's argument against himself—it must lie by the very nature of things: granting M. Lisle's causes and figures to be correct.

The book opens with the avowed intention of combating the doctrine that suicide is *always* a sign of mental alienation. Sometimes, and often, of course, it is; even giving a distinctive name to a certain species of monomania; but it is not always and necessarily so. Suicide, like every human fact, obeys fixed laws as exactly as the course of the planets or the crystallisation of salts; and year by year it can be confidently predicted how many out of a certain population will commit suicide; in what proportion between the sexes, and in what proportion between the inhabitants of the towns and the country; the means which will be used, and, to an extent, what will be the moral or social causes of suicide being resorted to.

The result of the writer's investigations, so far as England is concerned, is very far from corroboratory of the opinion of Montesquieu and the national Gallic belief touching our mortal ennui and our suicidal monomania. In France, from 1836 to 1852 inclusive, there were 52,126 suicides, or a mean of 3066 a year; the numbers rising steadily from 2340 in 1836, to 3674 in 1852. From 1827 to 1830, the mean number had been only 1800 a year. Before 1836, the proportion was one suicide for every 17,693 inhabitants; in 1836, it was

one for 14,207; and in 1852, it had risen to one for 9340. In 1838 and 1839, England had one suicide for every 15,900 inhabitants; France, one for every 12,489. Between London and Paris, for the same years, the difference is yet more remarkable, the figures being, for London, one in 8250; and for Paris, one in 2221. This is surely a sufficiently distinct contradiction to the generally received opinion!

The north of France is the most prolific in suicides; nearly half of the whole number belongs to the north, which has increased its own ratio by one-third. The north has one in 6483; the east, one in 13,855; the south, one in 20,457. The department of the Seine, which includes Paris, has risen with frightful rapidity; but Paris and Marseille, and all large centres, are the foci of suicides to a very striking extent. Russia stands the lowest of European states in the scale—her suicides being only one in 49,182; while Prussia has one in 14.404; Austria, one in 20,900; New York, one in 7797; Boston, one in 12,500; Baltimore, one in 13,650; and Philadelphia, one in 11,873.

Climate has not much to do with the matter. In latitude from 42° to 54°, the proportion is one in 38,882; from 54° to 64°, one in 56,577. Yet the last figures include Moscow and St Petersburg, and represent a much more rigorous, damp, uncertain, and joyless climate than the first. Certainly, the low condition of civilisation between these latitudes influences the statistics to the full as much as any other assigned or assignable cause; but that mere temperature and climate have little to do with the question, is proved by the average number of suicides occurring in the different months of the year in France; which are highest in the sunniest, brightest, and most enjoyable seasons. We cannot refrain from giving the table entire; it opens a view so very different from the one popularly received. The list is the average of seventeen years' computation.

For January, the mean number of these seventeen years gives 3761; for February, 3529; for March, 4423; for April, 4872; May, 5436; June, 5722; July, 5517; August, 4652; September, 3959; October, 3845; November, 3282; December, 3227. With this list in his hand, what will the Frenchman say now to the irrefutable influence of our fogs and miasma?

In age, the rate increases gradually from under sixteen up to forty, when it slowly decreases to eighty and upwards. The mass occurs in middle age; but there has been recently a noticeable increase of suicides by children—which are now sevenfold what they were thirty years ago for children under sixteen years of age, twelve times as many for youths from sixteen to twenty.

'One youth,' says Esquirol, 'leaves a writing before killing himself, in which he bitterly blames his parents for the education they have given him; another blasphemes God and society; a third kills himself "because he has not enough air to breathe with ease;" two young men of letters, at the age of twenty-one each, suffocate themselves with charcoal, because a theatrical piece which they had composed together has not succeeded; a child of thirteen hangs himself, and leaves a document beginning: "I bequeath my soul to Rousseau, and my body to the earth;" one of twelve hangs himself for rage at being only the twelfth in a school exercise, where he expected a better place; and another, of thirteen, hangs himself in a cell where he was unjustly confined.' What a painful mass of ill-regulated passion, and misdirected life, lies in those few sad lines!

In sex, the general proportion is 1 woman to 3·35 men in towns, and 1 to 4·35 in the country; and the most fatal times of life to the female sex are from fourteen to twenty, and from forty to fifty. Women-servants are more in relative proportion than men-servants; the absolute numbers being almost the same; but taking into account the proportion of the two sexes in domestic service, that particular ratio is singularly elevated. There are very few suicides among the unfortunates, though these largely people both the prisons and the madhouses. At the Salpêtrière Asylum, out of 264 women confined there in one year, 33 were of this class; while in a period of seventeen years, only 53 had committed suicide. There are also very few among life-convicts—only 6* in twenty-one years out of the large population of the *bagnes;* but several among short-time prisoners and the simply 'accused.' On the whole, sad as it is to confess, and anomalous as it seems at first sight, suicide increases with education and civilisation. The savage rarely, if ever, takes his own life; the sensitive, highly organised, and highly educated man of literature and science ends his days by the pistol or the cord.

The means employed for suicide are generally hanging in youth, firearms and poison in maturity, hanging in old age. Women rarely use firearms: they prefer hanging, drowning, poison, and—in France—asphyxiation by charcoal. But it is strange to read the statistical tables, and to see how every year the same proportion is maintained between the methods—how many, out of a given number, are sure to use hanging, how many drowning, how many poison, firearms, and so on—all calculated with as much certainty as the height of the tides or algebraic quantities.

The causes assigned by M. Lisle are singular: mental alienation stands first in number; physical suffering next; then domestic troubles, debt, poverty, habitual intoxication—a cause which, we fear, holds a higher rank than the sixth in England—misconduct, disgust at life, love-disappointment. These come in their order, and have by far the largest influence of any ascribed. But other causes are given. Thus, eight suicides are ascribed to 'rivalry in trade;' seventy-seven, to 'disgust at a certain social position;' twenty-six (all men), to 'sorrow at exile;' the same number, of whom nineteen are men, to 'jealousy between brothers and sisters;' eighty, to idleness, four only of these being women; seventy-seven, to sorrow at leaving a certain place or master; with others as subtle and as strange. But the two most prominent causes are mental alienation and disease.

In the chapter on mental hallucinations are quoted the following striking instances of involuntary suicide: A man, thinking to open the door of his apartment, opens the window, and flings himself into the street, believing that he is descending the staircase. Another thinks himself on the ground-floor, and jumps out of his window on the fifth story. A third, attempting a rudeness to a woman who escapes him, flings himself into the hall from the third story, leaping over the banisters of the well staircase, in order to intercept the woman rushing down the stairs. A fourth hears a heavenly voice whisper to him: 'My son, come seat thyself by my side,' and straightway throws himself out of his window, breaking his leg; when raised, he expresses the greatest astonishment at his fall, and above all, at his fracture. A youth, haunted by a mysterious dread of punishment for certain imaginary crimes, resolves to starve himself to death. Taken to the hospital, and there treated as a sick man—which, in fact, he soon becomes—fed by mechanical means, and carefully watched, he recovers sufficiently to be allowed to travel. But he scarcely arrives at Marseille when his sufferings return, and, in spite of all that is done for his relief, he dies of starvation, self-imposed, at the end of a few days. A boot-maker of Venice, Mattéo Lovat, after having horribly mutilated, crucified himself, 'in obedience to the will of God, which had been revealed to him.' Taken to the madhouse of

* Writers on criminal statistics in France give a higher number.

San Servolo, he starved himself to death. Not that religious mania or suicides are so frequent in France as with us; our comparative list of causes would shew very different results in other particulars, but more especially in this.

On the 11th of December 1847, a poorly dressed man was taken out of the river, near the bridge of St Cloud. In his pocket was the following letter: 'Hunger and want of a home force me to commit suicide. For the last four years and a half I have lodged at the Rue Guérin-Boisseau, 32, with my wife and my little daughter, who is nearly nine years old. Being behindhand in my rent, they have refused me my key.—Philippe Toussaint.' This poor fellow was a public scribe, noted in his neighbourhood for his honesty, industry, punctuality, and resignation to his hard lot.

A few years ago, a poor boy in the hospital of Bicêtre, confined among the lunatics, had been arrested at the moment when about to throw himself into the Seine. Though perfectly sane, he was in such extreme of poverty as to be grateful and glad for an asylum, even in a madhouse and under strict restraint. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was given into the care of a friend of his father, who so ill-treated him, that, unable to support his cruelties, he ran away to Paris. In a few days, he was penniless; and being without resources, was taken up as a vagabond, and condemned to six months' imprisonment. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, he fell dangerously ill, his illness being so long and severe that, when the time of his release came, he had earned only six francs. (French prisoners are allowed to amass a reserve fund, to be given them on their release.) As this sum only lasted a few days, P—— was again brought before the police magistrates for vagabondage; but this time, the magistrate, pitying his sad fate, gave him only one month of imprisonment. There at La Force, he met with the temptations usually besetting the young and uncorrupted from the old and hardened jail-birds; but though unfortunate, he was honest, and refused to be tempted into evil ways. As there was no separation, either by night or day, and no discipline of any kind in French prisons a few years ago—little enough of either even now!—the unhappy lad had an awful probation to go through. The scorn, and the scoff, and the butt of the whole reckless set all day, he was not left in peace even at night; so that a month or two longer of that pandemonium must either have killed or broken him. When released, seeing himself again without resources, help, or prospects, having nothing but crime or the prison again between him and starvation, he resolved on suicide, as the only way out of his miseries. Again he was arrested, just in time to prevent that self-murder; and this time was locked up as a madman, on the plea that suicide must include mental alienation.

A physician of high standing, good fortune, apparently good health, and domestic happiness, one day was found self-murdered in his own room. All his preparations had been made with the utmost calmness and deliberation; he had himself written out his will a short time before, had regulated his affairs, and provided for his only son, to whom he was tenderly attached. There was no sign of mania or of unreflecting haste in his act; it was a quiet, deliberate, self-possessed, and self-conscious deed, which no one could call madness or imbecility; but for which no one could assign a reason, till an intimate friend of his, a physician whom he had consulted, told how he had been tormented by an ocular hallucination, which never left him, and which destroyed his happiness and peace of mind. Wherever he went—in the street, in the drawing-room, by the bedside of his patients, before the altar—wherever he might be, he always saw a huge black cow threatening him with her horns. He was quite aware of the nature of the deception, and treated himself as he would have treated an ordinary patient. His friend, too, prescribed for him; but the black cow with her threatening horns still remained by his side. Unable to bear the distress of her presence any longer, he committed suicide, to the utter amazement of all who knew only his quiet, useful, intellectual, and noble life. A like case was that of a lawyer, a man of singular perception and justness of observation; eminently a lawyer, with all the logical acumen and critical sharpness of his class. He was haunted by an immense black cat which never left him; after a time, the cat changed into a sheriff's officer, in full official costume, who always preceded him, especially up stairs when going to any ball or fête, making as though about to announce him to the company. This went on for some years, when came a period of total cessation. The poor lawyer was in the seventh heaven; he believed that he had conquered his enemy; when one day opening his eyes, he saw a loathsome hideous skeleton standing where the sheriff's officer had been. From this last and worst visitation there was no escape, and the poor wretch died, incapable of supporting such a weight of misery in his life.

Suicide is fatally hereditary. Gall knew a family of which the grandmother, sister, and mother all killed themselves; and the son and daughter of the last followed in the same terrible track. Another family of seven brothers, all well off and in good positions, committed suicide one after the other in the space of forty years. Two brothers, twins, both in the army, and both happy and prosperous, committed suicide within a few days of each other; and two of their sisters were only prevented by force from doing the same thing.

A rich merchant, passionate and tyrannical, had six children, whom he sent away from home, well provided for, as soon as their education was completed. The youngest son, when twenty-six years old, threw himself from the roof of the house; the second brother died of obstinate abstinence the year following; the year following that, another brother had a fit of madness, in which, however, he was prevented from accomplishing the suicide he attempted; a fourth brother, a physician, who foresaw and felt powerless against his fate, killed himself; two or three years after, a sister became mad, and attempted suicide; and some years after that, the last brother, who was at the head of a large business, and who had been kept from the same horrible fate only by his wife's cares and tenderness, finished, like the rest, by self-murder. Thus, of the whole family, only two escaped suicide, and those two were confessedly mad, and therefore protected against themselves.

But what is called 'hereditary tendency' is often a mere matter of imitation, or of *fancied* hereditary necessity; indeed, imitation is the cause of more crimes, suicides, and even madness, than any other one faculty of human nature. The following is an instance:

A lady, aged thirty-five, was taken to the hospital in a state of melancholy mania. She was married, and the mother of children; but she was afflicted with the constant feeling of a necessity to commit suicide; this feeling having been induced by the fact, that her father and uncle had both done the same, and that she was therefore doomed by 'hereditary predisposition.' With this feeling, she wrote a letter to her mother announcing her intention, and then rushed into the river hard by. She was immediately rescued, and from that night became melancholy and monomaniacal, with the incessant impulse to self-destruction. At last her mother decided on the revelation of her lifelong secret; her daughter was not the child of her husband, but of a man in whose family was not the shadow of suicidal tendency. The lady had an interview with her real father, and from that hour recovered both her sanity and her health, never again

to be tormented with the desire of self-destruction, on the plea of a false hereditary predisposition. So much for imitation and fancy.

A priest, opening a letter, swallowed the wafer, without thinking of what he was doing. 'Take care,' said a friend, laughing; 'you have sealed up your inside!' The poor man took the jest seriously, went home, and killed himself by starvation; believing that he had positively sealed up his intestines, and that it was superfluous, and would be painful to eat.

We conclude this paper by a summary of results which it will be well worth the reader's while to remember: 1. That suicides are on the increase generally, but specially in France; 2. That the suicides in France greatly outnumber those of any other country in the world; 3. That they are not always attributable to mental affections, nor yet to physical sufferings, though suicides from these causes constitute a special branch of medical science; 4. That they are in ratio with the increase of civilisation and the diffusion of a certain kind of education—that kind which taxes the intellect too heavily while leaving the physical nature uncared for; 5. That they spring from moral and social causes chiefly—of course always excepting special disease—and are therefore to be dealt with and destroyed by a healthier system of public education and sounder views of social life. The extreme development of the nervous system, to the loss of muscular power and physical harmony generally, has tended to the increase of suicides; the over-cultivation, too, of the intellectual faculties in the young has been another fertile source of the same evil. The best and truest checks, therefore, to be given to this sad practice are—the returning to a more natural and more healthful system in the nursery, the school-room, and the forum, so that children and youths may no longer die from over-excited intellects, nor men cut short their days from social weariness or artificially induced disease.

THE FIRST AËRIAL VOYAGE IN ENGLAND.

During the whole of the year 1784, the good people of London were greatly agitated upon the novel subject of balloons. Reports of Montgolfier's doings across the channel had raised the curiosity of our wonder-loving grandfathers to the highest pitch; and amid all the din of the great Westminster election, and the rest of the political turmoil of that eventful year, we find the popular mind constantly recurring to the topic with an excitement which is scarcely intelligible to a generation familiar with the mightier glories of steam and the telegraph. The new-born science of aërostation had not then achieved its barren honours, and become the costly pastime of our day. No invention, perhaps, in the history of man had opened to the imagination so many brilliant promises. The papers were filled with curious speculations upon the uses to which the newly applied principle might be put. Bishop Wilkins's favourite theory of a voyage to the moon was seriously revived by more than one enthusiast. Others, less sanguine, were content to congratulate themselves upon the great discoveries in astronomy which must necessarily result from a nearer view of the planets; while the more practical anticipated a time when aërial navigation would supersede the commerce of the seas, and drive the flying wagons from the Great North Road. Ballooning became quite a fashionable mania. Little balloons of painted silk, in all kinds of gay and quaint devices, floated about in boudoirs; and questions concerning the varieties of 'inflammable airs' and the 'elasticity of vapours' formed subjects of drawing-room discussion. Experiments with fire-balloons upon Montgolfier's principle were so common, and caused so many fires, that the City authorities were compelled to prohibit the practice. Rumours of approaching ascents were always in circulation. Intrepid 'air-voyagers' were constantly about to ascend, first at Kensington, then at Greenwich, and afterwards from Whitehall Gardens; but somehow or other, either the gas or the courage of the artist was sure to ooze out at the last moment, and the event never came off.

Among those who were greatly interested in the experiments at Paris was Vincent Lunardi, a young Italian attached to the Neapolitan embassy. He had dabbled a little in aërostatics with Zambeccari, and had conceived an ardent ambition to be 'the first navigator of the English atmosphere.' His scientific acquirements do not appear to have been very extensive, and his variations from the track of the French discoverers were few and questionable. It was said by his enemies, that he was 'more of the showman than the savant,' and it is probable that notoriety rather than science was the object of his courtship; but at anyrate, we cannot refuse him the credit of being the pioneer in an enterprise requiring skill and courage in no small degree. Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and Dr Fordyce, the eminent chemist, were among those who interested themselves in his work, and to them he was indebted in a great measure for its successful issue. Early in July, Lunardi informed the public that he was constructing a balloon in which he intended to ascend from the gardens of Chelsea Hospital. 'The gallery, oars, and wings,' said the advertisement, 'are already made, and to be seen at the Lyceum in Exeter Change, Strand, where the balloon is now making, and will be finished in about a fortnight.' At the same time, in order to defray his expenses, which had been heavy, he issued tickets of admission to the ascent at a guinea and half-a-guinea each. Before the end of the month, however, he had the mortification of seeing a rival candidate enter the field. A Frenchman, named Moret, had also completed a balloon, and fixed the trial for the 12th of August, the day before Lunardi's. His announcements drew together a vast concourse of people, who patiently watched the preparations from one till four o'clock; and when every effort was seen to fail, and the balloon at last sunk into the fire which ought to have expanded it, the mob, conceiving the whole affair an imposture, broke into the enclosure, tore up the apparatus, and destroyed a great amount of property in the neighbourhood. Lunardi chuckled finely over this catastrophe; but his triumph was short, for the governor of Chelsea Hospital, fearing a repetition of the riot on the morrow, immediately wrote to countermand his permission for the use of the gardens; and so his ascent had to be indefinitely postponed. It was in vain that he solicited private proprietors: the risk of a failure—and in that case, the certainty of the mob—prevented all negotiation. At length, after many wearisome delays, he obtained leave from the Artillery Company to ascend from their ground in Moorfields; but he was compelled to find sureties for any damage that might happen to the property; and even with these precautions, so great was the prejudice against him, that the permission was only carried in the council by the casting-vote of Sir Watkin Lewis, the colonel. The day was fixed for the 15th of September; but at the last moment another difficulty arose. The unprincipled proprietor of the Lyceum, who had made a good thing of the exhibition, was unwilling to lose his chief attraction; and taking advantage of Lunardi's ignorance of English law, positively refused to allow the balloon to be removed till he was secured a share in the present, and all future advantages to be derived from it. Such monstrous extortion was of course resisted. Sir Sampson Wright, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street, ordered it to be forcibly wrested from his

possession; and after a desperate struggle between the police and the employés of the Lyceum, it was safely lodged in the artillery-ground the day before the ascent.

Next morning, all London was on the move towards Moorfields. By twelve o'clock, the large square, or rather parallelogram, which formed the fashionable promenade of old London, and is now occupied by Finsbury Circus and the adjacent streets, was one mass of human beings. Every roof and window from which a view could be obtained, was thronged with eager gazers. Along the front, and towering high above the whole scene, were the gloomy buildings of the old Bedlam, the wretched inmates of which were allowed to be spectators, and exchange coarse ribaldry with the mob beneath. The fact of this vicinage, and the resemblance between Lunardi and lunatic, had been the themes of innumerable puns and witticisms for days past; and the populace, appreciating the joke, with rough humour, were continually roaring out to him to 'go inside.' The enclosure is occupied by the Artillery Company, under arms, and the subscribers who have paid for admission; but the prevailing fears have prevented many from attending. In the centre of the ground, warded on every side by strong barriers, is the balloon, which differs in many respects from the 'Great Nassaus' and 'Royal Alberts' of our time. It is about 32 feet in height, and 102 in circumference, and is composed of alternate strips of blue and red silk, strongly incased in net-work. The gallery, or car, is a thick wooden box, suspended from the balloon by forty-five ropes, and decorated on either side with two large leathern wings—a pet invention of Lunardi's—which he imagines will enable him to steer his course through the new regions he is about to visit. Almost all the men of mark in politics or literature then in town were grouped around it, including among others the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Joseph Banks. Rogers the poet was also there; and his recently published *Table-talk* records an incident of the scene. Fox, growing impatient at the delay, put his hand to his watch and found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. 'My friend,' said he to the owner of the strange hand, 'you have chosen an occupation which will some day be your ruin.' 'Oh, Mr Fox,' was the reply, 'pray forgive me, and let me go; I have a wife and six children starving at home.' Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into his hand, and then released it. At the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what time it was. 'Good God!' said he, 'my watch is gone.' 'Yes,' said his brother, General Fox, 'I know it is. I saw your friend take it.' 'Saw him take it, and made no attempt to stop him!' was the indignant response. 'Really,' said General Fox, 'you and he appeared to be on such good terms, that I did not choose to interfere.'

It is now half-past one, and Dr Fordyce is still engaged in filling the balloon with 'inflammable air,' through a complicated arrangement of leathern nooses. The gas itself is hydrogen, manufactured from an infusion of zinc in vitriolic acid, the properties of common coal-gas being then unknown. Lunardi and Mr Biggin, the gentleman who is to accompany him, are busily engaged in completing their preparations; and the visitors around them, with true English love of betting, are giving and taking the odds about the probability of their return alive. The hour fixed for the ascent is passed; and the mob outside, pent up in narrow quarters since an early hour in the morning, are beginning to get clamorous. Dr Fordyce thinks the balloon is not sufficiently inflated to take up its freight, for at present it is only pear-shaped; but with the horrid populace in prospect, it is not considered advisable to wait any longer. Lunardi and his friend jump into the car; there is an anxious pause, and after a moment's vibration, the cumbrous machine reclines heavily to mother-earth. A murmur of dissatisfaction runs through the assembly, and each man begins to feel himself duped. Already the sensitive aëronaut hears his ascent pronounced an imposition, and himself branded as a swindler. All is confusion and uproar, for the hoarse roar of the living sea without threatens havoc, and the courtiers are entreating the prince to leave the ground. 'The displeasure hanging over us,' says Lunardi, 'would have been fatal, if in one moment Mr Biggin had not had the heroism to relinquish, and I the resolution to go alone.' A smaller car is hastily substituted, and, half-dead with his many anxieties, he rushes into it. There is a warm farewell from his personal friends, for every one looks upon his return as very problematical. The prince and all the company with one accord take off their hats; the ropes are cut, and with the boom of the signal-gun, the first English balloon rises buoyantly into the air amid the frantic acclamations of nearly 200,000 spectators, who only a moment before had been indulging in the loudest shouts of menace. 'Insensible,' said the *Morning Post* of the next day, 'must that heart be which did not feel itself anxious and interested at that moment for the fate of him who intrepidly stepped into his seat, and, Phaeton-like, seized the reins which were to guide the chariot of the sun.'

At the distance of about twenty yards, it descended towards the ground; but, continues the reporter in the same style, 'roused by ambition and spirit of philosophical researches, Mr Lunardi rebuked its fear, and gave swiftness to its airy flight.' In the account of his trip, which Lunardi published soon after, he enters at length into his sensations. 'I saw,' he says, 'all London beneath me like an enormous bee-hive, but the industry of it was suspended. All the moving mass seemed to have no object but myself; and the transition from the suspicion and contempt of the preceding hour, to the affectionate transport, admiration, and glory of the present, was not without its effect on my mind.'

He tells us that the critics are wrong in holding terror to be an ingredient in every sublime sensation, for he was never freer from apprehension in his life, and speaks in ecstasies of the motion, compared with which 'the broom-sticks of the witches, Ariosto's flying-horse, and even Milton's sunbeam conveying the angel to the earth, have all an idea of effort, difficulty, and restraint.' At half-past three he descended in a cornfield near South Mimms in Hertfordshire, where he landed a cat that he had brought with him, and again reascended. He contrived to bring himself down by working with his oars, and had therefore expended none of his gas. After an hour's further journey, during which he wrote and threw down several letters to his friends, he finally lowered himself over a meadow in the parish of Stondon, near Ware. Some labourers were at work underneath him, and Lunardi begged their assistance to secure the balloon, but they all appeared horror-struck, and refused to move. One excused himself because he was too short; another said he did not like the look of it; and a third honestly declared he would have nothing to do with one who came on the 'devil's horse.' Upon his nearer approach, they fairly took to their heels; and the disembarkation would have been attended with great danger, had it not been for the spirit of a young girl who grasped a rope which Lunardi threw her, and held it till General Smith and other gentlemen who had followed him from London on horseback came up. The new-comers aided in securing the machine, and bore off Lunardi in triumph to the Bull Inn at Ware, and afterwards to Bayford Bury, the seat of Mr Baker, the member for Hertford.

Such was the prosperous ending of the first aërial

excursion in England. Lunardi, of course, became the lion of the town. The journals were filled with odes in praise of his daring; the king sent for him to court, and the lord-mayor feasted him in the City. In the curious little brochure published on the occasion, he recounts with great gravity many incidents connected with his journey. While he hovered over London, George III. was holding a cabinet council. On being told the balloon was passing, his majesty said: 'We may resume our deliberations at pleasure, but we may never see poor Lunardi again.' The conference immediately broke up, and the king and Mr Pitt took to their telescopes. One young lady mistook one of the oars which he accidentally dropped from the balloon for the aëronaut himself, and was so affected with the circumstance, that she took to her bed and died soon after. A judge to whom he mentioned this circumstance at the Mansion-house dinner, told him not to be concerned at the loss he had occasioned, for he had undoubtedly saved the life of a notorious house-breaker, whose jury were so amazed at the novel sight over the Old Bailey, that they incontinently returned a verdict of acquittal.

The success of his first attempt induced Lunardi to make several other trials in various parts of the kingdom. The year following, he went to Edinburgh, where he made two ascents from the gardens of Heriot's Hospital, the last of which considerably cooled his passion for aëronautics, as the winds being unpropitious, he fell into the sea near the Isle of May, and after a bath of many hours, was picked up by some fishermen, half-dead with cold and hunger.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

One of the chief scientific incidents of the past month was the 'Greenwich visitation,' as it is called—that is, the annual inspection of the Greenwich Observatory by the Board of Visitors, most of whom go down, a comfortable party, in the Admiralty barge, and dine together after their official business is over. The Astronomer Royal in his Report on what has been done since the visit in 1856, tells them that the work of the observatory is progressing satisfactorily—that the new dome for a new class of equatorial observations will be completed this summer—that suspending the quicksilver trough of the reflex zenith tube by straps of vulcanised caoutchouc 'has been perfectly successful; the tremors are absolutely destroyed, and the star has been observed at all hours of the night and day.' And as regards the transmission of time by telegraph, he says: 'Five clocks are in sympathetic movement in the observatory—one at the Hospital Schools, and one in the North Kent Station at London Bridge. That for signals has received this slight alteration, that the pull of the Time-ball Detent now alters the connections of four triplets of springs. Of these, one controls the communications with the Electric Telegraph Company's office at Lothbury, by which hourly signals are sent on various railways; the time-balls at the Strand, Cornhill, and Liverpool are dropped; and the Post-office clock in Lombard Street is regulated. A second affects the communications with the South-eastern Railway station, by which hourly signals are sent on various lines in Kent, and the time-ball at Deal is dropped, and returns its signal to acquaint us with its successful drop. The third and fourth are reserved for the prospective wants of the royal dockyards; they communicate with the Admiralty wire of the British Telegraph.' It is probable that a time-ball will be erected at Devonport, the possibility of dropping such a ball by a flash from Greenwich having already been demonstrated. The Astronomer Royal still, as last year, refers to certain mysterious changes of level and direction of one of the instruments, one occurring with changes of temperature, the other at the equinoxes, and he still imagines some movement of the earth itself to be the cause of these remarkable phenomena.

There is to be a better education for officers in the army. No more getting commissions by favour; no more scandals about silly ensigns; but real practical ability, and thorough knowledge of military science, are to be the rule. Above all, we want competent officers in India. As regards art-education, the South Kensington Museum is open, and whosoever will may now inspect its valuable contents at pleasure. It is about three-quarters of an hour distant from Trafalgar Square, so that working-men could hardly resort to it without giving up half a day. But the view of the buildings and the grounds, well repays the time and labour. Comprised in that museum, are the Department of Science and Art from Marlborough House; an educational department, exhibiting all the appliances of teaching, and a good library, well arranged; the collections made by the commissioners of patents, all sorts of models and machinery; a trade collection; an Economical Museum; and the Sheepshanks collection of pictures, 234 in number. The effect of the whole is admirable, so good is the general arrangement. It will look yet richer when the articles lent to the Manchester Exhibition shall be returned. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, and on Monday and Thursday evenings, the museum is open to the public; on the other three days of the week—students' days—there is a charge of sixpence for admission; and the catalogue costs only a penny. A comfortable kind of inauguration took place; Dr Lyon Playfair, president of the Chemical Society, gave his soirée in the museum, to the fellows of the Society, and a troop of savans besides, and for once, everybody had room enough.—May we not complete this paragraph on education by a specially noteworthy fact: eight bills have been brought into the House of Lords as a beginning in the long-talked-of and much-wanted work of codifying our laws. Should it please our legislators to pass them, the fifty volumes of statutes will be reduced to two or three.

The Architectural Museum lately kept at Canon Row, Westminster, is also removed to South Kensington.—The Horticultural Society, after a lapse of two years, have again given one of their attractive flower-shows at Chiswick.—Thirty-two thousand persons visited the Zoological Gardens during three days of Whitsuntide; more than ever before.—The visitors last year to the British Museum numbered 361,714; in 1854, the number was 459,262. Visits to the reading-room were less numerous than in former years.—The local committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Montreal, have sent invitations to certain savans in this country to attend their meeting in August, accompanied by an offer of a free passage there and back. We hear that an eminent geologist and some of his friends have accepted the invitation.

A new magnetic survey of the British Islands is being made, whereby to discover and determine what changes have taken place in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism since the former survey by General Sabine in 1827. Mr Welsh, of the Kew Observatory,

conducts the observations in Scotland, Sir James Ross in England, and Rev. Dr Lloyd in Ireland; names which are a sufficient guarantee that the work will be well done. When done, there will be valuable data at hand for Professor Hansteen of Christiania, who, as our readers are aware, has been for some time engaged on a theory of terrestrial magnetism derived from actual observation. About a year ago, he wrote to the Astronomer Royal, stating that the dip, as recorded at Greenwich, was much more in amount than, according to theory, it ought to be. The Greenwich dipping-needle was thereupon examined, and found to be extremely defective, depriving observations made with it of their value. It was at once rectified, with the effect of shewing the dip to be the same as inferred by Professor Hansteen. The publication by General Sabine of his third volume of *Toronto Observations* is opportune, as it contains a comprehensive review of all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

Specimens of sheet-iron have been laid before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, described as 'gum elastic coated and impregnated iron,' which is said to be better for roofing purposes than any other kind hitherto invented. No galvanic action takes place between the iron and the coating; hence disturbing influences of that kind are avoided. Sir Benjamin Hall has confessed before the House of Commons that the galvanised iron roof of the great Westminster Palace is beginning to shew signs of rust. It might be worth inquiring whether the gum elastic coating and impregnation would afford the desired protection. —We hear that the iron trade is so good in Wales, that new furnaces are being built at Dowlais, by which the manufacture will be doubled, hundreds of tons of bars rolled every week, and additional employment afforded.

Many a visitor has gone down to the Isle of Dogs to look at the *Great Eastern*, without at the same time noticing thirty 'hopper barges,' built of iron, for dredging the Danube, in accordance with the terms of the treaty recently made with discomfited Russia. They are constructed with trap-doors in the bottom, for the discharge in deep water of the sand and gravel raised from the shoals.—And this reminds us that the Netherlands Land Company have just reclaimed seventeen hundred acres of land, which with the former reclamation makes a total of nearly three thousand. Their operations are carried on in the shallow channel which separates South Beveland from the mainland in the estuary of the Scheldt. And there is talk of reclamation at the mouth of the Mersey, as may be seen in a Report just published by Mr George Rennie, the engineer. The project is, to build a breakwater out from Rock Point, on the Cheshire shore, across the shoals to a distance of three miles, the end to finish with a light-house. By the protection of this breakwater, it is estimated that from 30,000 to 40,000 acres of land will be won from the sea. Then, on the Lancashire side, a sea-wall is to be built of the same length, and behind that there will be a saving of 2000 acres: hence the value of the land is no unimportant item in calculating the result. The form of the wall and of the breakwater will be such as to make a trumpet-mouth to the river, whereby the navigation will be greatly facilitated, and ample protection will be given to the North Docks at Liverpool, which now are scarcely accessible in blowing weather. And besides, wrecks will be prevented, and the cost of steam-tugs saved, which is also no unimportant item in a port entered every year by 40,000 ships, amounting in gross burden to 4,000,000 tons. What has been done, and is still being done at Portland and Holyhead, shews how easy it is to build a breakwater far out to sea; and we should like to see the project carried out. Liverpool so completely outshines London in all that belongs to her river, that it is about time the metropolis should be shamed into doing something to remove the reproach from the Thames.

Among proceedings in geology, we find something interesting in the researches of Baron de Beust, chief director of the mining department in Saxony, who has been led to the conclusion that minerals are diffused throughout his native country, and Europe generally, according to certain simple laws. He shews that the porphyry veins of Saxony run in lines corresponding to the direction of the mountain-ranges; and wherever porphyry is found, it is an indication of the presence of useful minerals. Taking Europe at large, he finds three principal metalliferous zones; the first, commencing in Bessarabia, runs through Hungary, Saxony, the Hartz, and across the Channel, to the lead-districts of Derbyshire and Cumberland; the second begins near Lisbon, and ends in Transylvania; the third, 400 miles in width, begins in the north-west of Spain, traverses the continent to Brittany, from thence to the smaller Channel Islands, touches South Belgium, and intersects the first zone. The tin of Saxony lies in the same line, as produced on the map, and runs from north-west Spain to Limoges; and 'a line drawn through the quicksilver deposits of Spain and Tuscany, if lengthened, will pass through Idria, and end in the veins of mercurial gray copper in Upper Hungary.'

Instructive facts these for mineralogists! Endeavours have already been made to turn them to account. Mines long neglected in Bohemia are to be reworked, for, with improved knowledge, geologists believe them to contain much undiscovered mineral wealth. That certain deposits take certain lines through the earth, has been for some time known. Haidinger shewed in 1849, that whenever boracic acid is found either free or combined with the rock, all the places lie on a line running north and south—from the Lipari Isles to Arendal in Norway. From the latter place, a branch shoots off to the west, and terminates in Salisbury Crag, Edinburgh. Other lines, which have been partially traced, favour the belief that extraordinary mineral deposits will one day be discovered in the Caucasus. It is a remarkable instance of commercial enterprise, that auriferous quartz is now brought from Virginia to Frodsham, in Cheshire, where it is calcined and crushed, and the gold is extracted at a profit, even should the yield be not more than an ounce and a half of gold to the ton of quartz.

In Paris, two ingenious Frenchmen have made a successful attempt to improve water-lenses. They have overcome the difficulties which have hitherto caused failure, and produce lenses, as we are told, which 'have the purity and perfection, nearly, without the cost of lenses of solid glass.' This success is likely to prove beneficial in more ways than one; for a water-lens properly illuminated will send its light to a distance of ten or twelve miles—the very thing, as it would seem, for railway signals, and for ships navigating the Channel.

A desideratum long sought for has now been achieved—that is, a means of perfectly cleaning articles of silver without injury to the metal. It is the discovery of Professor Böttger, a German. Take a glass or glazed vessel sufficiently large for the purpose; fill it with a strong solution of borax or of caustic potash; drop into it an inner vessel made of zinc, and pierced with holes as a sieve. Then take your silver, plunge it into the liquid, moving it up and down, being careful that at each plunge it comes into contact with the zinc. The effect is magical; for under the combined action of the solution and of the electricity evolved by the contact of the two metals, the silver loses all its dirt and discolorations, and becomes as bright as when first manufactured. Should it not be convenient to use the inner vessel of zinc, the cleansing may be accomplished by sinking

the silver in the solution, and stirring it about with a small rod of zinc. It is essential to success that the two metals touch each other frequently.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WORKING-MEN.

Join a benefit club; you will not miss the periodical contribution you have to pay. Do not defer doing so because you are healthy now; there is no knowing how soon disease may prostrate your energy and strength. Never join a club the sole recommendation of which is the smallness of its contributions. Avoid a club held at a public-house; you will find it cheaper in the end. Have nothing to do with a society the contributions of which are all alike. The existence of such societies depends on the introduction of young and healthy members. See that the society is properly enrolled, and the affairs conducted by a committee of business-like and sober men. Do not throw yourself upon the funds every time you cut your finger, or wish for a week's holiday. Do not be content with providing against sickness alone; but provide a sufficient sum to be payable at your death, so that the wife you cherish may not have to find a home by marrying again when you are dead, or your children become chargeable to the parish, or dependent on the bounty of friends, simply because in life you have cared more for your own little comforts than for their future welfare. Do this, and when the last hour comes, and you have to wrestle with the angel of death, the pang will be lessened by the knowledge that those you have loved and are leaving are provided for by your own forethought; and the memory of your kindness and your love will continue as green as the grass which waves above your pallid head.—*Benefit and Sick Clubs: their Ruinous Condition and Causes of Failure.* By Charles Hamilton, Sheffield.

THE LATEST NEW THING.

A spider-tank is the last novelty, and likely to be the most popular one introduced. It should be furnished with a perforated glazed top, and be not less than ten or twelve inches high, formed upon a square base of some six or more inches. The one we have, says a correspondent of a contemporary, contains three dozen spiders, acting, like a body of ants, or like a hive of bees, under a chosen ruler, and the arrangement of the nest and the formation of the web have been the work of the most perfect subdivision of labour, each individual spider performing its allotted task, without interfering with that of its neighbour. The *Argyroneta Aquatica*, the diving water-spider, when isolated from its companions, builds a cup-like nest close to the top of the water, and the membrane which surrounds the body being transparent, when inflated with air, assumes the appearance of a glittering metallic substance. So charged, the spider descends to the bottom in search of prey, but frequently is itself devoured by fish before it reaches its destination. To guard against this, nature has taught it that unity is strength, and when acting together in a body, the web is so strong, and of such dimensions, that fish themselves are entrapped, and become food for the colony. The immense activity of the spider, continually ascending and descending, glittering and bright in its airy dress, makes it one of the most amusing additions to the *vivarium*, and the spider-tank guards it from the danger to which it is subject if placed within the general aquarium.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A NEW KIND OF DIAMOND.

That diamond is nothing but the substance of charcoal, or carbon in a crystallised state, is a fact pretty generally known; but that there is another elementary substance, called *boron*, which bears a strong analogy to carbon, is less so, perhaps, because boron has hitherto been obtained in such small quantities, that it is still a curiosity even in the laboratory of the chemist. MM. Wohler and Deville have lately made most interesting experiments upon this body, from which it appears that it can exist in three states, exactly corresponding to those of carbon—namely, the amorphous, the graphitic, and the crystallised state. In order to obtain the latter, 100 grammes (3½ ounces) of boric acid and 80 of aluminum are exposed, during five hours, to a violent fire in a black crucible coated with charcoal-powder. The mass is then left to cool; and on breaking the crucible, two distinct strata come to view—one consisting of vitrified boric acid, or boracic acid containing some alumina; and the other of aluminum in a metallic state, mixed up with crystals of boron. To separate the latter, this metallic mass is treated with boiling caustic soda, to dissolve the metal; then with boiling hydrochloric acid, to carry off the iron which may have been separated from the plumbago of the crucible; and, lastly, with a mixture of nitric and hydrofluoric acid, to dissolve the silicium left by the soda. After this, the boron is obtained pure in three varieties of crystals—namely, 1. Black and opaque laminæ, which will cut diamond, though not so well as diamond-powder: 2. Long prismatic crystals, perfectly transparent, and as brilliant as diamonds, but not so hard as the former variety; if without flaws, they might be used for jewellery: 3. Very minute but distinct crystals of a red chocolate colour, and quite as hard as diamond. They may be used as diamond-powder, and give a fine polish.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF VIOLETS IN WAX.

WHERE, oh where do the violets dwell?
Sweet April breeze, I pray thee, tell!
Thou hast wandered far over vale and glen,
Ere thou hast entered the haunts of men;
Thou hast breathed on the wealth of the spring's young green,
Through sunlit valleys thy path has been,
Through copses where last year's leaves lie still,
Where the brambles dip in the wandering rill,
O'er wide green meadows, o'er bleak hillside—
Tell me, sweet breeze, where do violets hide?

Down some quiet glen where the moss is deep;
At a gray rock's foot where the lichens creep;
Under branches gemmed with the morning dew;
In a bower of leaves which the sun glints through;
'Mong the thick gnarled roots of an old oak-tree,
Unvisited save by some wandering bee;
'Mid the deep wood-silence, unbroken all day,
Save by babbling brook or rustling spray;
Like a gem in the shade of its deep leaves set,
You may find the coy sweet violet!

Alas, for me! I may not go
Where the wild fern bends to the waters' flow,
Chained are the steps that would gladly roam
In the track of the breeze to the violet's home.
I dwell 'mid the tide of eddying life;
The very air with its sound is rife!
I may not leave these streets and walls
For lone wood-dells and water-falls;
So deep in its own sweet verd'rous gloom,
Unseen by me, must the violet bloom!

Yet have I violets! See my prize!
Purple and white, with their golden eyes!
Violets vying with Nature's best,
Tenderly set in a mossy nest!
Better in this, that these dainty flowers
Fade not away with the fleeting hours;
But their beauty will last with the fancies they raise,
Through rain, and tempest, and wintry days.
Then thanks, warm thanks, to the skilful hand,
And tenfold thanks to the heart that planned
This graceful gift! So these flowers shall be
Ever a source of sweet thoughts to me,
And though storms blow wildly, and skies are drear,
Shall bring dreams of spring-time through all the year!

F. S. H.

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KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to transcribe an episode in my youthful experience, which, though comparatively brief, if measured by time only, has so impressed and shaped my life—now past its sixth decade—that it stands out in the light of memory as a towering mind-mark, to which all subsequent events appear subordinate, and to chiefly owe their form and colour, their shadows and their sunshine.

In that episode, Kirke Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer, was a prominent actor, and his character and history, as developed by the scenes in which I happened to be associated with him, possess, I think, an interest and value—especially now, when the 'species' to which he belonged may be said to be extinct—apart from his influence upon my own individual fortunes. If, however, the ordinary sketches of his class which one meets with are to be deemed authentic portraitures, Captain Webbe, who was neither a vulgar ruffian nor a melodramatic hero, cannot be presented to the reader as an average specimen of the privateer. He boasted of having been a scholar of Christ's Hospital; was certainly well read in English literature; and his seamanship he acquired by six years' service in the royal navy as midshipman. Further than this, those of his deeds to which I am about in these pages to bear witness must speak for him; though, if proof of their verity be required, I can only refer to the internal evidence supplied by the narrative itself: if that suffice not, I have no other to offer, as I do not choose to publish my own real name.

All that I positively knew of myself, of my antecedents and belongings up to the second week in February 1814, may be shortly set forth. My name, we will say, was William Linwood. I was unquestionably a strapping fellow of my age—then a trifle over twenty years; and not absolutely frightful in features, or it could scarcely be an article of faith with me that Isle of Wight lasses, especially in and near Ryde, were, and doubtless still are, unless the presence of all-shadowing royalty has frozen the genial current of their souls, some of the sweetest-tempered damsels in creation. For the last ten or eleven of those twenty years, I had been domiciled at Oak Villa, near Ryde, on the road to Newport, with my grandmother, Mrs Margaret Linwood, one of the oddest, worthiest, and most absolute of womankind. My earlier years had also been chiefly passed with Mrs Linwood, though not in the Isle of Wight, whither she removed some twelve months previously to the departure of my father and mother for the United States of America, in 1804, a destination they never reached; the vessel in which they sailed having been captured in the Channel by a French letter of marque, and carried into the port of Havre de Grace, in or near which commercial capital of maritime Normandy my parents had since been detained as prisoners of war, on parole.

This was pretty nearly all of our family history that my inexorable grandame had decided, in her peremptory have-done-talking-of-it sort of way, should be confided to me till I attained my legal majority; or the advent of peace permitted my parents to continue their voyage to America, and me to join them there—a return to England not being, it would seem, contemplated as a possible eventuality.

Meagre as was this information upon matters of such paramount interest for a son, I should have been happier, less irritable, captious, when the subject was incidentally alluded to, had not certain fragmentary images or impressions looming through the mists of memory, suggested an affrighting solution; the more affrighting because vague, dark, undefined—of the mystery before which the kindest hands in the world had drawn, and persisted in keeping drawn, an impervious veil.

I remembered that, in the far-off time, I had been the petted favourite of a tall, portly gentleman, living in a fine house; that I had frequently ridden with him in a glittering carriage, drawn by prancing horses, and usually accompanied by my mother, whose pale, pensive face, and soft, low, tearful voice, seemed ever as vividly present to me as on the night I was awakened to receive her farewell blessing previous to her departure with my father for America. The tall portly gentleman was, I knew, my mother's father, and for a time we were his only companions; but after a while, another lady and another child dwelt in the fine house, and rode in the glittering carriage with us; and I was finally carried off by Dame Linwood to her comparatively humble abode in South Wales, and never, that I could remember, had I seen the tall, portly gentleman again.

My mother came frequently to Llanberris, sometimes, not often, accompanied by her husband, whose image dwelt faintly in my memory. On one occasion, and the last time I saw him, he came alone. Evening was falling when he arrived, and I, then about six years old, was hurried to bed, but not so hastily as to prevent me noticing that he was strangely flurried, and that a few whispered words communicated his agitation to my grandmamma. His face, too, was

deathly pale, and, as I felt when he kissed me, cold as stone, like his hands.

Nancy Dow, my grandmother's confidential servant, looked as scared as they; and as she undressed, put me to bed, and kept guard over me, poured forth a torrent of talk, to drown, if possible, the sounds of weeping and lamentation, fitfully surging up from below.

She succeeded to a certain extent for a while; but ere yet—spite of her repeated entreaties that I would, like the good boy that I was, go to sleep—the slightest feeling of drowsiness had come over me, a loud, fierce knocking at the front door startled her into silence, as it did my relatives below, for the house was hush as death when the knocking ceased for a few moments, to be again and again renewed with increasing violence. Rude voices, too, made themselves heard from without, imperiously demanding admittance; and presently there was a crash of glass, as if the window had been broken through, followed by an explosion of discordant cries and exclamations. Nancy Dow flew down stairs, and I, not daring to get up, lay sobbing with terror, till the gradual subsidence of the incomprehensible tumult permitted slumber to weigh down my aching eyelids, and I sank into the dreamless sleep of childhood.

I was early awakened by poor Nancy, who had evidently not taken her clothes off, and whose very decided features were swollen by weeping into exaggerated unloveliness. She told me that my father and grandmamma were gone to London, and would not, perhaps, return for some little time; and I was emphatically cautioned not to speak of what had occurred the previous evening to the outdoor servants and helpers, when they came to their work—Mrs Linwood managed, and successfully, a very large dairy-farm of her own—nor express surprise at my relative's absence.

The memories of children, however precocious, and mine was remarkably so, rarely take note of periods of time; and I could not say how long—reckoned by days and weeks—Mrs Linwood, as I call her from habit—she having always greatly disliked to be 'grandmothered'—remained absent; but measured by my pining inquietude, a long, long interval of dreary time elapsed before she returned. And then how changed, even to my childish appreciation! It seemed that a sudden, untimely frost had frozen over the genial current of her nature. True, it still flowed with as kindly and generous a warmth as ever beneath the cold, stern surface; but she had, as it were, placed a barrier of ice between herself and a world in which she had no longer faith or hope.

What could have been the nature of the calamity that had so suddenly darkened good Mrs Linwood's clear noon of life?—for though a grandmother, she was considerably on the sunny side of fifty—was the question which, as the years grew on, and threw the light of their experience back on the scene enacted at Llanberris Farm on the evening of my father's last visit, incessantly pursued and harassed me.

I could not doubt that he had upon that occasion been subjected to legal arrest—for debt, mayhap! Strive as I might, it was impossible to hold to that precious suggestion. Many circumstances concurred to convince me that pecuniary difficulties had not been felt in our family. My father, who had never been in business, was neither a gambler nor a spendthrift. Mr Waller, the portly gentleman of my childhood, was very wealthy; and Mrs Linwood herself had, I knew, for many years invested upon an average L.800 annually: she would have grudged nothing to her only son. No; they were not the agents of a grasping creditor, that had broken into our peaceful Welsh home in unscrupulous pursuit of their quarry!

He must, then, have been seized by officers of criminal justice. Yet had Mrs Linwood, when vehemently pressed by me to give some slight explanation of the occurrences of that memorable evening, declared that my father had never been arraigned for any offence whatever; and she was incapable of falsehood. Never *arraigned* for any offence! Those were her guarded words. The offence had perhaps been compromised—hushed up. Not a very serious one, then, or such a course would have been impossible.

No serious offence! A rotten cable that to hold by. Dame Linwood's inexorable silence—the expatriation of both my parents—the careful avoidance of any allusion to Mr Waller and his second wife, extinguished that hope as soon as it was formed.

An incident which occurred about six months previous to the before-mentioned second week in February 1814, threw a ghastly light over the mystery.

It was my father's birthday, and I was sitting with Mrs Margaret Linwood in the miniature drawing-room of Oak Villa, of which the French windows opened upon our finely cultivated pleasure-garden, and beyond commanded a splendid view of the silvery Solent. It was a cloudless autumnal evening; and the faint sea-breeze, which barely sufficed to dilate the white sails of the numerous sailing-craft afloat upon the glancing waters, was subdued by the time it reached us, laden with the rich perfume of flowers, to a fragrant caressing sigh, in unison with the serene—and to us, absorbed by the painful thoughts suggested by that particular day of the year—solemn silence that reigned around. My venerable relative, to whom those anniversaries were bitterly afflictive, seeming to tear open afresh the hidden wound that was slowly, but surely eating her life away, was more than usually sad and thoughtful, and for the last half-hour or so, not a word had passed between us.

She was sitting with her back towards me, according to her wont, when unwilling that I should observe the emotions that swept over the tablet of her face, which was, however, clearly revealed to me in a tall mirror opposite; and swift tears, I saw, were trickling through her thin white fingers.

Gently I ventured to approach the subject ever, of late, uppermost in my thoughts.

'My grandfather, Waller, still resides, I presume, at the house in Cavendish Square?' said I, my gaze the while intently fixed upon the mirror. There was a slight start, and the partially concealing hand was half withdrawn from the face. The emotion was but momentary.

'Your grandfather, Waller, still resides at the house in Cavendish Square,' was the quiet reply.

'With his second wife, Mrs Waller, of course?'

'With Mrs Waller, his second wife, of course. Captain Webbe met them, not long ago, in one of the parks.'

'Strange, was it not, that, having a grown-up daughter of his own, Mr Waller should have married again?'

'Not strange at all. He was not more than five or six and forty years of age; and Mrs Hamblin was a widow, not far off, I should think, of thirty, though Time had dealt so gently with her, that she looked nothing like so old. A singularly beautiful woman,' added Mrs Linwood with a sigh, 'and beautiful in mind as person. The marriage was in all respects an unexceptionable one.'

'You once shewed me her portrait: the expression, it struck me, was a peculiar one—sweet, but very sad. That, however, might be only fancy.'

'True—a boy's fancy.'

'And the beautiful child, I so well remember, what—— Good Heaven, what have I said—done?'

Lightning seemed with my words to have smitten my venerable relative. A sharp cry of anguish escaped her, and her face, no longer masked by her hands, which tightly grasped her bosom, was convulsed with horror.

I leaped to my feet in terrible dismay; but before, in my confusion and affright, I could think of what should be done, or summon others to do it, strong-willed Mrs Linwood had, by a supreme effort, mastered her betraying outward self.

'Sit down!' she exclaimed with peremptory sternness. 'It was a passing spasm—nothing more. I must consult Mr Beale, for these attacks grow in frequency and violence of late. You may fetch me a glass of wine from the dining-room.'

'You were speaking, William,' said Mrs Linwood, as she replaced the emptied glass upon the table, and with her face still carefully averted from me—'you were speaking, William, of—of Lucy Hamblin—Mrs Waller's beautiful little girl. She died young—early in her fourth year.'

'Ha!'

'Yes: the sweet child was—was drowned in the Thames, near Gravesend.'

'Drowned! By accident?'

'There are various opinions; I have mine—a decided one, but, unsustained by legal evidence, worthless of course. And now, my dear boy, go and send Nancy to me: I do not feel quite well.'

This, as I believed, partial unveiling of the terrible secret, rendered further suspense insupportable. My life was embittered, poisoned by it; and I passionately entreated to know the worst. Mrs Linwood was deaf as iron, unyielding as adamant to my supplications; and I was still, at the beginning of 1814, moodily meditating the probable motives for her obduracy—chewing, as usual, the cud of dark and bitter fancies—when my listless glance was arrested by an advertisement in the *Hampshire Telegraph* newspaper, stating that Mr Harrison of Portsmouth, the printer of that journal, had a complete file of the London *Times* from 1798 to 1802, to dispose of. Might I not, it instantly flashed across my mind—might I not find in the columns of that paper all that I longed to discover? I knew in what year, and at about what period in that year, my father's arrest had taken place. How was it that so obvious an expedient for ending the doubts and fears by which I was beset had not occurred to me before? At all events, it should not be neglected now; and an hour had not passed when I took boat at the old Ryde pier for Portsmouth.

The bargain with Mr Harrison was readily struck; and the coarsely bound broadsheets having been conveyed to the Blue Posts Inn, I was speedily glancing through the leaves with feverish impatience. The file was, I found, far from perfect; many numbers were missing of the most promising dates; and I was half inclined—partly from despair, partly from *dread* of finding what I sought—to give up the search, when my eye lit upon the following paragraph:

'The Gravesend Tragedy.—Mr William Linwood, who has been so long in custody, charged with the murder, by drowning, of the child Lucy Hamblin, was yesterday set at liberty, with the consent of the law-officers of the crown, who have most reluctantly arrived at the conclusion, that in the absence of Mademoiselle Féron, who can nowhere be found or heard of, there is no legal evidence to warrant his detention. No moral doubt appears to be entertained by those who have investigated the circumstances, of Linwood's guilt; yet it is right to add, that the accused himself asserts his perfect innocence with an earnestness which, combined with his previous excellent character, might weigh considerably in his favour, but for the facts disclosed by Louise Féron during the tumult and agitation consequent upon the discovery of the dreadful crime—facts not the less morally conclusive that they were not declared, and have not since been confirmed upon oath. Mrs Waller, the bereaved mother, is, we are rejoiced to hear, recovering from the effects of the attack of brain fever, which it was at one time feared would have resulted in confirmed insanity.'

A vertigo seized me as I read; the dreadful lines swam, flashed as if written with fire, before my shrinking, blinded eyes. I had barely strength to close the terrible volume, stagger towards and ring the bell, and then dizzy, sick—sick, as if unto death, I fell senseless on the floor.

Upon recovering consciousness, I found myself lying upon a couch near an open window, and sedulously ministered to by the landlady of the Blue Posts and one of her sympathising handmaidens. The vertigo and sickness had passed away, and, thanking them for their kindness, I asked to be left to myself—a request which, after I had given proof of the repossession of my faculties by swallowing the greatest part of a glass of spirits and water, was complied with.

Well, I had thoroughly succeeded in plucking out the heart of the mystery! I knew now, as well as Dame Linwood herself, that my father was adjudged by public opinion to be a cruel murderer! Accursed knowledge! compared with which the carking anxiety I had previously suffered was happiness—felicity! By public opinion so condemned! True; but assuredly, also—and the blessed thought flashed like sunlight upon my troubled soul—assuredly justly judging, clear-headed Mrs Linwood did not believe him guilty! O no!—a thousand times no! And my own mother, the pure light of whose mild eyes sank so deep into my child's heart, that it still glowed there in undimmed, perennial brightness—she—I eagerly recalling to mind passages of her letters that I had been permitted to read—she, I knew, felt for her husband not love, compassion only, but respect, esteem, reverence.

Of what weight was rashly formed public opinion opposed to such testimonies? Not the slightest—of not a feather's weight; and, passing with boyish impetuosity from despair to exultation, I laughed, shouted, wept with the inexpressible joy springing from a devout, unshakable conviction of my persecuted, maligned father's innocence!

Innocence which it would be my duty, my high privilege to vindicate in the face of day before a misjudging world. I would hunt up the woman Féron—trace the atrocious calumny to its vile source! Success I could not doubt of, for I had faith in God and my own courage. But enough of these ebullitions of an undisciplined, puerile enthusiasm—an enthusiasm with which I was shocked to find Dame Linwood could not be persuaded to in the slightest degree participate. The discovery I had made through the newspaper pained, annoyed her, and she would add nothing to the information which I had, according to her, surreptitiously obtained. She knew nothing, could guess nothing of the whereabout of the Frenchwoman Louise Féron; and any stir in the unhappy business by a rash, inexperienced boy could, she was quite satisfied, lead to no useful result. Her son's vindication would, she nothing doubted, be brought about in God's own good time; and for that time she, I, all of us must humbly wait.

The worthy dame's obstinate fatalism, as I deemed it, made me terribly wroth; but all the indignation and eloquence in the world would have been utterly thrown away upon her, but for an occurrence which startled her into a belief that the good time she prayed and waited for might be near at hand. That occurrence, launching me into a sea of perils, the shadows whereof, ever so faintly cast before, would, for all my

vapouring self-conceit, have given me serious pause, fell out thus oddly: it is not often that Fate knocks at one's door with so seemingly ludicrous a summons.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

Though female servants come under the category of handicraftswomen, yet they form a distinct class, very important in itself, and essential to the welfare of the community.

A faithful servant—next best blessing, and next rarest, after a faithful friend!—who among us has not had, or wanted, such a one? Some inestimable follower of the family, who has known all the family changes, sorrows, and joys, is always at hand to look after the petty necessities and indescribably small nothings which, in the aggregate, make up the sum of one's daily comfort; whom one can trust in sight and out of sight—call upon for help in season and out of season; rely on in absence, or sickness, or trouble, to 'keep the house going,' safe and right; and at all times, and under all circumstances, depend upon for that conscientious fidelity of service which money can never purchase, nor repay.

And this, what domestic servants ought to be, might be, they are—alas, how seldom!

Looking round on the various households we know, I fear we shall find that this relation of master (or mistress) and servant—a relation so necessary, as to have been instituted from the foundation of the world, and since so hallowed by both biblical and secular chronicles, as to be, next to ties of blood and friendship, the most sacred bond that can exist between man and man—is, on the whole, the worst fulfilled of any under the sun.

Whose fault is this?—the superior's, who, in the march of intellect and education around him, losing somewhat the distinction of mere rank, yet tries to enforce it by instituting external distinctions impossible to be maintained between himself and his dependents?—or the inferior's, who, sufficiently advanced to detect the weaknesses of the class above him, though not to cure his own, abjures the blind reverence and obedience of ancient times, without attaining to the higher spirit of this our day—when the law of servitude has been remodelled, elevated, and consecrated by Christianity itself, in the person of its Divine Founder. '*He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.*'

This recognition of the sanctity of service, through the total and sublime equality on which, in one sense, are thus placed the server and the served, seems the point whereon all minor points ought to turn, and which, in the awful responsibility it imposes on both parties, ought never to be absent from the mind of either; yet it is usually one of the very last things likely to enter there.

To tell Mrs Jones—who yesterday engaged her cook Betty for fourteen pounds a year, having beaten her down from fourteen guineas by a compromise about the beer; and who, after various squabbles, finally turned out pretty Susan, the housemaid, into the ghastly Vanity-fair of London, for gossiping on area steps with divers 'followers'—or the honourable Mrs Browne Browne, who keeps Victorine sitting up till daylight just to undo her mistress's gown, and last week threatened, though she did not dare, to dismiss the fine upper-nurse, because, during the brief minute or two after dessert, when Master Baby appeared, mamma, who rarely sees him at any other time, and never meddles with his education, physical or moral, was shocked to hear from his rosy lips a 'naughty word'—to say to these 'ladies' that the 'women' they employ are of the same feminine flesh and blood, would of course meet nominal assent. But to attempt to get them to carry that truth out practically—to own that they and their servants are of like passions and feelings, capable of equal elevation or deterioration of character, and amenable to the same moral laws—in fact, all 'sisters' together, accountable both to themselves and to the opposite sex for the influence they mutually exercise over one another, would, I fear, be held simply ridiculous. 'Sisters' indeed! Certainly not, under any circumstances—except when Death, the great Leveller, having permanently interposed, we may safely, over a few spadefuls of earth, venture to acknowledge 'our dear sister here departed.'

I have gone up and down the world a good deal, yet I have scarcely found one household, rich or poor, hard or benevolent, Christian or worldly, aristocratic or democratic, which, however good in outward practice, could be brought to own as a guiding principle, this, which is apparently the New Testament principle with regard to service and servants.

I neither seek to preach nor act equality; of all shams, there is none so vain as the assertion of that which does not, and cannot exist in this world, and which the highest religious and social legislation never supposes possible.

For instance, my cook prepares and sends up dinner. From long practice, she does it a hundred times better than I could do; nay, even takes a pleasure and pride in it, for which I am truly thankful, and sincerely indebted to her too; for a good cook is a household blessing, and no small contributor to health, temper, and enjoyment. Accordingly, I treat her with consideration, and even enter her domains with a certain respectful awe. But I do not invite her to eat her own dinner, or mingle in the society which to me is its most piquant sauce. She was not born to it, nor brought up for it. Good old soul! she would gape at the finest bon-mot, and doze over the most intellectual conversation. She is better left in peace by her kitchen-fire.

Also, though it is a real pleasure to me to watch my neat parlour-maid in and out of the drawing-room, to see by her bright intelligent face that she understands much of whatever talk is going on, and may learn something by it too sometimes; still, I should never think of asking her to take a seat among the guests. Poor little lass! she would be as unhappy and out of place here, as I should be in the noisy Christmas party below stairs, of which she is the very centre of attraction, getting more compliments and misletoe-kisses than I ever got, or wished for, in my whole lifetime. And, by the same rule, though I like to see her prettily dressed, and never scruple to tell her when she sets my teeth on edge by a blue bow on a green-cotton gown, I do not hold it necessary, when she helps me on with my silk one, to condole with her over the said cotton, or to offer her the use of my toilet and my chaperonage at the conversazione to which I am going, where, in the scores I meet, there may be scarcely any face more pleasant, more kindly, or more necessary to me than her own.

Nevertheless, each is in her station. Providence fixed both where they are; and while they there remain, and, unless either individual is qualified to change, neither has the smallest right to overstep the barrier between them—recognised, perhaps, better tacitly than openly by either—but never by any ridiculous assumption of equality denied or set aside. Yet one meeting-point there is—far below, or above, all external barriers—the common womanhood in which all share. If anything were to happen to my little maid—if I caught her crying over 'father's' letter, or running in, laughing and rosy, after shutting the back gate on—somebody—I am afraid my heart would warm to her just as much as, though I never left my name at Buckingham Palace, it is prone to do to a certain Lady there, who takes early walks,

and goes rides with her little children—apparently a better woman, wife, and mother than nine-tenths of her subjects. Yes; it is here, I think, the only true equality lies—in this recognition of a common nature; to the divinely appointed law of which all external practice is to be referred. Would that both mistresses and servants could be brought to recognise this equality—not as a mere sentimental theory, but as a tangible fact, the foundation and starting-point of all relations between them.

It concerns maids just as much as mistresses; and to them I wish to speak, more especially as among them this Journal circulates largely—at least, I have often found it, hid in table-drawers, and 'streeling' about dressers, or pored over of odd evenings when the kitchen was tidy and work was done. All the better: no mental improvement that is compatible with the duties of his or her calling, ought to be forbidden any human being.

I should like, first, to impress upon all women-servants how very much society depends upon them for its wellbeing, physical and moral. I am not afraid of thereby increasing their self-conceit: it is not responsibility, but the want or loss of it, which degrades character. To feel that you can be something, or might be, is often the first step towards becoming it; and I hold it safest, on the whole, to treat people as better than they are, if, perchance, conscience may shame them into being what they are believed, than to check all hope, paralyse all aspiration, and irritate them, by the slow pressure of contemptuous incredulity, into becoming actually as bad as they are supposed to be. Thus, if the young women to whom has fallen the lot of domestic service, of making homes comfortable, and especially of taking care of children, could once be made to feel their own importance as a class—their infinite means of usefulness—I think it would stimulate them into a far higher feeling of self-respect and true respectability, and make them of double value to the community at large.

What do you 'go to service' for?—wages of course: all you care for is how much money you can earn, and how easy a place you get for it. Character is likewise indispensable to you; so you seek out good families, and keep in them for a certain length of time. Meanwhile, the most energetic and sensible among you try to learn as much as lies in your way—but only as a means of bettering yourselves. 'To better yourself' is usually held a satisfactory reason for quitting the most satisfactory place and the kindest of mistresses.

On the whole, the bond between you and 'missis' is a mere bargain—a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; you do just as much as she exacts, or as you consider your wages justify her in expecting from you—not a particle more. As to rights, privileges, and perquisites, it is not unfrequently either a daily battle or a sort of armed treaty between kitchen and parlour. The latter takes no interest in the former, except to see that you do your work and keep your place; while you on your part, except for gossip or curiosity, are comfortably indifferent to 'the family.' You leave or stay just as it suits them, or yourself, get through a prescribed round of work, are tolerably well-behaved, civil, honest—at least in great matters—and tell no lies, or only as many white ones as will answer your purposes. And so you go on, passing from 'place' to 'place,' resting nowhere, responsible nowhere; sometimes marrying, and dropping into a totally different sphere, but oftener still continuing in the same course from year to year, laying by little enough, either in wages or attachment; yet doing very well, in your own sense, till sickness or old age overtakes you, and then—where are you?

I have read somewhere that in our hospitals and lunatic asylums there is, next to governesses, no class so numerous as that of female domestic servants.

Remember, I am referring not to the lower degrees, but to the respectable among you—those who can always command decent wages and good situations, so long as they are capable of taking them. Of the meaner class, ignorant, stupid, drifted from household to household, from pure incapacity to do or to learn anything, or expelled disgracefully thence for want of (poor wretches, were they ever taught?) a sense of the common moral necessities of society, which objects to the open breach of at least the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth commandments—of these unhappy dregs of your sisterhood, I cannot now venture to speak. I speak of those, born of respectable parents, starting in service with good prospects, able, generally, to read and write, and gifted with sufficient education and intelligence to make them a blessing to themselves and all about them, if their intelligence were not so often degraded into mere 'sharpness,' for want of that quality—rare in all classes, but rarest in yours—moral conscientiousness.

Why is it that, especially in large towns, a 'clever' servant is almost sure to turn out badly? Why do mistresses complain that, while one can get a decent servant, a good-natured servant, a servant who 'does her work pretty well, with plenty of looking after,' a conscientious servant is with difficulty, if at all, to be found?

By conscientious, I mean one who does her duty—that is, the general business of her calling—not merely for wages or a character, or even for the higher motive of 'pleasing missis,' but for the highest of all motives—because it *is* her duty. Because, to cook a dinner, with care and without waste; to keep a house clean and orderly in every corner, seen or not seen; to be scrupulously honest and truthful, in the smallest as in the greatest things; to abstain from pert answers in the parlour, squabbles in the kitchen, and ill-natured tittle-tattle about her fellow-servants or the family—concern not merely her position as a servant, but her conduct and character as a human being, accountable to God as much as the greatest woman that ever was born.

'Oh, that's fine talking!' you may say; 'but what can *I* do? what can be expected of *me*—only a poor servant?'

Only a poor servant! *Only* a person whom a whole household is obliged to trust, more or less, with its comfort, order, property, respectability, peace, health—I was going to add life; who, in times of sickness or trouble, knows more of its secrets than nearest acquaintance; who is aware of all its domestic weaknesses, faults, and vexations; to whom the 'skeleton' said to be in every house must necessarily be a thing guessed at, if not only too familiar; on whom master, mistress, children, and friend must be daily dependent for numerous small comforts and attentions, scarcely known, perhaps, until they are missed. Only a poor servant! Why, no living creature has more opportunity of doing good or evil, and becoming to others either a blessing or a curse, than a 'poor servant!'

Not if she is a mere bird of passage, flitting from roof to roof, indifferent to everything save what she may pick up to feather her nest with by the way. Not if she starts with the notion that 'missis' and she are to be always at war, or on the alert against mutual encroachments, anxious only which can get the most out of the other. Not if she takes to fawning and flattering, humouring her mistress's weak points, and laughing at her behind her back, betraying the follies or misfortunes of one household into another; carrying on a regular system of double-faced hypocrisy, and fancying she is getting her revenge, and degrading her injurers, when, in fact, she more, much more, degrades herself.

These are the things which make servants despised; not because they are servants, but because the most

of them, if they assume any moral standard at all, hold one so far below that of the class above them, that this class learns to regard and treat them as an inferior order of beings.

'What can you expect from a servant?' said to me a lady with whom I often used to argue the matter—a good and noble-minded woman, too, among whose few prejudices was this, fixed and immutable, against the whole race of domestics.

What do I expect from a servant? Why, precisely what I exact from myself—the same honesty of word and act, the same chastity and decency of behaviour, self-government in temper and speech, and propriety of dress and manner according to our respective stations.

Therefore, in any disputed point, I, as being probably the more educated, older, if not wiser of the two, feel bound as much as possible to put myself in her place, to try and understand her feelings and character, before I judge her, or legislate for her. I try in all things to set her an example to follow, rather than abuse her for faults and failings, which she has sense enough to see I am just as liable to as she. I would rather help her in the right way, than drive her into it, whip in hand, and take another road myself. Reprove, I ought, and will, as often as she requires it; but reproof is one thing, scolding another: she should never see that I find fault merely from bad temper, or for the pleasure (?) of scolding. Authority I must have: it is for her good as well as mine that there should be only one mistress in the house, to whom obedience must be implicitly rendered, and whose domestic regulations will admit of no idleness, carelessness, or irregularity; but I would scorn to use my authority unjustly, or wantonly, or unkindly, simply for the sake of asserting it. If it is worth anything in itself, she will soon learn that it is not to be disputed.

And generally, rule, order, and even fair reproof, are among the last things that servants complain of. Selfishness, stinginess, want of consideration for others, are much oftener the fruitful source of all kinds of domestic rebellion, or the distrust which is worse than any open fight—the sense of gnawing injustice which destroys all respect and attachment between 'upstairs' and 'downstairs.'

And yet the servant is often very unjust too. Cook, who has only to dress the dinner, and neither to work for it nor pay for it, turns up her nose at missis's 'meanness' and displeasure at waste or extravagance—cook, who, if any crash came, has only to look out for another place; while missis has her five children, whose little mouths must be filled, and little bodies must be clothed, and 'master,' whom it breaks her heart to see coming in from the City, haggard, tired, and cross—a crossness he cannot help, poor man!—or sitting down with a pitiful patience, sick and sad, almost wishing, save for her and the children, that he could lay his head on her shoulder and die! What does cook in the kitchen, fat and comfortable, know of all these things—of the agonised struggle for position and character—nay, mere bread—which makes the days and nights of thousands of the professional classes one long battle for life?

Also, the pretty housemaid, who has her regular work and periodical holiday, with her 'young man' coming faithfully on Sundays, about whom, should he turn out false, she rarely makes a fuss, but quickly takes up with another; she being essentially practical, and mental suffering being happily out of her line. Little she guesses of all the conflicts, torments, and endurances which fall to the lot of natures whom a different cultivation, if not a finer organisation, has rendered more alive to another sort of trouble—that anguish of spirit which is worse than any bodily pain. Little she knows, when she comes in singing to dust the parlour, of many a cruel scene transacted there; or of many an hour of mortal agony, bitter as death, yet sharpened by the full consciousness of youth and life, spent in the pretty room, outside which she grumbles so, because 'miss *will* keep her door locked, and it 'll be dinner-time afore ever a body can get the beds made!'

Servants should make allowance for these things, and many more which they neither know nor understand. They should respect, not out of blind subservience, but mere common sense, the great difference which their narrower education and mode of thought often places between them and 'the family,' in its pleasures, tastes, and necessities, and, above all, in its sufferings. This difference must exist: in the happiest homes, cares and anxieties must be for ever arising, like sea-waves, to be breasted or avoided, or dashed against and broken, as may be; and against these the servant must bear her part as well as the mistress. But it is, and ought to be, something to know how often a word or look of respectful sympathy, a quiet little attention, an unofficious observance of one's comfort in trifles, will, in times of trouble, go direct to the mistress's heart, with a soothing influence of which the servant has not the slightest idea, and which is never afterwards forgotten. 'Better is a friend that is near than a brother afar off;' and better, many a time, is the silent kindness of some domestic, who, from long familiarity, understands one's peculiarities, than the sympathy of many an outside friend, who only rubs against one's angles, sharpened by sickness or pain, and often, unintentionally, hurts more by futile comforting than by total neglect.

A word on one branch of female service, undeniably the most important of all—the care and management of children.

I have always, from fond experience, held that child to be the happiest who never had a nursery-maid—only a mother. But this lot is too felicitous to fall to many, and perhaps, after all, would not be in reality so Utopian as in idea—particularly to the mothers. So let us grant hired nurses to be a natural necessity of civilisation.

Poor things—they certainly need consideration, for they have much to bear. Children are charming—in the abstract; but one sometimes sees the petted cherubs of the drawing-room the little fiends of the nursery, exhibiting, almost before they can speak, passions which would tempt one to believe in original sin, did not education commence with existence. And, whatever the mysterious law of sin may be that Adam made us liable for, it is possible to bring even infants under the dominion of that law of love—given by the Second Adam—to Whom little children came. And how? By *practising it ourselves.*

Ay; making allowance for the necessary shortcomings of all young things, just entered on the experience of life, from kittens to boys, the former being much the least troublesome of the two, I never once knew or heard of a case of irredeemably 'naughty' children, in regard to whom parents or nurses, or both, were not originally and principally to blame. I never saw a fretful, sullen girl, who had not been made so by selfishness and ill-humour on the part of others, or by tantalising restrictions and compelled submission, hard enough at any age, but especially in childhood; or a passionate, revengeful boy, who had not first had the Cain-like spirit put into him by some taunting voice or uplifted hand—not a baby-hand; teaching him that what others did he might do, and that the blow he smarted from was exactly the same sort of pain, and dealt in the same spirit, as that he delighted to inflict on nurse or brother, feeling out of his fierce little heart that this was the sole consolation left him for his half-understood but intolerable wrongs.

Does ever any man or woman remember the feeling of being 'whipped'—as a child—the fierce anger, the insupportable ignominy, the longing for revenge, which blotted out all thought of contrition for the fault in rebellion against the punishment? With this recollection on their own parts, I can hardly suppose any parents venturing to inflict it—certainly not allowing its infliction by another under any circumstances whatever. A nurse-maid or domestic of any sort, once discovered to have lifted up her hand against a child, ought to meet instant severe rebuke, and, on a repetition of the offence, instant dismissal.

A firm will the nurse must have—which the child will obey, knowing it must be obeyed; but it should be with her no less than with the parents, a loving will always. I will not suppose any young woman so mean and cowardly as to wreak her whims and tempers, or those of her mistress, on the helpless little sinner, who, however annoying, is after all such a very small sinner. I cannot believe she will find it so very hard to love the said sinner, who clings about her helplessly night and day, in the total dependence that of itself produces love. And surely, remembering her own childhood and its events—such nothings now, of such vast moment then, its unjust punishments, unremedied wrongs, and harshly exacted sacrifices—things which in their results may have affected her temper for years, and even yet are unforgotten—she will strive as much as possible to put herself in her nursling's place, to look at the world from his point of view, and never, as people often do, to expect from him a degree of perfection which one rarely finds even in a grown person; above all, never to expect from him anything that she does not practise herself.

It will be seen that I hold this law of kindness as the Alpha and Omega of education. I once asked one—in his own house a father in everything but the name, his authority unquestioned, his least word held in reverence, his smallest wish obeyed—'How did you ever manage to bring up these children?' He said: 'By *love*.'

That is the question. It is because people have so little love in them, so little purity and truth, self-control and self-denial, that they make such frightful errors in the bringing up of children. When I go from home to home of the middle classes, and see the sort of rule or misrule there, the countless evil influences, physical and spiritual, against which children have to struggle, I declare I often wonder that in the rising generation there are half-a-dozen good men and women. And when I glance down the *Times* column of 'Want Places,' and speculate how few of these 'nurses,' upper and under 'girls,' and 'nursery-maids,' have the smallest knowledge of their responsibility, or care about fulfilling it, my wonder is that the new generation should grow up to manhood and womanhood at all.

This responsibility—if the nurse ever reflects on it—how awful it is! To think that whatever the man may become, learned and great, worldly or wicked, he is at present only the child, courting her smile and coming to her for kisses, or hiding from her frown and sobbing on her neck, 'I will be good, I will be good!' That be she old or young, clever or ignorant, ugly or pretty, she has, next to the mother—sometimes before the mother, though that is a sad thing to see—this all-powerful influence over him, stronger than any he will afterwards allow or own. That it rests with herself how she uses it, whether wisely and tenderly, for the guidance and softening of his nature, or harshly and capriciously, after a fashion which may harden and brutalise him, and make him virtually disbelieve in love and goodness for the remainder of his existence.

Truly, in this hard world, which they must only too soon be thrust into, it is more essential even for boys than girls that, in the dawn of life, while women solely have the management of them, they should be accustomed to this law of love—love paramount and never ceasing, clearly discernible in the midst of restraint, reproof, and even punishment—love that tries to be always as just as it is tender, and never exercises one of its rights for its own pleasure and good, but for the child's. To the nurse, unto whom it does not come by instinct, as it does to parents, the practice of it may be difficult—very difficult—but God forbid it should be impossible.

And what a reward there is in this, beyond any form of service—to a woman. Respect and gratitude of parents; consideration from all in the house; affection, fresh, full, and free, and sweet as only a child's love can be. Trying as the nurse-maid's life is, countless as are her vexations and pains, how many a childless wife or solitary old-maid has envied her, playing at romps for kisses, deafened with ever-sounding rills of delicious laughter all day, and lying down at night with a soft sleepy thing breathing at her side, or wakened of a morning with two little arms tight round her neck, smotheringly expressing a wealth of love that kingdoms could not buy.

And when she grows an old woman, if, as often happens to domestic servants, she does not marry, but remains in service all her life, it must be her own fault if nurse's position is not an exceedingly happy and honoured one. Not perhaps, in our modern times, after the fashion of her order in novels and plays—from *Juliet's* nurse downwards—but still abounding in comfort and respect. Most likely, she still lives in the family—anyhow, it will be strange if her grown-up 'children' do not now and then come and see her, to gossip over those old times which, the further we leave them behind, grow the more precious. In time these children's children—with their other parent, who knew not nurse, and whom nurse still views with rather suspicious curiosity—come and chatter to her, eager to hear all about 'pa' or 'ma;' how 'ma' looked when she was a little baby; whether 'pa' was a good boy or a naughty boy, some thirty odd years ago. And—a remarkable moral fact!—the chances are that 'pa' will gravely confess to the latter; while old nurse, seeing all things through the softening glass of time, will protest that neither he nor any of the children ever gave her the least trouble since they were born!

I have said a good deal, and yet it seems as if I had almost left the subject where I found it, it is so wide. Let me end it in words, which, coming into my mind now, transcend all mine, and yet, I trust, have been made the foundation of them, in which case I need not fear. Words, open alike to master and servant—studied by how few, yet in which lies the only law of life for all:

'*Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the* REWARD.'

BURLINGTON HOUSE—THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN 1780 the government allotted certain apartments in Somerset House for the use of the Royal Society. The architect, Sir William Chambers, had just completed his task; and the Society, entering into occupation of rooms with bare unplastered walls, fitted them up with suitable book-cases for their valuable library, and arranged the largest as a meeting-room. It was their sixth remove: twice the number which, according to the proverb, suffices for utter ruin. They, however, remained in occupation for seventy-six years, and flourished withal. Many a student, many a savant and philosopher, remembers with something like affection, that third door on the left, under the gateway leading from the Strand. It has opened to admit men

whose names stand foremost in the scientific annals of the present century. Heavy Sir Joseph Banks, carried in a chair by four strong men to preside at meetings of the Society; Davy, flushed with pride at having been elected to succeed the heavy baronet as president; Wollaston, among distinguished men perhaps the cleverest; and Herschel, Faraday, and many others living and dead. That memorable door no longer opens to science; she has migrated with her votaries a mile further away from the city.

Some persons have thought that the Society was too highly favoured by a grant of free quarters in the palatial edifice. But though the rooms were free, the windows were not, and window-tax was always exacted and paid. Moreover, the Society have always been the scientific advisers of the government: whenever an opinion has been asked, committees have been appointed, who spared no pains to make their reply worthy of the Society's reputation, and thereby of the nation's—drawing up reports or giving the very best advice gratuitously. At present, besides giving gratuitous opinions, the Society undertake the administration of L.1000 voted by parliament every year for the promotion of science.

The impulse given of late towards improvements in the civil service, and an outcry for more room from the registrar-general, the Inland Revenue, and some other departments, set the authorities thinking that it would be desirable to take possession of all the rooms occupied by scientific societies in Somerset House, and convert them into offices. The Royal Society had long been straitened for room for their increasing library; hence, when my lords of the Treasury offered more spacious quarters in Burlington House, the offer was, after due consideration, accepted. Three other societies refused the offer, and are now 'sorry for it.' We have, however, heard a rumour that the house will be wanted some day for Prince Alfred: if it be true, the societies will have to undergo another removal.

We may here take the opportunity of correcting a misapprehension that prevails in some quarters—even in the House of Commons—as to the case of the scientific societies and the government. The Royal Society, from their origin in the reign of Charles II., have always been self-supporting: government has never done more for them than to find house-room, and that only since 1780. The Society have neither been fostered nor enfeebled by votes of money from the public purse for their own uses; they have always paid their way like honest savans, which is one of the reasons why the significant F.R.S. has become the first scientific distinction in the world. Of the annual grant of L.1000, which was first voted seven years ago, when Lord John Russell was minister, not one penny has been applied by the Society to their own purposes. They act but as stewards of the sums, apportioning them in such ways as will best advance the ends of science—helping earnest inquirers whose circumstances are inadequate to the cost of experiments; at times, printing valuable observations, which, but for this aid, would have remained unpublished.

But to come to the subject expressed in the title of the present paper. If you have ever sauntered westward along Piccadilly, you will not have failed to notice a high sullen wall abutting on that pretentious lounge—Burlington Arcade. It is relieved by three gateways—two for show, one for use—which, up to within the past three years, were opened as seldom as a miser's strong box. But times have changed; the middle gate now stands open—that is, from ten to four on six days of the week—the three acres behind the wall, and the buildings thereupon, have become public property, and the public, taking advantage of the open gate, step in from time to time to see what has been bought with their money.

On entering, you see a spacious court-yard, not very well paved; at one end, a mansion built of stone, with two wings; at the other, a crescent-formed colonnade, cut in two by the main gateway. The principal front has a rustic basement, projecting ends, pilastered columns in the centre, all finished above by an entablature and balustrade. As for the wings, they are about as picturesque as bits of Gower Street would be planted on the same spot; and if you are perfectly sane on matters of art, you will not find cause for any very rapturous emotion, look to whatever side of the court-yard you may.

The east wing is occupied by the London University; the west wing—formerly the kitchen—has been converted into a hall of noble proportions, in which the Royal Society hold their evening meetings, and the university their examinations and annual gatherings, to confer degrees, and so forth. Government, too, have just had a fortnight's use of it, for examinations under the War Department. The main building is the new home of three scientific societies: the Royal and Linnæan on the first floor, which comprises the state apartments; the Chemical on the ground-floor. The Linnæans have also a room—for their museum—on the ground-floor; other parts of the building are tenanted by the assistant-secretaries. *All* the expense of removal, of furnishing and fitting up the rooms, and laying on gas, has been borne by the several societies; house-room and water only being given by the government.

The library and collections of the Linnæan Society make a better show than in their late quarters, the gloomy old house in Soho Square. The shabby-looking books which belonged to Linnæus himself, and the ungraceful cases in which he kept his herbarium, are now preserved in a handsome glass-case in the Society's principal room—what was formerly the great ball-room—along with their library and some other collections. To the Linnæans, the removal is a great benefit; for the heavy sum which they have hitherto had to pay as rent, will now become available for the printing of *Transactions*, and the promotion of their special science generally.

The same may be said of the Chemical Society; instead of paying rent, as they had to do in Cavendish Square, they will now have a fund to defray the cost of patient researches and astonishing experiments. They have fitted up their meeting-room with the seats from the Royal Society's meeting-room at Somerset House; and talking of these seats, we are reminded of a little matter of testimony in their history. On removing them from the place where they had been fixed for so many years, there was seen chalked on the floor underneath: *Billy Wilson, Rich^d. Sides, Silly Thos. Teal, and Robt. Thompson laid these seats in the year of our Lord* 1780. Henceforth, the three societies will meet on the same evening, Thursday, so that when business is concluded, they may all come together in the Royal Society's Lower Library for their cup of tea and friendly gossip, and so establish a series of conversazioni from November to June.

Besides the Lower Library above mentioned, the Royal Society have rearranged the chief portion of their library in six rooms on the first floor. You approach by a broad stair, in a well-lighted hall, of which the walls and ceiling are decorated by pictures from the pencil of Sebastian Ricci. In the paintings on the walls, the figures are life-size: a goddess, probably Venus, drawn in a car by wonderful swimming-horses, attended by gleesome maidens and flying boys on one side; on the other, Diana and her nymphs bathing. The latter, which is painted with considerable freedom, inspired a *mot* worthy of preservation. A visitor happening to remark that he thought the canvas was loose, a learned professor who stood by, esteemed alike for his ready wit and mastery of science, replied: 'I

know about the canvas, but we see the subject
e.'

four front rooms occupied by the Royal Society
built with coved ceilings, set off by mouldings
ornices richly carved and gilt. The saloon, the
oom entered from the stair, is panelled in high
with carved figures over the door-heads, and
on its ceiling a large picture, painted by Sir
Thornhill. The pictures on the other three ceilings
Ricci, though whether Sebastian or his nephew
had the greater share in their execution is not
o decide. It was Sebastian Ricci who painted
scension in the cupola of Chelsea Hospital, and
ctures on the staircase of Montague House—late
ritish Museum; and it is said of him that he left
nd in a pet because Sir James Thornhill was
yed to paint the dome of St Paul's.

he rear of the main building lies a large plot of
d enclosed by the walls of the Albany, Burlington
e, and of the street known as Burlington
ns. A terrace, bordered by a double row of stately
stretches along three sides; the fourth is shut
the very sombre back-front of the house itself.
grass-plots, divided by a gravelled walk, cover
rea between the terraces; and what with the
foliage of the trees, and the spread of verdure,
ace is refreshing to the eye of a Londoner. The
lors of the Albany wanted to enjoy it; and when
ament bought Burlington House, one or two of
knocked down the brick screens which shut
rom their windows everything except a little
ght. But their enjoyment was cut short by a
iptory order from the Board of Works for the
ing of the envious screens within twenty-four
. On the Burlington Arcade side, not a window,
crevice permits curious folk to peep. Only from
reet at the end can any view of the grounds be
ed by outsiders. Uxbridge House—now the
rn Branch of the Bank of England—is one among
privileged to look down on the philosophers and
s as they saunter up and down under the shade
e trees. It is already classic ground here-
s, and no detriment will accrue from the new
ations. There, in the rear, lived Gay under
sberry's ducal roof; Akenside resided in Old
gton Street; there, in Cork Street, is the house
the old Earl of Burlington built for General
—a house of which some one said: 'It was
mall to live in, and too big to hang to a watch-
.' And had we space, we might record other
iscences.

t now for a few words concerning the house itself.
, the ever-memorable, says in his *Diary*, under
September 1668: 'To my Lord Burlington's
; the first time I ever was there, it being the
built by Sir J. Denham next to Clarendon
.' The Sir John Denham here alluded to holds
e among English poets as the author of *Cooper's*
nd some other poems; he was surveyor of royal
s and buildings; and it is supposed that he built
ouse for the earl, and not for himself. Be this
may, it can hardly be true that the earl said he
on this spot, as no one would ever build beyond
for other houses, noble and plebeian, were then
lly built to the west, or in course of erection.
wer, Richard Boyle, the next Earl of Burling-
as an architect, who had, as Walpole says, 'every
ty of a genius and artist except envy;' and he
nded architects, and aided liberally in the pub-
on of architectural designs. He built a new front
house mentioned by Pepys, in 1717, and in the
ing year the colonnade, gateway, and screen-
Walpole goes into raptures over this colonnade.
arl had invited him to a ball, and arriving at
he saw nothing while crossing the court-yard;
at daybreak,' as he writes, 'looking out of the
windows to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the
vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed
one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by
genii in a night-time.' Walpole could hardly have
slept off the effects of the ball, or else he wished to
flatter his noble friend.

Sir William Chambers, again, remarking on the way
in which the aristocracy of London hid their palaces
behind dead-walls, as nuns and friars did their con-
vents, says, referring to the wall of Burlington House:
'Few in this vast city suspect, I believe, that behind
an old brick wall in Piccadilly, there is one of the
finest pieces of architecture in Europe.'

And we find Gay repeating similar opinions. In a
passage of his *Trivia*, he writes:

> Burlington's fair palace still remains,
> Beauty within—without proportion reigns;
> Beneath his eye declining art revives,
> The wall with animated pictures lives.
> There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein:
> There oft I enter—but with cleaner shoes,
> For Burlington 's beloved by every Muse.

An unsophisticated spectator would come to a different
conclusion, and lament that second-rate effects should
have been produced on a site possessed of first-rate
capabilities.

Gay's allusion to Handel arises from the fact of the
great musician having lived three years in the house:
it was, moreover, the residence of the Duke of Port-
land while he was minister; and the place is con-
nected with political history by yet another incident
—Sir Samuel Romilly once addressed the electors of
Westminster in the court-yard.

One of Hogarth's prints, the *Man of Taste*, contains
a view of Burlington House, concerning which Mr
Peter Cunningham remarks, that 'it represents Kent
(the architect) on the summit in his threefold capacity
of painter, sculptor, and architect, flourishing his
pallet and pencils over the heads of his astonished
supporters, Michael Angelo and Raphael. On a scaffold,
a little lower down, Pope stands, whitewashing the
front; and while he makes the pilasters of the gateway
clean, his wet brush bespatters the Duke of Chandos,
who is passing by; Lord Burlington serves the poet
in the capacity of a labourer; and the date of the print
is 1731.'

That same 'old brick wall' has borne many a shot
of late from paper artillery and from parliamentary
artillery too. Sundry energetic individuals have
demanded its demolition in the *Times*, to say nothing
of other papers; and not longer ago than the 19th of
June last, certain members of the House of Commons
talked 'Bunkum' with like purport. The wall ought
to come down, and forthwith! If it did come down,
we venture to say that nobody would be gratified, not
even the members aforesaid; for the scene to be
revealed would be an uninteresting view of the back of
the colonnade, of an old coach-house and stables, of
the hinder appurtenances of the porter's lodge, and of
some other places resorted to by students when up for
their examination.

The earl died, and the title with him, in 1735, and
Burlington House became the property of the Duke
of Devonshire. There was talk of pulling it down
about fifty years ago; but Lord George Cavendish
bought it, and made considerable alterations, employing
Samuel Ware as architect. He 'took down,' says
Britton, 'and rebuilt the whole house, except the front
elevation and some rooms connected with it.' He
restored the terraces and steps in the grounds behind,
and converted the east wing, which had been a riding-
house and stables, into a dwelling for a portion of the
household. In 1819, he built Burlington Arcade, and
got a rental of L.4000 a year for that double row of

badly ventilated shops. This amount, as we have heard, is increased by sub-letting to L.8000. Among the tenants there is one who pays L.175 a year, and another L.195 each for his one little shop.

One thing Lord George did not do—build wholesome habitations for his servants; for anything more dismal than the underground apartments cannot well be imagined. That any domestics should ever have consented to pass their days therein, is a marvel; but now there is a change. The Board of Works, by a small outlay, have turned the dungeons into habitable rooms.

The Cavendish family retained possession till about three years ago, when they sold the Burlington House estate to government for L.140,000. The house stood empty for a few months; then an exhibition of drawings and paintings, and another of designs for cavalry-barracks were held in it; then, to make room for the registrar-general, the university was transferred from Somerset House to Burlington House. In 1856, the Royal Society, as already stated, accepted the offer of a home further west; preparations for their reception were commenced; the university was shifted once more into the east wing; and in May of this year the Royals held their first meeting in the new hall; and there we leave them in occupation of their new home, with our best wishes for harmonious action with their fellow-lodgers, and that they may continue to advance science, and advocate her claims as worthily and as independently as heretofore.

It was during the long vacation of 1856, while repairs were going on, and before the societies entered into occupation, that an incident occurred, with which it seems to us good to close our article on Burlington House. The reader must be good enough to imagine a certain porter who was on duty at the time, giving an account of it to a certain professor.

'Sir,' says the porter, 'there came in a brisk-looking oldish gentleman, with a sprig in his mouth; and seeing him look about, I made bold to go up to him and ask his name.

"My name is Lord Palmerston. Who are you?"

"The porter of the ——, my lord;" and I made his lordship a bow.

"The very man I want to see. Come and shew me over the house."

'So,' continues the porter to the professor, 'I went, sir, as his lordship asked, and shewed him the house, and told him which rooms was for the Royal Society, which for the Linnæan Society, and which for the Chemical Society. And his lordship asked a good many questions, and seemed to want to know all about the societies, and I answered him as well as I was able. And so, after we had been all over the house, his lordship wanted to go out into the grounds behind, and I unlocked the door, and his lordship walked about and asked more questions; and then he talked about the societies again, and he said: "What is the Linnæan Society? What do they do?"

'And his lordship didn't know, sir, nor I didn't know!'

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

One of the greatest luxuries we possess in these luxurious days, is the power of enjoying the startling novelty, exciting adventure, and magnificent scenery of foreign climes, without stirring from the comfortable arm-chair in our library, or, at all events, without greater exertion than is necessary to obtain possession of the well-padded stall of some exhibition-room in Piccadilly or Leicester Square. In this way, with the assistance of Mr Burford, we witnessed the capture of the Malakoff, and were present at the Moscow coronation. In this way, we have ascended Mont Blanc with the facetious Albert Smith, and slain lions and hippopotami in company with the adventurous Gordon Cumming. With Dr Livingstone, we have explored the interior of Africa; and, disguised as true and mahogany-coloured followers of the Prophet, we have penetrated with Captain Burton to Mecca and Medina. Through the instrumentality of the Abbé Huc, we have made the acquaintance of those ridiculous Chinese; we have got very near the North Pole with Dr Armstrong; we have journeyed round the world with Madame Pfeiffer—in fact, there is not a spot on the face of the globe that has been described by book, lecture, or panorama, that we have not visited, and do not know almost as much about as the authors, lecturers, and artists themselves.

In the course of these sedentary wanderings, there are certain favourite scenes and incidents that we have seen with our mind's eye on so many occasions, that they have become as familiar to us as if we had actually witnessed them. They appear to be standard subjects that age cannot wither, and whose infinite variety custom cannot stale. For instance, how often, as we have been sitting before our fire with our legs up on a chair, have we felt awestruck and insignificant as we gazed upon the glories of Niagara. How many times on a cold December night, with the curtains comfortably drawn, and the kettle singing cheerily on the hob, have we, panting with heat and blinded by the glare of the desert sun, been assisted by semi-nude Arabs up the steps of the Great Pyramid, and drank imaginary bottled beer when we got to the top; and, to come to the subject more particularly in hand, how often, as we indolently lounged in our dressing-gown and slippers, on our favourite sofa, have we thoroughly enjoyed all the dangers and excitements of whale-fishing.

It is related of Colonel W——s, the historian of British India, that when he was told that the author of *Lalla Rookh* had never been in the East, he said: 'Well, that shews me that reading D'Herbelot is as good as riding on a camel.' On the same principle, there are few readers who, by studying Herman Melville's volumes, and other works of the same oleaginous nature, are not as well acquainted with the *modus operandi* of capturing a whale, from the cry of 'There she spouts!' of the man in the cross-trees, to the stripping off the blubber at the ship's side, and boiling it down in the ship's coppers, as if they had spent the greater part of their lives cruising about the Arctic Ocean with harpoons in their hands. Supposing the reader, therefore, to be theoretically a first-rate whale-fisher, I shall not waste time and paper by dilating on the perils of icebergs, of boats set fire to by the friction of the rope, or stove in by the monster's tail, or any other of the moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes incidental to this most exciting of pursuits, but shall come at once to what I consider its antithesis—namely, duck-hunting.

No reader of this Journal, it is to be hoped, has ever been present at a duck-hunt. It is a barbarous exhibition, although not a bit more cruel than fox-hunting, or any other sport in which a poor defenceless animal struggles gallantly for its life, till from sheer exhaustion it falls an easy victim to its relentless persecutors. The only difference between them is, that the fox has the honour of being chased to death by well-bred hounds with sleek dappled coats, and well-mounted gentlemen in red ones, while the instruments of the duck's destruction are generally ragged boys and a scrubby terrier. The first, therefore, is a manly and noble sport, belauded by poets and followed by all the high and mighty in the land; and the latter is, equally as a matter of course, a low and degrading pursuit, for which the young rascals engaged in it ought to be well whipped, and their cur hung.

The essentials for duck-hunting are—a good-sized pond, a tough old mallard, an amphibious terrier, and boys *ad libitum*. If the duck is sharp enough to dive when the dog makes a snap at him, he escapes;

if not, he is caught. Generally, though for a few minutes he may avoid the terrier, his sojourns under water get short by degrees and ominously less, till at last he falls a victim to what may be literally called the dogged determination of his canine pursuer. There is but one chance in his favour, namely, the apparition of that modern *rara avis in terris*, a policeman, or of some individual with humane feelings and a thick stick. Occasionally, also, a duck owes his life to his own powers of endurance, shewing such good sport, that, like the hunted stag, he is saved for another time.

As a sport, duck-hunting in many points bears a strong resemblance to coursing. In each, the dogs hunt by sight, the human—or, as some would say, the inhuman—owners being only spectators, assisting their animals in the one case by finding the game; in the other, by preventing its escape by flight from the pond. The conduct of the hare and the duck under pursuit are also very similar. The hare lies like a stone till she is almost kicked up; and the duck does not dive till the nose of the terrier almost touches his tail. The instinct of self-preservation teaches both to place themselves under circumstances most favourable to their peculiar conformation: the hare takes to the hills, where her long hind-legs give her a better chance of escape; and the duck dives under water, where, for a certain time, he is perfectly in his element, and safe from pursuit. The astonishment of the great bounding greyhound when he finds himself unable to pull up, and going several yards beyond the point where the hare has doubled, is only equalled by the puzzled look of the terrier when the duck disappears from out of his very jaws, and he gazes helplessly round in doubt as to where his prey will make its reappearance. To finish the parallel—both hare and duck eventually arrive at the same destination, each being only rescued from the jaws of the dog, that he may, at a later period, find employment for the jaws of his master.

The analogy between duck-hunting and whale-fishing is, however, even more striking. The same mode of escape—the same necessity for occasional respiration on the part of the victim—the same exciting uncertainty as to where the next appearance will be, form the characteristics of each pursuit. In fact, as popping at sparrows and slaughtering elephants may be considered as the two extremes of terra-firma shooting, so hunting a duck and chasing a whale may be termed the alpha and omega of aquatic sport. There is an amusement, however, common on the Lake of Geneva, called *la chasse du grêbe*, that partakes of the qualities of each, and forms a connecting-link between them: it is the comparative, of which they are the positive and superlative. I shall therefore conclude this paper with a short account of grebe-shooting, which was indeed the principal object with which I commenced it: its having degenerated into a dissertation on duck-hunting was purely accidental; and accidents, as every one knows, will happen in the best regulated articles.

The grebe is a handsome swimming bird with a fine crest, that gives him the appearance of having had his own head cut off, and one belonging to a much larger individual substituted. He seldom flies, and his pedestrian powers are so inconsiderable as to be hardly worth mentioning, negative qualities in which he resembles the duck, and which render him peculiarly applicable for the sport I am about to describe. He is not prized for his flesh, which is coarse and fishy, but, like the whale, he contributes in another way to the wants of man, or rather woman, as his skin, which fetches from six to ten francs, is made into muffs, tippets, and other articles of feminine attire. No particular day is mentioned in the Swiss almanacs as that on which 'grebe-shooting commences;' but autumn is the season when the largest bags are made. Four is the golden number for the shooting-party, from which no deviation must be allowed; and to give some sort of *vraisemblance* to our description, let us suppose the expedition planned, and the party to consist of those well-known continental travellers, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They have been stopping at Lausanne, and, with the love of sport inherent in Englishmen, determine to have a day's grebe-shooting. In pursuance of this laudable resolution, they hire a boat for the day; and in illustration of another pleasing trait in the English character, lay in a stock of provisions sufficient to last them a week.

Everything being ready, they shove off with a full determination of bringing back a large bag of grebes. They could not have a better day. The lake is without a ripple; the sky as blue as London milk; and the air as clear as Thames water, after it has been filtered. The southerly wind and cloudy sky so prized by fox-hunters, would prove totally destructive to the hopes of the grebe-shooter. A frost could not be more annoying to the former, than any mist or thickness of the atmosphere to the latter. By the direction of the rowers, who are accustomed to the sport, our heroes—each, as a matter of course, with a cigar in his mouth—distribute themselves *en règle* thus: Robinson, being rather stout, establishes himself in the stern; Jones occupies the bow; and Smith and Brown take their stations on the quarters; so that on whichever side the unfortunate bird may appear, he will be sure to hear a shower of No. 1 shot pattering round him. The necessity of first catching your hare is enforced by the sagacious Mrs Glasse, as an essential preliminary to cooking him; and in the same way, 'first find your grebe' is a rule that must invariably be observed previous to shooting him. For this purpose, the surface of the lake is eagerly scanned in all directions, through pocket-telescopes and double-barrelled opera-glasses. Brown is the first to catch sight of game; and Robinson, after staring intently for some minutes through his ivory *lorgnette*, confirms the discovery. The boatmen are directed to row in the direction of the supposed grebe.

'What a magnificent fellow!' exclaims Robinson, whose face glows like a peony with heat and excitement. 'He's as black as a coal.'

'But he dothn't seem to move,' says Smith, who lisps and drops his r's. 'I thought gebes dived.'

'He 'll dive fast enough presently,' replies Robinson, who is standing up in the stern with his gun ready, although the quarry is a mile off.

'I say, mind how you shoot,' says Jones, in the bow, as he looks nervously round at his friends' guns, which are pointing so, that were they to go off, Robinson's would deposit a charge in the small of his back, and Smith's and Brown's shave off his whiskers. 'Keep your muzzles up, can't you?'

'Do you know,' said Smith, looking intently through his glass—'I don't think ith a gebe, after all. It hathn't got any head.'

'It's asleep, perhaps,' replied Robinson, getting ready for a sitting shot.

'Why, it's an old hat!' cried Jones in disgust, when they had got near enough to a black object floating motionless in the water, to distinguish its real nature.

Brown, the original discoverer of the hat, is of course well abused for having led them such a wild-goose chase; and the quartette, to make up for their disappointment, have recourse to that potent consolation to the youthful Briton, pale ale. Presently a real Simon Pure is sighted, with his brown coat and white under-garments shining in the sun like satin, and a bright chestnut-coloured crest hanging down his neck like the back-hair of a lady with auburn locks when it is undergoing the operation of being brushed. This time the sportsmen place themselves under the

direction of the head-boatman, whose advice, in the excitement of the hat-chase, they had previously scorned. Silence is enjoined, and an agreement entered into between the shooters that, for fear of accidents, only one shot shall be fired at a time, and that one is to be by the individual nearest the bird. This rule is, of course, broken on the very first opportunity, when all four blaze away at the game, in utter recklessness of consequences. This does not happen, however, for some time. At first, on being approached, the grebe is wild, and dives a long way out of distance. The boatmen, judging from the direction he takes, row to the spot where they expect he will reappear. He is too cunning for them, however, and comes to the surface some hundred yards from where they had calculated to see him. Away they go in pursuit; but long before the eager gunners can get within shot, down goes his head, up goes his tail, and away he paddles on his subaqueous expedition, to come up again to breathe in a more unexpected quarter than ever. Perseverance is at length rewarded, and the rowers make a lucky cast. The grebe ascends within twenty yards of the boat, but finding his mistake, hey, presto! he is down again like lightning; and the only result, caused by the contents of four barrels fired recklessly in his direction, is a very near approach to the capsize of the boat, and a few bubbles floating on the surface of the water. Unfortunately for the poor bird, his respiratory organs are so constituted that an occasional mouthful of fresh air is one of the necessaries of his existence, and his late summary proceeding obliges him to expose himself again before he can get out of range. A severe peppering is the consequence; but he is still so active, that a white tail in the act of disappearing is the only mark he presents to the random shots of the excited sportsmen. The contest, however, is too unequal to last. Tired and wounded, the grebe's attempts to escape become more and more feeble, till, after repeated volleys, a lucky shot administers the *coup de grâce*, and the party in the boat sit down to luncheon.

Having seen them bag one bird, it is not necessary to follow them any further on their aquatic expedition. Their subsequent achievements may be briefly expressed by the musical term *da capo*, a phrase which I have been given to understand is synonymous with the English one of 'ditto repeated.'

My object is gained if I have made good my title, and proved to everybody's satisfaction, that the Lake of Geneva and the Arctic Ocean are in some respects similar; and that the grebe—to say nothing of the duck—is, as far as the manner of his capture is concerned, extremely like a whale.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN ITALY.

Some impressions of a winter I spent on the shores of the Adriatic have been already offered to the readers of this *Journal*. Nor would any further delineations of an Italian interior have suggested themselves to my mind, had not the great events of the present moment given a fresh interest to the countries most likely eventually to be affected by them, and awakened a desire to learn, more thoroughly, what is their actual condition, and determine how far Central and Southern Italy, retaining their former mode of government and institutions, can challenge a comparison with that northern state of the peninsula where progress and reform are the order of the day.

It is the prevailing impression on the continent that no part of Europe will be sooner subjected to some violent convulsion and up-rooting of all existing things than the kingdom of Naples and the papal dominions. To the reader of Italian journals, the attentive listener in Italian political circles, the evidence is unmistakable that the tide of popular feeling is setting in anew in favour of a constitutional government; and the hope of rationally and peacefully realising the dream of 1848, of a united Italy, with Piedmont as its head, is daily gaining ground. Even among conscientious Catholics, the project of a speedy separation of the temporal from the spiritual authority of the pope, is openly discussed, and by many considered as their only safeguard from the torrent of anarchy and revolt to which the oppressions and corruptions of its rulers are hastening the country.

But of these questions, in their wide political bearings, abler pens are treating; my task is simply to complete the picture of the customs, the amusements, the domestic life, the religious ceremonies, the environs of one city in the Roman States, which I have enjoyed better opportunities of studying than are generally accorded to an English traveller; and from which, depicted with the most conscientious veracity, the unprejudiced reader can form his own deductions.

Though the austerities of Lent have ceased to be observed, even in the faithful diocese of Ancona, to any very mortifying extent, the ancient rites of the church are still kept up, and towards the close of the Holy Week, the whole population becomes compulsorily devout. The parochial clergy go round to every house in their jurisdiction, taking down the names and ages of the inhabitants, and delivering to all a ticket filled up with their name, requiring them to repair, within a given period, to the parish church, for confession and communion. Any freewill-offering, any spontaneous act of grace in these religious duties, is thus lost; and with the young men especially, *prender Pasqua*, as it is termed, becomes a most irksome task, which they endeavour to shuffle over, or resort to every expedient and deception to evade altogether. The government, however, is very strict in enforcing this ordinance, with the *political* view of maintaining its fast-waning influence through the confessional, going even the length of refusing pontifical subjects their passports, if they require to travel, when it can be proved that they have neglected their Easter duties; but this is an odious abuse of authority, tending to bring religion into contempt.

I remember hearing of the astonishment and indignation of some members of the V—— family—Poles by birth, but French by education—with whom we were intimate, the first year they passed in Ancona, when the priest, having taken the statistics of the household, and ascertained that they professed the Roman Catholic faith, handed to each of them in succession a printed ticket, requiring them to conform to this law. In France, they declared, they had never heard of such a measure; and they could not, even before us, forbear from expressing their disgust. It required all their mother's persuasions, and the example of her unquestioning submission to whatever emanated from priestly authority, to stifle the murmurs of the young ladies, and enforce their obedience.

On Holy Thursday, after mid-day, an unwonted silence seemed to fall upon the town, unbroken till the same hour on Saturday. No bells were tolled, no matins or vespers rung, no mass celebrated in the churches; while the streets were filled with people hastening to the *sepolcri*, or sepulchres, of which seven must be visited by the faithful. Each church has its *sepolcro*, varying in the details, but agreeing as to the general characteristics of the representation. The high-altar is divested of its usual ornaments, in token of mourning; and on the platform immediately before it, surrounded by all the emblems of the passion, is a figure in wax of life-size of the Saviour, as if just removed from the cross. All around, and on the steps leading up, are a profusion of natural flowers and tapers; and sentinels with arms reversed are stationed at intervals to keep back the crowd.

In some churches more figures are introduced—such

as Joseph of Arimathea, the beloved apostle, the three Maries; others have a greater display of flowers and wax-lights, but the pervading effect in all is invariably the same. The complete stillness; the ceaseless, noiseless swaying of the crowd, as those who occupy the foremost places, after a few minutes' admiring inspection, and a few muttered prayers, quietly give room in their turn to fresh comers; the indiscriminate blending of rich and poor, as the lady in her silken robes kneels on the pavement beside the tattered beggar; the motionless forms of the Austrian soldiers in all the glittering panoply of war, surrounding the marred and blood-stained effigy of the Prince of Peace; the saturnine matter-of-fact faces of the attendant priests and sacristans, who hover about, relighting any taper that is accidentally extinguished, or adjusting any of the arrangements that may be displaced; the air heavy with the scent of flowers mingling with the exhalations of the vaults beneath, where moulder the remains of those who in their day have gazed upon this spectacle, for centuries repeated, for centuries unchanged: all this has struck each stranger in his turn, and is but a feeble transcript of the varied impressions it produces.

On Good Friday, there is always a procession through the principal streets of the town, which, without any of the devotional accessories of the sepolcri—the time-worn churches, the subdued light, the hushed voices—cannot fail painfully to impress the English spectator who has not been inured to sights of this description.

By the people it was eagerly looked forward to as a pleasant variety in the monotony of their lives, an opportunity of sauntering about, of looking out of the windows, of nodding to their acquaintances, and furthering some flirtation or intrigue. Any idea of investing the pageant with a religious significance seemed foreign to the minds of the great majority of the assembled throng.

When the muffled drums were heard announcing that the procession was approaching, and a detachment of troops began to line the street under our windows, I remarked a thrill of excitement, but certainly not of awe, as every head was impatiently turned in the direction from whence the torches and banners of the confraternity of the *Passionisti* first came in view. Men of all classes belonged to this *compagnia*, all similarly dressed in loose robes and cowls of gray linen, which concealed the features, a crown of thorns round the head, and a girdle of knotted cords; the difference of rank being discernible only by the whiter feet of some amongst them, and the evident pain with which they trod the sharp uneven pavement. I must, however, pause to observe here, that a bent head and hoary hair would be the general accompaniments to these marks of gentle birth, were the drapery in which they are enshrouded to be suddenly thrown aside.

Next came friars and priests, all walking according to established rule and precedence—Capuchins, Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, Augustinians, carrying lighted tapers and chanting litanies. Following these were more Capuchins, to whom was especially delegated the office of carrying all the objects belonging to the crucifixion; and thus they passed on, white-bearded tottering old men, bearing successively an emblem of this day's great sacrifice, profaned by being paraded, like some mummery of old, before the idle crowd, who gazed, and sneered, and talked, indifferent to the awful event thus commemorated. The crown of thorns, the purple robe, the scourge, the nails, the dice with which the soldiers had cast lots, the spear, were all carried slowly along; the sacred form itself, in the utter prostration of death, stretched upon a bier, coming next in view. A few knelt here, not one in twenty though; the rest all listless, unthinking, or unbelieving.

Some paces behind, upon a sort of platform, appeared a huge image of the Madonna, considerably above the size of life, dressed in violet robes, with long brown ringlets, and pierced through with seven daggers—all the spiritualised beauty with which the 'blessed among women' should be invested, lost in the vulgarity of this most material representation. This, with the dignitaries and magistrates of the town walking two and two, closed the procession; after which marched more soldiers, those who had been stationed along the streets falling into the ranks, and the band performing a funeral-march—the same the Austrians always play after the interment of any of their comrades.

I have not exaggerated this description. To some enthusiastic poetic minds, to whom such things seem beautiful in the abstract, I know my account will prove distasteful. But thus it always is: a close insight into the countries where these time-honoured traditional ceremonies are still maintained, strips them of the mysterious charm with which, to a foreigner, they might seem to be invested, and accounts for the levity with which they are witnessed by those familiarised to them since their earliest childhood.

As another instance: there was the custom of blessing the houses on Easter Saturday, which I had heard of long before visiting Italy, and imagined must prove equally edifying and impressive. But when I saw a very dirty priest in his *alb*—I think that is the name—a sort of linen ephod worn over the black gown, attended by a still more dirty little boy carrying holy-water, walk hastily through the house, muttering a few unintelligible words on the threshold of each room, only pausing a little longer in the kitchen to crack a few jokes with the servants, without the least semblance of devotion on his side or of reverence on theirs—and gratefully accepting a few *pauls* sent out to him by the family—why, I fell from the clouds, and my cherished illusions were dispelled. It seemed almost as hollow as blessing the horses on the 17th of January, the festival of St Anthony, the patron of animals, which had previously greatly astonished me.

All the post and *vetturino* horses, all those belonging to private families, were taken on that day, gaily decked out with ribbons, to a square in front of one of the principal churches, where priests, standing on the steps of the portico, sprinkled them with holy-water, and pronounced a formula of benediction. A small gratuity was given for each horse, and in return the donors were presented with a little wax-taper and a small loaf of bread, by which the grooms, rather than the poor quadrupeds, were the gainers. There was a favourite cat in my uncle's establishment—a cat of great size and beauty, and of doglike sagacity—which the servants were in vain desirous he would send to be blessed, though prompted by no other motive than the pleasure of dressing it up, and of joining in the crowd of idlers before the church.

Generally, however, it would appear as if some vague idea of averting ill-luck, of deprecating some sinister influence, must linger in the hearts of the coachmen and postilions who still adhere to this custom; which is practised by the priests—so Young Italy will tell you—solely to maintain their hold upon the superstitious fears of the lowest ranks of the populace.

But stay—I am wandering from my more immediate subject, although all the church-bells let loose, and ringing their merry peals, proclaim it is noon on Holy Saturday, and that Lent is over! There is something very heart-stirring in this rejoicing: I wish we had the same custom in England to usher in the triumphant glories of the Easter morn. Why it should be anticipated here by twelve hours, and the bells give forth their jubilee, and salvos of artillery be fired, at mid-day, instead of mid-night, I do not exactly know: I think I have somewhere read an

explanation of this usage, of which I retain no clear remembrance, save that it is of very remote antiquity. Be this as it may, a few hours sooner or later are of little import; it is the pleasing impression on which I dwell, and it is one of the customs that, even with my hard matter-of-fact notions about the 'good old times,' I should gladly see revived amongst us.

On Easter Sunday, every one who has scraped the wherewith together, puts on new clothes, and dines on roast lamb; baskets of stained eggs are sent about as presents, and children feast on cakes embellished with the figure of the Paschal Lamb. In the week following, many marriages take place, as, except under particular circumstances, weddings are never solemnised in Lent.

Dinner-parties are also frequently given at this season amongst intimate friends; more formal ones sometimes on Easter Monday or Tuesday, by the principal families, to some great personage, the delegate or the bishop, for instance. But throughout all, whether on a social or more ceremonious footing, the same kindly feeling, the same absence of ostentation, invariably prevail. Would that we resembled the Italians in this respect! They literally follow the evangelical precept of asking to their banquets those by whom they cannot be bidden in return. At every dinner-party there are always to be met three or four old gentlemen, friends of the family, neither useful nor ornamental accessories, not distinguished by sprightliness, riches, or good looks. They would be classed as insufferable bores by us, and if asked at all, only grudgingly, to fill up a vacant place; but here, on the contrary, their age and infirmities constitute their title to admission; and unfailingly, whenever a *trattamento* is given—as any gathering for the purpose of making good cheer is denominated—are these old friends seen in their accustomed seats at the table, not the least tinge of patronage being mingled with the cordiality of their reception.

The celebration of the festivals of the Madonna, to whom the month of May is especially consecrated, and of San Ciriaco, the patron saint of Ancona, followed quickly upon those I have been just now describing; and a concourse of peasants, daily flocking in, by their bright-looking costumes, and picturesque handsome appearance, enlivened the town to a very unusual extent.

Indeed, the weather was so lovely, the air so balmy, the atmosphere so gauze-like and softening to the objects it surrounded, that an irresistible charm seemed resting upon the land; and it became easy to comprehend how a colony of Dorians, establishing themselves upon its shores, crowned its lofty promontory with a temple where Venus was invoked.

A cathedral, dedicated to San Ciriaco, one of the oldest in Europe, now occupies the site of the heathen shrine, nobly situated on the very summit of the hill, overlooking the town, which rises for some distance along its sides, but terminating about half-way, leaves the *duomo* undisturbed in its hoary majesty and impressive solitude. We used to delight in walking up here, and sitting on the steps of the portico, of which the columns were supported on two colossal lions of red granite, gaze forth on the grand prospect which this position displays. At our feet, sloping downwards in a semicircle, lay the town, the mole with Trajan's celebrated arch, the harbour and shipping, commanded by the citadel, and background of mountains stretching far along the curve of the coast, with higher ranges more dimly seen, forming part of the great chain of Apennines by which Italy is intersected. Turning away from this, you seem transported to a different region, for on three sides of this bold headland, a broad expanse of waters alone meets the view. The walls of the cathedral are not six paces removed from where the cliff abruptly ends, presenting a rugged face of rock, which towers some two or three hundred feet perpendicularly above the sea. The wild music of the waves, on a stormy day, as they surge against its base, is borne upward by the wind, and distinguishable amid the strains of the organ and the voices of the choir, produce an effect not easily forgotten. Unfortunately, the existence of this venerable pile is threatened by the inroads of the sea, which slowly, but perceptibly, is undermining the cliff; and in a hundred years, it is calculated, the duomo will be in ruins. The votaries of San Ciriaco say, however, that he will not fail to protect his church, and defy the ravages of the elements.

The body of the saint, clad in his episcopal robes, for he was bishop of Ancona, is preserved in a subterranean chapel, and is annually exposed, for the first eight days of the month of May, to the veneration of the people.

The legend runs, that after undergoing in the east the martyrdom of boiling lead being poured down his throat, his remains floated in a stone coffin back to the scene of his former labours.

In the duomo is also kept the famous picture of the Madonna, attested to have opened her eyes in 1795, at a moment of great peril to the state, which was overrun by the armies of the French Republic. Fifty years after, in 1845, this miracle received the confirmation of the papal authority; and the petitions from the *gonfaloniere* (mayor) and magistrates, the clergy and the nobility, imploring that, 'as an acknowledgment of being thus privileged, they might be permitted to place Ancona under the immediate protection of the Madonna, who, by opening the eyes of her venerated image, had signally shewn her favour towards it'—received a gracious response. Fireworks, processions, a general illumination, and nine days of religious ceremonies at the duomo, inaugurated this event, which at every succeeding anniversary is still commemorated with great solemnity.

It was my good-fortune to hear a course of sermons delivered in honour of the holy image by a Barnabite friar, Padre G—— of Bologna, one of the most celebrated preachers of the day; and the scene presented by the illuminated church, the enthroned picture—a meek and lowly face, shaded by a dark-blue mantle, but resplendent with a star and rose of brilliants, with which it had been adorned by Pius VII.—the eager upturned countenances of the crowd, as their kindling glances wandered from the impassioned orator to the half-closed eyes of the motionless effigy he was apostrophising, as if seeking to discern some miraculous manifestation in their favour; the enthusiastic appeals, the fervent action of the priest as his lofty form towered in the pulpit, and his powerful voice swelled like an organ through the aisles—all rise vividly before me, resembling some dream of enchantment, with that strange fascination that such pageants in Italy possess.

Not less remarkable than his startling eloquence was the ingenuity with which the preacher diversified nine consecutive days of discourses upon the same topic. One day he surprised his auditors by a dissertation on the invention of gunpowder, the destructive missiles employed in modern warfare, the disastrous sieges and the fearful loss of life, all attributable to this discovery. Then depicting the horrors of two or three well-known bombardments and pillages with thrilling power, he asked triumphantly whence it was that Ancona, often surrounded by hostile armies, and invested by foes as watchful as relentless, had always been preserved from a similar fate? Whence, if not by the miraculous presence of that heavenly portrait, whose modest eyelids had been raised, in moments of the greatest peril to the church, to give courage to the dejected, and faith to the wavering!

On another occasion, he commenced by a vivid

description of the early youth, the education, the first exploits of Napoleon. He led you on step by step in his career; he successively brought him before you as the sullen sensitive boy at Brienne, the aspiring lieutenant of artillery, the young general of twenty-six, making Italy ring with his fame. On he went, gathering fresh ardour, more striking similes, more startling vehemence, as he dwelt on the resistless might which hurled down thrones and swept away kingdoms in a breath, till he brought him, flushed with conquest, to Ancona. 'And here,' he continued—'here, beneath this venerable dome, standing before the sacred picture, prepared to scoff and ridicule its divine powers—that man, with eagle eyes and folded arms, gives one hurried glance, and trembles.... Yes! The haughty brow which the fabled thunders of Jove might have encircled, is bent before that benign though reproachful gaze. His sallow cheek grows ashy pale as those heavenly orbs unclose upon him! His limbs totter; the sacrilegious hand which was stretched forth to lay hold on the venerated image is withdrawn, and he hastens away, sternly forbidding its removal or inspection!'

As a last specimen of this attractive, but certainly peculiar style of pulpit oratory, I ought to quote from a magnificent delineation, with which he opened another of his discourses, of the terror that marks the progress of the Destroying Angel, scattering pestilence from his sable wings, with desolation and mourning in his wake. But my limits forbid anything beyond a mere sketch of the subjects on which he enlarged, with a graphic power, a scenic effect—if I may use the term—of which it is impossible to convey any just conception. The dread judgment on the first-born of Egypt, the plagues sent on the murmuring Israelites—the dire records of the dark ages, when cities were made desolate, and whole populations swept away by similar awful visitations—all were detailed with harrowing power. Passing on from these to modern times, he addressed himself more particularly to the feelings of his auditors, by recalling the ravages which the cholera had made a few years previous in Ancona, when, out of its *then* population of 25,000, 1000 were swept away; and finally bade them ascribe their own preservation—the final disappearance of the scourge—to the wondrous picture having been borne, amid the tears and supplications of the inhabitants, in solemn procession through the streets. 'Give me, O Maria!' he here cried with transport, striking himself upon the breast—'give me a spring-tide of roses and hyacinths to weave in garlands for thy shrine; give me the laurel-wreath of genius, the monarch's crown of gems; give me all that earth holds beautiful or rare, to cast in tribute at thy feet. Give me eloquence to inspire, fervour to incite, persuasion to reclaim—give all to me, who yet am nothing, to be consecrated to thy service. Let me gaze on those celestial eyes, which so benignly opened upon Ancona, and gather there undying ardour and unconquerable love, our only hope, our only refuge!'

After an address of this description, an approving murmur used to be discernible among the crowd, while now and then an irrepressible 'bravo,' or a patronising 'bene, bene,' would be heard. But apart from the peasants—who, as I have said, flocked in large numbers to these ceremonies—and the poor old women, whose withered lips and palsied fingers were ever busy in saying their rosary and counting its beads, I should be sorry to have to estimate how much real devotion dwelt in the hearts of the multitude which daily congregated at the duomo, as soon, at least, as the excitement which such fiery appeals would naturally produce upon the susceptible temperaments of the south, had worn away.

As for the young men, of whom there were numbers always present, I heard from various sources that they had no more thought of anything religious in what they heard or witnessed, than if they were in a theatre or a forum: they were there solely to enjoy Padre G——'s eloquent descriptions, to look about them, and to kill time.

DOMESTIC BOOKBINDING.

Much valuable literary matter is lost for want of binding; for many persons will go to the expense of the one, who grudge, or cannot afford, the other. We strongly recommend our friends to make all possible efforts and sacrifices with a view to getting their music, magazines, &c. bound for them; but if they cannot, or will not do this, we offer them a few suggestions on the subject of binding at home.

We know amateurs who take much pleasure in the art of bookbinding, and follow it with great success; but, to do this, there must be a workshop and the regular apparatus. Our object is to shew how books may be bound without such apparatus, and at a small expense.

Some little preparation must, however, be made; and we shall describe what is indispensable. Take two flat pieces of plank of some hard wood, about 1¼ inch thick, and somewhat larger than any book you may have to bind—say, 20 by 18 inches. Lay these planks together, and bore through them both three holes at either end, about an inch from the edge, and with an inch auger. Make six pegs of hard wood, six inches long, and fit them tightly into one plank on one side of it—that is, so that the pegs may all stand out at one side. Reduce the size of the pegs, so that they will pass freely through the holes in the other board, that by their means the boards may be separated or brought near to each other at pleasure. The board in which the holes are should be fitted with a backstay or two, so that it may support itself edgeways on a table, and the two together will thus form a sort of vice or press. For tightening this, arrange four large iron 'wood screws.' Holes must be bored in the outer plank, large enough to let the screws pass loosely through, but in the other plank, they should *bite*. When a book is in the press, the screws must be tightened so as to hold it firmly. This cheap and simple contrivance is susceptible of many improvements, as of screws with winged heads, specially made, &c.; but it will be found sufficient in its simplest form.

In addition to this, you must have a heavy hammer, twelve or fourteen pounds' weight, and round at the ends, to beat and compress the books. If near a foundry, you should make a model in wood or clay, and have it cast; but, in any case, the hammer is not very expensive. The glue-pot may be any little pot of crockery; but should never be put on the fire—melt the glue by placing the pot in a sauce-pan with water, and boiling that. Besides the glue-pot and press, you must have some scissors and cutting tools; and now for the mode in which you must proceed.

Suppose you had a year's monthly parts of this Journal to bind—first remove the covers and all papers not belonging to the text; lay the parts carefully together in order, striking the backs gently on the table to get them quite even. Then beat them on a block with the hammer, so as to compress and flatten them. Next put them carefully into your press, and tighten the screws, so as to hold them steady. Let about an inch of the back appear above the edge, and, with a common saw, cut four slits in the back at regular intervals, not deeper than the teeth of the saw. In each of these nicks insert a cord, and to these cords secure with packthread all the little quires forming the book. This completes the first stage of the binding.

To aid in the sewing process, a square frame of light wood is necessary. The cords must be tied to

this above and below, and the lower portion of the frame should be so flat and broad that the book can lie on it. The cords being passed into their respective nicks, the binder must open the leaves regularly to find the middles of the little quires, and then pass, with the needle, the packthread along the inside, but twisting it round each cord in succession as he goes; making it fast at the end with a knot or hitch. When this is done, he must cut away the cords, except an inch and a half or so on each side, which should be left to form the attachment to the cover. He must now replace the book in the press, and give its back a good coat of glue, melted as described above. Leave it in the press till the glue is dry.

In the meantime, the binder can see and measure the breadth of back for which he will have to provide the cover, according to the following directions:

Cut two pieces of thin pasteboard a little larger than your book. Cut out also a piece of calico or linen, so much larger than both these every way, as to allow for the back and the 'turning in.' Paste, down the middle of this, three or four slips of the same calico, to strengthen the back; carefully measure its breadth and length, and lay on your covers, leaving the space of the back between them; turn in your calico round the edges of the covers, avoiding creasing, and the cover is made, and must be allowed to dry. Then take your book, unravel and soften the ends of cord, and wet them with strong glue. Lay the book carefully on its back into the cover, and glue down the cords to the sides. Support the book in this position by some simple contrivance, and glue down a slip of linen or calico to hold the cords steady. Afterwards paste, over all this, a sheet of white or fancy paper to line each cover, and the work is done when dry. We say nothing about cutting the edges artistically, as it requires a particular arrangement not contemplated here; but if you are ingenious enough to cut them clean and straight with a sharp knife, so much the better.

However simple or rough such binding may be, it is far better to bind thus than to let books go to ruin. As regards the edges, it may be added, that, previous to putting the book into its cover, it may be put in the press, bringing up each edge of the three exposed ones successively, and, while held thus tightly, should be cut with a sharp knife or shoemaker's cutting-tool. Any little inequalities may be smoothened down with fine glass-paper. The edges, when cut, may be dabbled with any colour desired, by using a big hair-brush and water-colours.

In speaking of the linen or calico for the covers, we, of course, intended something of the sort used by bookbinders, as it may be had of almost any colour.

We should strongly advise the amateur to make his own pasteboard. It may be done with old newspapers, at 3d. per pound, if none others can be had. If only done flat, and without creases or wrinkles, it is far stronger and better than that which is sold in the shops, and costs only a fraction of the price. The secret of making it good and even is, to wet the paper, independently of the paste to be employed, laying the sheets quite flat on each other, and, when nearly dry, placing them on a table or other flat surface, on which they should be secured with books or such things laid upon them, so as to force them to dry out flat. The last thing of all to be done is, to put the book as tightly as possible into the press, and leave it there for some hours.

We hope none of our readers whom it may concern will be discouraged from attempting bookbinding by the apparent complexity of the operations necessary for it. It is an amusing work enough; and the comfort of having books bound, and standing orderly on their shelves, will amply repay the trifling cost and trouble. Perhaps what we have written may be the means of suggesting to more than one reader who can afford the proper apparatus, an amusing and useful mode of filling up a few leisure hours now and then. It should not be forgotten, that the art admits of the exercise of high artistic powers, and that it is allied to the fabrication of such little elegances as card-cases, work-boxes, *papeteries*, &c., on which taste and a decorative talent may be displayed to any extent. Supposing home-made pasteboard to be used, it is a good plan to press the covers, before using, as strongly as possible between the planks, as described above, leaving them for a night, or longer, if possible, under the pressure.

A BUTTERFLY.

Thou incarnation of the light,
Coquetting with the flutt'ring sight,
Looking as if thou 'd ta'en a flight,
Like wingèd flower,
Down from the sun's effulgent bright
And burning bower—

The flashes of thy filmy wing,
Like gaudy pennon's fluttering,
That o'er the seas of sunlight spring,
A bark of light,
And with the wavy breezes bring
Us beauty bright.

Thou star of day, I see thee shine,
Against the azure depths divine;
And where the twinkling tints combine
A flow'ry cell,
Thou feed'st on beauty rich as thine,
And loved as well.

The earth secreteth rubies red,
The sounding sea, its coral bed,
The lucid air creates instead
A living gem,
To wreath in circles round my head
Light's diadem.

W. S.

COPPER IN THE SEA.

Experiments are now in progress to shew that the sea is constantly charged with a solution of copper. Mr Septimus Piesse caused a bag of iron nails to be hung from the sides of steamers passing between Marseille and Nice, and obtained a precipitation of copper upon the iron. He finds the same metal in the substance of animals inhabiting the sea, and recommends the popular experiment of putting an oyster—a *bad one*, if possible—on the blade of a knife, and leaving it there for twenty-four hours, when, on the removal of the oyster, the copper will be found on the knife. In Mr Piesse's opinion, the beautiful blue colour of some portions of the Mediterranean is due to an ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenness of other seas is owing to the chloride of copper.

CURIOUS PARALLELISM OF CUSTOMS.

It is a custom in Berwickshire among women-workers in the field, when their backs become much tired by bowing low down while singling turnips with short-shanked hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, allowing others to step across the lower part of their backs, on the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the pain of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in females who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and who 'lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants refreshed.'—*Notes and Queries, June* 20, 1857.

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A POPULAR PREACHER.

I AM not a successful person, and I don't like a person that is so. When I am told of people who have caught the public ear or eye—an actor who draws full houses, a barrister who affects juries to tears, a poet who reaches a second edition, anybody, in short, who has done more than I have done—I feel a very natural antipathy for him, and adopt one of two courses: I deny that the thing is true; I have been to the theatre, and was the only creature in the stalls; I have been to the Old Bailey, and was convulsed with merriment at the pathos of the learned gentleman; I happened to know the publisher, and he confessed to putting 'second edition' upon all after the first fifty copies. Or else, admitting the success, I deny that it is deserved: the actor is a stick, the counsel is a pump, the poet is a fool. I find this practice, as a general rule, to be soothing to myself, as well as pleasing to my friends: the majority of whom also have been unfortunate in life, having merits that have never been appreciated, genius that has been ignored, and yearnings that have never come to anything.

Picture, then, our indignant sentiments when we heard of a certain reverend gentleman—one Boanerges—getting fifteen thousand people to listen to him in the open air. This, of course, was a frightful exaggeration; but then if there were only ten thousand? or even five thousand? Some of us were clergymen ourselves, and were, reasonably enough, excessively outraged. Well, we did what we could: we heard it from the best authority that there were barely five hundred in his chapel, and that each of those received a fourpenny-piece for going there; that after the first day's preaching, the novelty of the thing went off, and so did the congregation; that poor Boanerges was a seventh-day wonder which only lasted a week. The report then spreading that a gigantic place of worship, such as had not been heard of since Solomon's Temple, had been actually projected for the express purpose of accommodating Boanerges's hearers, followed by the certain news that one of the finest music-halls in London had been found insufficient for his audience in the meanwhile, and that the very largest of all had been engaged instead—then, I say, we altered our tactics. Boanerges was (then) a Mormon, a Shaker, a Jumper, a Latter-day Saint. He belonged to the Agapemone, denied the rotundity of the earth, was in favour of a plurality of wives, habitually preached standing upon one leg, emphasising with the other upon the reading-cushion, and held dramatic dialogues with Adam, with Moses, and with Nebuchadnezzar. We were confirmed in this line of proceeding by the religious newspapers, who, upon the occasion of a frightful accident occurring in his crowded congregation, asserted roundly that it served them, the sufferers, right. 'No man,' said one of them, 'is justified in collecting large assemblies who has not the power of controlling them'—upon an alarm of fire, for instance; after which it went on to describe what its Archdeacon Stratecote would have done in a similar emergency. Anti-Boanerges tracts also were published with strange interrogatory titles: 'Who is Boanerges?' 'Why is Boanerges popular?' 'Who is the Chief Heretic of To-day?' Not, of course, that we, or the newspapers, or the tracts cared sixpence what Boanerges was or was not, but on account of the fifteen thousand persons, more or less, who still kept going to hear him. People one meets at dinner-parties began to go; some of whom—Wilkins, for instance, a young man without a proper sense of respect for his superiors—thought fit to oppose my sentiments.

'Any man,' I had observed, 'who degrades himself to act the buffoon, will get thousands to come and see him do it.'

'There are more buffoons in the world than spectators,' retorted Wilkins.

'Sir,' said I, in a manner which is considered to be like that of the great lexicographer's, 'there are not. I maintain that if a man choose to play the actor in his pulpit upon the Sabbath-day, he will fill his house.'

'Nay; but we know not a few of those also,' persisted Wilkins, 'who have still several pews to let. I don't want to exalt my man unduly, but he shall not be sat upon.'

'Sir,' said I, 'did not this person address a man from his pulpit who happened to come into his chapel out of the rain, and stigmatise him as "an umbrella Christian?" Did he not on one occasion imitate a Baelga? Did he not, on another, run down his pulpit stairs, to illustrate the swiftness of a fall from grace; and toil up the same slowly, to picture the difficulty of repentance? Did he not call the established clergy "dumb dogs?" Did he not?'

'Perhaps he did, and perhaps he did not,' said Wilkins; 'I have heard you say he did, often enough; now, do you come with me next Sunday to hear him, and judge for yourself.'

I agreed to go. Horshair, who has been thirty years at the bar without stooping to any transaction with an attorney, and Humbleby, one of the most respectable of modern divines, offered to accompany us on the ensuing evening. We left all the arrangements to Wilkins. He said we must dine at four o'clock, in order to be at the music-hall before the

service commenced. This was very disagreeable to people of our years and position, and particularly as we could get nothing at the club till after six. We arranged, then, to meet at 'the Wellington' at fifty-nine minutes past three; and Humbleby and I were there, punctual to the minute. There was some printed statements upon one side of the door, setting forth that upon Sundays no table could be served till after five o'clock; we rang the bell, and found that even this hope was illusory, and that the earliest time of hope was half-past five.

Horshair and Wilkins kept us waiting in the east wind for near a quarter of an hour, during which my friend continuously observed that it served us both right, and that it was nothing more than he had expected. We then adjourned to a neighbouring chop-house, strongly recommended by our young companion, and partook of the very worst dinner that I have had since I was a school-boy: much as wine was to be desired on such an occasion, and particularly for the stale fish, there was no wine to be got until six o'clock. During this melancholy entertainment, Wilkins observed that he hoped we were all right about Boanerges, for he was advertised to preach at so many different places that one could never be quite sure. Humbleby was speechless with indignation; but Horshair and I gave the young man so much of our minds as to induce him to confess he was only joking. Immediately after cheese, we drove away in two hansoms to the music-hall: an hour's indigestion, turnpike-paying, and suffocation (for Wilkins would smoke) ensued before we reached our bourne, which seemed to be a long blank wall in a perfectly empty street. An official person with his back against it informed us that Boanerges only preached there in the mornings; and that in the evenings he preached at his own chapel, a mile or two off, in Southwark. Humbleby, who had quarrelled with Horshair coming along, immediately began to walk back again without any remark, and, as we afterwards discovered, had the misfortune to be garroted near to the South-western Railway Station.

We three drove on to the chapel, the street in front of which was filled with masses of people. Horshair, not knowing that Humbleby had previously paid the cabman, discharged the entire account over again, from which circumstance much dispute arose between the two friends; but there was no time to lose in inquiries, if we were to hear Boanerges that evening. Though we formed ourselves into a solid square of three, we had much ado to keep our position in the crowd, and could not advance one step. The great iron gates in front of the chapel were closed; but two strong currents of people were flowing in, by ticket, at the side-doors; 'a thoroughly Calvinistic notion,' as Horshair observed, whose forte, when disgusted, is sarcasm. Presently, the police let three great waves of outside folk through the main entrance, and then the inexorable iron closed for good: we were in the fourth wave next the bars. A deacon—one of those of whom Boanerges is reported to have said: 'Resist the devil, and he will fly from you; but resist a deacon, and he will fly *at* you'—here addressed us, and implored us to go away. 'Mr Boanerges himself has said that his chapel holds but twelve hundred to hear, and two thousand to suffocate; the two thousand are now in. Three streets off, there is good doctrine and a most respectable minister—Ebenezer Chapel, first turn on the left hand.' This announcement was greeted by a general groan, the sentiment of which was 'Boanerges aut nullus;' and not till the opening hymn—it sounded like a song of triumph—was raised by the fortunate inmates of the wished-for place, did we in the street begin to melt away in twos and threes. In those unknown, ill-paved, unlighted, cabless regions, I claim credit for myself and Horshair that we did not do for Wilkins, who appeased us, however, in some slight measure by standing dinner—for we had had no dinner, in any high sense of the term—at the club.

On the ensuing Sunday, Wilkins called upon me at breakfast-time with two tickets: 'Admission for Lord's-day mornings' to the temple of Boanerges. I glared at him for a moment or two, and then consented to go. It was a beautifully clear day; the gardens in which the music-hall was built were crisp with frost, and their ornamental waters sparkled in the sun; the scene was more like one in Paris than in London; and the vast throngs of ticket-holders among the statues and the arbours, and in front of the great model of the Russian stronghold, seemed pleasure-takers rather than church-goers. The music-hall itself, with its hundred windows and long gilded galleries, with its printed announcements of 'Cloak-room,' 'Refreshment-room,' 'This Way to the Stalls,' and so on, which were suffered to remain in all their native profanity, contrasted strangely with the usual habitations of religion amongst us; two private boxes on either side the orchestra alone reminding one, by a sort of impious parody, of the grand old British pew. Upon the orchestra seats and fronting the vast assemblage, Boanerges's own particular flock were accommodated; and where the conductor's box was wont to be, was reared an enormous pen, by way of pulpit. How the folk kept flocking in!—for the most part, well-dressed—there were scarcely any poor among them—and quite as many males as females; the majority, like ourselves, with curious, half-smiling faces; but a large minority, too, with very demure ones, in whose, chiefly feminine, hands were a Bible and a ticket neatly wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief. These tickets, by the by, cost but twelve stamps for a course of four sermons, and, it is fair to state, go a very little way towards paying the hire of so vast a place, which is expected to be defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the congregation at the doors. The body of the hall and also the best seats in the galleries, were filled before the gates were opened to the general public, and the unticketed religious world rolled in upon us like a flood. In ten minutes, when the gates were closed again, there was not an empty seat to be seen. The whisper that threaded this great crowd dropped in an instant, and every man's head was bared, as if by magic, for we had come together, some of us at least, to worship, and lo! there was the preacher.

A middle-sized, unhandsome person, not above twenty-five years old at most, heavy-featured, rather flat-faced, straight-haired—but with what a voice! Without effort, without perceptible lift even, it filled that mighty temple with a volume of sound. A short opening prayer, somewhat remarkable for metaphor, was followed by a hymn, which a man with a tuning-fork gave out from the orchestra seats, and the select few thereon began to sing; one not well-known to us, or in which most of the congregation could join, being

selected from some dissenting psalm-book; but, even as it was, the aggregate of voices made up a most impressive harmony. The preacher subsequently referred to this when speaking of 'the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps,' as also to his own sensations at different times when under such influences; and indeed he seemed to well understand what modern divines have mostly yet to learn, that an example from their own experience, or drawn from the present circumstances of their audience, is worth a thousand metaphors from earth, and sea, and sky. Boanerges never missed an illustration because of its homeliness, and, leaving abstract virtues and vices to abstract men and women, addressed himself to folks of flesh and blood. 'When I say *mammon*, I don't mean idle dukes or greedy merchant-princes; my small adulterating shopkeeper, I mean *you*.' And again, upon the importance of seeming trifles: 'There is many a man who will lose a thousand pounds without a murmur, and yet blaspheme about a shirt-button.' In the prayer before the sermon, he touched upon the subjects at present interesting the national mind, expressing in a brief, rough manner, too, the healthy popular opinion upon most things. For the country, for the Queen, he prayed; for the confounding of despots, for the extinction of slavery, and for peace; and for the high court of parliament, 'that it may do this coming session something, and not nothing, and that it may be vouchsafed, if it be but a little, wisdom.' Before this prayer, he gave a short exposition of the hundred and third psalm, more remarkable for eloquence than learning, in which he rejected, somewhat violently, the eagle's renewal of its youth as a wicked fable, and limited the parallel to the ordinary process of moulting; then followed more singing, and then the sermon, which was taken from the Revelations. It is not of course my purpose to repeat it in this *Journal*, or in any way to deprive the *Penny Pulpit* of its lawful prey; my only intention has been, and is, to give a brief impartial account of the public preaching of a very remarkable man. Now that I have been to hear him, and since scarcely any of my acquaintance have had the same opportunity, I feel that there is something to be said for Boanerges as well as against him. He seems to me to be thoroughly in earnest, to have great command of language, and to know his way to the feelings of his congregation; at all events, he knows their weaknesses, and attacks them boldly, face to face, without any masked batteries whatever; while that great voice of his is rolling over their heads, there is not a sound to interrupt or weaken it; and when he pauses to refresh himself at his glass of water, a tempest of coughing and nose-blowing proclaims at once the willing patience and real attention of his hearers. I know many wittier men than Boanerges, and I know one or two as eloquent, but I know none who could have preached such passages as this man did without a trace of flippant profanity, and with all appearance of religious earnestness: 'The name that was written upon the foreheads of the saints —what was it? B for Baptist, do you imagine, my friend Bigot yonder? W for Wesleyan? C for Calvinist? E, perhaps, for the establishment? *It does not say so here.* If you asked of the angel who keeps the gates of paradise whether there are any Baptists withinside, he'd shake his head. Any Calvinists?—he would not so much as look at you. Any of the establishment?—he'd answer: "*Nothing of the sort.*" They would all be there indeed, perhaps, my friends, but not in miserable sects and parties: they would be all Christians—saints.' There were many such—I was almost going to write 'hits'—striking illustrations during this sermon, the whole of which was upon that 'very disagreeable but true doctrine, my friends —*although indeed I am none of your strait-gate and narrow-way people*—election.'

Finally, if I had to answer that before-mentioned tract called 'Why is Boanerges Popular?' I should answer, that he is so mainly because he combines real eloquence with what Luther possessed, and Latimer possessed, and which no modern preacher, except Boanerges, perhaps *does* possess—earnest religious *humour*.

PICTURE-WRITING OF EGYPT.

To commemorate events by tracing a representation of them on wood or stone is a natural expedient among rude people, such as the North-American Indians, who still practise it. This seems to have been the origin of the famous hieroglyphics of Egypt, which, in their first form, were simply a kind of picture-writing, and of general application, notwithstanding that the name —literally, *sacred sculpture*—implies an exclusively religious character. We can readily imagine, however, that to carve out the whole particulars of an event would be found troublesome, and that a short-hand process would be early called for. Apparently the first step would be to come to conventional signs. For example, instead of representing a battle by a combination of the pictures of men, horses, and warlike instruments, men found that they might depict it by two swords crossed; or they might indicate a victory by the head of the conquered laid at the feet of the conqueror. And besides these visible objects, men would soon desire to represent invisible things: they might, for example, in reckoning time, use the figure of the moon to designate a month. By and by, also, they would proceed to express *abstract* ideas; in which department they might, for instance, represent strength or power by the head and neck of a bull. This mode of conveying ideas, either by direct pictures, or by obvious conventional signs, is plainly suited for a people in the first stages of civilisation; but, as they advance, it becomes necessary to extend still further their writing, or communication of ideas by signs. The qualities of objects, and the passions and sentiments of living creatures, having no visible archetypes in nature, would, in the progress of time, be expressed by arbitrary marks or characters, which, being applied to the spoken language, would become the representatives of words, or portions of words, as among the Chinese; and, finally, some of these known characters would be appropriated to represent the elementary sounds of the spoken language—that is, an alphabet would be invented and introduced. The Egyptians, who were the most ancient of civilised nations, early arrived at this point—so early as the days of Moses, indeed, they seem to have attained that maximum of learning at which nations generally remain stationary for a longer or shorter period.

The true meaning of hieroglyphic writing was first unfolded by the ingenious labours of our own countryman, Dr Thomas Young, and the distinguished French archæologist, Champollion, near the beginning of the present century. But before proceeding to give a sketch of the art, as elucidated by them in modern times, it will be interesting to inquire what light was thrown on the subject by ancient writers. On this point, we might have expected to find in the Father of History some valuable information; yet, while the writings of Herodotus furnish us with ample details of the laws, manners, and customs, topography and buildings of ancient Egypt, it is to be regretted that he has given only a few scanty notices of the literature and language, and, as included in this, the method of writing among the Egyptians. He says nothing of their *picture-writing*, but merely mentions that they had two kinds of characters—*sacred* and *popular*—without leading us to suppose that these had any near connection.

Diodorus Siculus is the first in whose writings we find anything of the kind of any consequence. He lived in the first century before the Christian era; and informs us that the hieroglyphic art was confined to the priests, and that they communicated it only to their own children; but he makes no allusion to that *phonetic* character which recent investigation has shewn to be one of its essential principles. He tells us that all kinds of animals, and of instruments, especially those of the carpenter, were used to express ideas; but modern discovery has shewn that he is wrong in many of the examples he has given. An ancient father of the church, Clemens of Alexandria, who lived at the end of the second century, has given us, in his *Stromata*, or book of miscellanies, a description of the system in the following words: 'Those who are educated among the Egyptians, learn first of all the method of Egyptian writing called *epistolographic;* secondly, the *hieratic*, which the sacred scribes employ; and, lastly, the most complete kind, the *hieroglyphic*. Of these, one sort is the common way of writing, and another is symbolic.' Of the symbolic he describes three kinds: 'One,' says he, 'represents objects by imitation; another expresses them tropically; the third suggests them by certain allegorical enigmas.' This account of the Alexandrian presbyter has been shewn by modern discovery to be wonderfully accurate. Apuleius, a contemporary author, has also written on this subject; but his descriptions are confused and unsatisfactory. Porphyry, a writer of the third century, has been more successful, and has given an account of hieroglyphics somewhat similar to that of Clemens; but the fullest notice on the subject by any ancient author is that of Horapollo, a Greek grammarian of the fifth century, born in Egypt. His work, originally composed in the Egyptian language, has come down to us in a Greek translation. It is written specially on hieroglyphics, but is full of errors, and therefore, like the statements of Diodorus, calculated to mislead the student. Egyptian hieroglyphics seem to have attracted little or no notice from writers of the middle and later ages; and the first attempt to decipher them in modern times was by De Guignes, who, in the *Memoirs of the Academy*, 1759, declared that he 'thought he had perceived *alphabetic characters* among them'—a guess, however, which led to nothing. The discovery of the Rosetta stone at the beginning of the present century, was, as will be afterwards explained, the means of unravelling that mysterious kind of writing, the signification of which had lain concealed from mankind for thousands of years.

M. Champollion, who devoted upwards of twenty years to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, to prosecute which he went with an expedition of learned men to Egypt in 1828, at the expense of the French king, has shewn that, when reduced to a system, they consist of three kinds of characters or signs: 1. *Figurative* signs, or direct images of the things indicated; 2. *Symbolic* signs; and 3. *Phonetic*, or those expressive of sound. As all visible objects naturally come within the scope of hieroglyphic characters, it might be supposed there would be almost no end of them; but they appear to have been limited, for the whole number observed by Champollion, after the most diligent and minute investigation, was about 800 real figures of natural objects, and about sixty more of geometric figures and fantastic forms.

I. *Figurative.*—This class is also sometimes called *pure hieroglyphics*, and is subdivided by Champollion into 1. Figurative proper; 2. Figurative conventional; and 3. Figurative abridged. All direct images of things signified, as *sun*, *moon*, *star*, are examples of the first kind. As an instance of the second kind, may be mentioned *a section of a ceiling*, to represent the *sky* or *firmament*—a very obvious symbol, though not a direct one. An example of the third kind is when only a part of the object intended to be represented was given, as the *plan of a house* for the house itself.

II. *Symbolical.*—Abstract ideas, having no visible objects by which they can be directly represented, were expressed by images used symbolically. Thus, two arms stretched up towards heaven, expressed the word *offering;* the *wind* is signified by a hawk on the wing; *writing*, by a reed and an inkstand, &c. It is to these symbolical figures that ancient writers, when speaking of hieroglyphics, have generally alluded. They are naturally more difficult of interpretation than direct images; and as a mistaken notion prevailed that *all* the figures in Egyptian monuments were symbolical, this error occasioned for ages among the learned the most extravagant and contradictory interpretations, which were not got rid of till the researches of Young and Champollion cleared away the difficulty. It may be noticed, in passing, that hieroglyphics of the symbolical kind are also used among Christians: for instance, a triangle in a circle is employed to represent the Trinity in unity; and sometimes an *eye* is introduced in the centre, in allusion to the divine omniscience. Again, an *anchor* is used as emblematical of a Christian's hope and constancy; and the figure of a *cock* for Christian vigilance.

III. *Phonetic.*—The two kinds of hieroglyphic signs already described were not sufficient to express the various ideas of so highly civilised a people as the Egyptians, and this no doubt led to the invention of the third class, called *phonetic*, or those expressive of sounds, the principle of whose construction is as follows: The figures of certain objects were used to represent the initial sounds or letters of the words standing for those objects in the Egyptian or Coptic. For instance, in that language *ahom* is an eagle, and the figure of an eagle is therefore made to stand for the initial letter *a; berbe* is a censer, and so the figure of a censer stands for *b; jal* is a swallow, and the figure of that bird stands for *j;* and so on of other words, till an alphabet is formed. But as the figure of *every* object which began with *a* in the Coptic might stand for that letter, it might be supposed that this principle would lead to endless confusion and difficulty; and so it would, had the signs not been limited. But they are really restricted, eighteen or nineteen being the largest number of images assigned to any one letter, while few have more than five or six, and some only one or two.

The merit of the discovery of the phonetic alphabet has been by some ascribed to Champollion; but it has been proved by good authority, as will afterwards appear, that Dr Young was, beyond all dispute, the original discoverer, so long ago as the year 1818. Young, unfortunately, did not follow out his inquiries in that direction, his attention being chiefly confined to another department of the art, the *enchorial* method; but *his* discovery may be regarded as the foundation of Champollion's future success in this province. There is no doubt that the enterprising Frenchman had long before this occupied himself with the study of hieroglyphics; and he afterwards declared in his great work, *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*, that 'this phonetic alphabet is the true key of the whole hieroglyphical system;' and that 'all hieroglyphical legends and inscriptions are composed principally of signs purely alphabetical.' This may be so; yet it is a fact, that all the sorts of characters, figurative, symbolical, and phonetic, are used together. It might have been supposed that such a complication would have been a most perplexing obstacle to the deciphering of hieroglyphic monuments; yet Champollion and others acquired great skill in interpreting what had been so mysterious for thousands of years, and could read most of them with comparative ease.

There is another important distinction to be attended to in this subject. The ordinary style of hieroglyphics found represented in bass-reliefs and paintings on the

walls of public buildings, and descriptive of historical scenes and civil and religious ceremonies, were no doubt intelligible to all well-educated Egyptians; but there was another kind discoverable in the interior of their temples and sepulchres, which was of a more enigmatical character, spoke a language more strictly ideographical and mysterious, and formed an allegorical representation of the religious and philosophical doctrines of the Egyptians. Like the *esoteric* doctrines of the ancient philosophers, none but the initiated were suffered to inquire into them — the key to them was kept exclusively in the hands of the priests. For this reason, this department of hieroglyphics was termed *hieratic*, indicating that it belonged more peculiarly, if not exclusively, to the priesthood. It is a sort of hieroglyphical *stenography*, or short-hand writing, in which the form of the signs is considerably abridged. Various existing manuscripts exhibit this species of hieroglyphic writing, belonging to the Pharaonic, Greek, and Roman epochs of Egyptian history; and it seems to have been confined to the transcription of texts and inscriptions connected with religious matters. It is distinguished from that other mode of writing already alluded to, the *enchorial*, so called by Dr Young from its being of peculiar use in that country, but termed by Champollion *demotic*, because it comprehended the characters or style of writing used by the common people. It has also been denominated *epistolographic*, from its fitness for letter-writing. It is almost entirely alphabetical, containing few symbolic signs, and scarcely any direct figures, and these so much simplified as to lose nearly all resemblance to the objects expressed. It formed a sort of running-hand; and from its being written in the direction from right to left, it resembles the writing of the Hebrew and other oriental tongues.

But we come now to a most interesting part of this subject — that remarkable discovery of the Rosetta stone, by which the interpretation of hieroglyphics was first placed on a true and solid foundation. It has been said, that if the invention of fluxions by Newton, and of the *differential calculus* by Leibnitz, is considered as the most brilliant proof of the calculating and abstractive power of the human intellect, the deciphering of hieroglyphics, which for thousands of years lay before us a sealed book, may well be called the master-piece of criticism. When the French took possession of Lower Egypt in 1798, it was part of the policy of that remarkable man who then ruled their destinies, and who had, a short time before, made that memorable declaration to the Institute of France — 'The true conquests, the only ones which do not cause a tear, are those which are gained over ignorance' — it was part of Napoleon's policy to associate with his army a company of literati, for the purpose of investigating the geography, natural history, and antiquities of that once famous land, the nurse of learning and civilisation — an inquiry in which no one seemed to take a greater interest than their distinguished commander himself. It was not, however, in the course of these learned investigations that the discovery alluded to was made; it originated purely in an accident; it was one of those coincidences, undesigned by man, by which often good is brought out of evil; for, in this case, what was designed for deadly war, tended to the enlargement of man's knowledge in the arts of peace.

While the French troops were excavating for the foundations of a fort to be erected at Rosetta, a town near the mouth of the Nile, they dug up a large block of basalt, containing an inscription in three compartments, and each bearing a distinct character. When the valour of Abercromby wrested Egypt from the republican yoke, by the battle of Alexandria in March 1801, it is curious to remark what was the fate of this stone. The opposite parties, without being aware of its value, raised a contention about it that seemed prophetic of its future importance, and some account of which deserves a short notice. An end being put to the war by the surrender of Alexandria in the end of August, it was proposed that the collections of antiquities which had been made by the French savans should be considered as public property, and be given up to the British; but in the discussion that ensued, Menou, the French commander, asserted that they were private property; and he had selected the Rosetta stone for himself, and had caused it to be carefully packed up. After much dispute, however, the monuments and manuscripts were surrendered to Lord Hutchinson, the British commander, and the insects and other animals were ceded to the French, who, in anger, tore the covering from the Rosetta stone, and threw it down upon its face. It was at length safely embarked on board a captured frigate, along with many other valuable relics, carried to England in February 1802, and, by order of George III., deposited in the British Museum, where it may be seen in the Egyptian Saloon, No. 24.

This stone was found, on examination, to record a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and the lowermost division, which is inscribed in Greek, concludes with these words: 'This decree shall be engraven on a hard stone, in sacred, enchorial, and Greek characters.' So that it exhibits a specimen of hieroglyphics with a double translation, first in enchorial or common letters of the country, and second in Greek. The Society of Antiquaries caused a fac-simile of the inscription to be distributed among the learned in Europe and America. Porson in England, and Heyne in Germany, the two greatest Greek scholars of the age, furnished a version of the Greek; but this, however arduous a task it may have been, owing to the mutilated condition of the stone, was not the greatest difficulty. Of the first and second inscriptions, the hieroglyphic and enchorial, not a single character was then known, and therefore no comparison could, at first, be instituted between them and the Greek. The distinguished oriental scholar, M. Silvestre de Sacy of Paris, applied himself to decipher the enchorial, and found there two groups of characters in situations corresponding with the words *Alexander* and *Alexandria* in the Greek compartment, and which were therefore supposed by him to represent these names; but he could not get beyond this, and abandoned the attempt as hopeless. Mr Akerblad, an attaché of the Swedish embassy at Paris, entered on the investigation at the point where De Sacy had left off, and demonstrated what the other had only conjectured — namely, that the enchorial text contained Greek proper names, written in Egyptian or Coptic characters. He made some approaches towards the construction of an alphabet; but he failed in completing one from two causes: first, from supposing that the whole of the inscription was alphabetical; and, secondly, from the error of expecting to find all the vowels in the Egyptian words, in place of assimilating these with the Hebrew, Arabic, and other oriental languages, in which the vowels are mostly left out.

In 1814, Dr Thomas Young, a native of Somersetshire, and foreign secretary of the Royal Society, entered on the work which had baffled his predecessors. He began with the enchorial inscription; and, with the assistance of Akerblad's 'conjectural' alphabet, and by a careful comparison of the different parts with the Greek text, he was, after the labour of some months, enabled to form a translation, which he gave to the public in the *Archæologia* in 1815; and four years afterwards, he produced, in the article 'Egypt,' in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an enlarged digest of his researches, which has been pronounced to be 'the greatest effort of scholarship and

ingenuity of which modern literature can boast.' The result of Dr Young's labours was to demonstrate that, both in the hieroglyphic and in the enchorial texts of the Rosetta stone, certain characters were employed *phonetically*, or to represent sounds. He thus exhibited a phonetic alphabet, comparatively so extensive, that few additions of any value have since been made to it; and, by laying the foundation of a hieroglyphical one, he led the way to the true knowledge of that hitherto mysterious mode of writing.

Champollion laboured in the same field; and the priority of discovery between him and Dr Young has been much disputed. For a full and fair statement of the case, the reader is referred to the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1826, in which the writer comes to the conclusion, that 'Dr Young has the exclusive merit of having solved an enigma, which had for centuries baffled all the resources of the learned.' This, however, does not detract from the great merit of Champollion, in rearing up, by his unwearied labours and perseverance, an enlarged superstructure on the foundation laid by Dr Young.

The Rosetta stone contains only the last fourteen lines of the hieroglyphic text, and that, too, in a mutilated state; and the part of the Greek text which corresponds to these lines is, unfortunately, all defaced with the exception of one word; so that any extensive comparison between these two inscriptions is precluded. But it was the good-fortune of Champollion to discover another monument calculated to throw light on the subject in Philæ, an island of the Nile, once famous for its religious importance under the Pharaohs, and still remarkable for the number of its ruins. This monument is an obelisk with a hieroglyphic inscription upon it, which rested on a base bearing a Greek inscription. By means of these, he was enabled to form a hieroglyphic alphabet, with which he proceeded to decipher the proper names inscribed on the temples and other buildings of Egypt; and at length, in 1824, he published his great work, already alluded to, *Précis*, &c.; a most valuable production, which not only gives a clear view of the results previously obtained by himself and others, but contains a great variety of new matter. By a series of readings indicating profound scholarship, he has shewn that there is a phonetic alphabet applicable to the hieroglyphical legends of every epoch of Egyptian history; that this phonetic alphabet, as has been already mentioned, is the true key of the whole hieroglyphic system; and that all inscriptions in hieroglyphics are composed principally of signs purely alphabetical. He has traced these phonetic signs from the death of the Roman emperor Antoninus Pius, 161 A.D., up to the conquest of Alexander the Great, in 332 B.C.; again, from Alexander's time to the Persian conquest by Cambyses, 525 B.C.; and thence through the different Egyptian dynasties as far back as to the beginning of the eighteenth, about the year 1374 before the Christian era. He has thus been enabled to verify the chronology of Manetho as preserved by Josephus, which had been previously treated with neglect, and has thereby shed a strong light on a portion of ancient history which, before his time, was enveloped in obscurity and doubt.

An attempt has since been made by two French writers—M. Klaproth and M. Dujardin—to invalidate the discoveries and the system of Young and Champollion; but on the whole, they have not succeeded in establishing any serious objection. More recently, the Rev. C. Forster has appeared to dispute their system. He has endeavoured to shew that hieroglyphic writing is *entirely* phonetic, and that the pictorial figures are to be taken merely as illustrations; but others, who have well considered the subject, think that this doctrine is refuted by certain inscriptions published by the learned Egyptian scholar, Mr Birch, so lately as 1853. It is possible that the results of the great discoveries of Young and Champollion, in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, are not perfectly satisfactory, and not yet complete; but though the speculations of Forster are highly ingenious, and in some respects valuable, they have failed to undermine the general principles of the system of those two learned hierogrammatists.

CATHERINE OF WÜRTEMBERG:

ROYAL LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

An act of graceful homage has recently been paid to the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg, the second wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and the mother of Prince Napoleon, who has of late attracted so much attention in the European world. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, enclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the *Times*, 'the heart of a noble woman, of one whom no entreaties of her father, the king of Würtemberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death.' The circumstances of her life are so full of deep and touching interest, that we trust our readers will not unwillingly follow us in some passages of her changeful and eventful career.

At the commencement of the present century, the ancient palace at Stuttgart was the peaceful and happy abode of the ducal family of Würtemberg, whose position, although high enough to secure for them the homage and respect which is due to the princely houses of Europe, yet seemed not lofty enough to expose them to the political dangers so often entailed on the more elevated and ambitious potentates of Christendom. The great social revolution, however, which had shaken continental Europe to its very foundations, came to disturb the tranquil happiness of the Würtemberg family. Napoleon the Great, now seated firmly upon the imperial throne of France, resolved that a crown should also encircle each of his brothers' brows. The throne of Holland had been bestowed upon Lucien Bonaparte; Joseph was the king of Spain; and a new kingdom—that of Westphalia—was about to be formed for Jerome. There was, however, one serious obstacle in the way of this latter arrangement: Jerome had, in defiance of his brother's wishes, wedded himself to an American lady, who had recently presented him with a son. Napoleon was seriously displeased at this union, and refused to acknowledge its validity. Jerome, warmly attached to his wife, came over to Europe, and throwing himself at the emperor's feet, besought his pardon, and earnestly entreated him to receive his spouse as a member of the imperial family. This request was made at an untoward moment; for Jerome's interview with the emperor took place at Milan, in 1805, just after he had grasped the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, bearing this proud yet beautiful device:

Dio me la diede;
Qual che la tocca.

It was at this proud moment of his life that Jerome asked him to receive a plebeian sister from republican America! The request was indignantly refused. Jerome shed tears of passionate affection as he embraced his wife's portrait, and swore never to give her up for any paltry consideration of earthly grandeur. He, however, lacked the firmness and resolution by which the Bonaparte family were so eminently characterised; and when the temptation of a kingdom, with its power and its pomps, was held out to his dazzled vision, he gradually became less vehement in his denials, and finally yielded to the will of his imperious brother. His wife was abandoned, his

offspring disowned, and Jerome stood alone, a weak and guilty man, ready to sacrifice honour, affection, and duty upon the base altar of earthly ambition.

And now, who is to be his partner upon the newly erected throne of Westphalia?

Napoleon turned his glance towards Würtemberg, which had recently been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and whose sovereign was now degraded into a satellite of imperial France. The princess-royal had just completed her twentieth year. Fair in person, and amiable in disposition, this youthful princess possessed, nevertheless, far more firmness than her royal parent, and she resolutely expressed her aversion to the proposed alliance, regarding Napoleon as the direst foe of her native Germany; while at the same time she felt her maiden dignity deeply offended at the thought of being espoused to a man who, in her estimation, was already married to another. Vain, however, were all her remonstrances. She was compelled to bow beneath the iron will of Napoleon the Great, with whom her father was at this time closely allied; and before many months had elapsed, she found herself wedded by proxy to Jerome, king of Westphalia, and had entered the confines of France as the acknowledged sister of its imperial ruler. She was obliged, in compliance with court etiquette, to part on the frontiers with all her German attendants, and to advance alone in a foreign country, surrounded indeed by a brilliant retinue, but with no familiar face to meet her saddened gaze; no sweet sound of home voices to soothe the bitter feelings of her heart. With the characteristic firmness of her disposition, however, she gathered up all her courage to meet the trying circumstances of her lot, and seemed resolved that no tell-tale glance should betray the hidden conflict of her heart. As she drew near to Paris, the whole current of her being seemed to be changed; the usual kindliness of her manner became petrified into a proud and frigid bearing; and while she was studiously courteous to her attendants, her evident constraint gave a disagreeable expression to her countenance.

It was on the 20th of August 1807 that, at an early hour of the day, she found herself almost in sight of Paris; but it being Napoleon's pleasure that she should not enter his capital until evening, she was conducted by his order to Rainey—a charming country residence, once the abode of royalty, but now the possession of Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, whose wife was commanded to receive the princess with all the honour due to her elevated rank. The duchess received her *en demi toilette de cour* on the grand *peristyle* of the château, and conducted her to her own apartments, where a repast of the most costly description was prepared for her refreshment. She courteously insisted on Madame d'Abrantes and her friends partaking with her of breakfast; and the animation with which she talked might have bespoken a mind contented with its lot, but that the rapid changes in her countenance revealed only too clearly the inward conflict of her heart. At one moment, her features were suffused with the deepest crimson, and at another they became livid with a deadly pallor.

The afternoon was filled up with a drive through the Forest of Bondy, during which the princess still exerted herself to appear pleased with the efforts made for her amusement. Next came the grand affair of her toilet, which seemed to Madame d'Abrantes a matter of the utmost importance at this critical moment of the princess's life. She anxiously awaited her appearance in the saloon before dinner. What was her dismay on beholding the royal bride enter the apartment clad in a style of old-fashioned magnificence that might have suited her grandmother, but which was ill befitting the court of the Tuileries in 1807. The material was a bluish moire—at that time quite out of date—cut out into a scanty narrow *frock* with a short round *queue*, exactly resembling a beaver's tail; the sleeves very narrow and very flat, looking as if her arms had been squeezed into them; and then the shoes pointed, as if they had been made some centuries ago. Around her neck hung two rows of pearls, from whence was suspended a miniature of Jerome, so clumsily set that it swung about at each movement of the wearer. In spite of this antique costume, the appearance of the princess was pleasing and attractive. She is described to us as 'of a fair and fresh complexion; her beautiful light hair and blue eyes harmonising well with the graceful and dignified turn of her head, and she entered the apartment with as much princely self-possession as if she had been attired under the direction of the imperial *coiffeur* and *modiste*—personages of such importance as to be remembered even now under the names of Charbonnier and Leroy.' Before dinner was announced, Catherine's agitation became so evident to her hostess, that the latter ventured to inquire whether aught had occurred to disturb her royal highness. Catherine, in reply, expressed her wish to be informed a few moments before Jerome's arrival, so that she might be prepared to meet him. This was promised; and while the princess thanked Madame d'Abrantes for her kind readiness to oblige her, 'the burning blushes on her cheek revealed no pleasing emotion, but the passionate pain of an indignant woman's heart.'

'The dinner,' Madame d'Abrantes writes, 'was dull, and even mournful. The princess was restless and agitated. Having asked her twice which she would prefer—taking coffee and ice in the park, or in the grand saloon, she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and looking at me as if she scarcely understood the purport of my question, replied: "Just as you please."

'We quitted table at half-past six, and feeling anxious to satisfy the princess's wishes, I went to inquire whether there was any symptom of Jerome's approach. Just at this moment, a cloud of dust became visible on the road from Paris, and several carriages were seen to enter the poplar avenue. I hastened to inform the princess that in a few minutes the prince would make his appearance. With a faint attempt to smile, she thanked me for my kindness; but her appearance really alarmed me; for in a moment her whole countenance became of a deep purple hue, which was immediately succeeded by the cold blanched colour of death. She seemed, however, to summon all her resolution, and, rising from her seat, advanced with one of her ladies-in-waiting to the grand saloon, to await the prince's arrival. This apartment communicates at either end with the music-saloon and billiard-room, from both of which it is separated only by pillars, so that we who were assembled in the billiard-room could see all that passed in the central saloon.

'Catherine of Würtemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Jerome entered, followed by the officers of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boor, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the princess with an air of *brusquerie* and *malaise*. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and, in the tone and style of a *bourgeois*, said to her: "My brother is expecting *us*. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister." The princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn

from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments, she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition.'

When Madame Junot announced to the princess that her equipage was ready, she rose up, and, gracefully thanking her for her kind hospitality, said that she was ready to depart.

What were the desolate feelings of poor Catherine's heart during this twilight drive from Rainey to Paris, no human being knew, nor what were her miserable anticipations of the future that lay before her. On her arrival at the Tuileries, she found the whole imperial family assembled to receive her. The emperor advanced as far as the grand staircase to bid her welcome. She attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but he hastened to raise her up, and after embracing her, conducted her into the saloon of the throne, where he presented her to his assembled family as their sister and daughter. She was immediately surrounded, caressed, and treated from that moment as a sister of the emperor.

Such were the opening scenes in the wedded life of Catherine of Würtemberg. Need it be added that her after-path was one beset with thorns rather than strewed with flowers? Forced to bestow her hand upon a man from whom she instinctively shrank, as being in her opinion already espoused to another, the unhappy queen of Westphalia had not even the poor satisfaction of being treated with respect by her royal husband. Many were the humiliations which she suffered at the court of Cassel, and she bore them all in silence. Faithfully did she strive to fulfil the onerous duties of her position, and never was a single murmur suffered to escape her lips. The only happy moments of her crowned life were those in which she clasped her infants to her arms, although, perhaps, the name of Napoleon, which had been bestowed upon her son, often brought a pang to her heart, as reminding her of him through whose insatiable ambition a hopeless blight had fallen upon her opening life.

Time passed on. The eventful years of 1814–15 elapsed. Napoleon had fallen, and those modern dynasties, which had flourished in the sunshine of his power, were withering away beneath the shadow of 'the Holy Alliance.' The queen of Westphalia had taken refuge, with her children, beneath her father's roof. Jerome had joined his brother Napoleon in Paris on his return from Elba, and had carried with him thither all the baubles of royalty, in the hope that, at no distant day, he might once more appear in public with these insignia of power. In this expectation, however, he was quickly disappointed, and, on the evacuation of Paris, he retired with the army beyond the Loire. His situation being now a very precarious one, he gladly accepted a refuge in the Château of Douy, where, under the assumed name of Garnier, he was hospitably entertained by M. Ouvrard, the eminent financier. Owing to the frequent presence of military men who were quartered in the château, Jerome was obliged to remain secluded in his own apartments. One day, in a moment of ennui, the ex-monarch opened a trunk, took out his royal robes of state, together with the many brilliant orders which had been bestowed upon him in his happier days, and clothed himself in all the magnificence of royalty. Just as his splendid toilet was completed, the door of his apartment opened, and M. Ouvrard entered. The discreet financier was astonished at such an act of imprudence on the part of his guest, and fearing that a repetition of his folly might betray his secret to the whole household, and thus involve the family in political danger, he counselled Jerome no longer to delay his escape out of France. On the following morning, before daylight, the deposed king was on his way to the eastern frontier, whence he hastened to Stuttgart, and, entering in secret his father-in-law's palace, besought his wife to procure for him a welcome in the home of her childhood and her youth. The princess, mindful only of her husband's forlorn position, welcomed him heartily to her apartments. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the king of Würtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore, he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbour beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria-Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes more emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess-royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations where women are counted worthy of honour as well as of love. It was in the following terms:

'SIRE—Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your paternal affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and nature impose duties which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfil them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given to me by God and by yourself—the child whom I have borne in my bosom; these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But oh! my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But oh! my father, my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favour and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe will not

always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognised by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled with our own? Pardon me, my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure. Believe me, &c.

CATHERINE.'

This touching and noble appeal could scarcely fail to melt the heart of a father; but political motives were at that critical period far more powerful in the breasts of monarchs than the gentler voice of domestic affection. The Princess of Würtemberg, together with her husband and son, were obliged to quit that Fatherland to which she was so tenderly attached. They took refuge in the Papal States, where they lived for many years under the name of the Duke and Duchess of Montfort. They chose a country habitation named Casino Azzolino, near the river Trento, which forms a limit between the Roman and Neapolitan states. Even here, however, they could not escape the humiliations which were at this time the portion of the Bonaparte family. They were prohibited by the king of Naples from entering his dominions, and so rigidly were his commands enforced, that the Countess Conurata, a niece of Jerome's, having ventured one day, in a girlish freak, to cross the Fiume Trento for the sake of enjoying a ride in the Neapolitan territories, she narrowly escaped being seized by the Neapolitan soldiers, who were placed there to guard the bridge. The young and ardent countess was exceedingly indignant at this curtailment of her liberty.

'*Napoleon's* niece,' exclaimed she, dwelling emphatically upon this word—'Napoleon's niece is not made to have her walks dictated to her; she is not the vassal of any sovereign!'

The Duke and Duchess of Montfort had all the difficulty in the world to calm her anger, and to prove to her the necessity of submitting to the ungenerous restriction imposed by the king of Naples. As for Catherine of Würtemberg, she pursued the even tenor of her way, treading in the same path of duty and affection until death closed the earthly portion of her existence. We know not what were her father's feelings on hearing that she had died in the land of her exile. But whatever they were, the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg is still fresh in many hearts; and although she did not live to witness the realisation of the hope expressed in her letter, yet to her children has it been given to enjoy the blessing of restoration to their country, and also to share in those imperial honours which have once again become the portion of Napoleon's family. Perhaps we need scarcely add, that Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are the sole descendants of this noble-minded woman. No higher honour could be sought for or desired than to be the children of such a mother.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

THE great masters of natural history have left but little to be done by mere gleaners like myself; but I believe there are few persons of ordinary observation who might not contribute something, which would either interest from its singularity, or add to the common stock of knowledge. It is my purpose to collect in this paper a few such waifs and strays of observation touching birds as strike me to be worth preserving.

To begin with the kingfisher. This bird has been well styled the only one which, in our islands, decks itself with a plumage of tropical richness and lustre. How rarely is it seen!—how shy of observation!—and how dazzlingly splendid when its green and crimson metallic *scales*, as one may call them, reflect the rays of the sun! I have seen this bird in an almost half-domesticated state—that is, I have seen it in a certain pleasure-ground remain on some old timber hanging over water, until we had come so near as to have a perfect view. It—or rather they, for there were several of them—ran about briskly while we approached, and then only seemed to retire a short way among the water-weeds. I am reminded here of an anecdote for which I can vouch, and which shews that the kingfisher has a remarkable tenacity of life.

One of these birds flew, one day, in some unaccountable way, into the open windows of a country-seat in Berkshire. It entered a drawing-room by one window, and dashed at another which happened to be shut. Of course it fell struggling to the ground, stunned, if not killed, by the shock. The ladies, who alone were present, summoned the butler to put the poor creature out of pain. This he did effectually, by 'wringing its neck' in the ordinary way, and depositing it on a table, in order that its beauty might be admired by the whole family. Here it lay for some time, to all appearance quite dead; but at length some slight motion was perceived about its head—the head evidently was moving a little; and by and by this said head began slowly to turn round and round, which gyration was performed some five or six times, answering no doubt to the 'wrings' inflicted by the ruthless hand of the butler aforesaid, until at last it seemed to have recovered its natural position. Thus it lay with open and glittering eyes for a short space; and then, as if instinct with new life, it made a sudden effort, flapped its wings, flew to the open window, and disappeared!

This recalls a somewhat similar instance of a partridge. This bird—an old cock, I warrant him—was knocked over in the usual way 'in stubbles and turnips.' He was picked up while yet struggling, and his head severely knocked on the stock of a gun by one of the party. He was then 'hung by the neck' with some others in a net by a leather strap contrived for the purpose. In this durance, the poor animal remained during the rest of the day and the following night, being hung up with the bag in the gun-room. On the following day, when the keeper proceeded to hand over his prey to the cook, this bird was shaken out of his collar upon the table; whereupon he immediately got on his legs, looked about him, flew straight at the window, through a pane of which he broke his way, and escaped!

I will here mention an anecdote of another kind connected with birds, which has always struck me as most extraordinary.

I had obtained from the nest three young bullfinches, and had had them several days in perfect apparent health: they could feed alone, and seemed quite strong. One morning, they seemed, in the very act of awaking, to be all seized together with some sudden fit. They fell from the perches into the sand at the bottom of the cage, beating it about most violently with their wings, rolling over and over, and exhibiting the same appearance as wounded birds generally do. After perhaps two minutes of these extraordinary gambols, they all alike seemed to get rid of the exciting cause, whatever it was; they ceased to struggle; sat up languidly on their tails, steadying their panting bodies with their wings; and at length quite recovered their usual health. About ten days after, the same *simultaneous* seizure was repeated; they all fell down again, and struggled in the same way; but this time they died—*together*, of course.

I have often asked myself the question, what could have been the mysterious tie of sympathy between those singular birds? Had they each in turn died of some fit, it would have been a common death of the bullfinch tribe; but that the fit should have seized them *all* at the same moment, in the first instance

harmlessly, and in the next with fatal results, remains a mystery to me to this day.

Talking of bullfinches and their fits, I may observe that apoplexy, their great enemy, may be averted for a long time, if not entirely, by avoiding the alderman's snare—I mean, oleaginous feeding. Let them have canary-seed as a staple, and an ample supply of *green food*—chickweed, groundsel, salads of all sorts, and fruit in the season; and *plethora* may be kept in check effectually. I would allow a grain or two of hemp-seed now and then from the master's or mistress's own fingers, but only seldom, and as rewards for good behaviour.

Is it not curious, by the way, that the teaching of these charming birds to sing tunes should be, so far as I know, left entirely in the hands of foreigners? Our own artisans ought to be as capable of instructing them as any others. The process is very simple, and consists in keeping the birds in a moderately darkened cage, and letting them hear the air whistled, or played on a small flageolet, several times each day. The high price of well-taught birds would afford a good encouragement, even if no interest was found to attach to the pursuit for itself.

A very singular fact connected with the bullfinch is, that it can, at any moment, be thrown into a state of peculiar excitement, ending in the warbling of its song, if an artificial one, by seeing the head of a person whom it knows moved gently backwards and forwards before the cage. This is very convenient for the German dealers, who generally have the birds classified according to their proficiency and firmness in their music. By this standard they regulate the prices; and when the intending customer can only give so much, they at once take a bird, and thus force him to give a 'touch of his quality,' in a room adjoining the aviary, as one may call it.

I have always thought this one of the most interesting and curious facts connected with ornithology, and I believe no rational solution of it has yet been given. It is true that authors—and in so excellent a work as the *Penny Cyclopædia* itself—have long laid it down that the effect produced upon the bird by this motion, recalls the movement of the head supposed to belong to the weaver at his work; and as it is further assumed that the weavers along the Rhine are the bird-instructors for the English market, the explanation seems easy, and hitherto has been accepted as satisfactory.

Now, were I a lawyer, I should say, 'I demur to this on three counts:' weavers do *not* make the sort of motion which affects the bullfinch; weavers are *not* exclusively the teachers of German bullfinches; and, bullfinches which never saw a weaver, and on which the experiment was not tried until long after they had learned to pipe from persons exercising no handicraft at all, have shewn themselves, to my certain knowledge, perfectly susceptible of this strange, and, as I think it, unaccountable influence.

A reason may yet be found; but that which is now popularly received has not a shadow of foundation, either in fact or theory.

It is most curious to observe the phenomenon I am now considering. When a person, known to the bird, and who does not frighten him, moves his face gently back and forward near the cage, the bird seems to be drawn gradually under the influence of a spell; he ruffles his feathers, often looking like a perfect ball; he changes his place rapidly, and utters a low, plaintive cry. After a short time spent in these preliminaries, he stops, looks attentively at the 'oscillating engine' before him, and at last swells his throat and pours forth his little melody, whatever it may be, bowing gracefully from side to side, and, as it were, keeping time with the motions of his body and tail, which latter appendage has its full share to perform on these occasions. So far as I have heard, there is no other bird, belonging either to the old world or the new, which appears capable of being brought under this singular fascination; and with the bullfinch it is, I repeat, altogether instinctive, and independent of any particular mode of teaching or other incidental circumstance whatever.

Respecting this beautiful and engaging little bird, I may observe in passing, that vast numbers are lost by injudicious feeding when taken from the nest. So far as I have seen, milk is entirely unfit for young birds. The proper food for bullfinches is a paste made of bread steeped in water, and rape-seed, boiled till soft, and then pounded in a mortar. A little only should be prepared at a time, as sour food is always destructive. It is important to get the young birds before they become afraid of man, yet not too young to do without the warmth of the mother by night. The critical moment is when the quill feathers of the wings and tail are just beginning to grow.

Taken young, the bullfinch is the most loving and familiar of feathered pets; otherwise, it is the wildest and most untamable; and to keep it in a cage, when caught old, is mere cruelty.

From the merely agreeable of the feathered race I now turn to the useful; observing, that the differences in habits and temper between different species, or rather different varieties of the same species, are exceedingly curious. For example, the common gray partridge has, so far as I know, never bred in captivity, and its unconquerable shyness will even prevent its being domesticated: I do not think it would even go as far as the pheasant, and lay eggs in a state of confinement. There is, however, a variety of the partridge, called the 'red-legged,' a very fine bird, common in France, which will not only lay, but rear its brood even in an ordinary hutch. I have seen as many as fourteen or sixteen well-grown young birds in such circumstances; and I see no reason why this excellent sort of game should not be added to our poultry. All that is required is a small court netted over, where the birds can have 'choice of sun or shade,' and be supplied with food and water. There can be no doubt that they would be well worth rearing, and be an agreeable variety to the table. This gradation, so to speak, in the adaptability of different sorts of game—for, of course, all were *once* game—to domestication, is an interesting subject of observation.

The well-known Australian bird, the tallagalla, is gifted with an instinct which shews something like a knowledge of chemistry; it seems aware that vegetable matters, such as grass, leaves, bits of stick, &c., when heaped together, will *ferment*, and give out a certain degree of heat; accordingly, it makes no nest, and never incubates, as others do. It scrapes together—that is, a colony of birds will do this—a heap of the materials we have named; and in this heap the hens deposit their eggs, for the hatching of which into chickens, they wait around this natural eccaleobion with anxious attention. Even in our climate, it would appear that this can be done, as has been proved at the gardens in the Regent's Park: but I should think it a good plan, with a view to greater increase, to remove the eggs, and place them apart, in a heap of the same materials. The young birds take long to hatch, and then come into the world fledged, and able to fly, so that their abode should be closely netted over, to prevent escape. They are, however, independent, as it would seem, of maternal solicitude; and no doubt a certain number of old birds would, according to general experience, produce a greater supply of young, if the eggs were thus removed, and the gratification of the parental instinct deferred for a time.

I shall reserve for another paper a description of a simple and effective domestic incubator, which will

e any one, at a small cost, to usher into this thing world' any number of feathered fowls at iscretion. I shall only now add a few lines about scourge of our poultry-yards, the dreaded 'gapes.' my causes are assigned for this destructive ly. I believe one to be almost always in fault, hat is foul water and bad food; but chiefly the of these—foul water. I believe also that salt e great preventive, as well as the best remedy. disease itself is a worm in the throat of the and I have no doubt that if lumps of salt are n the way, or a little box of common salt in a enient place, the birds will take enough of it to ent, or cure, the malady. When they are very and gaping piteously, the best thing to do is urt a little salt and water into their throats. keepers use an aromatic decoction of cinnamon, er, &c., a drop or two of which is put into the throat, and, I have no doubt, with excellent . But salt is the great vermifuge of creation, r as the land is concerned. Our instinct for it s intended to act as a safeguard against those ites which, if let alone, would soon be as fatal ir peace and comfort as those of old Timon of ns were to his.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

s, in the Isle of Wight, though not in those days gay and flourishing place it has since become, thanks to its natural advantages, a favourite t of health and pleasure seekers; and one of its attractions to the latter class of tourists, was ubtedly its commanding view of the maritime nd bustle going on in the great naval arsenal of mouth, and the famous roadstead of Spithead, to the Wight forms the natural breakwater. Very ing to the unaccustomed mind of Cockney or inland folk must have been the frequent spectacle ptured vessels brought in with the British jack above the tricolor, and anchored or moored st the cheers and cannon-fire of the victor-crews. albeit, to find cause of triumph in the humiliation nother, 'enemy' though he be, may not bear to be ly scanned by the light of the Gospel morality; how often have I seen reverently-pious eyes, usly-pale, lengthened faces, gleam and glow with at such sights! At a yet later date, I am afraid, ve witnessed the same phenomena. Yet should the last to cast stones at others, since few could felt fiercer joy than I did at such spectacles excuse being, that my parents were prisoners he 'enemy;' which spectacles, greatly to my soning regret, became less and less frequent as naritime might of Great Britain wrestled down giant war, as far as the ocean was concerned, and ffectually blockaded or swept the seaboard of a le continent, that at the commencement of 1814, hs had elapsed since a captured tricolor had ad Spithead; whilst the stars and stripes, with h we had fallen out about a couple of years re, yielded but a scanty harvest.

e news, consequently, that the *Scout* privateer, ain Webbe, had brought in a fine Yankee bark, ed quite a sensation amongst us islanders; and ugh it was Sunday morning, the second Sunday February, I, instead of waiting to escort my dame to church, hurried off to Ryde Pier, where nd a small mob of excited idlers like myself.

e prize had gone into Portsmouth harbour, but *Scout* was still anchored at Spithead—a remark- fine brig of her class, and admirably adapted by her long, low, sharply bowed hull, and tall raking masts, for a service in which speed was the prime requisite. She carried twelve guns of moderate calibre upon a flush deck, and had generally a complement of ninety men, maintained at a cost so onerous as to leave of late years, it was understood, a very trifling margin of profit to Captain Webbe and his owners, fortunate beyond all other 'privateers'—or pirates, writ large, as some slanderers aver that he had invariably been.

Presently a blue-peter was run up at the *Scout's* fore—a warning, it was supposed, to the boat's crew that had come on shore about an hour previously, to hasten their return to the brig, whose anchor, I noticed, had already been hove short. The warning or signal did not appear to be much heeded by the men, several of whom were smoking and sauntering about in the immediate vicinity of the pier; and when, some quarter of an hour afterwards, I took my way Rydeward, I came, on turning a corner in the principal street, upon a number of the *Scout* seamen, amongst whom was Captain Webbe himself, whom I knew well, from his having several times called at Oak Villa, where he was always civilly, though coldly, received by Mrs Linwood, who had known him previous to her domiciliation in the Wight.

The sailors, having just emerged from the Crown Tavern, were standing apart from Captain Webbe, who was earnestly conversing with a showily dressed, middle-aged woman, whose piercing black eyes, sallow skin, and vivacious gesticulation sufficiently declared her nationality without the aid of the few French words I indistinctly caught. She had a servant with her, also a Frenchwoman, and seemed about to take leave of the commander of the *Scout*, when his always restless glance met mine, and, scarcely to be believed, though my own eyes saw it, a crimson glow, much resembling a blush, mantled his bronzed cheeks—a swiftly passing weakness!

'Ha, Master William Linwood!' he exclaimed, extending his hand with frank cordiality, 'I am glad to see you looking so well. I intend paying Oak Villa a visit to-morrow. Mrs Linwood is, I hope, in the enjoyment of her usual fine health.'

I answered slightly, the lady's involuntary start and mounting colour having caught and fixed my attention. Recovering herself, she turned away with an assumed air of carelessness, and began chatting with her servant.

I passed on, and had not gone far, when, upon crossing the end of another street, I saw my granddame and her escort Nancy Dow coming onwards on their way to church. Not being in a devotional mood that morning, I accelerated my pace.

I had proceeded some distance, when the notion occurred to me, that as Mrs Linwood would necessarily pass Webbe and his companions, if they still remained where I had left them, I should like to witness her rencontre with the fierce-eyed Frenchwoman. I turned back to realise that whim, but had not taken fifty steps, when I halted, struck with the absurdity of my purpose. As I paused irresolutely, a clamorous burst of voices broke the stillness of the Sabbath morning, and hurrying at the top of my speed in the direction of the tumult, I could presently distinguish my grandame's voice, crying 'Help!—murder! Help!—murder!' reinforced by frantic yells of 'Fire! fire!' from Nancy Dow.

I should explain that Nancy, in consequence of having narrowly escaped being burned to death just before we left Wales, in any pressing emergency invariably shouted 'Fire! fire!' As Dr Johnson remarked of some clerical alarmists in his day, Nancy would to a certainty have cried 'Fire' at the Deluge.

I could have no doubt, therefore, as to whence the

furious outcries proceeded; but swiftly as I ran, I arrived too late. Mrs Linwood having fainted, was lying senseless, when I came up, in Captain Webbe's supporting arms, and the only other person present, except a few curious lookers-on, was Nancy Dow. The sailors and Frenchwomen had vanished.

'What is the meaning of this strange scene, Captain Webbe?' I exclaimed, at the same time relieving him of his burden.

'What is the meaning of this strange scene?' echoed Webbe. 'Ah! there, Master Linwood, you puzzle me. You can only learn that of your venerable relative; but the astounding *fact* is, that this impulsive, and, it would appear, most eccentric lady, no sooner caught sight of a person I was quietly conversing with, than she flew at her with perfectly feline ferocity, shouting the while "Murder! help! police!" and so on. But this is no place for talk: let me assist you to carry Mrs Linwood into the tavern; we will speak further by and by.'

Mr Beale, who lived but a few doors off, was sent for, restoratives were administered, and my grandmother revived sufficiently to murmur: 'Seize her—seize her, William: do not let her escape; she is—is'——

Desperately as she struggled for utterance—so desperately, that her face grew black with the effort—not another syllable could she enunciate: hysterical faintings, violent spasms followed; and Mr Beale forbade me to remain in the room, my presence appearing to greatly excite her.

Thus circumstanced, I forthwith hurried away to seek out Webbe. A few minutes sufficed to reach the pier, whence I had the mortification of seeing the *Scout* under sail, and steering for the Channel, by the eastern passage, at a spanking rate, under courses, top-sails, and top-gallant-sails. An exclamation of surprise and anger escaped me, which elicited an unexpected response.

'You are mistaken,' said a voice close to my ear. 'That rascal Webbe has *not* hooked it with the Frenchwoman. Pray, don't trouble yourself to apologise: those ingenuous blushes are more than sufficient excuse. The Frenchwoman,' added Webbe, '*is* on board the *Scout*, and if this breeze holds, may hope to reach Guernsey before nightfall.'

'Who is the Frenchwoman? What is her name?' I demanded.

'"Madame de Bonneville, Modiste," is painted in brilliant letters over her *magasin* in St Malo's, Brittany.'

'Ay, but her maiden name! Do you know that?'

'Yes; Louise Féron.'

'Louise Féron! And you, perfectly cognizant, as I am sure you are, of the cause of Mrs Linwood's excitement at meeting that woman, have connived at, aided her escape!'

'You appear, young gentleman, to strangely misunderstand your family's position relatively to Madame de Bonneville, formerly Louise Féron, who, I apprehend, can have no motive for wishing "to escape" from Mrs Linwood's surveillance. Suppose, however, we exchange this bleak pier for a cozy room at the hotel yonder, and there quietly talk over the many interesting topics suggested by this morning's encounter. I should have sought you to-morrow for substantially the same purpose, had that passage-of-arms not taken place. You will the more readily believe that,' coolly added Captain Webbe, between the puffs of his cigar—'you will the more readily believe that when I inform you, that I had the honour and pleasure of supping with your excellent mother and her husband no longer ago than Monday evening last.'

'You supped with my mother and father on Monday evening last!'

'Yes; positively so: at Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée—so named when rebuilt after its demolition by *les perfides Anglais* a few years since—Havre de Grace, *Département* of the Seine Inférieure. They are both well—that is to say, as well as under existing circumstances could be reasonably expected.'

'This must be a sorry jest!' I angrily exclaimed; 'or if not, permit me to ask what conceivable motive could have induced *Scout* Webbe to trust himself in a French garrison town, from which escape is proverbially next to impossible?'

'To which sagacious query "Scout Webbe" can only reply by remarking, after the ancients, that the silliest child might ask the wisest man more questions in five minutes than he could answer in five hundred years—did wise men live so long, which, from regard for you, I could wish were the case. Gad! Linwood, what an explosive fellow you are! You cannot surely suppose I used the words "silliest child" or "wisest man" in a sense personal to you?'

'I do not care a button in what sense, or no sense, you used them! All I have to say is, that there are some topics upon which I do not bear jesting, and I will thank you to avoid them.'

'That is quite right and spirited,' rejoined Webbe, 'though prompted by a misapprehension, as I certainly do not jest in saying I passed last Monday evening with your parents in Havre de Grace. This I undertake to prove to you, directly I have taken the chill off my stomach with a glass of hot, stiff grog.'

We entered the hotel, were shewn into a private room; and Webbe, secretly enjoying, I was sure, the suspense in which he kept me, quite as much as the hot brandy and water he leisurely sipped—a stimulant which he politely regretted my immature palate prevented me from participating at that hour of the day—wrapped himself up in a real or simulated meditative reverie for some ten minutes, during which I had an opportunity of closely observing one of, in several respects, the most remarkable men of his day.

My impression of the man, as depicted in my note-book on the day after my first important interview with him, the general truth of which many now living will recognise, may be thus roughly rendered:

'Kirke Webbe, now approaching, I should say, to fifty years of age, is of medium height—say, five feet seven or eight—not stout, but broad shouldered and of sinewy frame, upon which years have as yet placed no appreciable weight. Of fair complexion originally, but now bronzed by sun and service, he is nearly bald; and what hair he has is of a light colour; as are his whiskers, except that in certain lights they seem to have a curious *green* tinge. There is a slight cast in his keen, restless gray eyes; and the strong lines about his mouth confirm and strengthen the predominant character of his physiognomy, which is that of a man possessed of a calm, courageous, indomitable *will*, neither debased by ferocity, nor accessible to the influences of a chivalric or disinterested purpose. In dress and speech, Captain Webbe affects the landsman and gentleman, and to a casual observer, would scarcely present a more vivid idea of a seaman than might a Royal Yacht Club captain of his own yacht.'

As I have before remarked, the privateer captain had received a superior education; and his French accent, M. Laborde, an *émigré* of whom I learned that language, asserted to be perfect—that of a Frenchman born.

I was still engaged in the not over-satisfactory perusal of Mr Webbe's physiognomical indices, when he, taking a carefully preserved note from his pocket-book, tossed it towards me, saying: 'You have not seen that before, I think?'

It was a highly complimentary note from Mr Secretary Croker, addressed to the captain of 'the audacious and fortunate *Scout*,' and expressed a polite

iat so much enterprise and valour had not more fitting arena for their display in the gular service.

n Webbe was, I knew, extremely proud of son Croker's semi-official recognition of his which, if a forgery, as some asserted—an able hypothesis, but quite within the range of y—was, I may remark in passing, exceedingly uted, both in the imitation of the secretary's ing, with which I happened to be acquainted, official seal.

rned the precious document with a few civil course; Captain Webbe replaced it in his ook, and drew therefrom a sealed letter.

doubted,' said he, 'that I passed last Monday with your captive relatives in Havre de Grace. er will remove that doubt. Do you recognise,' Webbe—'do you recognise the hand which is direction to Mr William Linwood?'

nother's!' I exclaimed, starting up, and rudely the letter. It was the first I had ever from her; and with uncontrollable emotion, by the scalding tears which fell upon the after many efforts, read it to the end.

ELOVED CHILD! for child you are still to me, as n sad weary years ago, you were awakened e your mother's yearning, last embrace. I s yet, my darling boy, realise you to be the outh—tall as your suffering, persecuted father ed by Captain Webbe; but the blessed time e when, strained in these clasping arms, my all recognise in the manlike son, the developed, promise of the child of memory—yes, and will come speedily, I have a lively hope and is now almost openly said even here, that the the French emperor, but a brief time since, al, seemingly unassailable, was irremediably l by the Russian campaign—an afflictive yet visitation of a just God, which gives assurance woful days of captivity are numbered. But son! the restoration of peace to Europe will peace to your father's bruised and fainting or to mine, which is inseparable from his. My on, dear boy, as if addressing one acquainted nature of the burden beneath which we have any years hopelessly languished. The sad ll be related to you by Captain Webbe; and , at the same time, hear from him that circum- ave recently come to his knowledge, through with your aid, he may be enabled to restore her to society—to cheerful, healthy life! God at it prove so! And whatever may be said of he cannot be accused of idle boasting. What umstances are, or how *your* assistance, dear ould be so absolutely necessary to the success sign, he declined to say, and I feared to press is grounds of hope. He assured me again and at you would incur no serious peril; but what h a fearless man esteem to be serious peril? I eak off, for Captain Webbe waits only for this be gone; and but a brief delay in the perilous wherein, for the purpose of conferring freely he has placed himself, might compromise his With fear and trembling, now that this letter a few minutes have passed from me beyond commend you, my beloved, my only son, to prise in which your mother can only aid you blessing and her prayers.

EMILY LINWOOD.'

ist the letter into my pocket, and, turning window, reseated myself at the table.

a sup of brandy and water,' said Captain pushing his glass towards me; 'it will do you Never care to hide your tears. I should have pinion of the spirit of a youth whom such a letter, as I suppose that to be from a long-absent mother, did not affect to tears. You are quite resolved, I see, to go with me in this matter?'

'To the death!'

'Yes, I know, but we'll contrive, if possible, to cast anchor on this side of that mooring-ground: it is always, however, well to look the worst that *can* happen boldly in the face; it tends to prevent flurry when the worst presents itself, and steadiness of nerve is indispensable.'

'The letter intimates that you will inform me of all the circumstances which led to, or may throw light upon, my father's unfortunate position.'

'I am quite ready to do so, but you must say grace first.'

'Say grace first! What do you mean?'

'Frankly this: If you are the lad of metal I have represented you to be, we are about to initiate a difficult enterprise, in which I, moved by various considerations —an old regard for your oppressed, broken-spirited father—a love of counterplot, if only for the excitement and mischief of the thing—and, to be quite candid, the promise by your mother of a substantial reward in the event of success—have determined to engage.'

'I understand all that; and you but dally with my impatience.'

'Steady—steady, my fine lad! It is never wise to spread too much sail, fair as the wind, and fine as the weather may be. That enterprise, I was about to say, to which any son who had a heart in his bosom would not hesitate to devote himself body and soul, will necessarily bring you acquainted with certain business secrets of mine, which I must have a solemn guarantee from you shall never, under any circumstances, be made known to my prejudice.'

'What guarantee can I give?'

'That of your sacred word and honour.'

'It is given already.'

'You declare solemnly that, happen what will, you will never make known to my injury or prejudice any fact concerning me, or my transactions, which may by any chance become known to you.'

'I do solemnly make that declaration—bind myself by that promise.'

'As you shall answer to God at the last great day!'

'As I shall answer to God at the last great day!'

'Enough! Now, then, to business.'

THE PEOPLE AT SARAWAK.

THE inhabitants of Sarawak are of three different races—Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese. The Dyaks are the aborigines of the island; the Malays, a seafaring race who have settled on the coast, and have to a considerable extent compelled the Dyaks to retire inland; and the Chinese are immigrants who have settled in the country, and form a distinct community in the midst of either the Malays or Dyaks, as chance may have placed them. The Malays and Chinese are so well known, that I shall say little concerning them, but shall merely reproduce a parallel which I have sometimes mentally drawn between these two races on the one hand, and the Scottish Highlanders and Lowlanders on the other.

The Chinese, like the Lowland Scotch, are cautious, clear-headed, persevering, industrious, and frugal without being niggardly. They lay hold of every opportunity of bettering their circumstances, turn everything to account, and stick all together. They have a keen relish for the humorous, are very hospitable, and excessively proud—proud of themselves and their attainments, proud of their country and its greatness, reckoning themselves the first people, and it the first nation by many degrees on the face of

the earth. They emigrate in great numbers to all the countries with which they are acquainted; and though they strive to return to their own land with a competence, they generally settle permanently abroad. So far, I think, the characters of the two nations run parallel; but beyond this point the comparison turns into a contrast. The Chinese are utterly unprincipled and mendacious, and thoroughly selfish; and, though many of them know that 'honesty is the best policy,' it may be safely said that they are never honest from high principle.

The Malays, on the other hand, are proud, hot-blooded, and revengeful; expert in the use of arms, fond of war, and averse to work; fierce and ferocious when excited, but polite and gentlemanly in their ordinary conduct, always civil, and often obliging. They are very fond of their children—so fond, that they never correct them; and the indulgence with which they are treated when young, is probably one cause of the high sense of personal dignity which they possess, and why they so deeply feel anything like slight or insult. If they quarrel, they never apply abusive epithets to each other, like Chinese or Hindoos; they are too proud to scold, and their resentment is too deep to be vented in words. They are not exactly brave, in our sense of the word; that is, they have not the cool calm courage of western nations, at least of disciplined men; but when their blood is roused, they lose all regard for personal consequences, and fight like furies to the death. 'You must surely give your men something to inspire courage,' said a Malay who witnessed Keppell's attack on Patusan to one of the Europeans, 'for they rush up right in face of the cannons. Now we Malays are brave, but we cannot do that.' Yet this man bears a high character for courage, and was the first to scale the enemy's palisade at Sungè Lang (Kite's River), preceding even Europeans in the attack.

The Dyaks are a branch of the Malay race, and differ little from the ordinary Malay type. They have broad faces, flat noses, thickish lips, black eyes, and coarse lank black hair. They are fairer than the Malays, some of them when young being as fair as a European; but as they grow up and expose themselves to the sun, they become of a reddish brown, like the savages of the Amazon, whom, I have been told, they much resemble in many respects. They are smaller, and possess less physical strength than Europeans, but they have great powers of endurance, and great bodily activity, climbing rocks and trees like cats or monkeys. Their countenance is, as I have said, of the Malay type, and it consequently takes some time before a European becomes accustomed to their appearance; but when his eye has been reconciled to their cast of features, he soon discovers in them intelligence, openness, sprightliness, and good-humour. These qualities never fail to commend themselves to the favourable consideration of the spectator, and he soon begins to consider them handsome, according as they approach the ideal of the Malay type, just as he considers a European handsome, according as he approaches the ideal of the Caucasian type. The ordinary dress of the men consists of a *chawat*, or piece of cloth, about six inches wide, and six or eight feet long, passed once between the legs, and wrapped several times round the waist, one end of it hanging down in front, the other behind. They also wear a jacket of thick cotton cloth of their own manufacture, and a handkerchief or piece of bark-cloth tied like a turban around the head. The women wear a petticoat of much scantier dimensions than a Highlander's kilt, together with a jacket like that of the men. Few of either sex, however, wear the jacket, except in cold weather; the men, if on a journey, generally carrying theirs in a basket, while the women hang theirs over one shoulder. Many men wear their hair long like the women, but most of them wear it short, while a few shave the head completely bare. Both sexes are fond of adorning their hair or head-dresses with flowers, generally large bright red and yellow blossoms, which become their dark complexions exceedingly well.

Of *national* ornaments, as they may be called, there are no great variety, and most of them, though still retained by the inland tribes, are being abandoned by those who have come much in contact with Europeans. The most striking to the eye of a stranger are the large and numerous ear-rings worn by the tribes of Sarebas and Sakarran, and which are inserted not only in the lobe, but also in the cartilage of the ear. Five or six large brass rings—the largest being sometimes four inches in diameter—are suspended in the lobe of the ear, and eight or ten more in regularly diminishing order as they ascend, are inserted in the cartilage. The women do not wear these enormous ear-rings, their peculiar ornament being a circlet of painted rattan hoops around the waist. Both sexes wear numerous bracelets and anklets of brass-wire, and frequently also armlets of polished white shell, which contrast well with their dusky forms. On one occasion, I saw the daughters of several Sakarran chiefs clothed in loose dresses composed of shells, beads, and polished stones, arranged with great care and considerable taste. The dress, which was very becoming, hung as low as the knee, and as the young ladies walked along, the stones of which it was composed rung upon each other like the chime of distant bells. These dresses are very expensive, costing some seventy or eighty reals apiece (about L.12), and are therefore not common.

Some of the young men wear head-dresses composed of the hair of their enemies, dyed red, with which they also ornament the heads of their spears and the handles and scabbards of their swords. Others adorn themselves with the feathers of the argus pheasant, and many with fantastic artificial plumes. At Sampro, I saw a woman wearing a long round hat, somewhat resembling the head-dress of a Parsee, but narrower, and much more lofty. The Malos and Kyans tattoo themselves slightly, and generally each tribe has some trifling distinction in dress or ornament peculiar to themselves.

In disposition, the Dyaks are mild and gentle; they are quiet and docile when well treated, but proud and apt to take offence if they think themselves slighted. They are industrious, frugal, and accumulative, and, were they not so poor, might even be reckoned stingy; but as each knows that, if from the failure of his crop, or from any other unavoidable cause, he should fall into debt, it will accumulate so rapidly, from the high rate of interest, that he will probably never get free from it, the carefulness and frugality which they display cannot be regarded otherwise than as being legitimate. At the same time, they are hospitable to the extent of their means, and consider themselves bound to place before a visitor the best they can afford. They have a strong perception of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and scarcely ever violate it either among themselves or towards Europeans. They never attempt such thefts and robberies as the South-sea islanders were in the habit of committing upon the early navigators; for their great self-esteem, their high sense of personal and family dignity, and the intense keenness with which they feel anything like degradation, would alone prevent their doing anything to which infamy was attached. As they are thus honest, so are they to a great extent truthful, though to this general character there are of course exceptions. On one occasion, a Dyak said to a missionary: 'Your religion is for sinners, is it not?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is for all men to teach them to be good, and to do God's will.' 'Very well,' was the answer; 'you should try and convert that man,' pointing to one who passed

by, 'for he is a thief.' But though the Dyaks do not steal, they are great beggars; for they have been so accustomed to receive things from white men, that they think they have only to ask for anything they may want. Their, pride, however, is so great, that a few rebuffs effectually check them; and they have, besides, a delicacy of feeling, and an innate sense of the becoming, which prevent their doing anything improper or contrary to natural good manners. When they receive a present, they never say 'Thank you,' but next day they will bring in return a little fruit or some such trifle: it is their method of making an acknowledgment.

When young, the Dyaks are acute and apt to learn, but as they grow older, their intellect seems to become deadened, and incapable of rising beyond familiar subjects. The cause of this seems to be, that having neither religion nor poetry, having nothing that can elevate the mind above the routine of ordinary life, or cause the past, the distant, or the future to predominate over the present, their faculties are bowed down to the daily wants of their daily existence, and become incapable of expanding beyond them. I have observed that those lads who are in the habit of associating with the missionaries, and have been by them instructed in Christianity, are much more acute and intelligent than their companions; and I think it not unlikely that they may retain through life that mental superiority which they now unquestionably possess. Let us hope, then, that Christianity, which has done so much for every other nation by whom it has been received, will do as much for them, and that they will be elevated both morally and intellectually by being taught the sublime and affecting narrative of the Saviour's life and death.

There are in the Sarawak territory many different tribes of Dyaks, named from the rivers on which they live, many of them speaking distinct languages, and almost all of them habitually regarding each other as enemies. These tribes, prior to the coming of Sir James Brooke, lived in a state of chronic hostility with each other; whenever they met, they fought. They either fitted out numerous fleets to combat on a large scale, or they went out in small parties of one or two boats, stealing upon their enemies by surprise, and retreating as suddenly as they came. The object of all these expeditions was to procure human heads. The head of an enemy is the most valued prize a Dyak can have, and is not only esteemed as a trophy of valour, but is also intimately connected with their superstitious customs. The death of one of their tribe entailed an *ulat* or ban upon the whole country; and until this ulat was removed, which it only could be by the capture of a head, various restrictions were placed upon the whole community—for example, no widower could marry again, nor could the appropriate offerings at the tombs of their deceased relatives be made till the ulat was removed. There were therefore many excuses for head-hunting. If the near relative of a chief died, he immediately organised a head-hunting expedition, viewing the heads captured probably, though now unconsciously, as an offering to the manes of the deceased. At other times, they went out to avenge former attacks by hostile tribes, and often, again, merely for the love of war and the glory of taking heads. Nor were they at all particular whose head they took. Primarily, of course, their expeditions were directed against enemies; but with them, every stranger was an enemy; and a disappointed war-party would sooner take the head of a friend, than return without one. Thus head-hunting became with them a passion; and in its palmy days, before it was so much put down by Sir James Brooke, a young man could scarcely get married before he had taken a head. If they fitted out a large fleet of war-boats, they would swiftly and silently approach a village, surround it at night, or rather just before morning, set fire to the houses, and massacre indiscriminately men, women, and children, and then depart in triumph with their heads; or if a small war-party of six or seven men embarked in a fast boat, they would conceal it in the umbrageous creeks near an enemy's house, and then prowling about in the jungle, would pounce upon any unfortunate who might stray near them. Sometimes they would even get into the wells of their enemies, and, covering their heads with a few leaves, sit for hours in the water waiting for a victim. Then when any woman or girl came to draw water, they would rush out upon her, cut her down, take her head, and flee into the jungle with it before any alarm could be given. Sometimes a war-party would decoy a party of traders, and murder them for the sake of their heads; while a trading-party, if opportunity offered, never failed to act in a similar manner. Thus no party of Dyaks was ever safe from any other party: they lived, as I said before, in a state of chronic hostility with all their neighbours, attacking and being attacked by all around them.

This was the general state of Dyak society before the coming of Sir James Brooke; but there are two tribes who, from the atrocities they perpetrated, from the extent of country they devastated, and from the attacks to which Sir James Brooke was subjected, for having broken their power, merit a peculiar notice. These are the Dyaks of Sarebas and Sakarran.

These tribes were more numerous, more powerful, and better organised for purposes of aggression than any of the others, being to a considerable extent under the authority of Malay chiefs, who employed the head-hunting propensities of the Dyaks to further their own piratical inclinations. They would call out a fleet of 100 or 200 war-boats—each containing on an average about thirty-five men—and with this formidable force they would plunder and devastate the whole coast from Pontianak to Barram, a distance of 400 miles. Villages were surrounded and whole tribes cut off. Many communities were broken up, and their families forced to flee, some to more powerful tribes, others to remote fastnesses and distant countries. Men at their fishing-stakes, and women and children in their rice-fields, were surprised and murdered, and the country was fast becoming depopulated and desert. These fleets were led by the Malays, who appropriated the plunder that was captured, while the Dyaks received what they prized most—the heads. Of these bloody trophies, great numbers were taken, sometimes as many as 400 in a single expedition. Nor did they confine their attacks to other Dyaks against whom it might be supposed they had cause of war: they fell upon all who had either plunder to gratify the Malays, or heads to satisfy themselves. All whom they met they attacked, Dyaks, Malays, Chinese, and Europeans; villages ashore, or vessels afloat, all were equally subject to their indiscriminate ravages. To put a stop to these ravages, and to break their aggressive power, was the first step towards the pacification of the country; a step as absolutely indispensable as would be the destruction of a den of tigers in the vicinity of an Indian village. No other tribe could cultivate the arts of peace, or do anything else than prepare for war, when liable to be attacked any day or night by the men of Sarebas and Sakarran.

Such were the tribes whom Sir James Brooke attacked, and whose power he broke; and it was on account of the severe chastisement which he inflicted upon them that he was branded in this country as a mercenary and blood-thirsty murderer. Fortunately for the interests of humanity, he was not deterred by the attacks made upon him from pursuing the line of conduct he had marked out for himself; but after having effectually broken the aggressive

power of the Dyaks, he took measures to pacify the country and to give security to life and property. This he has succeeded to a great extent in doing, and the consequences have been most gratifying, and almost wonderful. The late outbreak of the Chinese has of course given a shock to the prosperity of the settlement, and probably thrown it back about three years; but I am sure it will not really injure it, though I can only speak of the country as I saw it last year. At that period, people from neighbouring districts had flocked, and were flocking, into Sir James's territory to enjoy the benefits of his government; the resources of the country were being rapidly developed; trade had increased, and was increasing, to an astonishing extent; tribes of savages whose only delight was in bloodshed, and who regarded the possession of a human head as the *summum bonum*, have to a great extent been turned from their bloody courses, and taught to devote their superfluous energies to the increased production of the fruits of the earth. Larger breadths of land are being brought into cultivation, yet all the crops are consumed in the country, and it is necessary often to import rice for the increasing population. Pepper and gambier, and many other crops, are being introduced; sago is largely produced and manufactured; mines are wrought, and smelting establishments erected; gold is found in tolerable quantities, and antimony, and above all, coal will soon be wrought on a large scale. In short, Sarawak has become the emporium of trade and the centre of civilisation to the whole north-west coast of Borneo, and so far as man can presume to look into the future, Sir James Brooke seems there to have laid the foundation of a great, and, let us hope, a durable and Christian empire. This has he done, and thus has he earned for himself a place in the noble list of the benefactors of mankind, while in the government of his principality he has displayed a tact and an ability that have extorted the commendation even of his enemies. He is one of her sons of whom England may well be proud, one who in his lesser sphere has exhibited a courage and a capacity not unworthy of a Clive or a Hastings, united to a purer if a less brilliant fame.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

Dr Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: '1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigour. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigour not recently known.' No reader will require to be advised a second time who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion, is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden
These things being so, let every family make it a p
assemble around the family board with kindly fe
with a cheerful humour and a courteous spirit; and l
member of it be sent from it in disgrace who presu
mar the ought-to-be blest reunion, by sullen silen
impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining t
Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the ki
you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lou
you are!—There was grand and good philosop
the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music a
dinner-table.

ONE TRUE HEART IS MINE.

I will not murmur at my lot,
Or deem it aught but good,
Though I must toil with head and hands
To earn my daily food.
I will not fret though Fortune frown,
Or at stern fate repine;
Since I can say—O Heaven, what joy—
That one true heart is mine!

The gay may cast their looks of scorn
Upon my humble garb;
Such looks give wounds to some—for me,
They bear nor point nor barb;
I 've hidden armour o'er my breast,
That seems almost divine;
No sneer can scathe, while I have power
To say: *One* heart is mine.

The rich may boast his golden store—
I envy none mere pelf;
But when I see it, I can smile,
And whisper to myself:
'Oh, joy of joys, how rich am I!
Without such wealth as thine;
God prosper thee, and give beside
Such a true heart as mine.'

Now *we* must wait, that *one* and I,
And work to earn a home,
Where hands as well as hearts may join;
But the good time *will* come;
And though the waiting may be long,
Why should I sigh or pine?
Doubt, fear, away! for I can say
That one true heart is mine.

Grimsby. Ruth Bu

PAY OF MINISTERS OF THE CROWN.

An article in the last number of the *Journal Statistical Society* treats of this subject in a way th
be new to many. The principal ministers of state
enjoy incomes equal to that of the highest class o
fessional men. A successful barrister, for instance,
a large income by the time he arrives at middle lif
bench is then ready to receive the judge; and wh
powers of the judge fail, he may retire on a pens
L.3500 or L.5000 a year. A cabinet minister, o
other hand—with the exception of the Lord Chanc
has a most precarious income of from L.2000 to L.
year, during his uncertain tenure of office, and then
upon a pension ranging from L.1000 to L.2000 a ye

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HAT ONE LEARNS IN THE WORLD.

HERE is a good deal of spurious knowledge of the orld. A crafty, manœuvring kind of personage ay frequently be met with, whose half-closed eyes inkle with astuteness and suspicion. He will metimes, in a confidential mood, take you by the utton-hole, and assert, with a mysterious modulation his voice, that he knows the world. The probaility is, that he imparts this interesting fact in consequence of your having dropped some remark in which ou gave some one credit for common honesty and prightness of intention, or advocated a fair, straightrward line of conduct. If you should unfortunately ave business relations with a 'party' of this stamp—fancy the word 'party' was first used in this odious nse by some Mr Worldly Wiseman—he will be found sharp practitioner in matters of traffic, barter, and change. In case you wish to make a purchase, he ll perhaps exhibit a coarse sort of skill in tickling our vanity and self-esteem. The little foibles of our character will be tenderly propitiated. If you e fond of outspeaking candour, the cunning bargainer ll play the 'downright' inimitably. If your nature ntains an element of Indian gravity, and you like a laver, he will be loquacious on things in general ith a particular view to commercial morality, and liver a succession of texts for as many homilies. hen the preliminary negotiations have been duly mpleted, your sympathising friend will wind up by king fifty per cent. more than the price he would be illing to take, and will thus place you in the disdvantageous position of a beater-down—a haggler. earied and disgusted, you are glad to terminate the ansaction by splitting the difference. The vender ets 25 per cent. more than a fair price, and goes way pleasantly simpering; and you, the vendee, ink yourself fortunate in getting a reduction on the pset price, and a lesson in knowledge of the world—*veat emptor.*

But I beg the reader's pardon for supposing, even omentarily, that he can believe this sort of low nning to be genuine knowledge of the world. It is e knowledge of an unluckily large class in the world, d, such as it is, is easily picked up, and scarcely orth acquiring.

> If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
> May Juba ever live in ignorance!

evertheless, there is a worldly wisdom which is tremely valuable, and must be learned by every udent man, regardless of any cost but degradation. rsons whose manner of life is secluded and contemplative, are apt to form ideals, making a very pretty show in reverie, but as totally unfit for practical use and guidance as the paper constitutions of Abbé Sièyes. Social life, like the glorious British constitution, is a system of balancings, compensations, and patchwork. If the greatest intellects, from Plato downwards, have failed to contrive a perfect commonwealth, how can we expect to imagine, much less to realise, perfect social relations between man and man? It is our wisest plan to make the best of society as it is, and reform it as we can. To this end it is necessary to win knowledge of the world, and take care how we use it, bearing in mind that there is another knowledge, spiritual and divine, with which we must also take counsel, and the veto of which we must respect.

Now, let us think of one or two things which the freshman will learn in the school of experience.

It is a good old custom in some Elizabethan foundations, to bump new-comers. The unwary youth entering the playground, and contemplating his future school-mates with mingled feelings of awe, interest, and curiosity, is suddenly seized by some half-dozen all at once. Two lusty lads are told off to his head and shoulders, two to each leg, and he is hurried off to a venerable tree-stump, smooth and polished by the frequent ceremony, and there he is bumped—not faintly, in make-believe fashion, but soundly bumped. Now, a school is a microcosm, and I believe we may anticipate a great deal of what we have to endure in the world by inference from school-experience. I apprehend the ceremony above mentioned has two principal aims—namely, the measurement and gauging of pluck and spirit, and the reduction of self-importance. In like manner, on entering the world—that is, on passing from the partial and indulgent little home-circle to the mart, the pulpit, or the forum—a youth generally finds that certain initiatory ordeals must be submitted to. He will learn amongst his first scraps of knowledge of the world, that he must endure considerable curtailment of his self-conceit. Political theorists lay down that each citizen must yield up a portion of his liberty, for the more secure enjoyment of the remainder. In like manner, a man must give up in private life a part of his self-conceit, or else it will all be knocked out of him rather roughly. One of the advantages—among many disadvantages—of public schools I take to be, that a very good elementary lesson on this point is derivable from companionship. Boys, like men, find their level, and learn to know their position, rights, and duties, by being thrown into a multitude, and left to fight it out. An old essayist has with partial truth remarked that the shyness and reserve so noticeable

in those of a studious and meditative turn, is as often the result of self-conceit as of humility. Generally, both causes operate. Commerce with the world will remove or modify at once the causes and effect. Humility before God in the presence of eternal truth and the contemplation of spiritual holiness, is one of the best virtues of the human heart. Humility before man is but a species of abjectness, not always quite contemptible, but still a lamentable blemish. Possibly the world is but giving a beneficial lesson when it ruthlessly over-rides the prostrate soul. If experience of life teaches anything, it teaches self-reliance, and self-reliance implies self-respect. Newton compared himself to a child picking up on the ocean-shore of truth a few prettier pebbles than the rest. That was humility of the right sort. The great philosopher did not compare himself to a child amongst men, for he knew his gifts. Nothing can be more incorrect than to suppose that because a man of ability is conscious of his power, he is necessarily self-conceited. One who underrates his mental or physical endowments, is but unthankfully humble. Nor does the world exact this, but only that he recollect he is a member of a community of individuals possessing rights and feelings similar to his own, and demean himself accordingly. Let him respect his fellows, and they will respect him. He must not attempt to raise himself by depressing others, denying their merits, humbling their little pomposities, rudely exposing their harmless foibles, and concealing or justifying his own. If he is exalted by such means, the world will be against him. I think that men of letters of former days had themselves to blame in great measure for their somewhat ungenial reception by the public. They were too fond of contemning the ordinary pursuits and ambitions of mankind, and seemed to imagine that all wisdom could be put up in type, wherein they were mightily mistaken.

By the time Dame Experience has taught our novice to know his place, it is likely that a great many angularities of his character will be worn down. During the process of abrasure, he will have experienced some inconvenience and annoyance; but it will not be the worse for him in the end. The curry-comb may be a little unpleasant to Bucephalus, a steed of mettle, but his coat will be all the more sleek and shining for its use. It is not necessary or proper to yield up all individuality of character. Mankind are not intended to be rubbed together till their characters are rounded and uniform, like a box of shot, as some one says.

So far our friend will have been principally engaged in learning his relation to society. Another department of knowledge of the world which he must learn is the relation of others to him, and to one another. He will read a variety of characters, and see the working of complex passions, instincts, and aspirations; he will grow expert in interpreting motives by actions, and guiding his own conduct accordingly. Unless he is placed in peculiar circumstances, it will be forcibly impressed upon him that, what are called the institutions, customs, and etiquette of society, are not to be lightly set at naught. I daresay he will set out with an intense hatred and contempt of shams; probably he will begin by indiscriminate denunciation and persistent avoidance of everything which seems otherwise than it is. But in time it will be found expedient to divide shams into two classes—the excusable, and the inexcusable—the latter, all noble instincts will combine to condemn; the former, it will be best, morally and socially, to yield to. We must not always proclaim the whole truth within us on the house-tops, albeit our soul disdains a lie; it will not do always to let a person know our estimate of him: one has to be polite to fools and knaves.

There is a net-work of social formalism curiously contrived, and in which a social being feels himself uncomfortably entangled. He exclaims with the laureate:

> Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!

But let him take care to *conform*. I think, on reflection, a certain philosophical reasonableness may be discerned in some of them. It is very well to attempt to reform social institutions, to soften down 'social tyrannies,' but the advantage of refusing allegiance to them point-blank, is greatly outbalanced by the disadvantage. In all probability, for one kindred spirit that hails the brave innovator, a dozen seasonable and pleasant friends will be lost to him. Society has with one accord pronounced that, on some occasions, it is befitting to seem pleased when one is not pleased; to keep down at the bottom of the heart personal misery, and wear a cheerful mask; to withhold your real sentiments, and substitute evasive commonplaces. One can easily, of course, admit that in extreme circumstances, or when a selfish motive prevails, this sort of behaviour is little less than hypocrisy; yet all these things must be done on some occasions; and where to draw the line, must be left to individual discretion. 'But it is not sufficient,' says that acute and rigid moralist Pascal, 'that we state only what is the truth; we are bound also not, at *all* times, to say all that is true; because we ought only to give publicity to things that may serve a useful purpose, and not to such as may cause pain to individuals without conducing to general utility.' This, of course, applies to the conduct of life, as well as of an argument. You meet, we will say, an acquaintance, whose conversation is the reverse of acceptable—in short, he is a bore—nevertheless, the world enjoins you to receive him pleasantly, and get rid of him with gentleness. You are thrown, suppose, into a cheerful society engaged in 'pleasaunce,' as the old writers have it; a great grief is gnawing at your heart; nevertheless, you gulp down your sighs, and do as little as may be to remind your companions that man is born to trouble. A friend introduces you to a stranger; you find him, on acquaintance, coarse, vain, and frivolous—briefly, a Goth. Some time after, your friend casually, and rather imprudently, asks you what you think of your new acquaintance; are you at once to proclaim that you consider him a Goth? It may happen that a friend of your family feels it a duty to take notice of you, and invites you to a Sunday dinner; you hate Sunday dinners, except at home, and don't much relish being taken notice of patronisingly; nevertheless, you cannot well say so, and therefore you go, and force yourself to be entertaining.

These crampings of the soul are no doubt unpleasant, yet I think I see in them something which gives them a kind of dignity. By men in business especially, a due regard to the exigencies of conventionalism must be paid. In the private circle, a man's character becomes well known, and allowance is often made for idiosyncrasies; but in business, the intercourse with his fellows is so limited, that no interest arises sufficient to counterbalance *primâ facie* disagreeableness. Men in professions and trade therefore find it necessary to court the good-will of others by strict attention to their feelings, carefully avoiding sore places, and keeping their esoteric opinions to themselves. There are a class of persons, however, who make a point of speaking their minds, as they term it. Generally, these individuals lash the vices of the age and the crotchets of their neighbours with such a gusto, that one cannot help believing the genius of ill-feeling, and not enlightened satire, prompts their diatribes. They imagine themselves to be bravely independent, when they are only *brusque*. Of course, it must be admitted that many conventionalisms are

nuisances, but not all. We are a little too apt to rebel against harmless, nay, beneficial formalism. What do we observe in descending the scale of society? Do we not find that feelings are ruffled by frequent and gross personalities? Wit, humour, moral counsel, and intellectual discussion—all become personal. You find practical jokers in abundance, open mockery of personal defects, merriment at personal annoyances. Impudence is the only safeguard. Men vex one another with a relish. Friendship loses its delicate flavour, and even virtuous love is deprived of much of its refinement. For my part, I esteem social tyrannies better than social anarchy. Let us be patient. If need be, agitate constitutionally in the social parliament, and bring in a social reform bill; but in the meantime we must respect, so far as conscience will permit, the powers that be—pay morning calls, talk tittle-tattle at tea-tables, discourse vigorously on things indifferent, smile when we are ennuied, and be thankful to the man who introduced the weather as neutral ground of converse. In short, we must indulge in a little innocent conformity, until we can emigrate to arcadian groves and utopian cities, or dwell in them at home, or cease to be gregarious. I have said that there seems to be a certain reasonableness in social forms; they may be regarded as so many fences artificially raised to protect us from rude collision with the prejudices and self-esteem of others. Many, no doubt, have almost survived their usefulness, or at least have become so stiff and antiquated as to excite ridicule and occasion annoyance; but in default of a revised code, they can hardly be dispensed with. If all men were equally refined and considerate, the proprieties of life would suggest themselves spontaneously. There is always a class of people, however, who are guided more correctly by external regulations than by innate sensibilities; and there is always another class ready to attach too much importance to rigid etiquette, and live according to the letter rather than the spirit of the law. These are the people who convert wholesome rules into tyrannical restraints, and hinder social pleasures by the very means intended to enhance them.

Although it is perhaps expedient to fall in with the manners and customs we find existing around us, we must not infer that it is inexpedient to enter a protest now and then against any portion of the shoe that pinches unduly. It is a Briton's privilege to grumble. After all, how have we gained our political liberties but by grumbling; and it may be that our social liberties shall be gained and protected by a similar process. Her Majesty's Opposition is an embodied grumble. By all means, let the principle be extended to the realm of social conventionalism.

'THE FIELD' OF YORE.

The days of chivalry are gone—*in re venaticâ*, as well as *in re militari*. We do not carry things on with the heartiness of our fathers. With the war-part of the question this reminiscence has little to do, though it sends me back to the time when the old Post-office yard in College Green rang with the exultant cries of news-boys, announcing the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba in a third edition of the *Correspondent Post*. I can still see with my mind's eye young Mansfield, the son of an English judge, in his gay hussar uniform, gazing with pleased astonishment at the great fact, on the placard over against King William; while an apple-woman clapped him on the shoulder, and looking up into his handsome face exclaimed: 'There, yer sowle! your thrade 's alive yet.' That was more than he was himself in three months after.

I can still recall the venerable head and dark sparkling eyes of old Dana, colonel of the Highland Watch, as he related how, in the same moment, his two palms had been perforated in one of the peninsular fights; but whether by one and the same bullet, or by two, he never could tell. All he could vouch for was, that if his hands did happen to be clasped together at the time, he 'was na prayin'.' Let us hope that he could not have said the same thing on the 18th of June following, when he fell at the head of his gallant corps, and his white hairs swept the dust. Such things seem to belong to yesterday, so much fresher are they in the memory, which was then young, than any modern instance.

But our affair, good reader, is with the departed glories of the chase. We mourn the palmy state of the *Northern Rangers*, with that fine old sportsman, Lord Roden, crossing the country from Slieve Donard to the Fews without a check. No sneaking, bellowing, broken-winded hack of an agitator had a chance of coming within a view hollow of him. The present earl—alas, *quantum mutatus ab illo!*—could not have led the field after the manner of his sire, if he had ever so great a mind, for he must have always ridden fourteen stone. But, at all events, their tastes lay in an opposite direction.

Yet we must not disparage the heavy weights, remembering how many of the most eminent fox-hunters of the age could have made an archbishop kick the beam. Who, having seen, can ever forget Sir Henry Parnell, tall, portly, and stout as a quarter-master of the Life Guards? King George had not a handsomer or a better-fed member of parliament in his majesty's Opposition, or one who could ride to hounds with more thorough judgment; the right man in the right place always. I speak of those years in which the Kildare Club and the Queen's County Club were wont to rendezvous for a fortnight together, after Christmas, in some border town; and every day (Sundays excepted), one or other of their packs broke cover in the neighbourhood.

'Them was the times!' as poor old Harry Lewis used to say, when every stable and shed for miles around was in requisition; for the modern economical system of equipping a fox-hunter out of a tailor's shop was as yet unknown. Nobody had then heard of one horse and two red coats for an outfit.

Every sportsman who pretended to do the thing in fast style kept a stud. Conolly of the Black Pits—I believe his father saved bacon—had four hunters, besides hacks, always at hand. Farrell, another man of business, had half a dozen. The country gentlemen went about it with less pretension; but they were all unexceptionably mounted, and in sufficient force to be able to take their own place and keep it without distressing their cattle.

Sir Henry Parnell, however, was seldom seen among them apart from his gray steed. Of course, he did not go out every day; but thrice a week we never 'missed him from the 'customed brake.' When the chase began, he fell into his place without effort or display, went quietly along, taking no heed of those who dashed by him in their new ardour; and though he seemed, like Miss Edgeworth's racer, 'Little Botherem,' to be 'driving all before him,' instead of shewing them the way, he still kept his game in view In the longest run, whoever could catch a sight of the dogs, was sure to descry the gallant gray and his portly rider in the same *coup d'œil*. If Conolly, or any other of the fast uns, descended from his breathless steed to vault into a cool saddle, Sir Henry generally trotted past with an observation on the appearance of the green wheat, or the state of the fences, to which the other could only gasp a reply; and when the fox was killed or run aground, the honourable member for Queen's County was seen to ride away out of the field with his placid smile, leaving younger and more impulsive sportsmen to discuss the incidents and

fluctuations of the pursuit. He was the most remarkable living example in those days of the value of the maxim, *festina lente*, for he literally seemed to 'walk into' the flying foe, whilst others were breaking their necks and foundering their horses to overtake him.

An element in those reunions, which it might be improper to say we now desiderate, though certainly we have it not, was the clerical fox-hunter. It is the pleasure of modern reformers, both political and religious, to lay all the vices and deficiencies of the Protestant Church establishment in Ireland at the door of those of its clergy who in days past amused themselves with field-sports. It is no personal concern of mine to defend them. I never jumped a potato-trench in my life. Any man might easily be better employed; *à fortiori*, any clergyman. But there is too great a disposition to make a scapegoat of the sporting parson, to the plenary absolution of every other ordained offender. The great aversion and dislike with which the Church establishment has long been regarded by our Roman Catholic population, can be traced but in a very small degree to the amusements of its clergy. We should seek the cause rather, as far as personal influences have had any effect in producing it, in the tithe-system, now happily extinct, and in the pertinacity and rigour with which, in bygone times, many individuals of the order asserted what they considered their rights. The law of tithes, in all cases, imposed an odious necessity, which in many was rendered more odious by the extreme severity of its enforcement. That cause repelled thousands from the church door, who would not have turned away from the frank and cordial, though perhaps too worldly, urbanity of the clerical sportsman.

Nor would it be correct to say that clergymen of that class were, in the times we speak of, necessarily careless in their office, or indifferent as to the performance of its duties. Allowance must be made for the varying habits and customs of society. The world has become more staid and orderly, in outward deportment, since the Georgian era; and according to the sacred maxim, 'Like people like priest,' the manners of the clergy are no longer as unreserved as they were. There are men still living, and not much beyond the prime of life, who are an honour to the clerical profession, and whom I have known to partake heartily in the pleasures of the chase. Yet should you ask, Are they not now better and more effective ministers of the Gospel than they were then? I should hesitate before I replied to that question. Of course, they have done right to give up the favourite relaxation of their younger days. If they had clung to it in defiance of the altered feelings and opinions of society, they could hardly be deemed either wise or earnest members of their calling.

Yet the individuals to whom I allude were always much and deservedly esteemed in the Church; and their teaching was not considered at variance with their practice, because, in the intervals of parochial duty, they rode occasionally after the hounds. Sure I am that the other frequenters of the field were no worse for that association. Still less reason is there to suppose that they are better for its discontinuance. Young gentlemen, the sons of our gentry, did not then take the field with black pipes in their mouths and whisky-flasks in their coat-pockets; but they rode to the cover like gentlemen, and they returned after the day's sport in a proper moral condition to present themselves to the female members of the family, or occupy the hours which remained of the day in reading or business.

Honest Nat Smith—peace to the memory of a man of worth!—was a fox-hunting parson; that is to say, he rode his one horse occasionally after the Emo Pack, and enjoyed the amusement while it lasted. But he was an earnest and diligent pastor, who neglected no duty in order to follow this pastime. On the contrary, the fine health and animal spirits to which it conduced, seemed only to render him more energetic and active in the performance of all his clerical functions. His bishop, a first-rate equestrian himself, though I cannot say that he ever sported the shovel-hat across the country, was out on a tour of inspection through the diocese, and had sent orders to Nat to attend upon him at his church. But the curate thought himself bound to do the full honours of the parish to his commanding officer. Instead, therefore, of waiting in band and surplice, to receive him at the gate, he mounted the old bay, and met his lordship, as a high-sheriff meets a judge, at the bounds of his jurisdiction.

The bishop came cantering on a noble iron-gray, of which kind he always kept the most perfect stud in the church, and haughtily waving his hand to the curate's humble salutation, rather accelerated than checked his speed, as he passed on. But Nat was not to be thrown out in such a race. He knew his distance well enough, and therefore did not venture to make it a neck-and-neck affair. Still, withal, he would not be left to ride along with the groom, but kept the bay well in hand, close upon his lordship's crupper, yet a little at one side. After a rasping gallop over two or three breathing hills, the bishop saw that the thing was not to be done—for he had evidently purposed to get to the church before the parson could be there to receive him—and so he condescended to pull up and enter into a colloquy over his left shoulder.

'I suppose, sir,' his lordship observed interrogatively, 'you hunt all the week, and ride a steeple-chase on Sundays?'

'I seldom go beyond the pace we have been keeping just now, my lord,' replied Nat; 'for, indeed, no one nag could stand it.'

This was enough for the dignitary; and as such men, when they have any spark of manly generosity in their character, always admire the independence which temperately asserts itself, he ever afterwards accosted Nat with unusual courtesy. But he gave him nothing. My poor friend lived and died a curate; that, however, seemed to give him little concern, for he had means sufficient to supply his simple wants, and a surplus besides, for the indulgence of a benevolent and hospitable nature. 'What more need I wish for?' he would say, 'without chick or child; unless, indeed, it were the position which even a nominal preferment would give me in the eyes of others; and that, I own, would gratify me in my old days. But it cannot be helped; and while they, who know me best, think well of me, it can be easily endured.'

'But, Nat, my friend,' I asked, 'how comes it that you are arrived at this time of life without a family around you? you who are endowed with so many social and domestic virtues, and would have so enlivened the hearth by your pleasant temper and good spirits; why did you never marry?'

'Ah, don't ask me that,' he answered with a droll gravity. 'The question reminds me of a great fright and a great escape. You know what an easy-tempered fellow I am; a butt for every one, in fact, like Falstaff; and how even now, with the snows of sixty above my brows, men of all sorts, and women too, "take a pride to gird at me." Striplings of twenty address me by my Christian name; and that, indeed, not in its entirety—as your modern revivers of old barbarisms say—but in its undignified monosyllabic abbreviation. It was the same thing always, and I should be an ungrateful wretch to complain of it; since it is to a sort of equivoque connected therewith, I feel now indebted for my free condition. I did once put the momentous question in a fit of heedless desperation at a slight, fancied or imaginary, from one to whom the poor heart would fain have proposed it, but dared not. In the moment of rankling disappointment, a young

one crossed my path, of whom I wish now to say nothing worse than that she would not have suited me at all for a wife: but in my vexation of spirit at the time, I thought she would just do; and so I put the question to her, plain and short: "Miss, will *you* marry me?"'

'That was courageous!'

'Courageous, sir? It was rash; it was desperate! The words had scarcely passed the fence of my teeth, when I was seized with a tremor, and would have given my best horse—for at that time I had two, a Sunday hack, and one for work, you know—to recall them.'

'But her answer, Nat—her answer?'

'Oh, that was short, sharp, and decisive. She could not speak at first for laughing; for she was a giggling thing, and—if you will pardon my vanity—I think the joy and surprise set her off on this occasion more than usual. But the answer was not long a-coming.'

'And what was it?'

'I will, Nat!'

'Why, man, that was an acceptance.'

'So you may think, sir; but I received it in another sense; for, Heaven bless her, she was a Dublin girl, and gave out her syllables with the peculiar tone and twang of that sweet city, where they call Tom, Tam; and George, Jarge.'

'And I suppose you will say not—nat.'

'Of course: and so did I construe it.'

> 'O recreant knight,
> Have you not heard it said full oft,
> A woman's nay doth stand for naught?'

'Yes; so I have been told, and I partly believe it; but in my bachelor's vocabulary, a woman's nat doth stand for nay, and to that reading I nailed her.'

'And how did you convey your interpretation?'

'Simply by looking very disappointed; asking pardon for my presumption, and saying: "Since you will *not*—you may be sure I emphasised the *o*—there is no more to be said."'

'Cruel Nat! Pray, how did she take that sting?'

'Why, she laughed again, but not quite so boisterously as before; and ever after she called me Mr Smith when she spoke to me; leaving no room, had I repeated the question, for mistaking her meaning. I must add,' he concluded with a chuckle, 'and let it be a lesson to you, my young friend, how you put questions—that lady is still alive, and the mother of twelve children!'

Our theological chapter would be imperfect without the priest. Few complete 'meets' wanted that feature; and a fine broad one it was, unlike the whey-faced species which ultramontane asceticism is introducing apace into our rural economy, contrary to good-fellowship of every kind, and very much against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen. If the fox-hunting parson was commonly a *fourteen-stunner*, the fox-hunting priest was equal to that at least. He was to be distinguished by his rotundity of jowl—so large, as to justify the wit of the Maynooth barber, who proposed to take a contract for shaving the whole college by the acre—and so hard and red, that nothing, in these degenerate days, can be its parallel, if it be not one of Mrs Fleming's 'cherry-coloured hams.' By that and the tan boot-tops, surmounted not unfrequently by drab unmentionables, P. P. might be picked out of ten thousand.

Dr Doyle (J. K. L.) had not yet put his interdict upon the chase, nor, with terrible hospitality, sweated down the big proportions of his clergy by the periodical festivities of a *Retreat;* but he had begun to look askance at their uncircumscribed dimensions, and hinted a desire to be surrounded by boon-companions the very opposite to the taste of Julius Cæsar; for whereas that old Roman wished to 'have men about him who were fat,' Cassius himself could not be too lean for the lenten convivialities of Braganza Hall.*

It is considered orthodox when an agreeable bishop meets his clergy in conference or at a visitation, that he should provide a repast for them, and in every way manifest a lively interest in their good case. I have known an archdeacon at the primate's dinner in Drogheda, acting, of course by authority, to rate the neglect of the caterer, who had failed to provide a salmon, with as much severity as if he had committed a breach of the Thirty-nine Articles. 'Sir,' he said, 'you might as well leave out the Athanasian Creed on Easter Sunday, as omit a *Boyne salmon* from the visitation-dinner of this loyal diocese.'

But our starch prelate of Salamanca, far from caring for the good cheer of his priests, or betraying the least satisfaction at their jolly condition, sometimes began his allocution with some such phrase as—'My reverend brethren, I am grieved and scandalised to see you grown so fat. Father Martin, that ruddy complexion ill becomes you. Mr Keogh, you must endeavour to grow less muscular, or you will never rise in the Church.'

One of the divines so reproved was a sporting curate, who, long after a positive prohibition against the chase was issued, found a way to follow his favourite amusement, whilst his obedience to his spiritual master moulted no feather. This was managed with nice address. He usually had two or three parochial calls of no pressing urgency, on a hunting morning; and they were arranged with such geographical tact, that whatever direction the game might take, there lay the path of his reverence's duty. 'If he be a sporting fox,' he would say, 'he will make for Ballinakill; and it so happens, more by chance than good-luck, that a very old woman has sent me a message by her grandchild that she would be glad to see me some fine morning. She lives close by the wood there; and a finer morning surely for going to see the poor old lady than a southerly wind and a cloudy sky give earnest of, neither she nor I need expect at the season of the year. Well, then, the shortest way, next to that which the bird flies, is the way a dog-fox, when in good wind, takes towards the place he desires to reach without the least possible delay. Away I go then, the shortest road, over field and fallow, hedge and ditch, for Ballinakill; but if at the same time a pack of dogs happen to be running after a wild baste in the very same direction, how can I help that? *Nihil occurrit ecclesiæ.* No hinderance or obstruction is to retard the march of the church. The bishop himself, no, nor the pope, would not have me go round.'

Thus, in whatever point of the compass the scent lay and the game broke away, in that line of duty Father Festus had a call, and he never neglected it as long as he had a horse to carry him. Peace be with his ashes; he was a hearty, kind, and worthy man. I wish his mother, the Church of Rome, had in this land a thousand anointed sons of the same tastes and the same temper. Her present progeny, what are they like—prowling about everywhere with their eyes looking in all directions except in the faces of honest men—but a pack of poachers?

If the fox is now doomed to die without benefit of clergy, it may be some compensation that his last run is seldom uncheered by the presence of the softer sex. The meet, if not the finish, is beautified by an imposing concourse, or, as Bob Blake happily malaprops it, an imposing conquest of spinsters and their mammas, such as our ancestors never were wont to behold in that situation. The full, practical extent

* Braganza House, built in the neighbourhood of Carlow by the late General Sir Dudley Hill, and purchased from him as a residence for the Roman Catholic bishops of Kildare and Leighlin.

of feminine sympathy in the chase was expressed, fifty years since, in the song—

The dogs began to bark,
And I went out for to see;
A prattie young man came a-hunting,
But he was na hunting for me.
Oh, what 'll become of me?
Oh, what shall I do?
There 's naebody comin' to marry me;
Naebody comin' to woo!

But this won't do any longer. The prattie young maidens go a-hunting now-a-days on their own hook. Equipages are congregated at the wood-side, and when the dogs throw off, and some old sportsman would fain lose no time in getting upon their track, too often Mrs Quigly's jaunting-car stops the gap, or the four Miss Kildarbies, in their one-horse fly, trot across his path, mocking the air with colours idly spread. On such occasions, Irish politeness is put to the very pin of its collar to acknowledge that the right women are always in the right place.

Yet there is something extremely diverting in the ardour with which the fair ones follow the game, especially those matrons who have olive plants to dispose of. How they do whip over highways and byways, in the hope of falling in with the red-coats again; and how skilfully they make their casts towards the most likely places for such chance rencontres!

The Donnybrook road on the 'walking Sunday' was the sight of all sights, with its triple row of cars laden with beauty in its flashiest attire; but it may be questioned if the pace of that renowned celebration could at all compare with the speed of barouches, phaetons, and jarvies, which transfer their delicate freights, on any hunting morning, from one cover towards another, in the hope of crossing upon the fox's path in his flight.

It is strange that fair young creatures should take such an interest in that amusement; and stranger still, how the *materfamilias*, whose bones one might almost hear rattling in the rugged transit, affects a super-womanly delight in it. With her, such a forenoon's avocation is surely the pursuit of sons-in-law under difficulties.

MODERN LEPROSY.

The great diseases of the middle ages, such as the sweating sickness, the various forms of plague, the dancing mania, and other epidemics, have had this much in common, that, although they exhibited for a long period a disposition to break out afresh under favourable circumstances, they at length so completely disappeared, that mankind have come to regard them more in the light of medical curiosities than as great afflictions which devastated the most fertile and populous regions of the earth. There was, however, a malady—endemic all over Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century, not characterised, like epidemics, by rapidity of attack or excessive mortality, yet regarded, if possible, with still greater alarm. This disease, the leprosy, long supposed to have become extinct, has suddenly of late years assumed a fresh activity; and as many distinguished physicians maintain that a general outbreak is now imminent, some account of its nature, mode of development, and results, may not be uninteresting.

The old leprosy, made familiar to us from the important position it occupies in the hygienic code of the Jews, prevailed for more than 500 years on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and in Ireland. Its treatment forms rather an interesting chapter in the history of civilisation. In many countries, the unhappy subjects of the disease were looked upon with extreme aversion. Their affliction was considered the effect of an especial vengeance of God, for grievous sins committed by themselves or their forefathers; and oftener than once, during the existence of a panic, attendant upon a violent epidemic, large numbers of helpless lepers, on a charge of having poisoned the wells, were barbarously put to death. In other countries, again, a treatment the very opposite was pursued. Kings thought it a privilege to wash their sores, and no gift was considered more expiatory of sin before Heaven, than bequeathing a munificent gift to a leper-hospital.

The condition of the leper, even in the most civilised countries, was extremely sad. In addition to the inconvenience of his loathsome and incurable malady, he was prevented using any means for his own support: such property as he might have owned was taken from him; the law classed him with idiots and lunatics; and a belief in the contagious nature of his malady, led to his perpetual seclusion. The hospitals or leper-houses provided for their retreat were very numerous; there was scarcely a town of any size without an establishment of this sort. Some, richly endowed, were exclusively devoted to the leprous, and placed under the jurisdiction of special officers; others, again, were attached to monasteries, and subject to ecclesiastical supervision. Lazar-houses of both kinds abounded in Scotland: there was one at Aldneston, in Lauderdale, superintended by the monks of Melrose: there were similar institutions at Elgin, Ayr, and Aberdeen; a leper-hospital was raised at Glasgow in the reign of King David II.; while one was erected at Greenside, so late as 1589, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Edinburgh. These, as well as the large establishments in England and on the continent, fell gradually into disuse, and their revenues were appropriated to other charitable purposes, or not unfrequently seized upon by a rapacious court favourite.

Leprosy, however, as we have said, has begun to develop itself anew. It exists at this moment in different parts of the world, but is especially prevalent in the West Indies and in Norway. Out of the comparatively small population of Norway, there are upwards of 2000 lepers. Occasional cases make their appearance nearer home.

There are two varieties of the modern or existing disease—the tubercular, and the anæsthetic or joint form. The former is much more common, and unfortunately almost hopelessly incurable. It presents the most characteristic type of the disease, giving that painful appearance to the countenance which has in all ages made 'the hoar leprosy' so repulsive. The spots generally shew themselves first on the face, but by no means uniformly there. Their colour varies from a glistening white to a dark blue. As the disease advances, and the peculiar morbid deposit enters more extensively into the system, the beard, eyebrows, and eyelids fall out, the voice grows affected, and the sight becomes seriously impaired. These symptoms are constantly aggravated by depression of spirits, until at length, after the invasion of different important internal organs, death releases the sufferer. The average duration of this form of leprosy is about ten years—a prolongation of life we may probably ascribe to the immunity of the bones from the disease, an immunity that among other advantages permits mastication, and in consequence, so far leaves the function of digestion unimpaired.

The other, or anæsthetic variety, affects the joints of the hands and feet, and is characterised by a numbness of those parts. Not unfrequently, if the disease be about to develop itself in the upper extremity, the patient complains of a cold feeling, extending from the elbow downwards. Wasting of the affected muscles ensues, and the patient becomes unable to put on a glove or to use a needle. The disease speedily attacks the osseous texture below, and a joint is often removed

with the neatness of a surgical operation. Very frequently this form of leprosy is arrested in its progress, and the patient recovers with a maimed foot or hand. In other cases, again, the disease goes on to develop itself in more vital parts.

There is no especial age at which either variety shews a tendency to appear. The disease has been noticed alike in childhood and at advanced age. In the West Indies, the white population is much less liable to it than the natives or the Jews. Women also seem to possess a greater immunity than men.

Leprosy is a disease essentially dependent upon a blood-poison, belonging to the large class of which scrofula, cancer, and rheumatism are representatives. It unfortunately further resembles these in the difficulty of its cure. Almost every article of the pharmacopœia has been employed for this purpose, yet a specific remains to be discovered. But although incurable, it is satisfactory to be assured that the great source of terror in earlier ages—namely, dread of its communication by contagion—is completely groundless. Repeated observations have established this important fact. At the same time, the hereditary character, or as medical men say, the hereditary *tendency* to the disease is not denied. It is not unfrequently seen to pass over one generation, reappearing with fresh vigour in the next.

We are quite as ignorant of the causes of leprosy as of its treatment. With respect to other diseases, whose cure frequently baffles medical science, we have almost invariably some acquaintance with their predisposing causes. We know that exposure to infection, deficiency of certain articles of food, breathing a polluted atmosphere, predispose respectively to typhus fever, scurvy, and cholera. But no peculiarity of climate, atmosphere, or diet satisfactorily accounts for the decay in one age or the development in another of the leprous poison.

That this disease, like all others, has its own natural laws which, though undiscovered, we cannot regard as capricious, is undoubted; and we trust that the increasing attention to it now excited among medical men and physiologists, may lead to an early discovery of them. Meanwhile, with all our uncertainty, we may confidently assert, that attention to the general principles of hygiene will be found by communities and individuals the most effectual preventives, should the apprehended outbreak of this disease unhappily occur.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER III.

After saying 'Grace,' as described in the last chapter, Captain Webbe suggested, that as it was a tough yarn he had to spin, it might be as well to ascertain previously how my grandame was doing, and so arrange that we might be secure from interruption. I agreed, and hastened to the Crown Tavern. Mrs Linwood was, I found, considerably better, but still lamentably weak and nervous. A fly was at the door, in which, accompanied by Mr Beale and Nancy Dow, she was about to be conveyed to Oak Villa. I placed my mother's letter in her pocket, and, having seen her safely off, rejoined my new friend at the Royal Hotel.

Captain Webbe had made preparation, during my brief absence, for a cozy as well as lengthened sitting. The fire had been replenished, and heaped up on the hobs; and a bundle of cigars, decanters filled with ruby and amber coloured wine—no doubt, for my especial delectation, as there was besides a plentiful supply of brandy and hot water—had been placed upon the table.

'Take a cigar,' said Mr Kirke Webbe, 'if only to oblige me; it may prevent that quite sufficiently open countenance of yours from yawning insufferably, and, moreover, shade, in some degree, its inquisitive brightness, which might else dazzle and confuse my ideas.'

'I daresay, captain, you think that very clever—I don't. Nevertheless, I shall take a cigar—two or three, possibly, if you are especially tedious. And now, if you please, go ahead.'

'Nay, I must first go back, and a long way, too—as far back as 1792—in the autumn of which year two gentlemen and bachelors, of about the same age—twenty-five, namely—who had never met before, made each other's acquaintance whilst shooting over the Lord Petre's well-stocked covers in the vicinage of the market-town of Romford, Essex. One of those gentlemen-bachelors was William Linwood, only son and heir to Robert Linwood, hide and skin merchant—who had departed this life in Leadenhall Street, London, about three years previously—and Margaret his wife, who, since her husband's death, had withdrawn to Wales, where she found exercise for her constitutional activity in the superintendence of a large dairy-farm, the profits whereof were to aid her son in achieving the high social position to which, in her fond opinion, his personal and mental gifts so well entitled him. I speak too rapidly, perhaps?'

'Not at all. Allow me, however, to remark, that your speech would be pleasanter if it were less sardonic—jibing; but that is, I fear, a confirmed habit, and one which you take perverse pains to cultivate.'

'If that, Master Linwood, is your serious, well-considered opinion,' drawled Captain Webbe through his nose, simultaneously with the ejection in the same way of two jets of smoke from a fresh cigar, 'I must lose no time in endeavouring to mend my manners in that particular. To resume, nevertheless, a narrative to which a deeper interest attaches just now than to wisest words of babes and sucklings. The other youthful sportsman, I was going on to say, was Mr Kirke Webbe, at that time, and in a social, pecuniary sense, an indefinite gentleman, whose parents had both died during his legal infancy, and whilst he was undergoing the preliminary ordeal of midshipmanship, consisting chiefly of mast-headings, on board his majesty's ship *Gladiator*. A worthy, most worthy couple,' continued Webbe, with sudden seriousness, 'who, from prudential motives, did not marry till late in life, after a courtship of twenty years, lived in perfect harmony, and died within four days of each other, leaving to their idolised boy something over a thousand pounds, scraped together by ceaseless industry and inflexible self-denial—one life, one hope, one tomb!

'A striking proof, Master Linwood,' resumed Webbe more briskly, after emptying his tumbler at a gulp—'a striking proof, I say, Master Linwood, that virtues, unlike certain diseases, are not always hereditary; unless, indeed, they are governed by the same law as transmitted insanity and gout, which are said to skip usually over one generation, in order to fasten more certainly on the next: according to which hypothesis, my son should be a model youth.'

'You have a son?'

'Truly, I have. Harry is a few months, I think, older than you, and about the same height and figure. But my good young friend, we are steering a very zigzag course with the story. Let us endeavour to

keep a little closer to the wind. Kirke Webbe, I was telling you, having scrambled through the preliminary six years of midshipmanship, would, there could be no doubt, have creditably passed for lieutenant—he would be a very sorry lubber that did not—when a difficulty occurred between him and Old Blueblazes, captain of the *Gladiator*'——

'Old Blueblazes!'

'His ship sobriquet, of course, derived from the flaming hue of his proboscis. A grim old salt was he, fit for nothing upon earth but fighting and drinking, in both of which accomplishments it is but doing him justice to say he was A1. The difficulty with me fell out thus. But first please to understand, young sir,' continued Webbe, 'that I go over these matters with you forasmuch that as it is certain some good-natured friend will inform you, if he has not done so already, that I was kicked out of the royal navy, it is well with reference to the copartnership we have entered into that you should be acquainted with the true version of the affair. The difficulty, I repeat, between Blueblazes and me fell out thus: the *Gladiator* lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound. The old fellow was, I supposed, in his cabin sleeping off the fumes of his after-dinner grog; the lieutenant of the watch, a moony sort of chap, was perched upon one of the guns about midships, reading a book, with his face towards the bows, when the devil, who so delights in finding work for idle boys and men, suggested to me and another promising youth to have just one quiet turn at leap-frog upon the sacred quarter-deck.'

'A turn at leap-frog upon the quarter-deck!'

'Just that, my ingenuous young friend. I am not surprised that, landsman though you are, your hair stands on end at the bare mention of such an enormity. Mine did whenever I afterwards thought of it, gradually falling off in consequence, till I was left, as you see, nearly as bald as a coot.

'Well, I had my leap, and was making a back for my friend, when the captain suddenly seized me by the neck, and had I not clung to him like grim death, would, I verily believe, have pitched me into Plymouth Sound. Finding, however, that if I went over the side, he must follow, he dropped me on my feet, at the same time favouring me with a couple of tremendous cuffs in the ear, that set my brains spinning like a top. But for that, I could never have had the inconceivable audacity to up fist, and deal a post-captain a blow on the chest, which knocked him clean off his pins, and laid him sprawling upon the quarter-deck.'

'*Are* you serious in saying that you knocked down the captain?'

'As sure as you sit there, I did—impossible, preternatural as it sounds. No great thing, either, to do in itself; one of the captain's legs being crippled with the gout, and the other a wooden one.

'Imagine, if you can, Master Linwood, the wild consternation, the hurricane-uproar that arose as it passed through the ship that that devil's cub, Kirke Webbe, had floored Old Blueblazes! Officers and men seemed to think the world had come to an end; and death, or worse punishment, was unanimously awarded to the sacrilegious culprit.

'Blueblazes himself, who at bottom was as placable and generous as he was bibulous and brave, was the least excited and angered of them all; and, though I was no favourite of the rough old salt, it was his coxswain that, in the dead of night, released me from confinement, led me past the sentry—who had suddenly become deaf as well as blind, the cramp in my legs causing me to stumble heavily when within a yard of him—lowered me from a port-hole into a shore-punt alongside, and cast off the painter with a curse—his own, and a purse—the captain's—containing ten guineas, which he flung after me.

'You now know, Mr Linwood,' resumed Captain Webbe, after another gulp of the fiery liquid, which had no more visible effect upon him than water upon a duck's back—'you now know how it happened that the king's service and I parted company. I was then close upon twenty-one years of age: the day after attaining my legal majority, I obtained possession of the before-mentioned thousand pounds odd; and the next four years were passed in acquiring a knowledge of the ways of mankind, as displayed in London; an interesting study, which the limitation, rigidly adhered to, of my expenditure to two hundred pounds a year, greatly hampered, as you may suppose.

'Nevertheless, I may say without vanity that I had made progress by the autumn of 1792. Moreover, my thousand pounds odd having by that time diminished to two hundred, I bethought me that it would be prudent to delay no longer an endeavour to turn that knowledge to practical account; and it was more for the sake of being able to ask myself quietly a few important questions, than any love of sport, that I accepted leave to beat up the Lord Petre's Essex covers. There fate willed it that William Linwood and I should meet for the first time; be mutually pleased with each other, and swear eternal friendship; or rather, we should have done so, but for an untoward accident which befell us both.'

'What accident?'

'Falling in love with the same damsel—the young and charming Emily Waller, sole daughter and heiress presumptive of Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, London, and then upon a visit at Hare Park, not far out of Romford.—Touch the bell, if you please; the fire is getting low.'

'Pray go on; you tantalise one terribly.'

'William Linwood and I fell into bondage instanter; he irredeemably—whilst I was a much less willing and tractable captive. In fact, between you and me, I doubt that I was really a captive at all. My fancy or imagination was no doubt considerably dazzled by the young lady's personal charms and graces; but much more, I am pretty confident, by the reflected lustre of her reputedly large fortune.'

'I can easily believe that, Mr Kirke Webbe.'

'Which shews, Mr William Linwood, junior, that you can appreciate character. Well, having then a very good opinion—which has really improved upon better acquaintance—of my worthy self, I saw no reason why I should not compete with Mr Linwood for the favour of the amiable heiress presumptive; and thus it came to pass, as before intimated, that the flame of friendship received a damper.

'Very absurd that, you will say,' presently continued Captain Webbe, 'when I inform you that the lady did not condescend to honour either of us with the slightest notice, except by carefully avoiding the paths and places we usually frequented! I, for my part, bore the pangs of despised love with a noble equanimity; but poor Linwood, having fallen into a state of semi-distraction, finally hit upon the remarkable expedient of endeavouring to obtain access to Miss Waller's presence, by striking up an innocent flirtation with her *demoiselle de compagnie*, Mademoiselle de Féron.'

'Louise Féron, the Frenchwoman we saw to-day!'

'Louise Féron, the Frenchwoman whom your grandame so viciously assaulted a few hours since; but at the time I am speaking of, a handsome young person, calling herself Mademoiselle *de* Féron, and pretendedly the sole remaining scion of a recently extinguished and noble French house. She had been engaged to perfect Miss Waller in the French language, and her youthful mistress was much attached to her. Let me see—where was I?'

'Speaking of my father's flirtation with De Féron—or Féron.'

'Right! To continue, then. How the unfortunate misapprehension on the demoiselle's part arose, I cannot say—her bad English and Linwood's worse French had no doubt much to do with it—but it is certain that she fully believed the young Englishman to be madly in love with her, and dying to make her his lawful wife.'

'*Could* that be her serious conviction?'

'Her serious conviction! I should think it was, indeed; and a trifle over. I had abundant proof of that. Finding I had quite recovered from love-fever—a very mild attack, as I have said—Linwood gave me a letter one fine day for Miss Waller, which I undertook to place for delivery in Mademoiselle de Féron's hands. I met that volcanic individual in Hare Park, and fulfilled my commission. Fire leaped from her dark eyes at sight of the direction in Linwood's hand, and you should have seen the rage and hate that blazed in them as, having instantly torn open the letter, she devoured its contents. That done, she tore it to shreds, flinging the same at innocent me, and accompanying that demonstration by a shower of epithets and imprecations, which was quite decisive of, her birth and status in French society.

'The next day but one, Miss Waller left Hare Park for London with her demoiselle de compagnie; and I lost sight of Mademoiselle de Féron for nearly three years, during which, Linwood, having managed to obtain a proper introduction to the family in Cavendish Square, had wooed, won, and married Emily Waller; and you, Master William, were passing with promise through the first of man's seven ages. Have you yet reached the *third*, may I ask?' added Captain Webbe with keen abruptness.

'The third! What the deuce do you mean?'

'That of the lover, to be sure—

With a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress's eyebrow.'

'No; my time is not yet come.'

'I am rejoiced to hear that,' exclaimed Webbe; 'it almost insures the success of our bold venture.'

'The plague it does! As how, pray?'

'Anon—anon, my dear fellow. I was saying,' continued Webbe, 'that three years elapsed before I again sighted Linwood after we left Essex. The same fate that had befallen him, had overtaken me. I also was a husband and a father. Mademoiselle Féron—she had modestly dropped the '*de*'—was still languishing in single blessedness—at least she said so then, and I believe she spoke the truth—and had lately re-entered your mamma's service as nurse, or nursery-governess, to your infant highness. What her motive could be for accepting a menial situation in your father's family, puzzled me. Poverty might be one compelling motive; but I wronged her grossly if some vague but abiding purpose of working mischief to the man by whom—to the woman for whom—she had been, in her own belief, scornfully slighted and wronged—was not another and more powerful one.

'A circumstance that occurred during my visit to South Audley Street, where your father then resided, confirmed that impression or belief; albeit it is, I admit, barely possible that I misinterpreted that incident or circumstance.

'You were suffering from hooping-cough, and a paroxysm of that distressing malady had left you exhausted, apparently dead, when I softly entered the drawing-room where Louise Féron was standing with her back towards me, and holding you in her arms. She did not hear my footfall, and her face and person, reflected in a lofty pier-glass, fronted me. I stopped suddenly short, shocked, though never a man of super-sensitiveness, by the fiendish expression of the woman's countenance, immediately explained by her sudden, deadly grasp of the infant's mouth and nostrils with her disengaged right hand. The child's suspended breath would, I can scarcely doubt, have been for ever stilled but for the exclamation which betrayed my presence. Féron turned sharply round, confronted me with a face of flame; rallied, assumed as well as she could, an air of indifference, and left the apartment.'

'You of course informed Mr and Mrs Linwood of what you had seen?'

'I did not; for several reasons. In the first place, I *might* have misjudged the woman's intention; and in the next, I felt quite sure she would not try it on a second time after a hint I quietly gave her, that the child's death, under any circumstances, should be followed by an investigation that would probably only terminate at the Old Bailey.'

'You acted, Mr Webbe, with unpardonable weakness, if not with'—— I checked with difficulty the words upon my tongue, and substituted for them—'Yes, with unpardonable weakness, as the catastrophe of your narrative, plainly foreshadowed by what I have already heard, too clearly proved.'

'That which you have already heard does *not* foreshadow the catastrophe of my narrative,' retorted Webbe. 'Clearly as you may be able to see through a millstone, it is hardly possible you can discern a catastrophe which has not yet occurred.'

'You speak riddles; but go on.'

'Could I have foreseen the lamentable consequences of interrupting Mademoiselle Féron's manipulation of the child's mouth and nostrils,' continued Webbe with acrid humour, 'I should have been strongly tempted to have turned noiselessly away, and left her to the quiet accomplishment of her purpose.'

'Upon my word, that is cool, Captain Webbe!'

'It would have been a blessing to all parties had I done so,' said the privateer captain. 'To you, who, dying in your innocence, would be at this moment an angel in heaven—a contingency which must now be booked as extremely doubtful at the best: to your father, who—the Féron's instinct of vengeance having been satiated—would not have had the best years of his life rendered miserable by an accusation which to this hour he has found it impossible to repel. But we are all poor short-sighted mortals; and, unconscious of the mischief I was doing, I, as before stated, saved your life.'

'For which piece of mischief, many thanks, Captain Webbe. I drink your health.'

'I, yours; hoping as I do so, that we may yet succeed in discovering a remedy for that unfortunate mistake of mine. But to make sail again. Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, finding himself lonely after his daughter's marriage—which he had never very cordially approved of, you must know—espoused a lovely young widow, and the mother of one only child, Lucy Hamblin, then in her third year, and really quite a miniature angel. Mr Waller not only doted upon his handsome young wife—that, like reading and writing, comes by nature—but upon his little step-daughter; so that your nose, which, without flattery, it is difficult to believe can be the natural development of the unpromising little pug Mademoiselle Féron took such liberties with, was quite put out of joint.

'This vexed your mother, and, let the truth be told, mightily exasperated your father. There had been no pre-nuptial settlement; and it was feared that the lion's share of Mr Waller's wealth would be diverted to his new wife and "her intrusive brat"—a frequent colloquial amenity of my friend Linwood, duly reported in the proper quarter by the Féron, who, having managed to transfer her services to the Wallers, was now little Lucy's nursery-governess.

'Thus stood matters in Mr and Mrs Waller's seventh honey-moon—a mellifluous phase of the earth's satellite, which the observation that with extensive view

surveys mankind from China to Peru, will have noticed to be of indefinite duration when the poor and pretty bride happens to be about half the age of the rich and senile bridegroom.'

'Which was not the case in that particular instance, I beg to say.'

'Very nearly the case, *I* should say; but we will not discuss that fact in natural history just now. The Wallers, I say, were residing, towards the close of their seventh honey-moon, at Clarence Lodge, near Gravesend. At that time, I was in personal communication with Mr Waller, with the hope of inducing him to make one of a company for organising privateering enterprise upon a large scale. I did not succeed; but before I received a final "No," Linwood came down, unaccompanied by either his wife or son. That, however, though made a great deal of subsequently, was easily explained: your mother, as doubtless you are aware, having suffered much from ill-health during the first six or seven years of married life. I think she gave birth to four children, certainly three, who all died under a month old—a fatality which was the main reason that you remained in Wales with grandmamma. Be that, however, as it may, Linwood came alone, uninvited, and his reception was glum as winter. Nevertheless, he seemed to have made up his mind for a lengthened stay; and, which certainly looked odd, seemed anxious to conciliate the favour of little Lucy Hamblin. Your mother explained to me the other day that he did so by her advice, she thinking that a better feeling might be thereby brought about between the families.

'The eighteenth of August—a date branded upon the memory of all of us—found William Linwood still a guest, and an unwelcome one, at Clarence Lodge. The day had been sultry, thunderous, and Mr Waller and I, towards evening-fall, after a cool walk in the garden, were seated in the arbour, and enjoying some prime cigars.

'Mrs Waller had been uneasy for some time on account of the prolonged absence of Louise Féron, who had taken the child out for a walk early in the afternoon; and when the day began to decline visibly, and no Féron, no Lucy appeared, Mr Waller grew fidgety also. He had asked very often for Linwood, and was for the twentieth time remarking upon his non-appearance at the dinner-table, when we saw that gentleman enter the garden by the back-gate.

'His hair, we could not but remark, was wet and disordered, his face pale, his aspect generally flurried, ill at ease.

"Hollo, Linwood!" I exclaimed, as he was passing the arbour; "what is the matter? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Eh!—eh!—what?" he stammered; "a ghost—stuff! Has—has," he added—"has Louise Féron returned?"

"No," said Mr Waller; "and—— By Heaven! here she comes by the same way that you entered, Mr Linwood, and without the child!"

"Without the child!" echoed the woman, sweeping up. "Why, Mr Linwood has brought home the child, has he not?"

"No—no!" exclaimed Linwood, in great agitation. "She left me on the sands, and rejoined you, did she not?"

"Rejoined me!" screamed Féron. "Why, I saw you with my own eyes take her into a boat, and sail out upon the river."

"No—no—no!" vehemently rejoined your father. "I meant to do so, but Lucy gave me the slip."

"Liar—assassin!" shouted the woman. "I *saw* the child with you—*alone* with you in the boat: you have drowned—murdered her! *A la garde!*" shrieked the seemingly frantic creature, as she rushed upon and grappled poor Linwood, who, in his bewilderment, had really made a movement as if about to run for it—"seize—bind the assassin! Help—help!"

'As for me,' resumed Captain Webbe, after a consolatory drink—'as for me, I was knocked over—flabbergasted; and it was hours before I could get my ideas into any kind of order or ship-shape. And so confused now is my recollection of the different versions given by Linwood and Féron; so mixed up are they in my mind with the outrageous inventions and distortions of the newspapers, that, if my life depended upon it, I could give you no intelligible digest of the conflicting statements. Enough to say, that on the morrow, no doubt remained that Lucy Hamblin had been drowned—her hat was cast ashore with a mass of sea-weed—and public opinion gradually settled down into a conviction that your father, for obvious purposes, had compassed the death of the child—a conviction which his flight, in violation of his pledged word, seemed to affirm beyond controversy. He was pursued and apprehended, as you are perhaps aware, at Llanberris farm. Take a pull at the brandy and water, Master Linwood'——

'Go on, will you? Do you think I am made of stone?'

'There is little to add, except that Féron absconded, leaving a note to the effect that she could not, would not, upon reflection, appear as a witness against the husband of the best friend she had ever known. Your father was ultimately liberated without trial; and after striving for several years to bear up against almost universal obloquy, took ship for America, and was captured in the Channel by a French privateer. So ends the story.'

'And with it the hope you have so wantonly kindled, merely, it should seem, to trample it out! What purpose can be answered by the fast-and-loose game, which, as far as words count, you seem to be playing?'

'A great purpose will be answered by the game I propose to play, if you have the pluck and skill to perform your part in it. I tell you again that the catastrophe which will either acquit or finally condemn your father has not yet come to pass. The last decisive act of the drama has yet to be played; and the curtain rose upon that last decisive act, after an interval of nearly fifteen years, about three months since only. Scene the first: Rue Dupetit Thouars, St Malo, Brittany. Enter from opposite sides, a lady and gentleman, who, upon seeing each other, exclaim at the same instant:

"Mademoiselle Féron!"

"Le Capitaine Webbe!"'

'Kirke Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer, met walking openly in the streets of St Malo! Come, that is a bold flight, even for a modern dramatist!'

'It is a positive fact that I was so met! And as to walking openly in the streets of St Malo, there is no wonderful daring in that: I was playing at rouge et noir, in the Palais Royal, Paris, last Sunday three weeks. Just, however, to bring back colour to those white cheeks, and give you an appetite for the dinner I have ordered, and which ought to have been served by this time, I will give you a hint of some one else I met with in St Malo—to wit, a charming damsel of some seventeen years of age, whom I propose that you shall marry.'

'Let us have no untimely jesting, if you please.'

'A charming damsel, whom it is part of my plan, and may be essential to its success, that you should marry: a most amiable damsel, who calls herself Clémence Bonneville; but whose true name, if I am not the dullest blockhead that ever breathed, is—— Guess?'

'*Tut!* How should I be able to guess?'

'Whose true name is, I say, not Clémence Bonneville, or De Bonneville, but—*Lucy Hamblin*—the child supposed to have perished fourteen years ago in the Thames!'

'All-merciful Powers! *Can* this be true?'

'If it prove not so, write me down an ass, in capital letters. Ha! dinner at last!'

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH-CABLE ON ITS WAY TO THE BOTTOM.

THAT longest yarn that has ever been spun—that newest sea-serpent which out-herods and puts to shame all the old ones so carefully chronicled by penny-a-liners—that fact so much more wonderful than fancy, that not even the shadow of it was conceived by the brain which invented fictions for a thousand-and-one consecutive nights in the imaginative surroundings of the Happy Arabia—the Atlantic telegraph-cable is actually just about to be deposited in its still oceanic bed. Several different ingredients enter into the composition of this beautiful fabric, as has recently been described. There is copper to carry the message; gutta-percha to confine the same to its intended route; rope-yarn and tar to protect the yielding gutta-percha from the iron gripe of the metallic greatcoat that is firmly twisted round the carrying and insulating core; and the iron itself in its outer eighteen-times sevenfold whorl of tenacious wire. The entire diameter of this composite and manyplied cable is a little more than half an inch; and the diverse substances, with their varying densities, are so apportioned and distributed within these dimensions, that if a mile-length of the structure were hung up in the air, and balanced in some sufficiently capacious pair of scales, it would be found to weigh just nineteen hundredweights. In sea-water, the same length would weigh only thirteen hundredweights, because there the pressure of the water, displaced by its bulk, deducts so much from its downward tendency. The specific gravity of the Atlantic cable is about three times as great as the specific gravity of sea-water.

The weight and density of the Atlantic cable are such, that when it is payed out over the stern of the depositing vessel, it will sink in the salt water, and find its position of final rest at the bottom of the sea. Its weight, however, is not sufficiently great to carry it down with any inconvenient force. The several ingredients of the structure, indeed, have been so selected and adjusted as just to secure the requisite alacrity in sinking, and avoid any dangerous impetuosity in the act. The cable will indeed '*float to the bottom*,' rather than sink. It will be in a measure buoyed up as it falls, first by the static pressure of the water, and secondly by the influence of friction, exerted by the watery particles against the uneven side of the twisted strands of the rope. Some alarm has been entertained lest there should be strain enough to injure the molecular texture of the cable, if five or six miles of its length hang down in the mid-Atlantic, in consequence of the great weight of this extent. The alarm, however, is entirely based upon a misconception of the conditions in which the rope will be placed during its deposition. It will not *hang* upon the stern of the ship on this occasion; it will be drawn out from it, as the silky filament is drawn out from the spinneret of the silkworm. Considerable force is used in winding the frail, almost invisibly fine thread of the silk-worm from the cocoon in which the caterpillar has deposited it, when the reels are set whirling to take off the golden cord; yet the fine and frail thread does not break: the force of the revolving reel goes to draw off the silk from the cocoon, instead of to stretch its material. So will it be with the ocean-cable as it seeks its deep-sea repose; the force of its own weight and of the hold which the sea-bottom will acquire upon its strands, will go to draw its protracted length out from the hold of the advancing ship, over the revolving sheaves, and not to pull upon the cohesive grasp of its particles. The vessel will move at a rate of some four or five miles over the ocean, and the cable will be gently drawn out from behind, and tenderly laid down in the profound recesses of the deep, as if it were still under the careful management of its black-fingered attendants, the tar-begrimed men who have so patiently and assiduously arranged the spires of its growing coil in the yard during its manufacture.

The cable will come up from the hold, as it is drawn out of the ship, round a central block designed to keep its spires from fouling, or interfering with each other as it runs along. It will then be turned over four grooved sheaves, placed one in front of one another, and geared together; and will finally pass three or four feet above the poop-deck, and make its last plunge from a fifth sheave firmly planted by arms over the stern. One of the mid-deck sheaves will also have a friction-drum geared with it, and revolving with about three times its own velocity; the axle of this drum will be griped, by two blocks of hard wood being drawn together whenever a screw is turned. As the cable runs out, an electrical current will be passed through it from end to end, and will give a signal every second, to intimate that the electrical continuity of the cable remains perfect. At the side of the ship there will be a log, composed of a spiral vane turned round by the resistance of the water as it is dragged through the liquid; this will register electrically the speed of the vessel's progress by making and breaking a voltaic circuit at each turn. The amount of strain actuating the cable at any instant will also be electrically indicated by wheel-work geared with the paying-out sheaves, when the speed of this wheel-work is compared with the speed of the vessel's progress through the water. The wary breaksman will lend a constant eye and ear to the indications of these tell-tale instruments, and while all is proportioned correctly, will leave well alone; but whenever one element is shewn to be acquiring undue preponderance, his screw will be called into immediate requisition, and a compensatory adjustment of machinery made. The electrical logs, and indeed nearly the whole of the engineering arrangements, are due to the ingenuity and skill of Mr Charles T. Bright, a gentleman who was associated to a considerable extent with Mr Wildman Whitehouse in his early electrical experiments and investigations, and who will now be the tricksy presiding spirit of the operations on board the *Niagara*; while Mr Whitehouse sits in the centre of his web on board the *Agamemnon*, in a snug cabin, feeling there the vibrations of his electrical web, and pondering fiery mysteries and subtile things.

Considerable care has been given to the selection of the most auspicious season of the year for the submergence of this wonderful cable. By examining the records of more than 260,000 observations, Lieutenant Maury has determined that between the 20th of July and the 10th of August there is less to fear from either storm, fog, or drifting iceberg, in the mid-Atlantic, than at any other season of the year. The vessels will accordingly be despatched upon their mission as near to this period as will be found practicable. But suppose that, in spite of this precaution, some erratic hurricane —either uninstructed concerning, or indifferent to, the requirements of marine engineering—should encounter the cable-laden ships, and should persevere in its self-willed and vexatious interference with the arrangements of the waves, what does the reader think will be done with the precious rope? It will be simply 'slipped,' as the tempest-caught sailor slips his cable when he is riding in some dangerous and threatening roadstead. Upon the deck of the paying-out ships there are two large auxiliary drums, containing each two miles and a half of a strong supernumerary iron cable, sufficiently stout to bear with impunity a direct

strain of some eleven or twelve tons. In case of need, the telegraph-cable will be cut, and the end of the submerged portion be made fast to the extremity of one of the supernumeraries; this will then be let go, and the telegraph-cable will sink to the bottom of the sea, where not even the most spiteful hurricane can follow it. The strong suspending rope will next be attached, by its upper extremity, to buoys of a peculiarly sharp form, which will be tossed overboard, and abandoned for the time; and the unencumbered vessels will look to themselves, and beat about as circumstances may require, until the storm has passed away; the sharp buoys all the while bobbing up and down in the troubled waves with an easy motion which will hardly affect the treasure plunged for protection to the still depths two miles beneath. . The vessels will then return in search of the buoys, pick them up, heave in the suspending rope until the telegraph-cable is recovered, and join the severed ends, and the work of submergence will be resumed as at first.

The Atlantic cable will be stretched from Valentia Bay, in the south-west of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland—a distance, in a direct line, of about 1834 miles. This is obviously the course in which it has been intended an electrical communication shall be established through the Atlantic, because here the land of the Old World, in the projecting British Isles, and that of the New World, in Newfoundland, jut out towards each other, as if each to seek the other's grasp; and between them, a smooth level shelf is laid at the bottom of the sea, just suitable for the accommodation of an intervening and connecting cord. There are several fine sandy coves in the neighbourhood of Valentia, and the great Skellig Hill, a fine pyramidal landmark, with a light-house on its summit, towers up, a short distance from the shore, to a height of 700 feet. It is not yet determined whether the two paying-out vessels will start away from each other in mid-ocean, dropping the cable between them; or whether it will be payed out in one continuous line from the coast of Ireland to the coast of Newfoundland. The matter is at the present time under consideration. Under either alternative, however, the vessels will proceed in as direct a course from one bay to the other as they can. They would go along an arc of a great circle of the terrestrial sphere, if it were practicable to keep to so finely traced a route; as, however, no navigator, steering by the compass, could accomplish so delicate a task, a track will be taken which will approach very near indeed to a great circle arc. The ships will only change their course six times, and each time the change will be only to the extent of a quarter of a point of the compass; thus they will pass along six sides of a polygon, instead of along a part of a circle; but the polygon followed will practically be so near to a circle, that the track will only measure eight-tenths of a nautical line more than the segment of a circle which would pass directly from place to place.

THE DATE-PALM.

One day, an Arab, who had been listening with the greatest interest to a description of the wonderful and beautiful things in England, suddenly asked us: 'Have you many palm-trees in your country?' When told that we have two or three kept at the national expense in a glass-house at Kew, he was filled with the most unfeigned pity for us, and never again expressed either a curiosity to hear about England, or a desire to go there. What is a country without date-trees to an Arab? What can railways and electric-telegraphs, steam-driven looms and gaslights, contribute to the happiness of men deprived of date-trees? Emerald meadows, and oak-forests, and horse-chestnuts cannot compensate for such a privation. With what do you delight your eyes in a summer's day, when no palm-branches waving overhead temper the stifling air? To what do your poets compare the taper waists of their mistresses, if they have no palm-trees to refer to? 'Now, I can understand,' said our Arab, in conclusion, 'why so many Franks crowd every year to Egypt.'

The date-palm is, in fact, in certain wide-extended tracts of the globe, so essential to life, and furnishes so many of its necessaries to their inhabitants, that we need not be surprised if a country where no date-trees grow should have few attractions for them. They look to it for harvest and vintage, and provision for almost all the wants of their simple life. Its high importance is well indicated by the tradition, which relates how the date-palm sprung from the remainder of the clay of which Adam had been formed; in reference to which proverb the Arab prophet says: 'Cherish the date-tree as your paternal aunt.' It is one of the fruits of the Mohammedan paradise; and an Arab proverb asserts that the date-tree grows only in the lands of Islam—a vaunt which, curiously enough, is up to the present day almost literally exact.

A fanciful Arab author, after citing these *facts*, proceeds to draw a comparison between man and the date-palm, shewing in how many respects a resemblance may be traced, as if to prove their near relationship. 'As man is distinguished from all other living creatures by his erect gait, even so the palm, tall, straight, and limber, lifts its head among the trees. What animal is so beautiful as man, and what tree is so beautiful as the palm among the trees of the forest? In its head is enclosed a substance like the brain in man; if its head be cut off, the tree will die; if the brain be wounded, the branches droop, and the whole tree suffers from the headache. If its branches be cut off, they do not grow again more than the lopped-off human arm. Its head has a hairy covering like that of man. The sexes are separate, and thus a single tree planted by itself is condemned to perpetual sterility. The male palm, surrounded by his suite of females, is likened to a sultan in his harem, and it is even pretended that sometimes in the midst of a plantation a capricious beauty takes an aversion to her lord, and refuses to be fructified by him. She is smitten by the charms of a tree in some neighbouring plantation; then her branches droop from love-sickness, and her head will be seen to turn in the direction of the object of her choice. When a tree thus pines with love, the only cure—and it is found to be always successful—is to tie a bunch of the blossoms of the loved one among her branches.'

No member of the vegetable kingdom has played so important a part in religion, history, and poetry as the palm; not the Egyptian lotus, nor the Celtic mistletoe, nor the French lily, nor the Norman broom. In the Scriptures, in eastern and classical mythology, the palm appears as the symbol of beauty or victory. It was chosen to grace the one day of triumph which our Lord allowed himself on earth; it has been adopted by Christianity to signify the victory over death, the resurrection, its Greek name being identical with the fabled phœnix, which rose again from its ashes. The life of the palm, again, is in its crown, it has therefore been chosen for the martyr's crown, whose guerdon is eternal life.

Art, not less than poetry and religion, has drawn its inspirations from the palm. It gave the first model for the colonnades which adorn the temple-architecture in Egypt and Greece; and the most perfect, indeed, of the Egyptian temples is that of Edfou, where the imitation is the closest, and where we behold the palm, with its leafy crown and pendent fruits, reproduced in sculpture. Even the refinement in the

form of the columns, which may be remarked in the greatest works of Egypt, as well as in the Acropolis of Athens—the correction of the error of vision by the introduction of a slight swelling towards the centre of their height—was suggested by the palm, whose stem swells in diameter at a certain height from the ground.

The influence which the palm has thus, from the earliest ages, exercised upon the imaginative and inventive faculties of those who lived within the zone of its growth, is easily intelligible. To the traveller's eye, nature displays no more graceful or majestic scene than a palm-grove; and, considering how such groves are generally situated, we cannot wonder if even the child of nature, though little susceptible of æsthetical impressions, should be deeply affected by the sense of their beauty. He only who has seen it can know the animated joy which the distant vision of the palm-grove wakes up in the wearied traveller's heart. His caravan has toiled for days through the treeless, trackless desert, moving painfully through the hot air-waves all on fire with the sun's rays, surrounded only by dark glassy rocks or yellow sands, which reflect the heat and light in which he is immersed, and produce those premature wrinkles which furrow the forehead and draw together the eyelids even of the youthful wayfarer—sands, again, which burn the foot during the day, or strike an icy chill into the body at night; not a blade of grass, not a thorn, not an insect nor a reptile speaking of life, the monotony being unbroken, save here and there by a few piles of loose stones, heaped up by the piety of preceding travellers, to direct the march over undulating sands as unstable and impressionless as water. When at last a dark spot appears on the horizon, promising shade, water, and probably the habitation of man, all hail the sight: the camels, though unbid, break into a quicker march, the foot-sore pedestrians, forgetting their toils, hasten forwards to reach the welcome resting-place; renewed vigour is infused into the whole caravan; until, on drawing nearer to the goal, the general impatience can no longer be restrained, and the slow march becomes an eager race. No primeval forest affords a cooler shade than the palm-groves of the oasis; the sun-rays do not penetrate through their thick roof, while the slender columns of the trees are open to every breath of air. The palm-grove is life in the midst of death—a world surrounded by chaos. The wind sighs in its branches, the birds flutter round them; the long-tailed gerboa gambols about their stems, and marks the ground at their roots with its tiny footprints. Around are strewn delicate plants, among which coleoptera in endless variety wing their buzzing flight. The noise and fulness of life have succeeded to the stillness of the grave. Oh! as the old Scotch proverb says, 'the sight is good for sore eyes.'

All this, however, is a very small part of what man owes to the palm. He can live without splendid architecture; religion will never be at a loss for symbols; and poetry, allowing it to be a necessary of life, has contrived to find images and ideas of beauty independently of our paternal aunt. But without food man cannot exist; he requires a shelter; he is irresistibly impelled to supply himself with a few luxuries—all these, and more than these, the date-tree yields. Its fruit supplies the most nourishing of vegetable food, alike eatable when fresh or when dried, uncooked or cooked. The fleshy insertion of the young branches into the stem at its crown—in form not unlike the leaf of an artichoke—is eatable, and affords a valuable prevention against scurvy. The white pith of the crown or brain, with a flavour of cocoa-nut, is enough for the dinner of six men. All the domesticated animals—horses, dogs, sheep, &c.—are fond of, and thrive upon, the date. Its very stones, softened in water, or ground into a coarse meal, are a nourishing food for the camel and the cow. No part of this invaluable tree is useless. The hairs are made into mats and baskets; and the branches of which, according to Herodotus, the Ethiopians made their bows, are now made into crates and many articles of furniture. The branches, again, with their leaves, are used to thatch the roofs and wattle the sides of the rude huts of the inhabitants of the oases; and the lower part of the branch, steeped in water and beaten out, makes an excellent besom. The fibrous substance which grows between the branches and trunk, the *lif*, supplies the Arab baths with a pleasant substitute for the sponge; and it is also twisted into ropes and woven into sailcloth. The trunk itself supplies the best building-wood for rafters and columns, and is said to possess the property of curving upwards, instead of inwards, under a weight. Dear old Plutarch, the only gossip of antiquity who has come down to us, refers to this property of the palm-wood; and he likens to it the true athlete—the athlete in the school of virtue, as well as in that of the Pentathlia, who is borne up and supported, not cast down or bent, by the generous struggle. The whole tree, from its root to the furthest tip of its last branch, is thus serviceable to man. There remains only the sap to be accounted for. This, if the crown be laid bare, will afford daily, during three or four months, a gallon of milky juice, which forms the favourite drink of the Arabs. The first day it is sweet, and in this condition all drink it; the second day, it becomes slightly acid and sparkling, and being now also intoxicating, if drunk in large quantities, the graver sort do not touch it. The third day it is vinegar. This *lagby* is not the only stimulant the palm-tree supplies, for the dates, steeped in water, give a wine, which can be preserved for ten or twelve months, and by distillation, affords a colourless spirit.

A good Arab housewife, besides the sirup—which Herodotus calls the honey of the date, as the Arabs themselves sometimes do at the present day, though its usual name is *dibs* (sirup)—will, for a month together, present to her lord every day a different dish, prepared from the date. This fruit admits of as many varieties in cooking as the French egg or the English potato; but it is more important as an article of domestic economy than either. In Europe, the date is still only known as an article of luxury; but if its valuable properties come to be appreciated, it may be one day as popular among our mechanics as it is with the Arab of the desert. Dates of good quality could be sold in England for about fourpence per pound; and they are more nourishing, as well as easier of digestion, than three times the same weight of bread. The want of such a stimulating food has been felt in our manufacturing districts. The date contains a still larger proportion of sugar than the currant. At the same time, the quantities which could be brought to market, without raising the prices, even if the demand increased, are enormous. The whole valley of the Nile is adapted to its culture; and the line of oases from Egypt to Fezzan is capable of yielding an almost unlimited supply. The date-palm surpasses all other trees in the value, as in the variety of its produce. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an Egyptian gentleman who was formerly at the head of Mehemet Ali's agricultural school. He is the proprietor of an estate near Cairo, to the cultivation of which he applies practically all his theoretical knowledge. He told us that he has in the last few years raised large plantations of date-trees from seed, and that he has already begun to realise larger profits than he had ever expected. It is well known that the shade of date-trees planted round a field is not injurious to its produce; it is the only tree under which the Arabs sow, and the space which its

stem or roots occupy is so very small, that its produce in such a situation may be considered all clear gain. The trees begin to bear fruit in five years, and in fifteen, each will give a clear annual profit of about ten shillings, and in favoured localities, even as much as sixteen. The trees will live for 200 years, and their produce seems to suffer no diminution from age. When the trifling expense of sowing and rearing the tree, and the little trouble the subsequent cultivation of it costs, are considered, it cannot be questioned that the results, in an agricultural point of view, are excellent. Ten trees planted on an acre will not sensibly diminish its yield of sugar, cotton, or grain; but within six years they will most considerably increase the revenue derived from it. The date-tree, as we have already observed, is unisexual, and as in sowing, one must take the risk of having far too large a proportion of male trees, our friend gave himself much trouble to discover some method of distinguishing the sex of the seed before planting it, so as to avoid the loss of room, and the trouble which the unnecessary cultivation of many superfluous males causes. Up to the present time, he had been unsuccessful; but when lately with the regiment, of which he is colonel, in the Sa'id, he obtained from two old men information which he promises to experimentalise upon. They told him that by immersing the seeds for three times twenty-four hours in water, carefully covering the vase, and changing the water daily, the seeds would sprout, and that the sex is indicated by the form of the sprout. Another pretended to be able to distinguish them by the form of the indention which marks one side of the stone. The strangest and least probable information he received, was on the possibility of changing the sex of the tree by a surgical operation. We suggested to him that a microscopic examination of the stones would probably display a difference of structure, but he said that this would not advance him, since he might throw away the females, and preserve only the males. Experiment alone would answer this difficulty, and an experiment extending over three or four years is too much for Arab patience.

There are known to be at least 150 varieties of the date-palm, each of which has its own habitat, and is found nowhere else. It bears fruit only between the 31° and 18° north latitude, and is injured by the air of the sea; its cultivation ceases at heights where snow falls. The violent rains of the tropics are equally destructive to it. It is a tree calculated for the latitudes where years may pass without a single shower falling. The region of the palm extends from the southern parts of Persia, Mooltan, and the Punjab westward through the whole of North Africa to the Canaries; but it produces its finest fruits in Arabia and parts of North Africa—countries which, without it, would afford no food to man. Hence the extreme value of the variety of its productions. The palm-tree grows in the depressions of those immense plains which form the Great Desert. Here, at a depth of three or four feet below the sand, a light loam is found, which affords it nourishment; and its roots, striking perpendicularly into the ground to a great depth, find there the necessary moisture. Sweet water and brackish are alike favourable to its culture; the salts with which the desert is impregnated do not injure its growth; and without further care than the annual pruning of the branches, it produces fruit. Such fruits, however, though eatable and wholesome, are not, of course, of the finest quality. It is a law of nature, that everything intended for the use of man should reach its perfection only through his toil; and in all the places which are celebrated for the excellence of their dates—the Beled-el-jerid, Siwah, Medina, and parts of Yemen—the proprietors are careful to dress the ground, to water and to artificially manure the trees. But in return for such care—requiring no more than a single day in each week for a large plantation—the harvest is abundant. One year with another, the date-palm, when arrived at its full growth, produces from 300 to 400—in some few localities, as much as 600 pounds of fruit. The finest of all dates are those of Ibrim on the Nubian Nile. Some of the trees there produce fifteen bunches of fruit, each weighing about sixty pounds, the dates themselves each three inches long. It is truly, as the prophet-king sings, 'a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth prospereth.'

A DESCENT INTO A COAL-MINE.

In accordance with a pleasant and most laudable custom of our age, Mr H. Hussey Vivian, M.P., agreed, in January last year, to give a lecture at the Truro Institution. He chose a subject with which property and its duties have made him familiar—Coal. Coal, in all its relations, geological, commercial, and social or political, he treated in one short discourse with a breadth of view and a minuteness of knowledge highly remarkable and highly creditable. The lecture has been published;* and we select from its many interesting details the following lively account of a gentleman's descent into a pit. It must be premised that it is a South Wales pit.

'Our first operation is to dress: we are furnished with a strong suit of blue pilot-cloth. We ask how it is this dress is all woollen, and we are told that it does not burn, and may be useful in case of fire. We begin to feel uncomfortable, and to call to mind the awful explosions of which we have read. We advance towards the pit, and a man meets us and presents each of us with a *Davy*. We now feel very awkward, but we have said that we know all about a mine, and we cannot shew the white feather. We say, in an off-hand manner, that we suppose there is not an explosion *very* often. Our conductor stops and reassures us, stating that "there's never been *a* one since they got the air round; that she has now 90,000 cubic feet of air a minute going through her, split into ten separate columns; that she is swept out in every *goaf* and top-hole; to exemplify which, he will take the *top* off at the furthest point we attain." We express at once implicit belief in the 90,000 cubic feet, and the perfect manner in which the mine is swept clear of gas, and we beg our cicerone that he will by all means not trouble himself to unscrew the top of his Davy for our instruction. We reach the pit-head: the flat band is travelling at an extraordinary speed; but before we have time to think, up comes the cage with awful velocity; the empty tram is in, the full one is out, and in ten seconds she is away again in the same mad career. In less than sixty seconds, the same operation is gone through; and we now decide on going underground. The cage is at rest, and we hear the words "man going down." "What! you don't mean to say that you expect me to trust my life to that rope, and to the steadiness and nerve of that engine-man? No, I will go by the footway." Our cicerone stares; but our coal-mining friend interposes, and says: "Fortunately, there is none. We cannot afford to waste men's lives and health in making them climb ladders; and man-engines, as you are aware, are too expensive for general use. There is no real danger: we change three hundred men a day, and have done so for years without losing a man. The load of coal is five times as great as the load of men, and you will only go down five miles an hour instead of ten." Convinced against our will, we step into the cage, and away we rush down the shaft at railway speed. Our head whirls; we feel a strong pressure on our ears; we hear the guides pass us with headlong velocity; we hardly know whether we are going up or down; and at last a gentle tap, and we are safely landed in a large vacant space, with sidings, crossings, partings, like a great railway-station on a lilliputian gauge. We are led along, and pass trains of trams, some full, some empty, from which a constant stream ascends and descends the pit, and to which trains are continually added. We are struck with

* Truro: Heard and Sons. Pp. 32.

the bustle and order, the stroke of work which is evidently being done. "How much are you raising?" "Oh, we have just got her up to 600 tons a day." Only figure to yourself this vast quantity daily out of one pit and one small space of ground—the active area, the scene of many years' working, being perhaps 200 acres! How splendidly has Providence provided for our wants, by so disposing bed beneath bed, that we are able, with the least possible trouble and expense, to supply ourselves with this inestimable blessing so conveniently and cheaply! We are conducted to a comfortable cabin with seats around it, and we are told to sit down and get our eyesight. Our cicerone proceeds to amuse himself by adjusting the wick of his lamp to the last degree of perfection; and while he does so, we question him a little, and we soon perceive that he is a north-countryman. "How can you extract 150,000 or 180,000 tons of coal a year from the small area of ground you have described?" is our first inquiry. He points to the angle at which the rock is dipping, and says: "We drift across the strata, and thus intersect all the coal-beds. At this level, we have intersected twenty-one beds of coal in a distance of about 600 yards. These are the far-famed lower measures of South Wales; on these, all the great collieries and iron-mines are situated. In this colliery, we have, by drifting, won seventy-two feet of coal, of which sixty-one feet is in beds of three feet and upwards. Every foot of coal extending over one acre, is calculated to be equal to 1500 tons; and, consequently, every acre in this colliery represents 91,000 tons. This is the joint-stock company view of the case, and cannot be realised in practice. Many of these beds are not at present marketable; but they are, nevertheless, coal, and may at some future day be of value. They may work too small; and I know too well," our cicerone says, "how you gentlemen in the west look for *nubs*, and how I am blamed if a cargo turns out small. My calculation will shew you how it is that we can turn out so vast a quantity from so small a space. The case of flat measures is different. In my county, Durham, we have to look to the produce of one, or, at most, two seams at a time; and when they are worked out, we must sink deeper; but we often raise 1000 tons per day from one colliery; and we are enabled to do it solely by the flatness of the strata, which permits us to drive out in all directions, and thus keep as many different districts going as we do different beds in South Wales." "But you say that these beds are not all of equal value: how is that?" Now, our friend steps in, and says: "To a collier, they are all alike, or nearly so. The roof of one or bottom of another may not be quite so good; but, on the whole, anything three feet, or even two feet, and upwards, is workable. But this is a surface-question: one bed may have a roof which adheres to it so closely, that it cannot be detached, and if I allow it to be worked and shipped, I shortly hear: 'Why, you have sent me nothing but stones!' Some beds may contain sulphur, and if left in heaps, may ignite spontaneously: we must leave them behind; if not, our friend writes us to say: 'Your coal has got rusty as an old horse-shoe, and I have had to keep a man to throw water on it to keep it black.' I say: 'Preserve me from my friend; but that bed cannot be worked.' Another is tender, and our friend writes us: 'You have sent me all *slack*.'" Another produces too much ash; another is too free, and won't bind; another has a parting in it; in fact, the right thing in the right place in collieries, as in all other matters, is not easy to obtain. You say: "One has a parting in it: what does that mean? I thought a bed of coal was solid and homogeneous." "Far from it, my good sir; a bed of coal is rarely, if ever, formed without some separations in it parallel to its plane and continuous: sometimes this parting is but the thickness of a knife-blade; sometimes it is an inch or foot thick; sometimes coal lies on coal; sometimes shale intervenes, and then it is most prejudicial to its sale, being difficult to keep out. Instances are known in which this parting thickens to masses of rock many fathoms thick, and thus divides the bed into two." "Well, now," says our stranger friend, "let us hear how you work it." "The system of working may be divided into two classes—namely, 'Stall and pillar,' and 'Long wall.' The first consists in taking away only a portion of the coal—say, one-fifth—leaving the remainder to support the roof until the time arrives for working back, when the pillar left is divided and taken away in sections, allowing the strata to fall: when this has occurred, the district is called the *goaf*. Long-wall work, on the other hand, consists in taking a large breast of coal clean away at once. In many beds, this is impracticable; but the opinion is gaining ground, that, when practicable, this system is preferable. In both cases, main levels or drifts are driven, along which railways are laid and maintained until the coal which they command is exhausted. These main levels form also the airways of the mine; but in all well-worked collieries the waterway is kept distinct."

'Our cicerone, who has adjusted the wick of his lamp to his perfect satisfaction, now says: "I think, sir, we had better be going; you've got your eyesight, haven't you?" "Ay, pick up a needle if you will;" and away we go. Our friend bends as if he fears he may hit his head—"Oh, keep your head up." We have seven feet by ten here; this is one of our main airways, and we have something like 70,000 cubic feet of air a minute going through it, and we *must* have it large. This is our main drift across the strata along it; the air is divided off, and carried into five or six different districts, each of which is thus supplied with fresh air. Each column, after airing its appointed district, is carried to the upcast; each district has at the further extremity a regulator or trap-door, by opening or closing which, more or less air is drawn off from the main or parent column; and thus the wants of the colliery are even and simply supplied. This is the *general* arrangement of ventilation. Now, let me call your attention to the strata. In passing along this drift, we shall traverse 133 noticeable changes in the strata, besides twenty-one coal-veins in 320 vertical yards of ground. The leading type of these measures is *clift*, which, when pulverised and exposed to the weather, turns into mud or clay; but we have also *rock*, which, when reduced to its elements, becomes sand. Interspersed are many beds of ironstone, and under each coal-bed there is a bed of fire-clay; that clay is invariably found beneath each bed both in England and everywhere else where true coal exists, and as invariably contains that curious fossil called *stigmaria*, of which more anon. That which you see in this drift, in relation to the succession of various strata, applies to the whole section of the coal-field, stated to be some 2000 fathoms in thickness. The lower and upper measures, however, contain more clift or clay, and the middle more sandstone rock. The coal-measures of all England have much the same characteristics, although known locally by different names. Well, now at length we reach the coal, and stand amazed at its thickness: twelve feet of solid coal; about the height to the gallery of this spacious apartment. The pick rings against it clear and joyful as a marriage-bell—joyful, for if it does not, wo betide the shipper, for it is all *slack*, that skeleton in every collier's corner! We are shewn its full thickness, its partings, its cleavage, its holing, its roof, its underclay; its merits are descanted on as those of a familiar friend, and our cicerone with pride assures us that his "elder brother," though only eight feet big, is just beyond, and quite as good or better. Well, we now turn to the right or left along the course of the bed, and we soon enter a *stall* or *bord*. We are shewn how the air is caused to pass up it by means of light wooden planking, called a *brattice*, and then down the other side, sweeping the face of the working as it goes. We find at the end of the stall, which is perhaps five yards wide, a man at work, perhaps lying down, holing for yards under the coal; perhaps kneeling or standing up to cut deep into one side; perhaps boring for his shot. He ceases. Our cicerone takes the pick, raps it, broad side, against where he knows the coal is most solid, and extracts a sonorous ring, with a "Well, Davy, it's all right; coal strong." "Is indeed, master; I never did know it so strong in my life: the price is too little." "Oh, nonsense, man; why, you made your thirty shillings last week." "This is the best man we have got in the pit, sir." Davy grins, and away we go to the furnace. "What! are you not afraid with this enormous fire, that the coal will catch?" "O no; we have airways and counter-arches

to protect it." We cannot stand before it; it reminds us of Dante's description of the infernal regions—a perfect sea of flame and smoke rolling in lurid clouds, we know not whither, and lighting up the darkness; and yet the coal thus consumed does more "duty" than any theorist attributes to it, and the furnace, with its brick-shaft 500 feet deep, amply fulfils its mission. Now, one step into the *returns*, and then to the glorious light of day. We must explain. The returns of a colliery are not its profits. I fear, in many cases, if we attempted to find *them*, we might search in vain, and our search might end, as a colliery without return would surely end, in an "explosion." Well, a colliery return is its air after it has done its allotted duty; and the pride of a collier is to shew that his returns are not *loaded*—that is, charged with inflammable gas. We go through a door which slams behind us as if it would smash its every fibre. Off goes the top of our cicerone's lamp; we feel queer: his hand shades the flame, and he begs us remark that little or no elongation or halo plays around it. He takes us to a more secluded spot, and with his top on, he shews us a fine thin halo playing round the flame: he raises his lamp—it fills with flame: he slowly lowers it, and says: "Now, sir, if it had not been for Sir Humphry Davy, you and I would now be scorched and blackened corpses." We are quite content with the success of his experiment, and are glad to find ourselves in mad career up the pit, and again on, not in, mother-earth.'

GLASS-ENGRAVING.

On being told that I had come to see glass-engraving, the young man plied his wheel briskly, and taking up a ruby tazza, in a few minutes there stood a deer with branching antlers on a rough hillock in its centre—a pure white intaglio set in the red. I had never before seen the process, and was surprised by its simplicity. All those landscapes, hunting-scenes, pastoral groups, and whatever else which appear as exquisite carvings in the glass, are produced by a few tiny copper wheels or disks. The engraver sits at a small lathe against a window, with a little rack before him, containing about a score of the copper disks, varying in size from the diameter of a half-penny down to its thickness, all mounted on spindles, and sharpened on the edge. He paints a rough outline of the design on the surface of the glass, and selecting the disk that suits best, he touches the edge with a drop of oil, inserts it in the mandril, sets it spinning, and holding the glass against it from below, the little wheel eats its way in with astonishing rapidity. The glass, held lightly in the hands, is shifted about continually, till all the greater parts of the figure are worked out; then, for the lesser parts, a smaller disk is used; and at last the finest touches, such as blades of grass, the tips of antlers, eyebrows, and so forth, are put in with the smallest. Every minute he holds the glass up between his eye and the light, watching the development of the design; now making a broad excavation, now changing the disk every ten seconds, and giving touches so slight and rapid that the unpractised eye can scarcely follow them; and in this way he produces effects of foreshortening, of roundness, and light and shade, which to an eye-witness appear little less than wonderful. The work in hand happened to be tazzi, and in less than half an hour I saw deer in various positions roughed out on six of them, and three completely finished. —*White's July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia.*

PRESERVING FISH.

Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone. Fresh fish may be thus kept for some days, so as to be as good when boiled as if just caught. If dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much more nutritious in this way than when salted. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called kippered salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. A few table-spoonfuls of brown sugar are sufficient for a salmon of five or six pounds' weight; and if salt be desired, a tea-spoonful or two may be Saltpetre may be used instead of salt, if it be wis make the kipper hard.—*Cooley's Cyclopædia.*

'PER ARDUA!'

Not on the common road
Of Life, where thousands with eyes downcast go,
With th' unambitious crowd, return we, slow,
Unprofiting, to God.

But up the arduous steep
Whose summit crown the beauteous trees of truth
And hope, do we, in this our stalwart youth,
Our onward journey keep.

Not idly on the beach
We watch the turmoil of the tossing world—
See strong hearts sink, with bright hopes new-unfi
Unaided, in our reach.

But on the angry deep
We earnest toil, to save from its distress
Some drowning soul, if so on earth one less
Sad heart bereft may weep.

Not, cowards, from the fight
Of the torn peoples will we hang aback;
Nor in the strife our arms to strike be slack
For mankind's God-given Right.

But where the spoiler's brand
Sweeps widest, where his heart out-trampling heel
Is firmest set, where Freedom's banners reel—
There will we take our stand.

Not in the blotted book
Of man's false life, where fashion, prejudice,
And selfish greed, have writ their cursèd lies,
May we unscorning look.

But by the rays that dart
From Truth's lamp, gain we from the unread soul
Its wondrous lore, and strive to read the scroll
Of man's mysterious heart.

We would not write on sand
Our names, that when we tread the quays of Time
No more, no manly deed, or thankful rhyme
Shall mark where now we stand.

But we will labour now,
That when we pass to the far Resting-haven,
Our not unuseful lives may be engraven
On a world's grateful brow. D. L.

JEWELLER'S GOLD.

This term is applied to alloys of gold, used for tri and inferior articles of jewellery, ranging from three or carats fine upwards, or which are too inferior to receiv Hall mark. The lowest alloy of this class is form copper, 16 parts; silver, 1 to 1½ part; gold, 2 to 3 p melted together. This is worth only from 8s. 6d. to 9 the ounce. 'It has recently been found that gold e quality of 12 carats or less, if alloyed with zinc inste the proper quantity of silver, presents a colour very r equal to that of a metal at least 2½ or 3 carats high of 8s. or 10s. an ounce more value; and the conseq has been, that a large quantity of jewellery has been of gold alloyed in this manner; and the same has purchased by some shopkeepers, very much to their loss, as well as that of the public, inasmuch as a gal action is produced, after a time, upon gold so all by means of which the metal is split into separate p and the articles rendered perfectly useless. Gold cl pencil-cases, thimbles, and lockets, are the articl which the public and the shopkeepers will do well to heed, as these have, among some other things, been so constructed.'—*Watherston's Art of Assaying.*

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OLD STONES.

ISE! Who on earth would take such a —it was forty miles across country, or sixty u went round by rail—'just to see a heap of s!'

mbled our host, whose 'bark was waur than ' who always said the unkindest things, and indest. Of course, *we* never fretted ourselves e matter; we knew we should go.

been the dream of youth to us all, indulged ly for—well, I had better not say how many ince, though to the youngest—now our merry and mother of our host's three boys—time so much matter, we two elders, who had e quite such good use of it, might possibly be on the subject. Time? Pshaw! we plucked fellow by the beard, and laughed at him, all us. He had only made us wiser, and richer, ier; we did not grudge him one year out of y that have slipped away since we used to sit frocks, and frilled trousers, and long plaited hair—*à la Chinoise*—in shady arbours, poring ny Magazines and juvenile Tours through —which confirmed us, as I said, in the longing tonehenge, of all places in the world—our which in wildest dreams extended not beyond sh Islands.

ever had seen it: not though, since then, us had gone up and down Europe, till we had talk of the Alps and Italy with a hand-in-miliarity quite appalling; though to others, ds of the world' had at second-hand been so close, that the marvellous Peter Botte n, about which we drank in so many (ahem!) ies in the said Penny Magazine, and Cape gloomy horror, and the delicious Coral Islands, we so desperately longed to be cast away as Robinson Crusoes, had dwindled into everyday Yet still, still we had never seen Stonehenge. e idea was started, and we canvassed it over able, the dream of our girlhood came back delicious mystery and ingenious conjectures nded it, and the wild hope—struck out of the belief of youth in everything, and, above all, —that if we only once got a sight of it, who t that we, actually WE! might be the happy al to set for ever at rest, by some lucky n, the momentous question: Who built ge?

p of old stones!' We scouted the phrase with thful indignation; we protested that it had desire of our lives, that we would any of us cheerfully travel anyhow, anywhen, anywhere to see Stonehenge. Then, like wise women, we let the matter rest; we knew we should go.

Our plan germinated a day or so, in wholesome silence, till we saw its first leaf peering above ground in the shape of a Bradshaw which, quite *par hasard*, our host was apparently studying.

'Oh!' observed he—apropos of nothing. 'It would take a long day—a very long day.'

'What would?' somebody said hypocritically.

'I thought you wanted to see Stonehenge.'

We smothered our joy; we were meek over our triumph; we even—as days were precious to the masculine portion of the household—acquiesced humbly in the proposal that we should 'make a long day of it'—that is to say, from six A.M. to about twelve P.M., including a journey by coach and rail of about 110 miles, if even by that slightly arduous means we might purchase an hour or two among our 'old stones.'

Patience prospered; resignation won. The very next day, we four—three womenkind, on whom, as we have passed the season when we care to be the three Graces, I may as well bestow, *pro tem.*, the names of the three Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity—under escort of Hope's husband—found ourselves clattering over the stones of our little town, that within two hours fully informed itself of our excursion and plans in all particulars, many of them quite unknown to ourselves. No matter; we were very happy, even when Fate, according to her custom—a wise one, doubtless—dashed our joys, with a pelting rain, which tore us from post travelling and from the breezy heaths—redolent for miles and miles of the apricot-scented gorse—to thrust us into a railway carriage, where we had our choice of being smothered or soaked.

Still no matter: not though we had to make a *circumbendibus* which would occupy the whole of the afternoon, and land us in Salisbury just time enough to go to bed: not though the delicious drive across country was put an end to, and we were jolted, and choked, hungry, and wet (likewise dry, very!), labouring under every travelling woe, *except* ill-humour. As we laughed, our troubles lightened; and when, towards dusk, we saw, westward, a red streak peering through the dun sky, and birds began to sing out cheerily in the green, dripping trees, we gloried in all our conquered disasters, for we said: 'It is sure to be a fine day to-morrow.'

And when, opening the carriage window, one of us heard, through the stillness of the rainy twilight,

> The faint and frail cathedral chimes
> Speak time in music,

we felt, we knew that we were near Salisbury, that to-morrow we should see Stonehenge.

No chance of the cathedral that night; but we saw above the houses its exquisitely delicate spire; and once again, as we sat over the welcomest of tea-suppers in the inn-parlour, we caught the chimes, 'faint and frail;' and Hope, who used once to be the most romantic of us all, and in whom even matrimony had not quite uprooted that beautiful weed of the soul, took out boldly her pet poem, *The Angel in the House*, and declared her intention of rising at some unearthly hour next morning, to hunt out the dean's house, where it is supposed the 'Angel' abode, previous to being caught and carried away to the author's. She should find it, she knew, in 'Sarum Close:'

> Red brick and ashlar, long and low,
> With dormer and with oriels lit:
> Geranium, lychnis, rose, arrayed
> The windows, all wide open thrown,
> And some one in the study played
> The wedding-march of Mendelssohn.

Gathering all this admirable evidence for identifying —nothing! we laid our plans, took one peep out on the street, where the pavement glittered, shiny with rain, under the gas lamps, and above a queer black gable, out peered the brightest, softest new moon— we all went to bed as merry as children. Out upon old Time! were we not at heart just as young as ever, and going to Stonehenge to-morrow?

And we went. I beg to chronicle this in capitals, as a remarkable corroboration of the proverb, 'Wish for a gown o' gowd, and ye'll aye get a sleeve o't;' and to shew that people do sometimes get what they want, if they have patience to wait for it twenty years or so. We went.

It was an exquisite morning; fresh after the rain, breezy and bright, with clouds scudding now and then over the May sun, threatening us just enough to make us feel that we didn't care. It might rain, and welcome —in an hour or two—but we should be at Stonehenge. Even if we saw it—humiliating position!—from under umbrellas, see it we should and would.

So we dashed along the quiet morning street, where the respectable inhabitants of Sarum were just breakfasting, little recking of insane tourists, wild over their familiar 'old stones.' Even our driver, honest man, as he took us through 'the close and sultry lane'— vide *Angel in the House*, which we again referred to —turned round once or twice, with a patronising air, to answer topographical questions, and then cracked his whip solemnly, as if proud that he wasn't so foolish as some people!

Foolish indeed! but it was a holy intoxication brought on by the fresh, breezy, dewy light, bathing the whole spring-world. How beautiful was that world! with the sky full of larks, and the air of hawthorn-scent, with acres upon acres of champaign land, green with growing wheat, waving and shimmering in the sun—a sea of verdurous plenty. How strange, like a bit of ancient history made visible, looked Old Sarum—a perfect Roman camp, with its regular lines and fosses, now thick-sown with trees, amidst which, for centuries back, we learned, still lurked a house or two—no more.

'Yet that place,' remarked Hope's husband, with severe modern practicality—'that place actually, till the Reform Bill, sent two members to parliament!'

We laughed and pondered how much the world had mended since the times of the Romano-Britons, while we walked in a perpetual chorus of larks—a chorus dropping upon us from the white clouds—who sang over us just as they sang over the heads of those grim warriors when throwing up the green walls of Old Sarum.

Salisbury Plain. Familiar as a proverb the place is. Of a bleak spot, one hears—'As bare as Salisbury Plain;' of being shelterless in the rain—'Might as well have been out on Salisbury Plain.' All images of dreary desolation and flat uniformity gather round it; and one thinks of that celebrated hero of the Religious Tract Society, the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' with a mixture of sympathy and veneration. Yes, we were now on Salisbury Plain.

A strange place surely. Not flat, as we had expected, but rising and falling in long low waves of land— enclosed wheat-land, for a considerable way; till fences and cultivation cease, and you find yourself in the midst of a vast expanse, lying bare under the sky, as far as eye can reach, in all directions—one undulating sea of intense emerald green. Nothing, except the sea, ever gave me such a sense of solitude, stillness, and desolation, quiet, not painful: nature's desolation is never painful. You hear no birds, for there are no trees to sing in; nay, the larks have ceased, or are heard indistinctly far away over the wheat-fields; an occasional bee alone comes buzzing over the short turf, the flowers of which, dainty, curious, and small, are chiefly of a scentless kind, such as saxifrage, tiny yellow lotos, and primrose-coloured hawkweed. Now or then, every mile or so, you see, lying at anchor in a hollow, or steering across the Plain like a fleet of white sails, whose course you can track for miles, what you know must be a flock of sheep. Or you come upon them close, and the little brown-faced shepherd takes off his cap with a nod and a smile—and his shaggy dog just lifts up his lazy head to look at you: then you leave them all, flock, shepherd, and dog, to a solitude which seems as complete as that of an Arab in the desert, or a ship far out at sea.

And this is Salisbury Plain; and in its centre lies that extraordinary circle of stones, about which, let antiquaries prate as they will, nobody really knows anything whatever.

As we ascended and descended ridge after ridge of the waves of land, we all stretched anxious eyes, east, west, north, and south. Who would be the first to catch sight of Stonehenge? We scorned to inquire of the driver where to look; we felt sure we should recognise it at once; but on we went, and ever so many imaginary 'old stones' did our satirical escort point out to our eager notice as the veritable Stonehenge.

At last he said, with a quiet air of unquestionable superiority, 'That's it: there are your old stones.'

'Where?'—'Oh, please, where?'—'Yes, where!' cried in different and yet concurring tones, Hope, Faith, and Charity—the latter being mild even in her enthusiasm: she had seen Mont Blanc and a few other trifles.

'There!'

'Oh!'—'Ah!'—'Well!'

I grieve to confess that these ejaculations were—not enthusiastic! Did ever the thing attained seem, in the moment of winning, half so grand as when unattained, possibly unattainable? Nay, as our poetical friend observes—not *too* politely—of his 'Angel' (the book's corner peered still out of Hope's pocket):

> The whole world's wealthiest and its best
> So fiercely followed, seemed, when found,
> Poor in its need to be possessed,
> Poor from its very want of bound.

Alas! whether from the vastness of the Plain, which made the gigantic stones seem small, from the want of something to compare them with; or whether youthful imagination had, like 'vaulting ambition, o'erleaped its selle,' and fell prone by the side of ordinary and possible fact—certain it is that nothing but the shame and dread of being crowed over by the superior masculine wisdom, prevented our confessing ourselves disappointed in the first sight of Stonehenge.

ut afterwards, as often happens, and, let us hope, ›ened with our poet and his 'Angel,' coming nearer, randeur and beauty grew upon us, till, by the time horses stopped, and drew up under the large shadow ne of the 'Druid (?) rocks,' we descended, silenced heir exceeding sublimity.

has been described scores of times, this extra- nary circle, or rather series of circles one within her, varying in size, from the outer stones, which all of silicious sandstone, apparently about fifteen in height, and six or seven in diameter—to the r ones, of granite, and not beyond the size of a —and the two great centre trilithons, which still d, erect and uninjured, over the large flat stone of lias, which is supposed to have been the sacrificial r.

hese minutiæ we neither observed nor heeded then. h an involuntary quietness, unbroken even by the hiny wind, rough enough to make hats weigh 'y on our minds and only too light on our cra- as, and sharp enough to cause a glad recollection nch in a basket—in spite of these human weak- es, we all felt a certain awe on entering the ient solitary reign' of these great gray stones, ght or prostrate, the mystery of which will prob- never be revealed till the judgment-day. We rather ashamed to run in and out among them, measure our height with them—puny mortals as ooked, the tallest of us!—and take hands to clam- over the great fallen blocks, and try to find out ch was the identical spot upon which, year after , the human victim must have lain, taking his last -eyed fill of the wide emerald plain and blue orseless sky.

o would romance have dreamed; but Practicality, predominant, soon set themselves—let me say *elf*—to calculate the height and weight of the 'old es,' and to invent a plan, by means of levers and works, whereby, without any other machinery, ancient Britons might have erected the trilithons the outer circle, in the uprights of which he soon vered circular tenons, fitting exactly into the ices carved in the top stones, to prevent their ng off.

Clever fellows!' he observed, with the satisfied onage of modern science. 'Yes, those Druids very clever fellows indeed.'

hope their ghosts were gratified, if any still ered in the familiar temple, supposing it ever was mple, or that the Druids ever built it at all—all ch questions, and many more, we discussed over lwiches and sherry, incensed by faint wreaths of ir from a weed which modern Britain worships as ent Briton did the misletoe, and, *en passant*, under ur of which, probably effects quite as many human ifices. Here, though, it was harmless enough; nless, too, were the jokes and laughter that broke utter dead solitude of the place, until we dispersed ather, for ourselves or other folk, moss, bits of ten stone, and dainty wee flowers that perked up r innocent faces under the very shadow of the emorial stones. Harmless and pretty too was the rmined pertinacity with which Hope, bringing out eternal book, caught Practicality's coat-sleeve, insisted on reading aloud the idyl *Sarum Plain*, ch endeth thus appropriately:

> By the great stones we chose our ground
> For shade; and there, in converse sweet,
> Took luncheon. On a little mound
> Sat the three ladies; at their feet
> I sat, and smelt the heathy smell——

There's no heath hereabouts—all turf,' observed cticality.)

> Plucked harebells——

('Nor harebells either. But then it might have been autumn-time,' mildly remarked Charity.)

> Plucked harebells, turned the telescope
> To the country round. My life went well,
> That hour, without the wheels of Hope;
> And I despised the Druid rocks
> That scowled their chill gloom from above,
> Like churls whose stolid wisdom mocks
> The lightness of immortal love.

Immortal love! Yes, in this place, this dumb oracle of a forgotten world—this broken, dis-hallowed temple raised by unknown worshippers to a lost god—one felt the need of something immortal, something immutable, something which in one little word expresses the best thing of all good things, human and divine, and which in itself belongs to both; and I think in heart or eyes, visible or invisible, we all had it, and rejoiced in it there.

And now we were going, leaving a small token of affection in the shape of a paper of biscuits, and a neckless, though not quite wineless bottle, to two of the aborigines, who had appeared from nowhere in particular, to meekly maunder about the stones, and offer us specimens, but who retired abashed before we could get out of them a syllable of conversation. But just ere departing, we saw, half a mile off, winding slowly across the Plain towards us, a mysterious machine, half-wheelbarrow half-peepshow, with a man behind it—at least a big hat, which indicated a man underneath.

My good man—when you stopped, and in that business-like way, took out your sketch-book, plans, curiosities, and laid them out in a sheltered nook, and began to lecture, in the most intelligent fashion I ever heard from any cicerone, on the antiquities of Stonehenge—you little suspected that one of those three innocent-looking ladies would ever put you down in print! Not that I think you'll have the slightest objection to it, Mr Joseph Browne of Amesbury—'twenty-four years attending illustrator of Stonehenge,' as your guide-book says (price one shilling, and worth two, for its extraordinary amount of intelligent fact and even more intelligent fiction). You are a great character, and long may you live to startle tourists with your apparition, and enlighten them with your discourse—a condensed edition of your guide-book, or rather, your father's. *Literatim*—behold its title!—

THE UNPREJUDICED, AUTHENTIC, AND HIGHLY-INTERESTING
ACCOUNT
WHICH THAT
STUPENDOUS AND BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE
STONEHENGE
IN WILTSHIRE,
IS FOUND TO GIVE OF ITSELF.

Therein is proved, to the author's satisfaction at least, the undoubted origin of Stonehenge. How it was the work of neither Romans, Celts, Druids, nor Phœnicians, but of antediluvians! How though, as the writer allows, 'the difficulty in determining the situation of the abodes of those antediluvians who were concerned in the erection of the Serpent and Temple at Abury, of Silbury Hill and of Stonehenge, is very considerable,' he brings a mass of evidence, wanting in nothing but a few slight premises to start from, and proves that the giants that were before the Flood could alone have erected the stones, and the Flood only could have thrown them down. Of these antediluvians, their manners and customs, and general goings on, domestic, social, and religious—'of the earnest desire that existed in Adam to perpetuate a knowledge of original sin,' which he did, in all probability, by the erection of a great serpentine temple—qy. at Abury?—'that hieroglyphic being fully adequate to so momentous an end'—likewise of the

Deluge, and the course of its waters, 'running as they are known to have done, from the south-west to the north-east'—our author speaks with a decision, confidence, and familiarity quite enviable.

Nevertheless, despite one's smile at the ease with which 'facts' can be accumulated into a great cairn of evidence over the merest dead dust of a theory, which a breath would blow away, one cannot help appreciating the exceeding intelligence and antiquarian ingenuity of both Henry Browne, senior, and Joseph Browne, junior; and all visitors to Stonehenge will miss a great treat if they do not invest a shilling in the guide-book, and one or two more in the acute explanations of the guide.

We did so; left him beaming with satisfaction, and bowing till the big hat nearly touched his knees—in manners, at least, our friend might have taken lessons from his favourite antediluvians—then we rolled slowly over the smooth soft turf, often looking behind till the great gray circle lessened and lessened, and finally dropped behind one of the green ridges.

'You can't see it any more.'

'I wonder if we ever shall see it any more.'

Charity 'was afraid not;' Hope thought 'she should like to bring her boys here, when they were old enough to understand it;' Faith—did what Faith always does, and let the question bide. One thing, however, was certain, that we should, in all human probability, never be all here again as now. In mortal life are renewals, but no repetitions—no 'second' times. Each pleasure, as well as each pain, stands by itself; and though the new thing may be ten times better than the old, still, it cannot be the very thing—*that* is gone for ever, as it is right it should go.

We knew well—and in spite of our laughter, I think we felt—that though we might all live to be old men and old women, and see many grand sights up and down the world, we should never again have a day exactly like this our day at Stonehenge.

'Well, do you want to see any more "old stones?"'

Of course we did. We had not dragged our benevolent Practicality all that distance from his home and work to let him off with anything short of the utmost we could get. Besides, some of us, rising early, had already given glowing descriptions of what, not having seen, I shall not attempt to paint—Salisbury Cathedral and Close, under the aspect of seven A.M. and a sunshiny morning. And some others of us had, from the first dawning of the plan, set our heart with a silent pertinacity which is not often beaten in anything, on seeing all that could be seen and told about the said cathedral. So, after a few carnal but not unnecessary arrangements at the inn with reference to lamb and asparagus, we sallied forth again into Sarum Street—a quaint pretty old town it is!—and passed under the heavy gateway which shuts out from the world the quiet sanctities of Sarum Close. We

> Breathed the sunny wind that rose
> And blew the shadows o'er the spire,
> And tossed the lilac's scented plumes,
> And swayed the chestnut's thousand cones,
> And filled our nostrils with perfumes,
> And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
> And wafted down the serious strain
> Of Sarum bells——

Not exactly yet, as it was before service-time. Otherwise the picture was just as we beheld it that 26th of May 1857.

Of all English cathedrals, perhaps Salisbury most merits the term 'beautiful.' Its exquisite lightness, whiteness, and airy grace, set in the midst of a wide and open Close, sometime turf, but now one golden ocean of wavy buttercups, and belted in by a square walk, where chestnut and lime trees of thickest, vividest foliage overhung the path, and half-shadowed the old houses and small bright gardens—its glittering windows and flying buttresses, up from which one's gaze wandered to the most delicate of spires, that tapered up till it vanished into nothing in the broad blue—I feel it is impossible to describe—I can only shut my eyes and dream of—this first vision of Salisbury Cathedral.

We sauntered slowly along the path through the buttercups; how much better than a field of tombstones, as it was for centuries, till bold Bishop Barrington on one momentous night sent an army of workmen, who before daylight had levelled the whole, laid each tombstone carefully over its proper grave; only—four feet below the surface, instead of upon it! How the good people of Salisbury must have stared, and stormed, and been scandalised; but the deed was done, and could not be undone; the turf grew green, the dead slept quietly and unharmed, and ceased to be, what providence never meant them to be, though man has tried hard to make them—a burden, a terror, or a destruction to generations of the living. Now, there are no more burials in Salisbury Close, and very few even in the cloisters.

Passing through the nave to the chapter-house, we entered these cloisters. Others, elsewhere, are grander—Gloucester, for instance—but here, again, I doubt whether any can compete with Salisbury in beauty. This covered cloister-walk encircles a space open to the sky, with, I think, only two yew-trees planted in it. The verger told us that the late bishop took great pride in it; and after his wife was buried there, would not allow even a daisy to mar the exquisite green of the turf, but paid old women to go and pick them every morning! His three family tomb-stones are the only tombs allowed: over all the other graves are tiny tablets, let into the level grass; and so narrow is the space, that each grave is dug coffin-shaped. We could trace still, in one or two places, the known outline which, however familiar, humanity never looks upon without a certain awe.

We entered the chapter-house, which—better than any monumental tomb—is being restored, by subscription, to this late bishop's memory. Here, again, the exquisite airiness of Salisbury architecture struck us. This great lofty circular chamber—chapel almost—is entirely supported by one centre pillar, or rather cluster of united pillars, from which all the arches spring. You stand under it as under some slender palm-tree, and look up wondering at its aërial lightness, its ineffable grace. Nor, even when overpowered by the extreme ornamentation of the 'restored' building (one of us suggesting that the restorer had better have left it alone, was quite annihilated by the verger's—'Indeed!—you think so, madam!'), does this sense of that unity and simplicity which constitute a perfect form of beauty, ever pass away.

'Rather different from Stonehenge. Quite a variety in old stones,' observed our escort, after examining and recognising the Purbeck marble and pavement of Minton's tiles—admirable modern imitations of the antique.

Yes—it could not fail to set us pondering how

> The One remains—the many change and pass.

The One, whom Shelley knew not, or knew so dimly; whom, ignorantly and blindly, all earthly generations have, in divers manner, striven to adore; in all manner of temples—from these rude stones of Stonehenge, so placed that the sun, rising in his place upon the longest day—and *only then*—shall strike through the gateway, on to the sacrificial stone—to this fair cathedral, on which the devices of man's brain and hand, through six hundred years, have been lavished, to glorify in material shape the Immaterial, whose glory the whole earth and heavens cannot contain.

We trod lightly, as instinctively one treads on what must ever be regarded as consecrated ground. We heard the many traditions of the place—saw the usual cross-legged, broken-nosed Crusaders; the boy-bishop who, in the midst of his murmurings, ate himself to death—poor little rogue! was buried with all canonical honours, and whose tiny effigy may be seen to this day; the skeleton-monk—who still lives in stone, to impress beholders with a wholesome terror of mortality and corruption. With these wonders, and a score more, we regaled our curiosity; till a few figures, quaint and quiet, such as one always notices in cathedral towns, entered a little door, and stole, prayer-book in hand, along the nave, towards the choir—while over our heads—far up, as it were—the service-bell began to toll dreamily and slow.

We had no time to stay longer; so, out into the open air! through the door at the great west front, which we turned back to look at; and, though quite unlearned in church architecture, stood marvelling at its rich decorative work, endlessly varied, over which a little bold happy sparrow ran up and down and in or out, as if the whole of Salisbury Cathedral were made for him to build his nest in. Thence, slowly round the Close, in one corner of which a group of boys were just quitting a game of most unsanctified cricket, and disappearing hastily either for school or prayers; out through the gateway, leaving the bell still ringing, and the clouds still floating over the airy spire—the May winds still rustling the chestnut trees, and waving the buttercups, and the sunshine glorifying into almost unimaginable whiteness and beauty Salisbury Cathedral.

Finally, home; in the cool of the day, travelling right across country, a country purely English; skirting parks, where the trees stood, one by one, majestic pyramids of green, with their branches sweeping the very ground; past rich fields, dotted with red and white cows, ruminating in the grass, or standing knee-deep in a pond, too lazy to do more than turn to us the mild, calm, sleepy gaze, whence Homer calls Juno 'the ox-eyed;' through quiet villages, where children and old women gaped at us out of open doors, where every cottage had a porch, and every porch was a mass of woodbine or China roses. A drive not easily to be forgotten, in the lovely pictures it gave of one's own country—one's modern, everyday living and breathing England, which, with all her faults, we fondly believe to be

Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside.

Finally, as I said, home; to find the children fast asleep; and sit for an hour or so over a quiet fireside, talking over all our doings, which will serve for talk still, when we are all gray-headed, and the 'little ones'—probably six feet high—may be taken—I beg pardon, may take themselves—to see Stonehenge.

'Well, have you, on the whole, enjoyed your "Old Stones?"'

I should rather think we had!

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

To speak, to think of dinner at such a moment was revolting, insufferable! The callous animalism of the privateer captain annoyed, disgusted me, and I flung out of the house in a hot rage. The wind, I found, had increased to a gale—the ships at Spithead had sent down their upper spars, in preparation for a dirty night; and so piercing was the blast, that it took the wine-fire out of my blood in a very short time, and I was enabled to take a cool dispassionate view of Captain Webbe's assumedly frank, confidential, straightforward communication; the result being to deepen, rather than efface, the feeling of mistrust with which I had listened to it.

I do not know that I could have given any very logical or lucid reason for that mistrust; but I had, notwithstanding, a strong impression that he was seeking to hoodwink, bamboozle me, and to carry out a purpose widely different from the ostensible one. Yet, except that he imagined it possible to palm off a daughter of Madame de Bonneville for the lost Lucy Hamblin—an altogether wild, insane project, of which it was really absurd to suspect so cool-headed a man—I could not see what sinister purpose he could have in view.

Then my mother, who had known him so many years, confided in his good faith, if with some misgivings, and commanded me to do the same. It was imperative, consequently, that I should not suffer myself to be discouraged by shadowy dangers, having no existence, possibly, save in my own imagination. Concluding, therefore, to place heedful confidence, so to speak, in the privateer captain—to follow his leading boldly, and with both eyes wide open—I returned to the hotel.

Captain Webbe had finished his dinner, proclaimed by his rosy gills and generally placid aspect to have been a satisfactory one. I apologised for having so abruptly left him.

'My dear boy, the loss was yours, not mine,' replied Mr Webbe. 'Besides, it is a common failing in the morning of life, when the blandishments of passion take the reason prisoner—— I forget the exact words of the quotation, but the practical moral is, that inexperienced youth is prone to attach a higher value to imaginary raptures than to the sober reality of a southdown wether-leg, done to a bubble—a weakness which the strong years never fail to cure. A glass of wine with you, Master Linwood.'

'Willingly; and now, perhaps, you will have the goodness to sketch, and with as rapid a pencil as possible, the action of the all-important, all-compensating last act you speak of?'

'Certainly. Madame de Bonneville, *ci-devant* Louise Féron, exclaimed upon catching sight of me—she has about the sharpest pair of eyes I know of: "Le Capitaine Webbe! Est-il possible!" Now, Captain Webbe, whether in French or English, is not a name to be ashamed of, but there is a time and place for all things—even for picking up stones, as I learned at school—and certainly the month of November 1813, and the street Dupetit Thouars, St Malo, were *not* the suitable time and place for so shrill a proclamation of that respectable name. Instantly, therefore, entreating silence and a word in private, I followed her into the *magasin*. A few minutes sufficed to establish mutually amicable relations; and circumstances detaining me in St Malo longer than I feared might prove beneficial to my health, we became mighty intimate.

'As a proof of that friendly intimacy,' continued Captain Webbe with a grimace, as if half-a-dozen invisible surgeon-dentists were operating upon him at once, 'I may mention that Madame de Bonneville, not having quite sufficient capital for her business, declared that she preferred being obliged for the trifle required—five thousand francs only—two hundred pounds sterling—to her old friend, Captain Webbe, than to her nearest and dearest relatives! It was withal a mere bagatelle, as she said; for which bagatelle, counted out in solid five-franc pieces, le Capitaine Webbe received in acknowledgment and acquittal: "O that you are good! O that you are generous, my dear captain!" and a laugh,' added Webbe with a savage snap of his teeth that would have taken a piece out of a pewter-pot—'a laugh which said as plainly as laugh could,

"You will take skinning more pleasantly, my dear friend, when you are more used to it!"'

Unquestionably genuine was the wrath which flashed from under the scowling brows of the privateer captain, and hissed in a concluding execration! He could not, then, be plotting *with* the Frenchwoman!

'It was subsequent to the exaction of that pledge of amity that I first saw Clémence de Bonneville, and detected the imposture at a glance.'

'Or imagined you did!'

'To the devil with imagined! The pretended daughter has a clear fair skin, bright silken hair, sweet blue eyes, and a delicately moulded, sylph-like figure. De Bonneville's complexion is the colour of mahogany—her hair, raven-jet, and coarse as horse-tails; her eyes, black as a thunder-cloud; her person, large, bony, angular! The girl is an English girl—is the lost Lucy Hamblin. That conviction, fire would not burn out of me.'

'I trust there are better proofs of that than contrasts in features and complexion.'

'There are abundance of proofs, and I rely upon you to obtain them. Now, don't fly out till you have heard all. Clémence, as we may as well continue to call her, is, please to understand, one of the simplest-hearted, most guileless of maidens; and expressions which have escaped her, when I have by a rare chance found her alone, satisfy me that she has in some way discovered, if not the exact secret of her birth, that she is not the daughter of Madame de Bonneville, of whom she stands in terrible awe; and who, by the way, intends marrying her to one Jacques Sicard, a relative of madame's, and a well-enough-to-do master-bootmaker.

'That marriage,' continued Webbe, finding I made no remark, 'still remains in madame's programme, which in other respects has been lately entirely changed. It was, and not so very long ago, her intention, after Clémence had become Madame Sicard —not before—to open negotiations with Mrs Waller, who, she is aware, cherishes the memory of her lost child as tenderly as ever.'

'Nothing more than proof of Clémence being that lost child—unchallengeable, overwhelming proof, is required for my father's effectual vindication.'

'Quite true; and the knowledge of that has, no doubt, powerfully operated in finally determining Féron—she has no legal right, I am positive, to the name of De Bonneville, and Féron she shall be to me —in finally determining Féron, I say, never to take a step that might lead to such a result. Cupidity might, however, have conquered hate; but a closer view of the possible consequences to herself that might follow the avowal that Clémence was the child alleged to have been drowned, has irrevocably decided her never to make that avowal.'

'Really, Captain Webbe, I can scarcely follow such a labyrinthine maze of strange facts and stranger inferences. What frightful hazard would the woman incur by the restoration of Mrs Waller's child?'

'The hazard of being sent to the galleys—that's all. Féron must have falsified the municipal register of baptism, to which offence the *code pénal* attaches that tremendous penalty. What surety would she have, now that peace is about to open France to the English, that Linwood, for example, might not set the law in motion against her? Then the woman has acquired a respectable position in St Malo, and has a decided objection to losing caste, and much more beside, as she would do, were she to acknowledge that her pretended daughter is a child stolen from English parents. That she will never do: the question is decided.'

'What, then, will she do—does she propose doing?'

'I will tell you in a few words. She has ascertained for herself that the Wallers are still wealthy, that Mr Waller is extremely anxious that his daughter should return to England, and reside near him; that Mrs Linwood is rich, and pines to embrace her son; that that son himself is consumed with an irrepressible longing to return to his native country—to slowly die there, as he in his morbid despondency of mind believes. Well, Louise Féron, if paid very—very handsomely for doing so, will continue to withhold the evidence that would, as she declares, convict your father; Mr Waller can have his daughter to reside near him; Mrs Linwood may again embrace her son; and that son may return to die slowly in his native country—favours to be enjoyed by Louise Féron's sufferance—and revocable, of course, at her pleasure!'

'And how is this woman-fiend to be encountered—baffled?'

'By the exercise of courage and cunning equal to her own,' replied Webbe, throwing away his cigar, and continuing to speak with an energy and earnestness very unlike his usual sneering cynicism; but whether feigned or genuine, I was too little versed in the science of dissimulation to determine.

'The great point is,' said Webbe, 'to make sure that my surmise—we will call it a surmise—relative to Clémence is well founded—to ascertain beyond dispute that she is indeed Lucy Hamblin.'

'That will determine everything.'

'Unquestionably; and fortunately the lost child has, I am pretty sure, some indelible natural mark, which will render its identity indisputable. Your grandmother will tell you what that mark is—I do not wish to know it—and when you have been furnished by me with an opportunity of applying that infallible test, and you are satisfied that Lucy Hamblin is Lucy Hamblin, we shall be free to take such steps as prudence, courageous prudence may advise. If we are foiled, it will be your fault, not mine, depend upon it.'

'How will it be my fault?'

'Madame de Bon—— Louise Féron, I mean, intends leaving St Malo immediately after she can manage to get there from Guernsey; and will be absent on business affairs in Paris for at least three weeks. Clémence will be left to the guardianship of Fanchette, a sort of half-servant, half-friend, and wholly corruptible, yet kindly, gossiping old soul. Now, the *Scout* will be in the Thames at the latest, I hope I may say, on Wednesday evening next; you will embark in her for Jersey, whence you and I will easily pass over to St Malo.'

'Pass over to St Malo! Really, that is a very startling proposition. Suppose, now, my companion and guide, Captain Webbe, of the *Scout* privateer, should be recognised by some person or persons, whom two hundred pounds sterling, counted out in solid five-franc pieces would not bribe to silence—how then?'

'That danger must be risked—confronted. Your mother expressed great confidence in her son's courage.'

'I hope to justify that confidence; and it is surely no proof of courage to shut one's eyes to danger! But go on with your plan.'

'Arrived at St Malo, where, for various reasons, my own stay will be brief, I shall introduce you to Clémence and Fanchette with a flourish of trumpets that will insure a gracious reception. Thenceforth all will depend upon the use you make of your opportunities. To avoid the possibility of being duped, which would not suit my book any more than yours, I would simply ask Fanchette if she knows of any natural mark upon the young lady's person, and if she does, to describe it. Supposing, however, that I am mistaken, and that no such natural mark exists, there is another mode of at least achieving *our* purpose—the vindication of your father's character. There can, I think, be no question that Louise Féron, with a view

to all probable and possible eventualities, took care to preserve some of the child's clothes or ornaments: a pearl necklace I remember hearing the little Lucy had on when she went out on the 18th of August with her traitorous governess; now, if you can manage by bribery, or by any other expedient, to obtain possession of any article we can prove belonged to the child, Louise Féron's hour will have struck, and I shall take care she knows that "ce cher Capitaine Webbe, who will take skinning more pleasantly when he is more used to it," set the hands, and swung the clapper! You will have means of direct communication with me,' added Mr Webbe; 'and when matters are ripe, I will manage to bring you both safely to England.'

'How is it, Captain Webbe, I suddenly exclaimed, 'that you have not given your own son the chance of wooing and winning the guileless and susceptible Clémence? The value of the prize, in only a monetary sense, supposing her to be, provably, Lucy Hamblin, would have been great.'

The privateer captain laughed out with gleeful good-humour.

'That, my shrewd young friend, was the game I *did* intend to play, and bitterly vexed was I at being thwarted in it. My precious soft-headed son had, I found, fallen extemporaneously in love with the pretty face of a penniless wench, one Maria Wilson, or Bilson, whom he had met with in Jersey; and it was quite useless to attempt, I found, stirring such a dish of skimmed-milk with so gallant a purpose! You will have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, as he will go with you as far as Jersey. We will now be going,' added Captain Webbe, ringing the bell; 'I shall be early to-morrow at Oak Villa: night brings counsel; and I will not doubt that I shall find you thoroughly resolved to engage in the task confided to your filial piety and courage. Good-bye.'

I found my excellent relative quite recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by the unexpected apparition of Louise Féron. She had read my mother's letter, and she listened with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks to the recapitulation of my long conferences with Captain Webbe.

Her eager, minute cross-examination, if I may call it so, having at length obtained from me every word he uttered, every peculiar gesture or intonation I could recall to mind, she thus oracularly delivered herself:

'You must not hold back, William, from the venture, very hazardous and slightly promising as it may be. But I have no confidence in Webbe—and do you have none—or at least only so much as deeds, unequivocal deeds, will justify. I always suspected him of being a confederate of Louise Féron's—perhaps unjustly; or they may have quarrelled. I have seen his son—a mild, limpid lad; a masculine type, as far only as person goes, of his meek-minded mother, and the very opposite, consequently, of Kirke Webbe. Lucy Hamblin *had* an indelible natural mark, which will render the fraudulent substitution of another child impossible. But I don't know what it is; and Mrs Waller, whose mind has never quite recovered its once healthy tone, must not be excited by Webbe's strange story, till some proof of its authenticity has been furnished. Obtaining by hook or crook a sight, and if a sight, possession of the pearl necklace, or some recognisable article of clothing, is a good idea; keep your eye upon that. As to your engaging yourself in marriage, why, I dare say, William, the notion of marriage had never—but of course it had not at twenty—occurred to you before. The notion, I say, of such a thing, till the young woman is introduced to you by Mrs Waller herself, as her undoubted daughter, is absurd, quite preposterous; it throws an air of unreality over the whole thing. Still, I do not pronounce against the truth of Webbe's story, because it is in parts absurd, confused, improbable. All true, but incomplete narratives are necessarily so, from the absence of modifying facts and connecting-links. Fiction, on the contrary, is always coherent, plausible. Yes, my dear boy, you must act according to circumstances, with boldness and discretion; above all, with discretion. I do not mean by discretion, timidity or hesitation. You must boldly grasp the nettle danger, it has been wisely said, if you would pluck therefrom the flower safety. True; but you must also be wary and circumspect in deciding upon the fitting time and mode of making that bold grasp. It is a heavy burden, a fearful responsibility to lay upon one so young, so inexperienced in the ways of men; still, it must be. You have courage, zeal, a holy cause, and are not, I think, deficient, for your years, in common sense. I will see Webbe in the morning, and arrange that you shall have frequent communication with me. I shall also add considerably to the reward which your mother has answered for, in the event of success. Such a man can only be bound to our interest by golden fetters, of which there must be no stint.'

After the foregoing fashion did my worthy grandame untiringly discourse or soliloquise, till, becoming aware that I was nodding indiscriminate assent to her dicta, she, with some petulance, exclaimed that it was time for boys to be in bed, and sharply ringing the bell, desired Nancy to bring Master William's chamber candlestick!

I was 'Master William' with the venerable lady, I may here pause a moment to remark, when she, having passed her ninety-fourth year, fell calmly asleep in the arms of her already gray-haired grandson, on the evening of the 10th of July 1840, faintly ejaculating, whilst a seraphic smile played about her thin white lips: 'The clock must be wrong, Master William, for, see, the dawn is breaking—bright—beautiful—divine!'

But more than a quarter of a century of life lay between her and that supreme hour when, on the Wednesday following her Sunday-morning encounter with Louise Féron, I left Oak Villa for London, taking with me her blessing, a well-filled purse, and several foolscap sheets of closely written counsel, adapted to all conceivable exigencies. Webbe had gone the day before to Portsmouth upon business connected with his American prize; but I should find him either at his private lodgings, High Holborn, or on board the *Scout*, which, from the direction of the wind since Monday morning, he had no doubt would reach the Thames before either he or I did.

I arrived in London on Thursday afternoon about five o'clock, and seeing by the shipping news in the papers that the *Scout* had brought up a little below Greenwich, I lost no time in getting on board. My arrival was hailed with great satisfaction by Captain Webbe, as the tide would soon be on the turn, and he was anxious the *Scout* should sail that evening. He was in the cabin taking a parting glass with his son, and chief officer, Mr Robert Dowling.

'Pressing business matters, Mr Linwood,' said Captain Webbe, as he filled me a stiff tumbler, 'prevent me, I am sorry to say, from accompanying you to Jersey. I shall, however, manage to meet you there before many days are past.'

'That is, I suppose,' remarked Dowling with something of a glum look and tone—'that is, I suppose, if the *Scout* don't happen to bring up in a French port instead of Jersey.'

'Is there any fear of that?' I hastily exclaimed, glancing as I spoke at the pale, handsome face of young Webbe, upon which fear, if I did not misjudge him, was strongly marked.

'I don't know about "fear,"' gruffly replied Dowling; 'but the fact is'——

'Of course you don't know about "fear,"' interrupted

Captain Webbe; 'nobody supposed you did. *Le Renard*, a French war-brig,' added the captain, 'whose commander is supposed to have a spite against us for balking him some time since of a valuable booty, sighted the *Scout*, it seems, as she came up Channel, and Dowling fancies she may overhaul us on our way to Jersey. Not at all likely; and if she attempts to do so, the *Scout* can shew a fine pair of heels'——

'Heels be ——!' broke in Dowling. 'Don't fancy, captain, that because you won't be on board, we shall'——

'*Chut—chut!* Clap a stopper upon that foolish gab—do,' again interrupted Webbe. 'Let 's on deck,' he added; 'it 's time I were on shore, and you off.'

A shore-boat was alongside, into which Webbe presently jumped; the capstan was manned, and sent round with a stamp and go; the anchor was brought home, and in less than five minutes, I should suppose, after we left the cabin, the *Scout* was dropping down the river, helped with a light air from the northward.

By dawn the next day we were off Margate, and the wind freshening, the *Scout* made swift progress. The day was clear and bright—a wintry brightness—and it seemed that we were to have a pleasant, uneventful run. Whether from the effect of the sea-breeze, or the non-appearance of *Le Renard*, Harry Webbe's fine, if somewhat feminine features had assumed a rosier, healthier hue; and his conversation shewed him to be a well-informed young man.

As the day declined, the sky became overcast; the wind rose and blew in fitful gusts, sometimes of great violence, though of brief duration; and I heard Dowling consult Withers, the officer next in authority, as to whether it might be advisable to bear up for Guernsey. It was, however, decided that the *Scout* should hold on her direct course, passing between the French coast and the islands of Alderney and Sercq. Cherbourg was passed; the race of Alderney was speedily run through; by the time evening closed in, we were beginning to slip past Sercq; and Mr Dowling's apprehension of meeting with *Le Renard* was passing away, when the look-out on the foretop sung out: 'Sail, ho!'

'Where away?' queried Dowling, snatching up his glass, and hastening forward.

'Right ahead!' was the reply; and sure enough a large gun-brig—six fierce teeth a side—hitherto concealed from us by Sercq—was standing directly across the *Scout's* course.

'*Le Renard!* by all that's lucky!' exclaimed Dowling, as he closed his glass with a snap. 'Turn all the hands up, Withers,' he added, with stern promptness. 'There 's a hot supper, quite enough for every mother 's son of them, just ready, so they had better look alive, or they 'll not have time to ask a blessing before falling-to.'

The tap of the drum, as in a man-of-war, beat to quarters, the men tumbled up the hatchways, and after one quite sufficient glance at the stranger, addressed themselves with a will to clear the *Scout* for action.

'Is a combat inevitable?' I asked, addressing Mr Dowling.

'Why, no, young man,' he replied; 'we are not *obliged* to fight, though, as it happens, we can't run. We might knock under at once—haul down the jack flying at the fore, and be carried off comfortable and quiet as Quakers to Cherbourg. But the "Scouts" not being Quakers, it 's my candid opinion, since you ask me for it, that if you, in an hour or less from this, ain't gone to glory, or upon the road to it, you 'll be uncommon lucky; and besides that, will have something to talk of for the rest of your natural life. Luff!' he roared through his trumpet to the men at the wheel. 'Bring her nose dead to windward. We must lie-to, or, by jingo, the dance will begin before our music is ready.'

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH-CABLE AT WORK.

When the Atlantic telegraph-cable is once securely lodged on its shelf at the bottom of the sea, messages will be transmitted through it from shore to shore of the great oceanic basin, by causing a current of electricity to flow from one end to the other of the included copper strand, and then to produce certain observable electrical effects upon its arrival. A surprising amount of ingenuity and skill has been expended upon the preparation of the apparatus by which this result will be obtained.*

The primary source of the electrical power which will be employed in this service—the fount whence the stream of electrical telegraphy will issue—is a voltaic battery of singular excellence and gigantic power. There are first ten large cells of gutta-percha, strengthened outside by a wooden casing, and filled inside by a mixture of sulphuric acid and water. Into each of these cells project a number of *laminæ* or leaves. The laminæ are composed of platinum-covered silver and mercury-amalgamated zinc alternately; but all the zinc leaves are connected together beneath by a long metallic bar; and all the silver leaves are connected together in a similar way by another bar above. Thus, all the silver element acts as one continuous plate, and all the zinc element does the same. Each metal exposes in one cell of the battery 2000 square inches of surface to be operated upon by the acid. The battery is thus composed, in electrical language, of ten pair of voltaic plates, each having 2000 square inches of silver, and 2000 square inches of zinc, exposed. The zinc and silver elements of each cell have been arranged in separate laminæ, instead of in one extended plate, because by this management it has been made possible for any portion of the acting plate to be removed for renewal or repair without there being the need to stop the activity of the battery for even a single instant. So long as this process of renewal of the corrodible zinc plate is carried on, the giant battery will maintain itself continuously in unimpaired operation. The battery is the invention of Mr Wildman Whitehouse, and well deserves, after his name and its own unrivalled characteristics, to be called 'The Whitehouse Perpetual Maintenance Battery.'

This Atlantic battery is of exceeding power when its electricity-generating energies are allowed to come into unimpeded play. The *wires* by which the contacts are made between its poles, are broad fourfold straps of sheet-copper, and will ultimately be twisted ropes of copper. When contact is made and broken between these straps, flashes of mimic lightning play between them with brisk crackling snaps. If one is pressed upon some iron tool, while the other is drawn firmly down a sharp ridge or edge of the metal, the edge is smoothly cut away, just as if a file had been powerfully drawn three or four times over the angle. If the two straps are pressed down upon the end of a pair of pliers, or upon a thick iron screw, half an inch of either being included between the ends of the copper straps, the included iron becomes red-hot, and begins to burn with the emission of a shower of sparks in five seconds. The *quantity* of electricity generated by the plates of this large battery produces this powerful heating effect when it is thrown upon a small mass of such an excellent transmitter as iron is.

* *The Atlantic Telegraph. A History of Preliminary Experimental Proceedings, and a Descriptive Account of the Present State and Prospects of the Undertaking.* Published by order of the Directors. Jarrold and Sons.

Quantity and *intensity*, or motor energy, in electrical matters are, however, by no means identical things. Although the current set going by this battery is powerful enough to produce the heating effect described when it is thrown upon a substance not offering much resistance to its passage, it is altogether unable to force a path through any body that does offer any considerable degree of resistance. If the frame of a living human being, for instance, be made to assume the place of the screw, by one of the polar copper straps being taken in each hand, previously moistened, not enough of the current passes through the arms and chest even to produce a thrill when contact is made and broken. The electrical current that burns up the iron screw like paper, cannot force its way through four or five feet of flesh and blood. Yet a real lightning flash which had not a hundredth part of the battery-produced current in it, so far as *quantity* is concerned, would penetrate by virtue of its superior *intensity* through that flesh and blood in the fraction of a moment, and reduce them to lifeless ashes. The great heating power of the Atlantic battery is inconvenient in one sense, on account of the transmission of the current having necessarily to be made through a make and break key of metal. The electrical current eats up portions of the metal at each passage with a bright spark and a loud snap, although the key is composed of thick brass springs, and an iron angle, almost a foot long; and so threatens to be continually deranging the mechanism of the commutator by its devouring propensities. This spark-difficulty has, however, nearly disappeared in the hands of the cunning Prospero who wields the rod of electrical magic. Mr Whitehouse now leaves a small curl of fine platinum wire constantly in circuit between the two poles of the voracious monster—the platinum is too tough a morsel to be disposed of; it cannot be eaten up like iron. But it would be kept at an intensely red or white heat, if this were not prevented by further contrivance. The curl of platinum is kept in a vessel of water, and the heat goes to make the water boil, instead of to make the wire red-hot. A wreath of steam is continually issuing from the hissing liquid. When this 'perpetual steaming apparatus' of Mr Whitehouse is at work, as an appendage to the 'perpetual maintenance battery,' no spark appears on making and breaking the circuit by the key. There is a perpetual slight electrical leak going on through the platinum wire, which in no way interferes practically with the full stream through the copper straps, when the complete contact is made. The leak, *then*, merely serves to absorb into itself the redundant and mischievous spark, and so protects the mechanism of the key from harm. The ten-celled battery employed at each terminal station of the Atlantic telegraph line, will be sustained in steady activity at a cost, for consumption of acid and zinc, of about one shilling per hour.

The electrical current of superabundant quantity which is generated in this perpetual maintenance battery of 20,000 square inches of excited surface, is not, however, the agent which will actually traverse the wide ocean. It has been found upon experimental trial that voltaic electricity is at the best but a lazy and sluggish traveller. On this account, the voltaic current is simply employed to generate a fresh force near home. It is strictly but a *generating* current. It is thrown upon a new piece of ingenious apparatus, consisting of coils of silk-covered copper wire, wound round a long bar of soft iron. There is about a mile and a half of the wire, and this wire is a continuation of the metallic plates of the battery. The current produced in the battery courses round and round through the coil, and so engirdles the soft iron bar many times in succession. But the coursing current makes the iron bar a magnet for the time, and a very powerful one too, on account of the multiplying turns of the long coil. Within the wire coil, and also surrounding the iron bar, another coil of much finer silk-covered wire is rolled. This wire is many miles long, and after being wound almost a countless number of times round the bar, it goes off into the strand of the Atlantic cable. It has no metallic communication, indeed, with anything else. Now, as the generating current, issuing from the battery, makes the soft iron bar into a magnet, so the powerful magnet, by mere sympathetic influence, or induction, as it is termed, calls up an independent stream of a new kind of electricity in the second finer coil, and this current flows forth through the cable from one coast to the other of the wide ocean. It is the real *transmission* current; that which goes forth ready girded and bound for the arduous journey. The instrument which receives the battery current is thus properly a double-induction coil. Electricity induces magnetism, and magnetism induces electricity, which differs in character from the primary generating influence in the fact that it is of inferior *quantity*, but of very much higher *capacity for speed*. This magnet-induced electricity comes forth from its coil as a thoroughly equipped fleet messenger, prepared for the effort of leaping across the Atlantic in the fraction of a second of time. In practice, there are two large coil-magnets, each five feet long, placed side by side, because under this arrangement each magnet proves to be a support and a helper to its companion and neighbour. Each, by the mere influence of propinquity, makes the other stronger in its magnetic energy, and thus enables it to induce so much the more vigorous transmission current in the investing coil.

But it is not even the transmission current which will ultimately effect the telegraphic signals. When this current has made its way across the Atlantic, it will naturally be weak, and, in a measure, exhausted by so long a journey; consequently, instead of being set to hard work in this weary state, it will be received in a nursery or infirmary, and have its worn-out vigour recruited and renewed. The transmission current will operate upon a receiving instrument of great ingenuity. The continuation of the conducting strand of the cable will, on the other side of the Atlantic, be curled into a coil, and this coil will surround a horseshoe-shaped bar of soft iron. The current, when flowing through the coil, will make the iron bar into a temporary magnet; and the poles of this temporary magnet will be reversed according as it is a current from the positive or negative pole of the transmission apparatus that flows through the coil. Between the extremities of the temporary magnet there will be a small permanent magnet traversing on a pivot, so that its north pole may be attracted to, or repelled by, a corresponding pole of the temporary magnet. In this way, the permanent traversing magnet will jerk to the right or to the left, accordingly as the giant voltaic battery on the other side of the ocean is made to send a positive or a negative transmission current through the cable. The weakened transmission current will, notwithstanding its own debility, render these magnetic movements comparatively brisk and strong, because it will course many times round the iron bar in its coil, and each time repeat the same influence and call up the same addition of magnetic energy in the iron bar. It will be the old trick of twenty men on the stage making an army a thousand strong, by marching round and round, behind and before the scene. There will be but one current, but the iron horseshoe will feel as if there were a myriad, because of the one running round and round. Now, when the permanent magnet traverses one way, it will complete a circuit, and open the electrical flood-gates of a small local voltaic battery near at hand. That fresh battery, its flood-gates being opened, will set to work, and print or

record a signal on paper prepared for the occasion. When the permanent magnet traverses the other way, the circuit will be broken, the flood-gates of the local battery will be closed, and the printing will be stopped. Thus the hand which holds the break-key on the west coast of Ireland, will, by this complication of inductive influence, make the small permanent magnet on the shores of Newfoundland open and close the outlet of the printing-battery stationed there near at hand. When the winch of the break-handle is turned to the left in Ireland, the battery in Newfoundland will print; when the winch is turned to the right, the battery in Newfoundland will be inoperative and still.

The printing-battery performs its work by the agency of a recording instrument, which consists of a ribbon of paper slowly and evenly unrolled from the inside of a hollow cylinder by means of clock-work, and of a sharp style, which indents a series of dots or lines upon the paper as it unrolls, when magnetically directed to do so. When the style is pressed down *for an instant*, as the paper is dragged along beneath, a *dot* is marked; when it is kept down for a little more than an instant, a prolonged trace or *dash* is left. The style itself is held up by a spring when not at work; but beneath the style there is a soft iron bar, which becomes a magnet whenever a current of voltaic electricity is sent from the printing-battery through a coil curled around it. The temporary magnet then draws down the style to make its dot or dash, accordingly as the case may be. When the soft iron bar is an electricity formed magnet, it is stronger than the spring, and pulls down the style upon the paper; when it ceases to be a magnet, the spring comes into play, and lifts the style up, so that the paper traverses beneath it without a mark. The style is held down an instant or longer, accordingly as an instantaneous or a longer voltaic current is passed through the coil surrounding the bar.

The dot-and-dash code of telegraphic communication is an invention of Professor Morse of the United States. It is a very important contrivance, because it enables complete words to be spelled out when there is but a single wire to transmit the signals through. Different arrangements of these two elementary signals can easily be made to symbol all the letters of the alphabet, and the several numerals to boot. Thus, a dot and a dash signify *a*; a dash and three dots, *b*; a dash and dot once repeated, *c*; and so on. The clerks who are engaged in reading these signals, become so expert in their occupation, that they can close their eyes, and tell what the message is that is being telegraphed, merely by the clicking sounds of the style. They get to understand *the speech* as well as *the writing* of their instruments.

It has been already remarked, that one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the working of the Atlantic telegraph apparatus, is the very trifling electrical power which proves sufficient to transmit intelligible signals through long extents of the cable. In an experiment made since the first allusion in our Journal to this subject, Mr Whitehouse was working with 1000 miles of the cable, and succeeded in spelling words through this length by a battery consisting only of two minute fragments of zinc and silver, excited *by a single drop of brine* suspended between them. When one drop of water and a fiftieth part of a square inch of zinc can electrically spell out a word through a distance equivalent to half the breadth of the wide Atlantic, there need not be any doubt entertained that the leviathan laminated battery, with its 20,000 square inches of zinc, and many gallons of acidulated water, will be quite equal to the task of doing the same thing through the entire breadth of the ocean-basin. In 1851, Professor Morse said the Atlantic would one day be crossed by a telegraphic cable capable of transmitting electrical messages; in 1857, the prophetic seer, in all human probability, will enjoy the gratification of witnessing the fulfilment of his bold prophecy.

ST VITUS.

'Now, the faith of St Vitus is not the faith of the Church of England, nor, in faith, do I well know what faith it is; but the Ordinary took no objection to it.' These are the words of one of England's best and greatest humorists—of poor Tom Hood. There is not a saint in the calendar whom I like more. This very 15th of June is his especial day. I daresay that in more parts of the world than one a miracle will be performed by the Sicilian saint upon this day. Why not? Did he not, when about to perish in the persecution of Diocletian, in the year 303, just as he bent his head to the sword, pray that all afflicted with the dancing mania, that horrible madness, should be cured if they prayed to him; and did not a voice—from heaven, say pious believers—respond: 'St Vitus, thy prayer is answered.' If all this did not happen, then the Abbot Hildusoinus of St Denys, the Abbot Warinus; the authors of the *Acta Sanct. Junii;* of the *Annales Ecclesiastic*, are all lying—under great mistakes. Is not St Vitus the patron saint of Bohemia? Has he not, for certain, two bodies—one in the cathedral of Prague, and the other at Parma; not to mention two second-best bodies at St Denys and Cervey, as above?

But of this humour of dancing, which St Vitus undertook to cure—what of that, my masters? Humanity, poor thing, has been visited with various mani furors—tulipomania, South-sea mania, railway mania, and hundreds more. By these it tried to make money; but the dancing mania is the strangest, simplest, most unmoney-making mania ever heard of. 'We read in Spondanus,' says Waddington, the church historian, 'that in the year 1374, there arose in Belgium a sect of dancers, who paraded the streets, entered houses and churches half naked, crowned with garlands, and dancing and singing, uttering unknown names, falling senseless on the ground, and exhibiting other marks of demoniacal agitation.'

Peter de Herentals—an old gentleman with whom I have a very passing acquaintance—tells us one of the words—a frisky word—that they shouted out; perhaps our adjective is derived from it.

'*Frisch friskes* cum gaudio clamat uterque sexus, cunctus manutergio et baculo connexus.' Shouting thus, these poor fellows and lasses danced everywhere. They first danced it at Aix-la-chapelle, then at Liege, at Utrecht, at Limoges, through Tongres, at Limburg, then on to Cologne and Metz. Jumping, stamping, pirouetting; scuffle, shuffle, in and out and down the middle; join hands, gavotte, chassez forward, and set to partners—a polka, a polonaise, a Highland fling, a gallopade and a fandango. 'Are you out of breath, my lady?—nay, I trow not.' A saraband, a minuet de la cour, a waltz, and a clog hornpipe. The peasants in their sabots danced the latter featly enough. Their wives danced the bolero, the cacucha, the Tarantula; the spider bit them on purpose, as you shall hear. Hopping, popping, never stopping, bundling, trundling, whirling in and out; merchants, peasants, noble men, and noble ladies, a few priests, who went off in the midst of their prayers to St Vitus; students dancing the college hornpipe; house-wives and nurses, military men and grave magistrates. Chassez, croisez, pousette, and dos-à-dos, balances, and chaîne de dames, on they went; the musicians being tired out, fresh ones were supplied; dancing, ever dancing, the mania spread like a plague. Idle lookers-on were affected, and joined; the very city-guards threw down their halberts, and jigged it with the rest; the judges and barristers bowed gravely, and

began the first germ of a minuet de la cour; the hangman cut his double shuffle; and the jailer, throwing down his keys, joined the prisoner in a hornpipe in fetters!

All this is a matter of history. Peasants left their ploughs, and every one else his or her occupation. Girls and boys ran away from home, and servants and apprentices joined in the wild scene. The spasmodic disease spread like a plague. The patients leaped like deer over stools, tables, and chairs; they danced on without stopping, till dead or cured. 'Felix Platerus tells us of a woman at Basle who danced for a whole month together,' says old Burton. Music they loved, and the magistrates in Germany used to hire musicians, and also sturdy fellows to dance with them. By the year 1418, the dancing-plague had reached Strasbourg, and for many, very many years, periodical attacks of the mania returned again and again. The priests used to pray to St Vitus, and to throw cold water over the dancers; they would also beat them with sticks, and read the Gospel of St John to them. It was not until the sixteenth century, that Paracelsus, a great man, greatly misunderstood, began to explain the causes of this mania, and to lay down certain rules for its cure. Theophrastus Bombast, or, as he called himself, Paracelsus, struck a deadly blow at the miracle-mongers—for which he now suffers in fame—by first denying that the saints had anything to do with the infliction or cure of this mania. 'We will not admit,' says he, 'that the saints have power to inflict disease. We dislike such nonsensical gossip, as is not supported by symptoms, but only by faith, which is a thing not human, whereon the gods themselves set no value;' that is to say, superstition, for it is that kind of faith which the Sieur Theophrastus designates. He then proceeds to classify the St Vitus's dance: First, From imagination (*chorea æstimativa*); second, from sensual desires (*chorea lasciva*); third, from corporeal causes (*chorea naturalis*). His method of cure was, with one exception, eminently sensible and modern: low diet, fasting, solitary confinement, being made to sit in uncomfortable places, till misery and pain cured the laughter and jigging desires, immersion in cold water, and even severe corporeal chastisement.

Paracelsus—and our admiration of him does not blind us to the fact of his being slightly a quack—then enumerates many quintessences and nostrums which are not of the slightest use. Probably these were intended to work on the faith of the patients. Certainly when once the doctor stepped in, and the priest stepped out, St Vitus lost his power; his shrine shewed a decrease of visitors. Howling, hopping women and girls, and whirling artisans, no longer flocked to him upon St John's day, nor did the priest bring forth the holy-water and St John's gospel to banish the plague. The fifteenth and sixteenth century saw the gradual decline of St John's dancers; and in the commencement of the seventeenth, the thirty years' stand-up fight between the Protestantism of the north and the superstition of the ultramontanists swept over Europe like a purifying fire, and the belief in domestic house-plague devils, and especially the devils whom St Vitus banished, died out and lost its power.

Protestant Germany being saved, there yet remained Italy and Spain for M. le Diable to dance about in. He had already placed himself in communication with the good people thereof; but, determined to go to work in an original way this time, he dismissed St Vitus and his agency, and took up with a little spider called the Tarantula.

Have you ever seen Señora Perea Nena dance the Tarantella? Have you ever been in sunny Spain?—I use the adjective out of deference to everybody else who has used it. Have you ever seen the peasants there, or the Roumani, the gipsies, twirl themselves in a fantastic way, shaking their legs as if bitten, beginning slowly, but increasing wonderfully, till, after a maddening saltation, they fall exhausted? If so, you have seen the last successor of St Vitus, the illegitimate imitator of the devil-spider, the suggester of that Rabelesian Rhapsody of Hood which I quoted in the commencement of this paper.

But lo! shall I write upon an insect and not quote Linnæus? Has that famous naturalist nothing to say about the spider? Does he not give us the habitat of the Aranea Tarantula? Yes doth he; he tells us that it is found in Austral Europe, in Apulia, Barbaria, Tauria, the deserts of Southern Russia, in Astracan, and in Persia. It was formerly believed, says he, to excite a desire of dancing which could only be cured by music; but that its bite was seldom dangerous; that its eyes are red, its body covered with black concentric rings; and that, excepting in these particulars, it is very much like other spiders.

I do not find that the Tarantula dancers differed much from the St Vitus disciples. When first bitten, if everything related be true, they would appear to have fallen into a state of melancholy, and to have lost possession of their senses. This continued till they heard the Tarantula music; upon which, they sprang up shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and nearly lifeless. Some men were afflicted in another way. A few glasses of wine will make one man merry and another sad. So with the Tarantula. Some were melancholy mad, and wept and pined away with an unsatisfied longing, an anxious misery, a worn-out morbid craving desire, in which they died. Dancing was, however, the rule—continual dancing, perpetual toe-shaking, limb-quivering, back-breaking exercise. To read the old chronicles, one would believe that throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth century, nothing but one long quadrille prevailed in Italy. Moreover, the dancers abhorred or loved certain colours—red they disliked, or liked, with a mad-bull fury—and so were gay or sombre as the case might be.

A certain Capuchin friar of Tarentum jigged it so wonderfully, pirouetting, and setting to corners, flinging, twisting, making cheeses, and hornpiping like any dervish, that Cardinal Cajetano, who half-suspected him to be a humbug, proceeded to the monastery to witness the performance. Of course, the visit ended as all such visits do end. Going out for wool, we weak mortals usually get shorn. Enthusiasm would cease to be enthusiasm were it not catching. The dancing Capuchin danced it finely—balanced himself upon one leg like Cerito, shook the other like Elsler, and then performed certain mad pranks as gracefully as old John Reeve, dressed as Cupid, dancing upon a theatrical sunflower. When he saw his spiritual prince clothed in purple, he made a dash at him; he disregarded the music of the Tarantella, and sighed only for the cardinal's cape. He swooned upon being driven away, and the piteous cardinal gave up the cape, whereon the friar, throwing it over his shoulders, danced as if possessed of a love-frenzy, and Cajetano went away a firm believer in Tarantism.

These spider-dancing people liked water, and had an irrepressible desire for the sea. Some old songs yet remain, expressing their love for the deep, the vast, the ever blue, the deep, deep sea:

Allu mari mi portati
Le soleti che mi sanati
Allu mari, alla via:
Allu mari, allu mari:
Mentre campo, l'aggio amari.

But, after all, the only thing to cure them was the Tarantella music. Villages sometimes provided the musicians, and more than one benevolent lady is mentioned who spent her whole time in visiting the sick, and her whole fortune in providing music for the

dancers. Some of the favourite tunes are yet preserved, to which Tarantula patients, from the boy of eight to the old gentleman of ninety-four, performed their saltatory extravagances. It was in its greatest force in the seventeenth century; towards the end thereof, it died off.

Of course, Tarantism, as a real disease, has been denied *in toto*. Certain it is that a spider might bite you or me, good madam or sir, and we should not go off into the exercises *affore namea*. We wait till bitten by an advertisement of dancing taught to adults by Madame Devy. We only exhibit our madness in a private way, or when we go out in obedience to those delightful cards of invitation which tell us that evening-dress is required. Apprentices, milliners, shopmen, and young barristers shew off this infliction in public; and a most ridiculous sight it is. I saw a whole theatre full of people so afflicted the other night, but then it was at a public ball, and I must say I enjoyed the scene. There are gentlemen who say that the spirit which called all those people together, was demoniacal.

Tarantism being dead, it became expedient for the dancing-demon to employ himself otherwise. He did so in France in 1727, when the convulsionaires, praying at the tomb of the Deacon Pâris, were seized with that disease from which they took their name. Their dancing was scarcely so much real pirouetting as that of the St Vitus disciples. Tetanic spasms and convulsions distinguished these attacks; mad wishes of standing upon their heads, the ladies used sacks sewn up at the bottom to cover their feet, and other extravagances, distinguished these fanatics. The numbers increased so much, that about the year 1735, the king ordered that no more miracles should take place at the Deacon's tomb, and the cemetery was closed, whereon the following epigram, slightly profane, you will say:

> De par le Roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle dans ce lieu.

Pinault, the advocate, who barked like a dog, was a convulsionaire; and Arouet, the father of that arch-sceptic Voltaire, visited a celebrated lady-patient who barked also. The insanity of these poor creatures lasted till the year 1790—not a very proud thing to say of the enlightened eighteenth century.

Eighteenth century, quotha! Have we not disciples of St Vitus now? Do not the Turkish dervishes dance in Cairo and elsewhere? Does not one sect of Jumpers, founded in 1760, exist still, and do not the members of that sect worship heaven by dancing, like David before the Ark? Has not America also its Shakers? Do they not banish marriage as a wicked, wretched institution; but do they not also dance, even dance in their devotions? Do they not also swoon and dance, and faint and throw themselves into convulsions at their camp-meetings? There is little new under the sun. What has been will be again: we may have Corybantes and Bacchantes *redivivæ;* and since people now-a-days give the lie to Galileo, and believe in the wildest miracle-monger, I, for one, would not say but that the neglected shrine of St Vitus may yet have a fresh batch of votaries.

THE CHEMIST.

You have heard, have you not? of 'Philosopher's scales'—
Well, somewhere—'twas neither in England nor Wales—
Lived the cousin of this most remarkable man;
I will tell you about him as well as I can.
He by trade was a chemist; he studied at schools
Where the science was taught by infallible rules;
He knew the prognosis of every condition,
But his forte, beyond doubt, lay in *decomposition*.
Analytical tests he had ready at hand,
Which no compound has ever been known to withstand;
The elements soon were of union bereft,
And nothing but 'simplex materia' was left.
I'm sure you'd have thought it exceedingly droll
To see what a change he produced in the whole;
For bodies that sparkled and glistened before,
When the process was over, were sparkling no more
And things dark and dingy, when once they were tr
With the beams of Apollo in brilliancy vied.
Such, indeed, was the charm of this magical fusion,
You'll be tempted to deem it an optic illusion;
But I'll leave you to judge with the facts in your v
For I'll warrant you'll find them undoubtedly true.
When we went to him first, he was trying with care
A powder he said was exceedingly rare:
'*Humility*' called—as he viewed it again,
'I will test it,' said he, 'with a drop of *Disdain*.
Now, if it is pure, to the bottom 'twill fall,
And you'll see that it will not be altered at all.
But if not, 'twill so violently vapour and fume,
You'll all make a rush to get out of the room.
Stand still, if you please, sir.' No sooner 'twas spo
Than with hissing and fizzing the bottle was broke
Said the chemist: 'I feared 'twould not stand the o
The counterfeit's commoner far than the real.'
Then, taking it up, nothing more did he say,
But he tore off the label, and threw it away.

Next a pigment was brought him of beautiful red—
Of qualities splendid and grand, it was said;
An antidote sure against tempers too pliant,
And a pigmy it soon would transform to a giant.
'*High Spirit*' 'twas marked; but our friend whisp
'No—
That may be its name in the regions below;
But I strongly suspect you will find, when it's trie
'Tis much the same thing as in heaven they call *P*
Thus many are often misled by a name.
It differs in form, though in nature the same.
However, we'll test it. When genuine, we find
It combines with the essence of Greatness of Mind.
But if it is spurious, we usually trace
In the salts that it forms, that Self-love is the base
Look! the Spirit is floating like oil on the top;
And the Essence is sinking, see, drop after drop;
And the colour is gone—the black dust that remai
Is the sublimate Pride—you may see how it stains.
You noticed how quickly the fluid displaced it:
'Tis a virulent poison; you'd better not taste it.'

Next, a substance was brought looking much li
earth,
Which we quickly pronounced of no possible worth
But our chemist his crucible nicely prepared,
And we watched most intently to see how it fared.
With exquisite caution, he tempered the flame,
As hotter and hotter the furnace became;
Then with one gentle breath, he extinguished the f
And we thought that his labours in smoke would e
But he searched in the ashes ere yet they were col
And produced to our view a residuum of gold!
We looked at each other in silent surprise,
And weighed it before we could credit our eyes;
But it stood all our tests; and with blushing that
We owned we were wrong, and the chemist was ri
Yet surely we ne'er were so baffled before,
For covered with dross, who would dream of the o

But to tell you of all that came under review,
Your patience would tire, and my memory too;
Still, a fact here and there you shall have in posse
For those who may study the chemist's profession:
He shewed by experiments certain and sure,
That *zeal* not combining with *love*, was impure.
'By those who are novices yet in the trade,'
He added, 'mistakes are too frequently made;
Thus, 'tis found that an ore looking like Self-deni
Turns out to be only Self-love, upon trial;
And Frivolity, known as an extract of Mirth,
Often passes for more than its currency worth;

While a substance, less sparkling, but really more bright,
The precipitate, Happiness, many will slight—
Mistaking the first, till astonished they own
The volatile essence in vapour has flown.
Thus you see, my dear friends, that the labour of learning
May all be comprised in the skill of discerning.

'Ah, me!' he exclaimed, as he rose to depart,
'A sorrowful feeling oppresses my heart,
When I think how the good is in error concealed,
When I think of the evil that lies unrevealed;
And often I sigh for that glorious day
Which shall purge all the reprobate silver away;
For though the Refiner, in time of His ire,
The dross shall consume with unquenchable fire,
Yet gathering His jewels with exquisite care,
He will save the least atom of gold that is there.
Hope on; for I see the morn break through the gray—
The shades are departing: all hail to the day,
When fresh from the furnace, untarnished and pure,
Incorruptible Truth shall for ever endure!

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Towards the close of the last century, there resided at the colliery village of Wylam, some eight miles from Newcastle, an individual named Robert Stephenson, by occupation a fireman to one of the colliery-engines. He and his wife Mabel occupied a part of a small two-storied house—still standing—with unplastered walls, clay-floor, and naked rafters; let out in portions to labourers at the neighbouring pits. Here, according to the 'rechester' in the family Bible, was born, on the 9th of June 1781, Robert Stephenson's second son, George. The family afterwards grew to six in number, and Robert and his wife sometimes found it difficult to make ends meet out of an income of twelve shillings a week, with provisions at war-prices. When all ordinary expenses were paid, there was not much left to devote to clothing, and nothing to the schooling of the children. George's mother was a woman of delicate health and nervous temperament, subject to 'vapours;' and his father was far from being robust. His father's engine-fire was a favourite resort of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood, who used to crowd round it on evenings and half-holidays to listen to some strange adventure of Sinbad or Robinson Crusoe, which he would relate to them; or, better still, to some story of his own invention. He was fond of wandering in the fields, and went bird-nesting in summer-time; and in winter, had a flock of robins which he had tamed sufficiently to come hopping round him, and pick up crumbs at his feet. When George was eight years old, the family removed to Dewley Burn, another hamlet a few miles away. When there was so little coming in, and so many mouths to fill, it was necessary that the children should be set to work at as early an age as possible; so George was set to look after a neighbour's cows, and keep them from straying, at an income of twopence a day. The lad's mind, even at this early age, was not idle; for he made reed-whistles, and clay-engines with hemlock steam-pipes; but not to the exclusion of his bird-nesting propensities. Quitting his cow-minding after a while, he was set to lead horses at the plough, hoe turnips, and do other farm-work at an advanced salary of fourpence a day. But the height of his ambition at that time was to get employment at the colliery, and this he obtained after a while, still with an increase of earnings, first to sixpence, and then to eightpence a day. He was soon removed to another colliery two miles off, and set to drive the gin. This went on for several years, George passing much of his leisure time in taming black-birds and attending to his rabbit-hutch—a great bare-legged laddie, full of fun and tricks. At fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant-fireman to his father, at a shilling a day; but soon after this came another family removal to Jolly's Close, a few miles further south. The family were all at work by this time, the lads at the pits, and the girls assisting their mother at home; and the united earnings enabled them to live more comfortably than heretofore. When George was fifteen, he obtained a situation as fireman on his own account; and his wages were after a while advanced to twelve shillings a week, an event which he announced to his fellow-workmen with the exclamation: 'Now, I'm a made man for life!'

It was a proud day for father as well as son when George was appointed 'plugman,' and his father fireman to the same engine; although the former was considered the higher post of the two. George now devoted himself to the study of the engine under his care, taking it to pieces, cleaning it, and putting it together again, so that he soon acquired a thorough knowledge of its method of working and construction. He was eighteen years old by this time, earning full workman's wages, but not yet able to read. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that his leisure moments were few. His mind was fully bent on learning to read, for he found that the knowledge he was in want of was unobtainable otherwise. So he began to attend a night-school three evenings a week, to take lessons in reading and spelling; and practised making pothooks, so that by the time he was nineteen he was able to write his own name. After this, he took to arithmetic, in which he soon made great progress, working out his sums while tending his engine, and having fresh ones set him each evening. In the course of time, he was appointed brakesman at the Black Callerton Colliery. His wages were now nearly a pound a week; but not satisfied with this, he turned cobbler, and mended his fellow-workmen's shoes; for he had fallen in love with pretty Fanny Henderson, a servant at a neighbouring farm, and was saving up towards housekeeping. Fanny's shoes, as it happened, wanted mending; so Geordie must try his hand at them. He could hardly bear to part with them after they were mended, but carried them about with him in his pocket for some time, pulling them out now and then, and gazing fondly at them; and doubtless, when obliged to give them up, taking his payment out in kisses. It was here that he saved his first guinea, declaring himself to be a 'rich man' when he put it away. On Saturday afternoons, instead of going off drinking with the other workmen, he always made a point of taking his engine to pieces for the purpose of cleaning it. Although he would never accompany his comrades in their drinking-bouts, he was fond of joining them in the performance of feats of agility, in which, as in most other things, he excelled. He was not without pluck either, as he proved by the thrashing he gave bully Nelson, the terror of the village. His school-education still went on in winter evenings, till he had advanced so far in arithmetic that the master could teach him no more. Still saving up, by degrees he amassed sufficient money to enable him to furnish a small cottage in a very humble manner; and this being done, Fanny and he were married in November 1802. He took his bride home from church on horseback, she being seated on a pillion behind him, with her arms round his waist.

Still theorising—attempting, among other things, to find out perpetual motion—he yet found time to get through much hard practical work. Thus, from mending shoes, he took to making them, and shoe-lasts also; and clock-cleaning was another of his occupations. Thirteen months after marriage, his son Robert was born; a short time after which event, the family

removed to Killingworth, seven miles from Newcastle. At this colliery, which is a very extensive one, George was appointed brakesman. Soon after their arrival, his wife died; a loss which affected George deeply, who cherished her memory through life with the most affectionate reverence. Shortly after, he accepted a temporary engagement in Scotland, from which he returned, after a year's absence, with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket, to find his father blind, helpless, and deeply in debt. Having paid the debts, he removed his parents to a small cottage near his place of work; where the aged couple lived for several years, supported entirely by George. Being drawn to serve in the militia, the remainder of his twenty-eight pounds had to be paid for a substitute to serve in his stead. This last blow brought him to the verge of despair. It seemed as if all his efforts to get forward were to be unsuccessful; and he had fully made up his mind to emigrate to America, but was unable to raise sufficient money to pay for his passage. He still went on experimenting, making models, and obtaining a thorough knowledge of his own engine. A new pit was sunk in the neighbourhood of the one where he worked; but the engine fixed for the purpose of pumping the water out of the shaft was unable to accomplish its duty; and neither the engineer nor any one in the neighbourhood could set it to rights. This went on for twelve months. At length, George, who had thought the matter over for several months, volunteered his services, which were accepted almost in despair; for what could be expected from a poor working-man, where so many educated brains had failed? In four days, however, a thorough cure was effected; and in two days more the pit was free from water.

In the year 1812, George Stephenson was made engine-wright at Killingworth, at a salary of L.100 a year. He was now a good arithmetician, and an eager reader of any scientific works he could lay hands on. During the time he was at Killingworth, he invented several improvements in pit-machinery. Having experienced in his own case the want of a good education while young, he determined that his son should have nothing to complain of on that score. So Robert was sent to a good school at Newcastle; and, as soon as he was old enough, entered as a member of the Literary and Philosophical Institute of that town. The boy's progress justified his father's expectations. Like his father, he was fond of reducing his own theories, and those of other people of which he read, to practice. Wanting something to experiment upon, Robert one day selected his father's pony, and administered to it a severe electric shock, having prepared a kite and copper-wire conductor for the purpose. His father coming out on the instant, shook his whip at him, and called him a mischievous scoundrel, but chuckled inwardly at the lad's ingenuity.

As early as the middle of the seventeenth century, wooden rails had been laid down in various parts of the north, from the collieries to the water-side, to facilitate the transit of minerals between the two points, one horse being able to draw three or four times more over the rails than on an ordinary road. In the course of time, these wooden rails came to be plated with iron, and thus rendered more durable; and rails made entirely of cast iron were gradually introduced in various parts of the country. After a time, various scientific minds were attracted by the idea of constructing a machine to be worked by steam, which should run on these tram-roads, and supersede horses. Many engines of different kinds were built by various parties, some of them being entire failures, others having a partial success. Thus, in 1804, Captain Trevithick was considered to have achieved a great labour when he constructed a locomotive which would drag ten tons of iron after it at the rate of five miles an hour. Practically, however, this engine was a failure, and had to be dismounted in a short time. In 1812, Mr Blenkinsop, of Leeds, constructed an engine which would drag thirty coal-wagons at a speed of about three miles and a quarter an hour. The great peculiarity of this machine was, that the driving-wheel was cogged, and worked into a toothed rail laid on the outside of the ordinary rails. All those who had hitherto turned their attention to the question, had worked on the idea that a heavy engine, constructed with a plain flanged wheel to run on smooth rails, would not be sufficiently adhesive ever to attain any considerable speed; in other words, that the wheels would slip round without biting the rails, and the locomotive come to a dead stand as soon as high-pressure speed was attempted. George Stephenson was the first to do away with this fallacy, which had been a stumbling-block in the way of all his predecessors, and to prove that 'the weight of the engine would of itself give sufficient adhesion for the purposes of traction.' At the Wylam Colliery, two or three engines of different kinds were tried with but indifferent success; and George, who had now bent the whole energy of his powerful mind to the locomotive question, went over frequently to see them work, and to study the principles on which they were built. He turned the subject over and over in his mind, and devoted month after month to patient investigation and preliminary experiments, all tending in one direction. Lord Ravensworth was called a fool by many people when, after listening to George Stephenson's statements, he advanced him sufficient money to construct a locomotive engine in accordance with his plans. There were still many difficulties to contend with; but on the 25th of July 1814, his engine was placed on the tram-road at Killingworth Colliery. It was constructed with smooth wheels to run on an edge-rail, was without springs, and had a water-barrel for a tender. It succeeded in drawing a weight of thirty tons up a considerable gradient at a rate of four miles an hour, and was 'the most successful working-engine that had yet been constructed.' Still, there was little or no saving over the cost of horse-power, neither was the speed greater than that which could be obtained on the old system, and George Stephenson's engine would have turned out little better than a failure, had he not made an opportune discovery which more than doubled the speed hitherto attained, without extra expense. His discovery consisted simply in making use of the waste steam—which had hitherto been allowed to blow itself away—to excite the combustion of the fuel, by adding velocity to the draught from the furnace, and thus create a larger volume of steam for working-purposes. He had scarcely made this discovery before he set to work to build a second locomotive; and, taught by his first experience, his second was constructed in so skilful and superior a manner, that it may in truth be termed the father of all succeeding locomotives, since its great fundamental principles remain in operation to the present day.

Soon after completing his second locomotive, George's attention was drawn to the number of fatal accidents occurring in pits from the explosion of fire-damp; and to the necessity of constructing a lamp which would afford the miners sufficient light to work by, and yet do away with the risk of explosion. He set to work, experimenting in his own way, and risked his life several times in the pit before he was satisfied that he had discovered the true principle on which such a lamp could be constructed. At length he discovered that a lantern, pierced with a number of small tubes at the top and bottom, and otherwise air-tight, might be burned in the foulest air without causing an explosion; and on this principle his lamp, which is in use in Northumberland to the present day, and is called the 'Geordy' lamp, in contradistinction to the 'Davy,' was constructed. It was first put to a practical use

owards the close of the year 1815, the same month hat Sir Humphry Davy's discovery was announced o the world; and a long and bitter dispute afterwards rose between the partisans of Davy and those of Stephenson as to the priority of the invention. The rand principle of the Geordy lamp is the same as that f the Davy; the wire-gauze by which the latter is urrounded consisting, in fact, of nothing more than a umber of minute tubes, through which explosion of ydrogen gas cannot force a way. A thousand pounds as collected by subscription, and presented to George Stephenson, in a silver tankard, at a public meeting f coal-owners at Newcastle, in token of their high pinion of the value of his invention.

Not satisfied with what he had already effected in he way of engines, George invented several important mprovements during the next few years in the work- ng of his locomotive, which our space forbids us to do nore than mention. Although his engines were in onstant use on the Killingworth Railway for a number f years, yet they excited but little attention, and ere scarcely known beyond the immediate neighbour- ood. In fact, the great problem at that time, with hose who devoted themselves to the matter, was to onstruct a locomotive which would work on ordinary oads; and the idea of constructing an iron road from ne town to another was regarded as something vision- ry. Mr Edward Pease, of Darlington, had seen for ome time the need of opening up a route between the ort of Darlington and the vast beds of coal in the Bishop-Auckland valley; and a tram-road between the wo points, worked by horses, seemed to him the best ode of communication. Accordingly, the Stockton nd Darlington Railway Company was gradually rmed; the shares being chiefly taken up by Mr 'ease's own relatives and friends, the public being verse to risk their money in such a harebrained roject. A bill was laid before parliament, and, after onsiderable opposition, was passed in the session of 821. George Stephenson, hearing of the projected ailway, made application to Mr Pease with the view f being appointed to superintend the formation of it. t being found necessary to make a fresh survey of the ountry through which the proposed line was to run, leorge was intrusted with the duty. In his report hereon he recommended several alterations and devia- ions from the route proposed, which necessitated an pplication to parliament for an amended act, in which, at Mr Stephenson's urgent request, a clause was inserted empowering the company to work the line by means of locomotive engines, and to employ them for the conveyance of passengers as well as merchandise, if needful. The act having been obtained, George Stephenson was appointed engineer, at a salary of L.300 a year. The line was opened on the 27th of September 1825, and was worked partly by stationary nd locomotive engines, and partly by horses. The irst passenger-carriage was an old coach body, mounted n railway wheels; and some years elapsed before egular passenger-trains were established. While the ine was in the course of formation, George Stephenson nd Mr Pease entered into partnership, and opened locomotive manufactory at Newcastle—for several ears the only factory of the kind in existence—and, hough commenced on a very small scale, destined n the course of a short time to swell into gigantic roportions.

The necessity of additional means of transit for oods between Liverpool and Manchester had long een felt, and frequently discussed by those interested n the matter. The Mersey and Irwell canals were t this time the sole means of conveyance between the wo towns. The rates were preposterously high; the ime taken to perform the journey averaged thirty-six ours; and the means were so inadequate to the ecessities of the time, that the Liverpool warehouses were frequently blocked up with cotton, while the mills in Manchester were standing idle for want of it. In the year 1824, the question took a tangible shape: a committee was formed, a prospectus issued, a share-list opened, and George Stephenson was unanimously appointed engineer; though it was still a question whether the projected line should be worked by steam or horse power. Even those most in favour of steam ridiculed the idea of conveying goods and passengers at a greater speed than nine or ten miles an hour; all except Stephenson himself, and he was requested by his own party to keep his 'absurd' views to himself.

We have no space left to detail the incidents connected with the passing of the bill and the formation of the line, for full of interest as they are, they are matters of general railway history. The line was eventually completed, in spite of the opposition of land-owners and canal-owners, and the wild forebodings of Mrs Grundy. The grand difficulty at Chat Moss was triumphantly overcome, through the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr Stephenson, although the greatest engineering authorities of the day had given as their opinions that it would be impossible ever to make a firm road over its treacherous depths. Still the great question, what system of traction should be used on the new line? remained unsettled. Most of the directors were in favour of working by means of stationary engines, placed at certain distances, about a mile and a half apart, along the entire length of the line; and George Stephenson, earnestly as he advocated the superior advantages of the locomotive, found few supporters, even among his best friends. Beset on all sides by twenty discordant schemes, the directors at length offered a prize of L.500 for the best locomotive-engine, the chief conditions being, that it should be able to draw twenty tons after it at a speed of ten miles an hour, and that the engine and tender should not weigh more than six tons. Mr Stephenson and his son immediately set to work, and the product of their united skill was the celebrated *Rocket*. The engines heretofore built by George Stephenson, and at work on various colliery lines, did not, as a rule, average a speed of more than six or seven miles an hour, though they were capable of running nine or ten miles an hour on pressing occasions. The only difficulty in the way of obtaining a greater speed lay in the fact, that steam could not be generated in the boiler fast enough, nor in sufficient volume, to work the machinery with the necessary amount of force. The difficulty was overcome by introducing into the *Rocket* a multi-tubular boiler, an invention claimed by several individuals, but now first worked out to a really practical issue by the Messrs Stephenson. The multi-tubular boiler consists of nothing more than the old cylindrical boiler, pierced through its entire length with a number of small copper tubes, through which the hot air from the furnace passes into the chimney, causing the tubes to present a large heated surface to the water inside the boiler, by which means an almost indefinite quantity of steam may be generated. It is a matter of notoriety that the *Rocket* won the prize, and attained a maximum speed of twenty-nine miles an hour on the opening day. This decided the question; not another word was heard about stationary engines; and the result of that day's trial may now be seen in the vast iron web in which England is entangled from end to end.

We have hitherto followed George Stephenson step by step in his career as fully as our space would allow; but now that we have reached a point in his history from which the future lies broad and pleasant before him, abounding in wealth, fame, and friends innumerable, we must hasten onward with rapid steps.

Within ten years of the day on which the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened, nearly the whole of

the principal towns in England were supplied with railway accommodation, though this was not effected, even after the success of the Liverpool line was a fact patent to all, without much absurd opposition from large landowners, and even from the corporate bodies of several considerable towns. To nearly all the most important of these lines, George Stephenson acted as engineer; thus, in the course of two years alone, 321 miles of railway were constructed under his superintendence, at a cost of about L.11,000,000 sterling. By this time he had taken up his residence at Tapton House, near Chesterfield, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life, and near to which were some extensive coal-pits, which he had leased in conjunction with some Liverpool gentlemen. From these colleries he supplied London with the first coals that were sent by railway. His fame had now spread abroad, and in the year 1845 he was requested to go to Belgium to make a survey for the proposed Sambre and Meuse Railway. A public banquet was given in his honour at Brussels; he had also an interview with King Leopold, and in the course of a conversation on geology, made use of his hat as a model to illustrate what he was saying. 'I was afraid,' said he to his companion as they left the palace, 'that the king would see the inside of my hat, for it 's a shocking bad one.'

He had been made a knight of the Order of Leopold some years before; and Sir Robert Peel offered him knighthood more than once, but Mr Stephenson would not accept it. A short time after his visit to Belgium, he went to Spain, to make a survey for a proposed line; and having overworked himself, fell ill on the way home; and, though he recovered after a time, was never so strong afterwards. He gradually gave up to his son all matters connected with railways, and settled down into a quiet country gentleman of agricultural tastes. His closing years were chiefly devoted to horticulture and farming; and he revived in his old age many of the tastes of his boyhood. He had special pets among his dogs and horses, and was proud of his superior breed of rabbits. There was scarcely a nest on his estate that he was not acquainted with; and he used to go round from day to day to look at them, and see that they were kept uninjured. The year before his death, he visited Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor. Professor Buckland was of the party. One Sunday, as they were returning from church, they observed a train speeding along the valley in the distance.

'Now, Buckland,' said Mr Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?'

'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.'

'But what drives the engine?'

'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.'

'What do you say to the light of the sun?'

'How can that be?' asked the professor.

'It is nothing else,' said the engineer. 'It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years —light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.'

Thus peacefully sped away the last few years of this true man. He died on the 12th of August 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and lies buried in Trinity Church, Chesterfield.

These particulars of the life of one who has been appropriately termed the 'Father of Railways,' have been gathered from the excellent memoir by Mr Samuel Smiles, recently published.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE PLAGUE OF MICE.

A good trap? That soon ceases to be of much effect. Cats? They are a nuisance in themselves, unless where trained as pets. Poison? That is dangerous. Listen a minute, and I will tell you of a plan of a very simple nature, which experience teaches me is efficient. On entering the house the writer now occupies—a rather old one, as it was built in the reign of James II.—the floors and shelves exhibited the usual proofs to eye and nose that they were a haunt of large numbers of mice. It seemed hopeless to trust to the ordinary remedies. Thinking over what else could be done, I bethought me that, if it could be made not worth their while to remain, the mice would be sensible enough to desert the house for better quarters. It was resolved, therefore, to act upon the principle, that prevention is better than cure. The reader must excuse a somewhat minute detail on a domestic subject of no small importance. We chanced to have a thoroughly cleanly and rather reasonable cook at the time, who, though fond enough of her own way in most other things, did me the favour to let me have mine in this affair, and to carry out my plan with the greatest strictness and fidelity. On that very evening, after the last meal at night, every crumb of bread was carefully swept from the table, dresser, and kitchen floor, and the sink was carefully sluiced and cleansed from all culinary débris. The sweepings were thrown, not into the dirt-heap, but into the kitchen fire, so as to insure their perfect destruction. This was done regularly every night; and of course the mice soon found out there was nothing for them to eat, excepting a trifling morsel of cheese in a common trap, by which a few were caught. In about a fortnight, one weakly mouse was caught by the hand; but from that time to the present—about a year and a half—not a trace of a mouse has been visible, though they have been heard running behind the wainscotting in some parts of the house. No trouble has been taken to stop up the mouse-holes, which remain as at first; not a single cat has been known to enter the house, and no dog has been kept. It is evident that what is carelessly left on the floors, &c., of meal-rooms, constitutes the chief support of mice; and if the trouble were taken to deprive them of this, they would soon be so far reduced in numbers as to be rarely seen or heard. Every occupant of a house might, at all events, in this way compel the mice to migrate to his less cleanly and less pains-taking neighbours; and if the custom of removing every particle of food from the floor every evening were established in all houses, as it very easily might be, the propagation of these troublesome little animals would nearly cease in large towns; at all events, those which did exist would confine themselves to their proper habitats, the drains and sewers. An unlooked-for additional benefit, moreover, of a similar kind, was the result of this practice, which may possibly be mentioned on another occasion.

'HIS HORN SHALL BE EXALTED.'

Continuing our ride to Banias, we toiled up steep rocky paths, where we found trees and shrubs very abundant, particularly on grassy table-land. We met people travelling—women on horseback wearing the curious horn, which is fixed on the front of the head, and fastened behind. This *tantur* or horn is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. Some are a yard long, shaped like a speaking-trumpet. It rises from the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head by a band. A large veil is thrown over it, and falls down the sides of the head and shoulders. It is usually worn only by married women; but I believe unmarried women also occasionally wear it. There are many references to this horn in the Old Testament. It was sometimes worn by men. Job says: 'I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust,' Job xvi. 15; and David, alluding to the righteous, says, in Psalm cxii. 9: 'His horn shall be exalted with honour.'—*Lady Falkland's Chow-Chow.*

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A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

This remark, expressed too tersely and intelligibly to be considered 'poetry' now-a-days, must apply to the nobler sex. Few observant persons will allege against ours, that even in its lowest form our friendship is deceitful. Fickle it may be, weak, exaggerated, sentimental—the mere lath-and-plaster imitation of a palace great enough for a demigod to dwell in—but it is rarely false, parasitical, or diplomatic. The countless secondary motives which many men are mean enough to have—nay, to own—are all but impossible to us; impossible from the very faults of our nature—our frivolity, irrationality, and incapacity to seize on more than one idea at the same time. In truth, a sad proportion of us are too empty-headed to be double-minded, too shallow to be insincere. Nay, even the worst of us being more direct and simple of character than men are, our lightest friendship—the merest passing liking that we decorate with that name—is, while it lasts, more true than the generality of the so-called 'friendships' of mankind.

But—and this 'but' will, I am aware, raise a whole nest of hornets—from their very peculiarities of temperament, women's friendships are rarely or never so firm, so just, or so enduring, as those of men—*when* you can find them. Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius—last and loveliest, David and Jonathan, are pictures unmatched by any from our sex, including the far-famed ladies of Llangollen. When such a bond really does exist, from its exception to general masculine idiosyncrasies—especially the enormous absorption in and devotion to number one—from its total absence of sentimentalities, its undemonstrativeness, depth, and power, a friendship between two men is a higher thing than between any two women—nay, one of the highest and noblest sights in the whole world. Precisely as, were comparisons not as foolish as they are odious, a truly good man, from the larger capacities of male nature both for virtue and vice, is, in one sense, more good than any good woman. But this question I leave to controversialists who enjoy breaking their own heads, or one another's, over a bone of contention which is usually not worth picking after all.

Yet, though dissenting from much of the romance talked about female friendships, believing that two-thirds of them spring from mere idleness, or from that *besoin d'aimer* which, for want of natural domestic ties, makes this one a temporary substitute, Heaven forbid I should so malign my sex as to say they are incapable of an emotion which, in its right form and place, constitutes the strength, help, and sweetness of many, many lives; and the more so, because it is one of the first sweetnesses we know.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time, it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—I mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their after-life they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet, it is not the real thing—not *friendship*, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, colouring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterward, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and a husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shewn itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another faithfully to the end of their lives.

Perhaps this, which is the test of the sentiment, explains why we thus seldom attain to it, in its highest phase, because nature has made us in all our feelings so intensely personal. We have instincts, passions, domestic affections, but friendship is, strictly speaking, none of the three. It is—to borrow the phrase so misused by that arch *im*-moralist, that high-priest of intellectual self-worship, Goëthe—an elective affinity, based upon the spiritual consanguinity which, though

frequently co-existent with, is different from any tie of instinct or of blood-relationship. Therefore, neither the sanctities nor weaknesses of these, rightly appertain to it; its duties, immunities, benefits, and pains belong to a distinct sphere, of which the vital atmosphere is perfect liberty. A bond, not of nature but of choice, it should exist and be maintained calm, free, and clear, having neither rights nor jealousies; at once the firmest and most independent of all human ties.

'Enough,' said Rasselas to Imlac; 'you convince me that no man can ever be a poet.' And truly, reviewing friendship in its purest essence, one is prone to think that, in this imperfect world of ours, no man—certainly no woman—ever can be *a friend*. And yet we all own some dozens; from Mrs Granville Jones, who invites 'a few friends'—say two hundred—to pass with her a 'social evening'—to the poor costermonger, who shouts after the little pugilistic sweep the familiar tragico-comic saying: 'Hit him hard; he's got no friends!' And who that is not an utter misanthrope, would refuse to those of his or her acquaintance that persist in claiming it, the kindly title, and the pleasant social charities which belong thereto.

Love is sweet
Given or returned;

and so is friendship; when, be it ever so infinitesimal in quantity, its quality is unadulterated; springing, as I repeat, women's friendship almost always does spring, out of that one-idea'd impulsiveness, often wrong-headed, but rarely evil-hearted, which makes us at once so charming and so troublesome, and which, I fear, never will be got out of us till we cease to be women, and become what men sometimes call us—and they well know they give us but too much need to be—angels.

Yes, with all our folly, we are not false: not even when Lavinia Smith adores with all her innocent soul the condescending Celestina Jones, though meeting twenty years after as fat Mrs Brown and vulgar Mrs Green, they may with difficulty remember one another's Christian names: not when Bessy Thompson, blessed with three particularly nice brothers, owns likewise three times three 'dearest' friends, who honestly persuade themselves and her that they come only to see dear Bessy; nevertheless, the fondness is real enough to outlast many bothers caused by said brothers, or even a cantankerous sister-in-law to end with. Nay, when Miss Hopkins, that *middle-aged* and strong-minded '*young* lady' of blighted affections, and Mrs Jenkins, that woman of sublime aspirations, who has unluckily 'mated with a clown,' coalesce against the opposite sex, fall into one another's arms and vow eternal friendship—for a year; after which, for five more, they make all their acquaintances uncomfortable by their eternal enmity—even in this lamentable phase of the sentiment, it is certainly more respectable than the time-serving, place-hunting, dinner-seeking devotion which Messrs Tape and Tadpole choose to denominate 'friendship.'

Men may laugh at us, and we deserve it: we are often egregious fools, but we are honest fools; and our folly, at least in this matter, usually ends when theirs begins—with middle life, or marriage.

It is the unmarried, the solitary, who are most prone to that sort of 'sentimental' friendship with their own or the opposite sex, which, though often most noble, unselfish, and true, is in some forms ludicrous, in others dangerous. For two women, past earliest girlhood, to be completely absorbed in one another, and make public demonstration of the fact, by caresses or quarrels, is so repugnant to common sense, that where it ceases to be silly, it becomes actually wrong. But to see two women, whom Providence has denied nearer ties, by a wise substitution making the best of fate, loving, sustaining, and comforting one another, with a tenderness often closer than that of sisters, because it has all the novelty of election which belongs to the conjugal tie itself—this, I say, is an honourable and lovely sight.

Not less so the friendship—rare, I grant, yet quite possible—which subsists between a man and woman whom circumstances, or their own idiosyncrasies, preclude from the slightest chance of ever 'falling in love.' That such friendships can exist, especially between persons of a certain temperament and order of mind, and remain for a lifetime, utterly pure, interfering with no rights, and transgressing no law of morals or society, most people's observation of life will testify; and he must take a very low view of human nature who dares to say that these attachments, satirically termed 'Platonic,' are impossible. But, at the same time, common sense must allow that they are rare to find, and not the happiest always, when found; because in some degree they are contrary to nature. Nature's law undoubtedly is, that our nearest ties should be those of blood—father or brother, sister or mother—until comes the closer one of marriage; and it is always, if not wrong, rather pitiful, when any extraneous bond comes in between to forestall the entire affection that a young man ought to bring to his future wife, a young woman to her husband. I say *ought*—God knows if they ever do! But, however fate, or folly, or wickedness may interfere to prevent it, not the less true is the undoubted fact, that happy above all must be that marriage where neither husband nor wife ever had a friend so dear as one another.

After marriage, for either party to have or to desire a dearer or closer friend than the other, is a state of things so inconceivably deplorable—the more erring, the more deplorable—that it will not bear discussion. Such cases there are; but He who in the mystery of marriage prefigured a greater mystery still, alone can judge them, for He only knows their miseries, their temptations, and their wrongs.

While allowing that a treaty of friendship 'pure and simple,' can exist between a man and woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young woman, it must also be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous, that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all. Parents and guardians very naturally object to a gentleman's 'hanging up his hat' in their houses, or taking sentimental twilight rambles with their fair young daughters. They insist, and justly, that he ought to

Come with a good will, or come not at all—

namely, as a mere acquaintance, a pleasant friend of the family—the *whole* family, or as a declared suitor. And though this may fall rather hard upon the young man, who has just a hundred a year, and with every disposition towards flirting, a strong horror of matrimony—still, it is wisest and best. It may save both parties from frittering away in a score of false sentimental likings the love that ought to belong but to one; or, still worse, from committing or suffering what, beginning blamelessly on either side, frequently ends in incurable pain, irremediable wrong.

Therefore, it is, generally speaking, those further on in life, with whom the love-phase is past, or for whom it never existed, who may best use the right which every pure and independent heart undoubtedly has, of saying: 'I take this man or woman for my friend: only a friend—never either more or less—whom as such I mean to keep to the end of my days.' And if more of these, who really know what friendship is, would have the moral courage to assert its dignity against the sneers of society, which is loath to believe in anything higher and purer than itself—I think it would be all the better for the world.

i's friendships with one another are of course all these perils, and yet they have their own. lerful law of sex—which exists spiritually as naterially, and often independent of matter r—since we see many a man who is much woman, and many a woman who would cer- the 'better-half' of any man who cared for law can rarely be withstood with impunity. riends whose attachment is specially deep and re can usually trace a difference—of strong gay or grave, brilliant or solid—answering in sure to the difference of sex. Otherwise, a -engrossing friendship between two women dom last long; or if it did, by their mutual weaknesses acting and reacting upon one would most likely narrow the sympathies and e the character of both.

lies the distinction—marked and unalienable n friendship and love. The latter, being a ecessity, requires but *the one*, whom it absorbs ilates till the two diverse, and often opposite s, become a safe unity—according to divine ; 'one flesh.' But friendship, to be friendship st have an independent self-existence, capable ons and varieties; for though we all can have earest friend, it would argue small power of preciating or loving, to have only one friend. other hand, the 'hare with many friends' has to a proverb. Such a condition is manifestly e. The gentleman who, in answer to his request to be allowed to go and 'see a friend,'

ne my coat, John! Though the night be raw, him too—the first I ever saw:

poor wretch, speaks wiser than he is aware simple fact explains and limits the whole —that those only can find true *friends* who hemselves the will and capacity to be such.

d. Not perhaps until later life, until the assions, and selfishnesses of youth have died re—I mean especially we women—recognise imable blessing, the responsibility awful as possessing or of being a friend. And though, ng to run counter to the world's kindly we may give that solemn title to many who actly own it; though year by year the fierce e of life, through death, circumstance, or narrows the circle of those that do own it; man or woman must have been very unfor- perhaps as there can be no result without a rse than unfortunate—who, looking back on rty, or fifty years of existence, cannot say heart: 'I thank God for my friends.'

rarely long keep what they do not deserve. nd any who, in the decline of life, have few quaintance,' and those few 'never brought to it in their stead a lengthy list of friends who no more, who have 'ill-treated' them, or m they have had a 'slight coolness;' if they s finding fault with the friends they now have, sing them of ingratitude or neglect; if they hese friends' secrets, and expect you in return em all *your* friends' secrets, and your own— f these people! They may have many good ; you may like them very much, and keep most pleasant society; but as for resting your on them, you might as well rest it upon a rock or a broken reed.

you find people who through all life's vicissi- d pangs have preserved a handful of real —exclusive of you, for it takes years to judge e of friendship towards ourselves—if on the ey complain little either of these friends or orld, which rarely misuses a good man or for ever; if they bestow no extravagant devotion on you, nor expect from you one whit more than you freely give; if they never, under any excuse, however personally flattering, talk to you about a third party as you would shrink from their talking to any third party about you—then, be satisfied

> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried;
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel!

Never let them loose; suffer no changing tide of fortune to sweep them from you—no later friendships to usurp their place. Be very patient with them; bear their little faults as they must bear yours; make allowance for the countless unintentional slights, neglects, or offences, that we all must, in the whirl of life, both endure and commit towards those who form not a part but an adjunct of our existence—remembering, as I said before, that the very element in which true friendship lives, and out of which it cannot live at all, is perfect *liberty*.

Friendship once conceived should, like love, in one sense last for ever. That it does not; that in the world's harsh wear and tear many a very sincere attachment is slowly obliterated, or both parties grow out of it and cast it, like a snake his last year's skin—though that implies something of the snake-nature, I fear—are facts too mournfully common to be denied. But there is a third fact, as mournfully *un*common, which needs to be remembered likewise: we may lose the friend—the friendship we never can or ought to lose. Actively, it may exist no more; but passively, it is just as binding as the first moment when we pledged it, as we believed, for ever. Its duties, like its delights, may have become a dead-letter; but none of its claims or confidences have we ever afterwards the smallest right to abjure or to break.

And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if that tie ceases, pop! out it comes! and in the bitterness of invective, the pang of wounded feeling, or afterwards in mere thoughtlessness and easy forgetting of what is so easily healed, a thousand things are said and done for which nothing can ever atone. The lost friendship which, once certain that it is past all revival, ought to be buried as solemnly and silently as a lost love, is cast out into the open street for all the snarling curs of society to gnaw at and mangle, and all the contemptuous misogynists who pass by to point the finger at—'See what your grand ideals all come to!'

Good women—dear my sisters! be our friendships false or true, wise or foolish, living or dead—let us at least learn to keep them sacred! Men are far better than we in this. Rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend's confidence, either at the time or afterwards. He will say, even to his own wife: 'I can't tell you this—I have no right to tell you;' and if she has the least spark of good feeling, she will honour and love him all the dearer for so saying. More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend who a little while before, while the friendship lasted, was all perfection. What is necessary to be said he will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere where all good fructifies and evil perishes—the atmosphere of silence.

Ay, above all things, what women need to learn in their friendships is the sanctity of silence—silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. About the greatest virtue a friend can have, is to be able to hold her tongue; and though this, like all virtues carried to extremity, may grow into a fault, and do great harm,

still, it never can do so much harm as that horrible laxity and profligacy of speech which is at the root of half the quarrels, cruelties, and injustices of the world.

And let every woman, old or young, in commencing a friendship, be careful that it is to the right thing she has given the right name. If so, let her enter upon it thoughtfully, earnestly, advisedly, as upon an engagement made for life, which in truth it is; since, whether its duration be brief or long, it is a tangible reality, and, as such, must have its influence on the total chronicle of existence, wherein no line can ever be quite blotted out. Let her, with the strength and comfort of it, prepare to take the burden; determined, whatever the other may do, to fulfil her own part and act up to her own duty, absolutely and conscientiously, to the end. For truly, the greatest of all external blessings is it to be able to lean your heart against another heart, faithful, tender, true, and tried, and record with a thankfulness that years deepen instead of diminishing, 'I have got a friend!'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER V.

The privateer was terribly overmatched in weight of metal and tonnage. The *Scout's* guns were twelve-pounders, those of *Le Renard*, eighteens, and the privateer's hull was but a walnut-shell in comparison with the solid fabric of the imperial war-brig. In fact, the *Scout* was neither built nor armed for such encounters, and had it been possible to do so, the officer in temporary command of her was bound by his instructions, as well as by privateer practice, to have avoided the combat, had it even been an equal one, distasteful to his own reckless impulses as flight might be. Escape *without* fighting was, however, it seemed to be tacitly agreed, out of the question; and *how* to fight with half a chance of winning, was the subject of a low-toned, lugubrious conference between Dowling and Withers, to which, as far as listening with bated breath went, Harry Webbe and I assisted.

Withers was anxiously sweeping the waters in all directions with his night-glass, in the hope of sighting a friendly cruiser, when Dowling came aft to concert with him the mode of combat.

'A king's cruiser would be a sight for sore eyes,' said he, 'just now—eh, Withers? But there's no such luck to be hoped for. The *Griffin* sprung her mizzen two or three days ago, and is at Portsmouth getting a new one; and the *Pelican* is cruising off St Malo.'

'I wish Webbe were here himself,' remarked Withers. 'The superstitious reliance of the men upon his "luck" is worth a score of hands.'

'That's true enough; but wishing won't get him here. What, in your judgment and mine, is the best mode of tackling the Frenchman, is the pressing question.'

'Infernally bad will be the very best mode we can hit upon; but the worst, certainly, would be attempting to play at cannon-balls with our ugly customer. He ought to smash us into chips, at that fun, in ten minutes or less.'

'Right. There is but one chance—that of boarding—throwing all our fellows in a body upon his deck. That is plainly our game,' added Dowling. 'Veteran French seamen have been long since used up: *Le Renard's* crew must, therefore, be chiefly composed of young maritime conscripts, who, with anything like equal numbers, would have a poor chance in a hand-to-hand encounter with our fellows.'

'And for that reason the French commander will hardly be such a fool as to give us an opportunity of boarding. That, however, is, I agree, our only chance; and now, as to particulars, if Le Moine is such a fool as to let us come within grappling distance of *Le Renard*.'

These were quickly arranged. The *Scout's* guns were to be loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister; we were, if possible, to run alongside to leeward of the Frenchman, which would give the privateer's guns sufficient elevation to sweep the enemy's deck; and the men were to board in the smoke of the first and only broadside intended on our side to be fired. At Withers's suggestion, the seamen were to be told to arm themselves with any weapon they might prefer to the light cutlass—crowbars, handspikes, axes—anything deadly and weighty they could freely wield.

'And now to see all things got in readiness with our own eyes,' added Dowling, and the two officers walked away.

The night, as I before intimated, had set in dark and stormy, the moon appearing only at brief intervals through a break in the clouds that swept swiftly across the sky, and I could not have distinctly seen Harry Webbe's face had he fronted me, which he carefully avoided doing. I was not, however, long in doubt as to the effect produced upon that sensitive organisation by the officers' conference. With as much swaggering, devil-may-care indifference as the flurried state of my own nerves permitted me to assume, I exclaimed as soon as the officers were out of hearing:

'I suppose, Mr Harry Webbe, you will be favoured with a leading part in the tragi-comedy we have just heard outlined. I, unfortunately, am only a passenger; but your father's son will have, no doubt, the honour of heading the boarders!'

A low, inarticulate cry of shame and terror escaped the unfortunate young man, who, without further reply, hurried below. I followed, after a few moments' thought, and found Harry Webbe prone upon his face on the cabin locker-seats, sobbing convulsively. I closed and bolted the door, for I pitied the poor youth's anguish of mind, and a dim notion had, moreover, crossed mine that it might be politic, on my part, to win the regard of Captain Webbe's flexile, impressionable son.

'You have never been in action, I suppose?' said I.

'Never! O God!—never!'

'Ah, well, then, you will think nothing of it, I am told, after the first five minutes. Some of the greatest heroes that ever lived have confessed to feeling terribly nervous when first under fire; and I can well believe it,' added William Linwood, with more truth than he meant his words should convey to his panic-stricken auditor, 'for I myself feel deuced queer, I promise you. Suppose we try a taste of brandy,' I continued, hitching down the keys of the spirit-locker. 'Dutch courage must be better than none.'

We both swallowed a bumper, with good effect as regarded myself, but poor Webbe continued to weep like the veriest girl, except that his tears now flowed silently.

'Come, come, my good fellow,' I exclaimed, giving way in some degree to the feeling of contempt which extreme pusillanimity in a man always excites; 'pluck up a heart, if it's ever such a tiny one. Depend upon it, we shall both live till we die, and not one moment longer, had no such devil's playthings as cannon-balls ever been invented.'

This consolatory logic of mine appeared to revive him more than the brandy; he ceased weeping, and looking up in my face as steadily as the dull light of the lamp swinging overhead permitted, he said with an approach to firmness:

'It is not the vulgar dread of death which thus unmans me, Linwood. I have lain for weeks within

the shadow of the tomb, expecting it every hour to close over me, as calmly as a child resigns itself to sleep. No, no, it is not the will, the mind, the soul which shrinks from the dire conflict; it is physical nerve only that fails me. A horror of bloodshed, of the flash of clashing swords, was congenital with my being. My mother gave me birth, prematurely, on board the *Wasp*, privateer, during her desperate action with the French privateer, *La Flèche*. At one time during that murderous fight, the enemy obtained temporary possession of the deck, beat my father and his men below to the cabin where my mother lay; and pistol-shots, the clash of swords, the fierce oaths of men stabbing, slaying each other, mingled with the woman's cry of travail—with the wail of the new-born infant.'

'Pray,' said I, after a pause, for I felt somewhat mystified by the young man's glib eloquence—'pray, is my friend Captain Webbe aware of the congenital cowardice—I crave pardon—of the constitutional infirmity under which his son labours?'

'Yes, I think so; but he, reasoning from himself, believes that what a man *wills* to do, that he can do.'

'Well, then, it seems to me that, under the peculiar circumstances, you should firmly tell Dowling you do not mean to fight. This is not a king's ship, and he cannot shoot you for congenital cow—— for constitutional infirmity, that is to say.'

'I cannot, dare not, do as you advise,' exclaimed Harry Webbe with frenzied emotion, and quite heedless of, or indifferent to, the sneer I could not suppress. 'And this not from any fear of incurring the contempt of my father or of Dowling; for that I should care little—nothing: the great, the terrible fear which haunts, dominates, distracts me is—is'——

'What, in the name of wonder, besides pistol-shots and sword-stabs? Speak out, man alive! We shall not have many more minutes, you may depend, to waste in talk.'

'I *love*, Mr Linwood—to ecstasy—madness!'

'Oh, that's it: and loving to ecstasy—madness, you are naturally desirous of living over the honey-month, at the very least.'

'Maria Wilson,' continued the young man, 'has but one fault, if fault it be—an enthusiastic admiration, namely, of what she imagines to be heroism—the heroism of homicide—of valiant human butchery: the phrase offends you; well, call it military heroism. She greatly admires my father, or, more correctly, my father's deeds, as reflected in the mirror of public opinion; and she has frequently expressed her regret that the probably speedy termination of the war will put it out of my power to gather laurels in the same field of sin and death.'

'You are rich in fine words, Mr Harry Webbe: nevertheless, proceed.'

'No additional words, fine or otherwise, are required to describe my position,' he sadly replied. 'The time is come for gathering those bloody laurels, and I have no strength for the harvest: occasion calls, and I am not ready! Maria,' he added, with a renewed burst of wild dismay—'imaginative, romantic, falsely judging, beautiful Maria, when she hears of this night's deeds, and my share therein, will hoot me from her presence.'

'Zounds, then, why not try and muster up sufficient courage to make a show of fight! Such inexperienced youngsters as you and I will not be placed in front of the battle: it's not likely. O well, if the constitutional infirmity is *not* to be conquered, I hardly see what's to be done. Except indeed—except—— Yes, that might succeed; and if it did, would bring you off with flying colours—and a sound skin!'

'What might bring me off with flying colours, Mr Linwood?' eagerly demanded young Webbe.

'Softly—softly; let me reflect a moment. It is evident by what is still going on overhead, that the ships are not near closing yet; so that we have plenty of time; and I must not forget that my tongue is apt at times to outrun discretion: let me consider.'

I did consider: examined the brilliant idea that had suddenly gleamed through my precious noddle, over and over again, and discovering no flaw, I presented it, hot and shining, to my anxiously expectant young friend.

Ah me! could I only have foreseen the succession of dreadful scrapes it would get me into—that that mischievous Maria Wilson was, in fact—— Never mind; or at least it's of no use minding now—so I resume. This paragraph, the intelligent reader will observe, is a parenthesis.

'The problem to be solved is,' I began, 'to enable you to wrest bright honour from those ferocious *Renards*, without giving them a chance of conferring upon you a too immediate and unwished-for immortality. Well, I think, that can be managed.'

'How—how can it be managed?'

'Thus wise: common candour, however, bids me first distinctly apprise you, that if I succeed in rendering you this service, I shall expect a *quid pro quo*.'

'Of what kind—in what way?'

'In this kind, in this way. I have a strong conviction, impression rather, that your good-will, your *active* good-will might be of signal service to me in the anxious business I am with your father engaged in.'

'It might, it might; it *shall*,' he exclaimed, pressing my hand in both his as a pledge of amity and good faith.

'That is understood, then. Now to particulars. To begin with: I have an insuperable objection to a French prison, and, although I do not feel at all like a hero, I shall certainly do my best to keep out of one. That "best" will not be a thunderbolt of war, you may be sure; and the less likely to be so, forasmuch that, as I before remarked, Dowling will never think of placing such youngsters as you and I in the front of the fight; the danger may not, therefore, be so very great after all. Now, I do not care a straw for my share of the "glory" which the Scouts hope to achieve by the defeat of the Renards'——

'Well, well, but I do not under—— Ha! God!'

The sudden boom of a heavy gun arrested the poor fellow's speech, and shook him as with ague.

'The Frenchman's challenge!' I exclaimed, with an effort to shew an unconcern I certainly did not feel. 'He has the first word, but is evidently a good way off yet. Take another sip of cognac; and I don't care if I do the same.'

'Being a passenger,' I resumed, 'and not at all amenable to Dowling's authority, I may of course refuse to join the combatants.'

'Certainly you may.'

'And I certainly shall. Do you begin to take me? Are we not both of about the same height and size? And if we exchange clothes; if I don that heavy pea-jacket, with its high up-turned collar; that fur-cap, and tie its large flap-ears down over my cheeks, the deuce is in it, if, on such a night as this, and amidst the smoke and bustle of battle, any one will discover that William Linwood is on deck, and Harry Webbe consequently the "passenger" who has turned in out of harm's way!'

'I comprehend. Well, will you do this?'

'Upon my honour, I will; and the more readily, to be quite candid, that I do not see how I thereby increase my personal risk, being, as I said, determined, in any case, to do my little best to keep out of the French bilboes. The struggle, as sketched by Dowling and Withers, will be brief as fierce; and the moment it is over, or nearly so, I slip down—you turn out—I turn in—and the thing is done.'

'Yes, if the French give our fellows a chance to

board—are beaten—and—and you are neither wounded—nor—nor killed!'

'Don't mention it, there's a good fellow, unless you wish to give me a congenital qualm. Ah! here comes Dowling. Remember that your soul's in arms and eager for the fray.'

'Now, young gentlemen,' exclaimed Dowling, 'be smart. The French won't decline the close hug we are anxious for; and in ten minutes or less we shall be at each other's throats. You have been splicing the main brace, I see. Well, a glass or so does no harm; I will take one myself. Now, then,' he added, after tossing it off, 'where are your tools?'

'Tools! What tools?'

'Cutlass—pistols.'

'Cutlass, pistols, indeed: not for me, at all events,' said I. 'Being only a lodger, Mr Dowling, I intend to turn in and try to sleep through this night's shindy.'

'The devil you do! But you can't be serious.'

'Can't I, though! You will find, sir, that I am perfectly serious. Besides, I object to fighting upon principle.'

'Principle be ——. I'd cut a better principle than you out of a frostbitten turnip! And what principle, may I ask, do you intend to steer by?' added Dowling, turning sharply towards Harry Webbe.

'I am prepared to do my duty,' he replied, cool as a cucumber.

'Bravo! young man. I am delighted, perhaps a little surprised, to find you so plucky. The men, I must tell you, are not, I fear, so confident as they would be if your father were here. They have a superstitious faith in "Lucky Webbe;" so, for this once, you must be "Lucky Webbe," and take his place, which will be in the front centre of the boarders—a little forward of the third gun from the bows. You will board, as you heard me explain to Withers, in the smoke of our own guns. About sixty rough dare-devils will leap with you upon the Frenchman's deck, and'——

'Go to Jericho with your sixty rough dare-devils!' interrupted I, in a real panic. 'Why, confound it, Mr Dowling, you can't mean that—that this young fellow—lad, as I may say—is to lead the forlorn-hope!'

'Have the goodness not to shove in your oar till it's asked for,' angrily rejoined the officer. 'Be on deck, Webbe,' he added, 'in five minutes at latest, or you may be too late to open the ball.' With that he left us.

His announcement of the distinguished part in the imminent conflict assigned to Webbe junior almost knocked me over, and I had a mind to peremptorily retract the rash promise I had given. I was prevented doing so by shame—the compliment to my supposedly unshaken courage implied by Harry Webbe's alacrity in stripping, the instant Dowling's back was turned—mere acting, by the way, on the part of that humbug of the finest water—and more than all, by the reassuring conviction, that in the darkness of the night and confusion incident to such a struggle, the officer's abominable proposition—prompted, I could not help suspecting, by secret enmity to the absent skipper's son—of placing a comparative stripling in the van of the fight, could not be carried out.

In less than the five minutes prescribed by Dowling, I was fully equipped for combat—loaded pistols in my belt; a straight cut-and-thrust sword naked in my hand; the disguise, as far as I could judge by the dim light of the cabin, complete; and I was taking a third thimbleful of cognac, when the officer's loud, fierce hail hurried me on deck.

'Plenty of time,' said Dowling. 'I was afraid that cowardly wretch, Linwood, might be pitching his "principles" into you: place yourself somewhere about amidships. Silence!' he shouted to the men; 'no jabbering till the guns have spoken. There is something else,' he continued, 'to which I require your attention. I am not going to prate to you about glory and Old England. Glory is a word, of which a million would not fill one hungry belly; and Old England can take very good care of itself. What really concerns you is, that in a quarter of an hour, or less, you will either have captured a ship worth ten thousand pounds at the very least; or have lost every mag and rag you possess, besides having the satisfaction to know you are on the way to a French prison. That's the right sort of growl, lads,' added the officer. 'It is quite clear, though I can't see your faces very plainly, that you understand the thing. I and the captain's son there will lead you, and *we* mean to win, I promise you. Now, make ready for work.'

A second fierce, but, as it were, suppressed shout or 'growl,' followed Dowling's speech; then the men who had gone aft—hitching up their trousers, and each man tightening the grasp of his weapon, crowbar, handspike, tomahawk, cutlass, carpenter's adze or axe—took up their appointed stations; and silence, broken only by the whistling, howling wind, and the heave, swash, moan of the dark tumbling sea, pervaded the ship.

The situation, with its surroundings, was a trying, awful one to a young greenhorn who had never seen a shot fired or a blade drawn in anger. The night was darker than when we went below, and the huge mass of bluff, precipitous Sercq, not more, apparently, than about a mile to leeward, deepened the gloom which the *Scout* seemed to carry with her, as with only the jib and one mizzen square-sail set, she forged slowly ahead to meet *Le Renard*, which, similarly reduced in canvas, gradually neared us. We could see that the Frenchman's deck was crowded with men, and the gleaming port-fires gave warning that the deadly broadside which was to herald our attempt to carry the war-brig by boarding, would be reciprocal.

Why Captain Le Moine did not avail himself of *Le Renard's* superiority in weight of metal, and shot-resisting solidity of construction, to cannonade the *Scout* till she struck or was blown out of the water, was a puzzle at the time, but subsequently explained by the French commander's anxiety to damage the celebrated *Scout* as little as might be, and his confidence that *Le Renard's* boarders would easily master the resistance of a mere privateer's crew.

Ten minutes, perhaps, by the clock—two hours at least counted by the beatings of my pulse—elapsed before the vessels closed in the decisive death-struggle. At length, the bowsprits of *Le Renard* and the *Scout* drew past each other, a few feet only apart—another minute, and they were directly abeam—had grappled: a sheet of blinding flame flashed in our faces simultaneously with the roar of *Le Renard's* guns, and the yelling shouts of her crew, echoed on our side by the snapping of ropes, the rending of planks, and the shrieks and curses of wounded and dying men!

'Steady! Englishmen—steady!' rose high above the dreadful uproar, in Dowling's fiercely calm tones ringing through his trumpet. 'Remember to board in the smoke. FIRE!'

Another glare of flame, not this time in *our* faces—another roar of cannon, accompanied, followed by ferocious shouts, cries, curses, in the midst of which the Scouts clambered over the bulwarks, and myself amongst them, impelled by a kind of mechanical volition, leaped upon *Le Renard's* deck.

The incidents of the next sixteen minutes, which I was afterwards told the contest lasted, passed like a hideous dream. It was a strife of raging demons, stabbing, smashing, pistolling each other without method as without mercy. The Frenchmen—youths chiefly—the latest haul of the exhausted maritime conscription, fought with spirit, but their comparatively slight frames and light swords availed but

poorly against the strong-limbed, stalwart privateers and their terrible weapons. Of course, I fought, fired, hacked, stabbed with the rest, yet the dreadful struggle would have left only a confused, chaotic impression upon my memory, but for an incident towards its close when the combatants had become thinned and the sulphurous atmosphere had lightened somewhat.

At that moment, an eddy of the fight drove me against Captain Le Moine, a gallant, white-haired, but still vigorous veteran. He was fighting with the rage of despair, and thrust at me with furious energy. I parried the stroke, and would have avoided the combat; he was determined I should not, and pressed me fiercely whilst a sort of ring of the Scouts—the victory being no longer doubtful—gathered about us. Laborde had rendered me skilful with the sword, but I parried the veteran's thrusts with difficulty, the darkness obliging me to depend in a great degree upon *feeling* his blade as it played round mine. All at once, a crowding from behind drove me as it were upon Captain Le Moine, who would not yield a step; and made a fierce pass at me. It was parried; and my recovered point passed through the unfortunate officer's body. He fell back dead as stone, and at that moment the moon for the first time since I had left the cabin, looked through a rift in the black clouds upon the pale face and white hairs of the slain seaman, as if—for the accusing light was as instantly withdrawn—to fix them indelibly upon my memory.

And never, while memory endures, shall I forget the Cain-like horror with which the dread sight filled me; a horror heightened, maddened by the exulting cheers of the privateers for my *victory*. I broke wildly away, regained the *Scout's* cabin, and, flinging the accursed sword upon the floor, heaped opprobrious abuse upon the trembling wretch for whose sake I, in my unreasoning fury, asserted I had defiled my soul with murder.

The violence of that paroxysm of passion presently abated. I threw off my borrowed habiliments, and hastened to hide myself—can the reader comprehend such a feeling?—in my cot-hammock. My reproaches, incoherent as they were, had nevertheless sufficed to sufficiently inform Harry Webbe how matters had gone, and he was quickly on deck with the crimsoned sword in his hand, coolly listening to the compliments of Dowling—Withers had been sped to his account—upon the hereditary pluck he had displayed, to which he and the surviving Scouts generally were pleased to say the capture of *Le Renard* was in a great measure attributable—an exaggeration prompted of course by the fact, that he was their captain's son.

THE NATURAL TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the present time is the transition state of medical practice. Not only is the old stereotype of the profession broken up, in which a prescriptive series of bleeding, blistering, and drugging followed the course of the disease, but the traditional faith in such remedies is daily growing fainter, before the advance of physiology. There is a vast difference between the relentless doctor who took so much trouble to physic our youth, and the modern savant who stands by our bedside, with his intelligent eye fixed upon ours, as if he would read our very thoughts, and perhaps for more than one visit contents himself with asking questions, and watching the proceedings of nature. One great seceding party in the profession declares that hitherto we have systematically given the wrong medicines; while in order, as it would seem, that the innovation proposed should at least do no harm, it dilutes its own prescriptions to an extent described as infinitesimal. Drugs, in short, have fallen under general suspicion; and men revert, more or less practically, to an old idea which amused the imagination of our ancestors, without influencing their practice—that there resides a curative power in Nature herself.

That this idea is in the main correct, is shewn to the eye by what takes place in the case of external wounds. In a slight cut, for instance, nature does all the surgery herself; she heals, closes, fills up, and in a little time there is no trace of the injury visible. In more serious cases, she demands assistance, but only to secure fair-play for her own curative exertions: the surgeon, therefore, steps in with his instruments and bandages, and renders all the mechanical aid in his power, although neither he nor the appliances he uses are able to heal any more than they are able to create.

In therapeutics, the hydropath proceeds upon the same plan, although with less mystery; for he acknowledges openly the supreme power of nature, and claims no other merit for himself than that of giving her fair-play in performing her cures. This, however, was not always his practice; for hydropathy, like other branches of science, began in superstition. Cold water, administered inwardly and outwardly, was supposed to be *the* cure—a specific for *all diseases;* and indeed, we believe that at this moment, in some parts of Germany, the patient is still drenched with water till his stomach, literally, can hold no more, and overflows by the mouth. The name of the system is sufficient indication of the mistake in which it originated; and the restricted expressions, hydropathy and the water-cure, are used to indicate a natural treatment of disease broad enough to serve as the basis of all therapeutics.

We are led into this train of remark by a little volume before us, which, partly because it is a little volume, and partly because it is written with a fairness and liberality bespeaking a philosophical mind, will in all probability meet with general acceptation.* It is an explanation of hydropathy by a practical hydropath; and, so far as we know, is the only brief treatise on the subject calculated to give the general reader an accurate idea of this systematised practice of hygiene. Dr Lane begins by mentioning the mystification which prevails even among otherwise well-informed persons, and attributing it partly to the newness of the system, and partly to the mistakes which attended its origin—sufficiently indicated by the inapposite name it received from Priessnitz. We may say, however, by way of parenthesis, that the theory in question is only relatively new. In our time, it was fallen upon by the peasant philosopher of Silesia; but thousands of years before him, it existed in ancient India, where the system of baths, exercise, diet, &c., used not only as a preservative of health, but a cure of disease, is described in the shasters and Brahminical commentaries, digested by Dr Wise in a valuable treatise on the medical knowledge of the Hindoos. The importance attached in this system to cold water as a medicinal beverage is something remarkable in its correspondence with the rediscovery of Priessnitz. The water must be neither from a river nor a tank, but from a spring; or, as spring-water is not very plentiful in India, it must have fallen from the clouds as rain, or have undergone the process of boiling.

The foundation of hydropathy, according to Dr Lane, is the axiom that chronic disease 'in most cases may be treated successfully by the self-same means

* *Hydropathy; or the Natural System of Medical Treatment. An Explanatory Essay.* By Edward W. Lane, M.A., M.D., Edin. London: Churchill. 1857.

systematically and perseveringly applied, which are allowed on all hands to be necessary for the preservation of health. Now,' he adds, 'the means necessary to the preservation of health—need I recapitulate them?—air, exercise, water, diet, healthy mental and moral influences—that is the sum of the whole. Will any one be startled to hear that in the combined and systematic application of all these means together reside the philosophy and the practice of what is termed hydropathy? Such, however, is absolutely the case.' Chronic diseases, arising from derangement of the constitution, he divides into two classes: one, the result of a superabundance of vital power—a general plethora; and the other, of a deficiency of the same vital power. The latter is by far the most numerous class; and our skilful hydropath would have done well to give us a few descriptive cases, to bring the subject home to the business and bosoms of his readers. The patient, however, we may say, is the victim of artificial life, of an unnatural practice of eating and drinking, of overwork or idle self-indulgence; in short, of a daily and hourly violation, consciously or unconsciously, of the laws of health. This goes on for a number of years, proportioned to the strength of the constitution whose vital energies it is sapping. Perhaps, in the meantime, irritability sets in, and the victim is racked by neuralgic and rheumatic pains till he is weary of his life. Perhaps a prostration of vigour is all that is physically felt, but this is simultaneous with an unhealthy activity of mind, useless for any practical purpose in the daytime, but rioting in its feverish power throughout the night, and going round and round in a monotonous routine of thought—of thought without object, and industry without result. He grows thin and pale; he is unfit for exercise; his digestion fails; his nervous sensations of sinking are intolerable; and he at length feels that this succession of almost useless days and almost sleepless nights cannot go on much longer—that his career must terminate either in madness or death.

In any stage of a case like this, drugs are of use—for the time: they at least stave off the conclusion. But, unluckily, they leave the man a prey to the same destructive agencies, moral and physical, that have reduced him to the state from which he desires to be relieved. Here hydropathy proffers her aid; she plucks him like a brand from the burning; banishes the haunting spectres of care or unholy pleasure; ministers to the mind diseased as well as the body; and in cleansing the latter from its impurities, washes away the perilous stuff from the heart.

All this takes a certain time, for long-seated disease can be conquered only by time; and even when the patient is dismissed from the establishment, like a giant refreshed, he will have for weeks or months many a reminder of the nervous debility superinduced by years of irrational disregard of the eternal laws of health. 'My own usual plan,' says Dr Lane, 'is to commence the treatment of most cases with the most lenient measures, and to feel my way to a more vigorous *régime* cautiously and day by day; and this is a rule from which no representations of the patient, who is always anxious to get well in a day, and fancies that under hydropathy it is especially his prerogative, have ever induced me to deviate. The majority of patients, it may be remarked, entirely demur to the doctrine that Rome was not built in a day; and having utterly demolished their health by the misusage of years, they fancy it not unnatural that it should be rebuilt in two or three weeks. It is a very pardonable error, perhaps, however unreasonable—but a great error it is; and the slightest acquaintance with the laws of the human economy would suffice to prevent it.* We proceed, however. The first applications of water will usually consist of a simple wash-down, as it is termed, with a couple of wet towels, the patient laving the forepart of the body, the bath-attendant the back. This may last for one or two minutes, and is immediately followed by a vigorous rubbing in a dry sheet with which the patient is enveloped. Friction is continued until a perfect reaction has taken place, and the skin is in a complete glow. The clothes are then hurried on, half a tumbler or so of cold water is drunk, and the patient is sent out to take his prescribed exercise in the open air. The same process may be repeated two or three times per diem during the first few days, and is then followed by others of greater strength, in a continually ascending scale, but with the same object. Of these I may enumerate the dripping-sheet, the shallow-bath, the pail-douche, and the douche proper. It is unnecessary to describe these baths in detail—in fact, they almost describe themselves. It is sufficient to repeat that they are given for the same purpose, and differ only in form and intensity. To these varied applications of water we have yet to add the cold, tepid, and warm sitz-bath, along with the vapour and hot-air bath, and the pack, already described.'

This pack is, to our thinking, the most valuable as well as the most agreeable of all these applications of water. 'A single stout blanket is laid over the mattress of a bed; over this is spread a linen sheet wrung out of cold water, so as to be merely damp. On this, at first sight, not very inviting couch, the patient extends himself, and is at once completely and tightly enveloped, both in the damp sheet itself, and in the heavy mass of blankets superadded. Now, what takes place? All air from without being completely excluded, and the natural heat of the body acting on the damp linen, vapour is forthwith generated, and the patient is very rapidly in a delightfully comfortable and soothing warm vapour-bath.' This is, to all intents and purposes, a poultice spread over the whole body, with the view of bringing out the impurities of the system; but the patient neither knows nor cares about anything so gross. He is very soon in far too great a state of exaltation. He is to all appearance a mummy. He *is* a mummy; and after an interval of confused, but agreeable, yet wondering thought, finds himself somehow—he neither knows nor cares how it comes about—lying prone, unable to stir hand or foot, in the lowest chamber, far beneath the foundations, of the Great Pyramid. He listens for a while to the dreamy murmuring of the water as it enters the vault surrounding the apartment; but presently another sound mingles with the voice of the Nile, and opening a corner of his eye, he finds he is not entirely alone. King Cheops is lying, mummy-wise, by his side; and the two enter into high converse on the subjects discoursed of to Herodotus, nearly five hundred years *after*, by the priests of Memphis. Eventually, however, some knotty point arises between the two—we think it is about the conveyance of the stones—and Cheops, at length losing his temper, talks very inhospitably of turning our mummy out: nay, he puts forth his arm from its case, and begins to tug at his bandages. Skin and bones will not stand this, and the guest seizes his majesty angrily by the hand, who utters in an awful voice: 'The hour is out, sir!' And so it is: the chamber under the Great Pyramid is all on a sudden on the first floor of a spacious and elegant house; John, the bath-man, has succeeded in removing the last fold of the steaming sheet; and presently banishes every fragment of the dream by dashing a pailful of cold water over the shoulders of the transmogrified mummy.

We have mentioned only one species of disease to which hydropathy is applicable, and must refer to the book itself for the rest, and more especially for Dr

* 'Chronic diseases, whether in the body or in the state, can only be met by chronic means.'—*Sir J. Forbes.*

valuable remarks on consumption. We cannot the subject, however, without alluding to the ınce of the fact, that the curative process is carried out in an establishment devoted to the ·. This establishment is really a temple of ·, surrounded by all the agreeable influences of ıd sense—wholesomeness of air, excellence of beauty of scenery; together with the indispens- the place, simplicity of food, the entire banish- ıf intoxicating drinks, and regularity in rest, ·, bathing, and meals. Let us add, that in such blishment the patient is removed from all the influences of his condition; that he is snatched rom overwork or dissipation—from the whole in which soul and body have been prostrated; rounded by everything best calculated to cheer engthen as well as soothe. But this is not all. a place the repulsive forms of disease are not h, and the inmates are usually of pretty nearly e rank in society. The consequence is, that a family feeling springs up among them; that ly reunions resemble friendly parties; that ial affections are cultivated, the sympathies d; and the patient at length dismissed, both and physically, a better man or woman.

ll such subjects, Dr Lane, in his little book, es well and wisely; but the reader will fall great mistake if he supposes him to consider tem as a panacea. Hydropathy, says he, rests ry different foundation from the doctrine of ·. 'Its rationale is based on one broad and ively characteristic idea—to wit, that nature ·s within herself, in the original construction of ing organism, her own means of restoration, ıat organism is overtaken by disease; that she antly endeavouring to work out her own cure; · frequently succeeds in her efforts without any l assistance whatever; and when her powers sufficient to this end, and the aid of art is to ted, that aid must be founded on a considera- the primary laws of health as unfolded by gy, and a main reliance reposed on a syste- pplication of them in the cure of disease. In a ydropathy is grounded, as a system of thera- on the belief that the mass of chronic diseases t effectually and most safely cured, as I have an once stated already, by the identical means, y modified, of course, according to circum- that are requisite for maintaining the animal y in health. Its reliance is on the natural · of health. Its cardinal medicines are the tly simple medicaments of air, exercise, water, t, which, along with healthy moral influences, · its not very extended pharmacopœia. These tools with which it works, and I, for one, can for their efficacy. But, however generally ıle, it would not be consistent, either with or with fact, to assert that these means will in restoring health, absolutely and independ- ı every case of chronic disease that admits of . . Drug medication, more especially in the nt of acute diseases, will, I verily believe, retain its value—nay, more, may always con- be in very many cases indispensably necessary. y point that remains to be gained is to confine ·, its own appropriate sphere, and not to permit espass beyond those limits which science and experience together have prescribed for it.'

ave no design to uphold one system of healing ıan another, and we should scout the idea, as Dr Lane, of treating hydropathy as a panacea. ık, however, our readers will not be dissatisfied what this methodised system of hygiene—for thing else—is, and professes to be, which is ıg so widely throughout the country, and is nerally pronounced, even by the old members of the faculty, to be, in its own place, a mighty regenerator. We have now only to recommend Dr Lane's book to our readers, who will find it full of interest apart from its medical value.

BIEN GANTÉE.

The first time I visited Spa was also the first time I saw a public gaming-table. I had considerable curiosity on the subject, and had perhaps exaggerated a little the interest of the scene. I expected to see exhibitions of great emotion, and people risking their all on the turn of a card; whereas, any manifestation of feeling is very rare; and watching the play is, nine times in ten, exceedingly dull—that is, after you have possessed yourself of the standing features of the scene. Some friends of mine had formerly told me that their rest was disturbed at Baden for several nights by an incessant walking over their heads. On applying to the waiter for an explanation of the noise, he told them it was occasioned by a lady whose maintenance consisted in an annuity, which was regularly remitted to her in quarterly payments, and as regularly lost at the gaming-table. 'After this,' said the waiter, 'she becomes perfectly frantic, and does not sleep, but walks about her room all night. Puis, elle se tranquillise, and goes on quietly till the next time.'

'But how do you get your bill paid?' asked my friend.

'We know the day her money is due; we present it, and insist on immediate payment.'

My friends caught a glimpse of this unfortunate person afterwards; her face was haggard and old, and her dress mean and shabby in the extreme; yet, they were told, she was a well-born and well-connected woman, but deserted by her friends on account of this unhappy propensity.

My curiosity awakened by this and similar stories, I hastened to the Redoute on the first evening of my arrival at Spa, and walked up to the fatal but seductive roulette-table. There were not many people playing at the moment, but there sat the four mysterious croupiers, whom I almost expected to see with tails and cloven feet, and whom I inspected with as much curiosity as I should have inspected the duck-billed platypus, or any other unknown animal, had it for the first time stood before me; there, too, of course, sat the old man in a shabby brown coat, pricking a card, with a little pile of two-franc pieces beside him; one of which, about once in half an hour, when his calculations have satisfied him he must inevitably win, he ventures on a colour, and—loses; and there sat my fat elderly countrywoman, with the rake in one hand, pushing about her five-franc pieces, and her handkerchief in the other, wiping the profuse perspiration from her face, whilst she eagerly claims her winnings with the most Anglicised accent and phraseology, as, 'Je gagné Mossore, j'ai mettais un morceau sur nouf.'

The third interesting character was represented by myself—the neophyte—who, after watching the play for some minutes, furtively insinuates his hand into his pocket, and draws out a small coin, which, after a few more turns of the table, he shyly deposits on the red. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute, and whether he wins or loses his first venture, he is in for it, to a certainty, for a greater or less amount. I think my *premier pas* cost me about twenty francs; and then, taking counsel of discretion, I walked into the adjoining room, where the game is rouge et noir. Here the stakes are higher. There was a good deal of money on the board, and the table was crowded, both by players

and spectators; but I could get a view of the former only by standing on tiptoe, and peeping over the shoulders of the bystanders. There was a vast variety of physiognomies, some of which merited a second glance; but my attention was at once arrested by a pair of yellow gloves — *buff gloves* would be more correct, but the French call them *gants jaunes*— which covered with the nicest precision two small hands resting on the table immediately in front of me, in close proximity to two piles, one of gold, and the other of five-franc pieces. I looked down, and beheld a very neat, but at the same time extremely elegant little Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with a ribbon of the same colour; but the wearer was sitting with her back to me, and I could not see her face, so I moved round to the other side of the table to take a view of her.

'Can you tell me who that lady is?' I said to an Englishman who stood beside me.

'No, I cannot,' said he; 'we call her the pretty little Dutchwoman; but I really don't know whether she is Dutch or not. I rather think she is from Paris.'

'She looks Parisian,' I answered. 'She is dressed to perfection, and *si bien gantée!*'

'Yes,' he said; 'it is quite a pleasure to watch those pretty little hands and well-fitting gloves as she plays; and whether she wins or loses, her countenance never changes. She plays high, too, and with very bad luck.'

I watched her for some time; and when she rose from the table—a considerable loser, by the by—the attraction was gone, and I left the room.

I found, when I got back to the hotel, that the rest of my party had been equally interested in this fair stranger; and that to their inquiries of who she was, they had received the same answer as myself.

For several days—though we saw her every evening at the table, always in a new pair of admirably fitting gloves, playing high, and generally losing—we obtained no more information about her: no one, indeed, seemed to be able to give any, though she still remained an object of general interest; and everybody exclaimed: 'Elle est charmante cette petite femme, et toujours si bien gantée!'

We lodged that year at the Grand Hôtel Britannique, which we selected because it had a garden in which a little child that was with us could run about, and we soon observed that she had found two playmates of nearly her own age. They were French children, and we understood that they belonged to a lady and gentleman who were lodging in the hotel, but whom we had not happened to see. The eldest of these children was a beautiful little girl between six and seven years of age; the other was a boy, called Adolphe; a fine child, but not pretty, nor particularly attractive. I thought he bore marks of his Dutch origin: he looked rather heavy.

We lodged in a pavilion in the garden, and the door being always open, the children and their maid, Louise, used often to come into the apartment occupied by our child; and one day Louise brought a request that Mademoiselle Edith might be permitted to accompany Mademoiselle Eugénie et Monsieur Adolphe, who were going to take a ride on a donkey. We consented; and so the intimacy increased from day to day; but still we had never chanced to have a near view of the parents, till one morning at breakfast, the garçon inquired whether we had any objection to dine at five o'clock instead of four, because there was a lady and gentleman in the hotel who would join the table d'hôte on that condition; but they at present ate in private, because four was too early an hour for them. We made no difficulties; and accordingly, when the dinner-bell rang, the lady and gentleman appeared, accompanied by Mademoiselle Eugénie and Monsieur Adolphe, who, young as they were, according to French usage, always dined with their parents, for such we found these strangers were. But this was not the only interest they had for us: in the lady, we recognised the 'pretty little Dutchwoman;' and in the gentleman, a fair-haired, phlegmatic-looking man, whom we had often seen playing high also, but seldom at the same time as his wife.

As the guests at table were very few, we inevitably formed a sort of acquaintance; and when we strolled into the garden to take our coffee after dinner, Monsieur and Madame V—— accompanied us; and this being our custom every afternoon, we naturally grew tolerably intimate. We clubbed together for carriages to go to the balls, and she frequently took country drives, and invited me to accompany her. On these occasions, she always took Eugénie with her, who was evidently her mother's darling; and in addition to her beauty, was dressed *à ravir*, and very expensively. 'Que c'est charmant,' she exclaimed to me one day, while looking at the child with adoration, 'd'avoir une jolie petite enfant gatée comme celle là!' The boy she was much less enthusiastic about; and as we frequently heard cries and screams issuing from their apartments, which we were informed proceeded from Monsieur Adolphe, who was naughty, we were inclined to think that his peccadilloes were looked on with a less indulgent eye than his sister's. The father, however, was very fond of him, and did all he could to make amends for any coldness that might exist on the part of the mother and nurse.

At length Monsieur V—— informed us that he was under the necessity of going to Paris for a few days, and he requested my son and myself to pay his wife some little attention during his absence, which we willingly did; and though Lord N—— K—— objected to her that she was not *grande dame*, and Monsieur de L—— remarked that it was wonderful to see how frequently the English, who are the most exclusive people in the world in their own country, will rush into intimacies abroad with strangers; still, nothing could be more discreet than Madame V——'s demeanour, or more quiet and elegant than her dress; and we continued to like our pretty little Dutchwoman, whom, by the by, we soon found had no claim to the appellation, for she was a Parisian. She laughed when we told her the name she generally went by in Spa, and she knew no more than ourselves why she was called so. I think it must have been a conclusion drawn from her husband's appearance, who looked more Dutch or German than French, being fair, heavy-featured, and somewhat stolid.

When Monsieur V—— returned, he confided to my son that he had been to Paris, where they resided, to fetch some money, as they had been so unfortunate at play that they had lost the whole sum destined for their summer excursion. This ill-luck, however, did not deter them from the gaming-table; on the contrary, they returned to it with additional gusto and revived hopes, but with no better fortune.

Shortly after this, we had a great influx of the Parisian literary and artistic world: Jules Janin, the fattest of the fat; Pousand; Charles Renaud; Rachel; Levi, the publisher, from the Rue Vivienne, and now publisher at Brussels, being banished from Paris, whose general air and manner realise fully the agreeable idea of a red republican, which he is. Pousand, the author of several celebrated plays, appeared to be a simple, unpretending man; but Charles Renaud I became intimate with, and liked exceedingly. He was about thirty years of age, with handsome features, good complexion, fine teeth, dark hair and beard, and large clear blue eyes, that looked full of truth and kindness. He was a popular poet in France, and was almost the only person I ever met with in my life who owned to being happy. 'Oui,' said he, when I expressed my surprise at the avowal.

s suis heureux; j'ai une bonne santé, une petite for-
ne qui me suffit, une mère que j'aime et qui m'adore,
s compatriotes ont la complaisance d'agréer mes
ésies—je ne suis pas plus mal qu'un autre (a modest
usion to his handsome person); enfin je suis
ureux.' In ten days from that time he was dead!
) left Spa in the highest health and spirits; caught
ld on his arrival in Paris, and died of a pleurisy.
ow I pitied the poor lone mother who 'adored him!'
) was very fond of travelling, and there was a
em of his commencing 'Loin de vous ma mère,'
ich he had written while in the east; but he said
s had suffered so much during his absence, from
report of his death, that he should take no more
ig journeys while she survived. His body was
nveyed to his native place in the south of France,
tended by many of the most eminent literary persons
m Paris.

To return to Madame V——. We found she was
quainted with all these people; and after their
ival, she was much occupied with them; they
quently made excursions into the country, and
med apparently a very joyous society altogether.

At length the end of the season arrived, and we took
ve of each other to go our different ways. Madame
—— gave me her address in the Champs Elysées,
ying she hoped to see me, and that she had evening
ceptions twice a week; and Monsieur V—— con-
ed to my son that they had lost upwards of seven
ndred pounds, and had scarcely money enough to
ke them back to Paris—in short, he borrowed two
ndred francs, lest they should run short, which
s faithfully returned by the earliest post after their
rival.

Three months afterwards, I was startled by the
telligence that Madame V—— was dead—murdered
her husband in a fit of jealousy; and we learned
at she had been an *actrice*, and that he, the son of a
h merchant of Marseille, had fallen in love with
r. He took her from the stage, married her against
s consent of his friends, and generously adopted the
autiful little Eugénie. Adolphe was the only fruit
the marriage.

Whether Monsieur V—— had any legitimate cause
: jealousy, does not seem clear; but the morning
er one of his wife's receptions, at which he had not
peared, and on which occasion she had urged the
mpany to remain to a late hour, alleging that she
d not slept for several nights, and that if she went
bed she should not sleep now, he entered her
udoir, where she was occupied with her *broderie*, and
manded the key of her escritoire, which she con-
mptuously refusing to deliver, he suddenly stabbed
r. Eugénie, who was present, ran out screaming to
uise, 'Papa *tue* mamma!' whilst the unfortunate
an rushed forth to avow his crime, and give himself
) to the police. The magistrate, who was well
quainted with him, considered the thing so improb-
le, that he concluded he had gone suddenly mad
om losses on the Bourse, and was sending for a
hysician, when Monsieur V—— said: 'You don't
lieve me? Come and see!'

The officers accompanied him to the house, and
und it too true. Madame V—— lay dead on the
earth, weltering in her blood, which flowed from five
ounds near the region of the heart.

I believe he was found 'guilty, with extenuating
rcumstances;' and after a short imprisonment, he
ft France for the West Indies. Adolphe was adopted
y his relations; but poor little Eugénie, so pretty and
friendless, we heard, was sent to a boarding-school.

What a reverse for that *enfant gâtée*, the petted and
e cherished! What a tragedy for the first chapter
f her history!

And what memories for the husband, with that
utwardly calm but inwardly passionate nature; for
he had loved, 'not wisely, but too well,' the woman
he murdered! How her shadow must walk beside
him by day, and stand by his bedside at night! And
how true is the old saying, that *Still waters run deep.*

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester continues to be a principal subject of conversation among artists and amateurs, and the example set by running excursion-trains from places within an easy distance of Manchester, has at last been followed here, and now we have trains running from London at remarkably low fares, with the privilege of remaining four days, a week, or a month. Few who have any love for art will neglect this opportunity—a rare one—of viewing the best works of the greatest masters, brought together into close neighbourhood from their widely scattered homes, admitting of careful study and comparison, to say nothing of the pleasure. A visitor will not be long in discovering that the paintings are the chief object of attraction; and for him who wishes to observe critically, Dr Waagen's Guide, published by Mr Murray, is available; while for the working-classes there is *What to See, and Where to See It*, sold in the building for one penny. The completest part of the Exhibition is the engravings; in which the observer may trace the history of the engraver's art through a series as admirable as it is extensive.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have just made their required annual report to government concerning their proceedings for the past year. As regards the projects and proposals for new streets, clearing away incumbrances, and opening up continuous thoroughfares, it has a bearing on art, for architecture will come into play. The Thames embankment question —one of the noblest improvements the metropolis is capable of—has again been under consideration; and a special report has been laid before the board on the mighty question of sewage and drainage. The surveyors recommend that there should be an outfall on each side of the river, far down in the estuary of the Thames; that all the towns, villages, and hamlets along the route should drain into them, and bear a portion of the cost, which is estimated at five millions and a half.

The commission appointed to consider the question as to the site of the National Gallery, have decided that the present site is the best—a decision that will rejoice thousands, to whom the removal of the pictures to Kensington would have been a complete and lasting deprivation. To say nothing of the thousands of working-people, there is many a busy clerk or tradesman, who, while passing Trafalgar Square, spares a minute for the pictures, who would never see them were they miles away. Sir Charles Barry shews that by pulling down the present ugly building, and taking in ground from St Martin's Workhouse and the barracks in the rear, room would be gained for an edifice that would adorn the site, and contain all the paintings likely to be bought or bestowed for a hundred years to come.

The Archæological Institute have chosen Chester as their place of meeting for this summer—an excellent centre point for antiquarian research. The president, Lord Talbot de Malahide, made a few remarks in his opening address on the subject of treasure-trove, which we repeat here, as they are of importance to archæologists. 'The meeting,' he said, 'were aware that, according to the present state of the law, any article of value composed of the precious metals found was the property of the crown, or the grantees of the crown. The consequence was, that in a great number of instances the most valuable articles discovered had found their way to the crucible instead of to the

British Museum, or to some local collection. This matter was felt to be a grievance elsewhere, as well as in England; so much so, that in Denmark, where there was one of the best museums in Europe, the law has been altered merely to meet the grievance. They give to the party finding a right to certain compensation, at the same time reserving to the state the right of pre-emption on giving such compensation.' His lordship added that a similar law was desirable in England, and that it could be made without violating the rights of property. We think so too.

An observer at San Francisco has recorded that sixteen earthquakes occurred in California in 1856, of which thirteen took place between sunrise and sunset. Only three of the shocks, however, were strong enough to arrest attention during the busy hours of the day.—From other parts of the United States we hear that endeavours are being made to shew planters and agriculturists that a valuable resource is open to them in the cultivation of the *Sorgho*. The soil and climate of some of the southern and western states are eminently suitable for the plant, and there is good reason to believe that its introduction would afford another proof of the greater profit to be derived from free labour than from the labour of slaves.—In France, M. Dumas reports, after an official visit by authority to the silk-producing districts, that he found but little or no disease among the silkworms reared on hillsides open to a constant circulation of air, while in the valleys they have perished by thousands. One grower, whose estate covers a small hill in a generally low district, has all along had healthy worms and perfect eggs, to the astonishment and admiration of his less fortunate neighbours. Here, again, is evidence that disease is not fate, but may be controlled by circumstances.

More cotton—wider cultivation of cotton, is still the cry in the northern counties, growing more and more earnest; so that we may think something will come of it at last. What if increasing cultivation of this essential product should prove to be one of the beneficial influences in the ameliorations we shall have to introduce into India! In another respect, there are resources that may be developed with advantage to all concerned. Some of the good folk at Dundee are of opinion that India could supply us with enough, and more than enough, of fibrous material for our manufacturing purposes quite independent of Russia. As yet, our knowledge of the wild plants which produce long and strong fibre is very imperfect; and as the best means of arriving at anything like certain or useful data, we would suggest the sending out of a competent person to explore parts of India and the Archipelago for fibrous plants especially. We all know that Mr Fortune was sent to explore the tea-countries of China by the Horticultural Society, and that good came of it. India is now a great political question: we have all along urged the necessity for dealing with that country on the most enlightened principles; and we trust that ere long those principles will prevail. And regarded in a scientific and commercial point of view, our eastern empire becomes to us of incalculable importance.

Dr Buist of Bombay has communicated to the Royal Society a short paper 'On the Causes and Phenomena of the Repulsion of Water from the Feathers of Waterfowl and the Leaves of Plants,' which, interesting in itself, embodies a suggestion which may perhaps be turned to account by practical men. Concerning the leaves of lilies and of the lotus, particularly the latter, growing abundantly in tanks near his residence, the doctor remarks: 'When the lotus-leaf is placed under water it reflects light like a mirror, so that the image of any object, if presented to it at a proper angle, is seen by the spectator as if the surface were one of polished metal. When water is thrown on the surface of a floating leaf, it flows off like a pool of quicksilver.' This, however, is the fact as regards the upper surface only. It has long been familiar to the natives, who poetically liken the virtuous man among the wicked to the lotus-leaf 'in the water, yet unwet by the water.'

'On examining carefully into the cause of this,' continues the doctor, 'I found the lotus-leaf covered with short microscopic papillæ, which entangle the air, and establish an air-plate over the whole surface, with which, in reality, the water never comes in contact at all. Another peculiarity connected, but not necessarily so, so far as I could discover, with this, was the singular respiratory pores of the lotus. The leaves, when full-sized, are from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter: on cutting off a leaf six inches broad, the stalk of which was less than a third of an inch in diameter, I was able to collect thirty-three cubic inches of air in an hour, when the vital energies of the plant must have been injured by its mutilation. At this rate, a tank covered with lotus-leaves would produce daily an atmosphere four feet in depth throughout its whole surface.' The doctor believes that the same phenomenon as exhibited by water-fowl, is not due to the presence of grease or oil, but to the presence of an air-plate, so that the water never comes in contact with the feathers at all. The trimming process, so carefully performed by water-fowl, is probably an application of oil or grease, with the object of separating or dressing the little fibres of the feathers so as to produce an arrangement fitted to entangle the air.

Then follows the suggestion: 'Might not the manufacturers of waterproof cloth or clothes take a hint on this point from the economy of nature? Could they manage to produce a surface such as would entangle and retain a film of air, no India-rubber varnish or other water-tight material would be required; while the texture would permit the free transmission of respiration or moisture from the body, which Mackintosh's and other similar contrivances obstruct.'

Communications made to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh reveal certain curious facts, some of which appear worthy of general notice. Mr J. Lowe shews that the parasitic growth in *Porrigo favosa* is identical with a common species of fungus, *Aspergillus glaucus;* and a small piece of scab from a case of *Porrigo lupinosa*, placed in a solution of raw sugar, germinated and produced numerous species of the minute plants; 'with a considerable number of other epizootic forms.'—And the same author, treating of the physiological effects attributed to darnel (*Lolium temulentum*), remarks that the virulence of the herb appears to depend on the place of its growth, varying according to locality. 'Darnel grown in the Botanic Garden (at Edinburgh) produced no effect when taken in doses of half an ounce. The observations of Professor Christison on the hemlock (*Œnanthe crocata*), shew an analogous result, this plant being a virulent poison when grown in England, but innocuous in Scotland. A similar example is seen in the *Cannabis indica*, which only yields its gum-resin when grown in a hot climate.'

Electricians are interested in a 'triple contact pile' invented by Professor Selmi of Turin, which has some special merits. It is, to quote the description, 'constructed on the principle that—given a pair of two different metals, of which the positive element is entirely submerged in the liquid, and the negative only half submerged, there results an absorption of the oxygen of the atmosphere on the line where the air, the liquid, and the negative element meet, which oxygen goes to depolarise this element, and performs the function of the nitric acid in Bunsen's pile, and of the sulphate of copper in Daniell's pile.'

The negative is formed of a spiral band of copper loosely twisted so as to present a large surface to the action of the liquid in a small space. A plate of zinc is used as the positive; but iron, lead, tin, or any

metal will answer the purpose. For zinc, employed is a solution of sulphate of potash. is alike cheap and simple. It has been for in use at the telegraph office in Turin, and k of electro-plating. The zinc only is decom- e copper and liquid serve for a long time terioration.

ver-to-be-memorable Peace-fleet of war- has sailed to lay down the Atlantic cable. minary experimental trials went off satisfac- id before these lines appear in print, the will perhaps be accomplished. and England telegraphic communication with America.

UBS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

ost amusing of antiquaries, Jonathan Old- Monkbarns, had been requested to give an n of the word *club*, he, in all probability, e said that it was a bludgeon, with which of the olden time armed their tenants, and monkish vassals were termed *kolb-kerles* or If the same query had been propounded to statesman, he might reply, using the semi- liamentary phraseology of the day, that a 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms;' and, in his explanation, quote, if he knew them, f Dryden:

e grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
fancy, meet, and club into a dream.

ayer, in all likelihood, would give another of the word; so we shall at once refer to n, who tells us that a club is 'an assembly fellows meeting under certain conditions.' is a good fellow, according to the worthy ceptation? It is, says the learned lexi- 'a companionable, sociable, merry fellow.' definition is scarcely satisfactory, for Gold- ks of a 'humdrum club:' surely there could but little merriment, companionship, or in it; and during our own travels through ve heard of 'sulky,' 'disagreeable,' and even bs. We would, then, briefly say, that a club ciation of persons, subject to certain rules; at the club, as a social institution, may in its progressive course, from an adven- e-and-easy, hail-fellow-well-met kind of an e, open to all comers of a certain station, ly exclusive society—from small convivial in houses of public entertainment, where e strangers had free access, to a second en, the clubbists taking sole possession of ment, strangers were not admitted except troduction of members; and from thence s to the present day, when clubs, having rge, wealthy, and influential associations, es, or rather palaces, for themselves alone, h, as a general rule, all strangers are rigor- uded. Still, though the modern club-system certain degree, have ministered to exclusive- as at the same time weakened, if not in ances broken down, the barriers of *caste;* substituting the economical and utilitarian for the mere convivial, it has had an un- favourable effect on the general refinement It is to those metropolitan celestial empires those central, flowery lands of Pall-Mall, St treet, and Waterloo Place, as yet untrodden otsteps of outer barbarians, that we wish to the reader. True, we cannot pass together eir lofty portals; but by invoking the dusky f the printer's chapel—the attendant imp of y press—the modern Asmodeus, a thousand e powerful than the crippled demon of Le may, without moving from the easy-chair and cozy chimney-corner, mentally explore the most secret recesses of those forbidden regions. Ere we do so, however, let us cast a retrospective glance at the predecessors of the present clubs.

The most famous of the earlier London clubs was the Mermaid, said to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and attended by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others, the elite of the Elizabethan era. Alas! there was neither a Pepys nor a Boswell at that time to hand down to us the crumbs of wit that fell from the table of those giants of old. We are merely tantalised by Beaumont thus alluding to them, when writing from the country to his friend and fellow-labourer, Fletcher:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

Another noted club, of nearly the same period, was held in the Apollo room of the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, on the site now occupied by Childs' well-known banking-house. Ben Jonson wrote in choice and elegant Latin the convivial rules (*leges conviviales*) for this assembly, which were engraved in letters of gold on a black board, and suspended over the fire-place. The board itself is still preserved by the Messrs Child. Over the door of the club-room was placed a bust of Jonson, and a number of verses, commencing

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine;
Truth itself doth flow in wine;
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the King of Skinkers.

'Old Sim' was Simon Wardloe, the landlord of the tavern, and the original of *Old Sir Simon the King*, the favourite song of the boisterous Squire Western.

The convulsive struggles of the civil war, and the Puritanic tendencies of the Protectorate, were alike unfavourable to the extension of the club-system. After the Restoration, however, clubs again came into vogue, not as the resort of men of learning and genius, but the haunts of fiercely imbittered politicians; and, in many instances, were little more than vile hotbeds of riot and immorality. Men of letters—the wits as they were termed—then frequented the coffee-houses; and Dryden at Will's, and Addison at Button's, exercised a considerable influence on the taste, manners, and even fashion of the age.

The Beef-steak Club, composed principally of literary men, artists, and actors, was founded in the reign of Queen Anne. Its president was distinguished by wearing a miniature golden gridiron attached to a green ribbon. Peg Woffington, the actress, was the only female member; one Estcourt, a popular comedian of the day, long held the responsible office of 'steak provisor;' and Dr King dedicated his once well-known poem, *The Art of Cookery*, to this club.

He that of honour, mirth, and wit partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;
His name may be to future times enrolled
In Estcourt's books, whose gridiron's framed of gold.

There is still a beef-steak society of noblemen and gentlemen, having apartments in the Lyceum Theatre, who meet at five o'clock every Saturday, between November and July, to partake of a beef-steak dinner. Their dining-room is most appropriately fitted up; the doors, wainscotting, and oaken roof being carved with

innumerable representations of gridirons. Indeed, every piece of furniture in the room either assumes the shape or is adorned with the emblem of that useful culinary implement; while, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, hangs the original gridiron of the society, which, to say nothing of the many fires it withstood in its days of usefulness, is the survivor of two conflagrations. Twice has the building in which it was preserved been burned to the ground, and twice, like another phœnix, has the renowned gridiron and cherished relic been rescued from the ruins. This society, however, eschewing the appellation of a club, denominate themselves 'The Steaks,' and dedicate their meetings to 'Beef and Liberty.'

Three clubs, still in existence, started into being about the same time as the Kit-kat: these are White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's—so named from the tavern-keepers at whose houses they were first established. Politics and gambling were their principal bonds of union. White's was Tory; Brookes's, Whig; Boodle's, more a resort for quiet country gentlemen than active politicians. The latter is still *the* country-gentleman's club; to its committee are referred all disputes and misunderstandings connected with fox-hunting, and the decision is considered final; while the two former are less distinctively political than in the olden time, and gambling has long since died out with the six-bottle men. It was in the reign of the second George that these clubs, taking the management of their respective establishments into their own hands, laid the foundation of the modern system. At that time, the literary wits of a previous era had either died out, or slunk back into the obscure insignificance of Grub Street, poets and pamphleteers being effectually excluded from the new clubs by the high terms of subscription, as well as by the ordeal of the ballot-box. One of the old rules of Brookes's is, that 'every person playing at the new quinze table do keep fifty guineas before him.' Gambling, however, was only one of the many vices of that immoral and unintellectual age—of the period when Beau Nash flourished, and the Duke of Cumberland was friend and patron of Figge the prize-fighter; when Quin's brutal personalities passed for wit; when Colley Cibber was poet-laureate; and when Samuel Johnson was glad to eat an eleemosynary plate of victuals behind the screen in Cave's back-shop.

A stranger, when exploring that part of the west end of London which forms, as it were, a sort of neutral ground between the dwellings of the aristocracy on one side, and the more fashionable business streets on the other, cannot fail to be struck by the magnificence of some twenty large buildings, thickly scattered over a small compass of ground. If he inquires to whom these splendid palaces belong, he will be told that they are club-houses; and subsequent experience will inform him that the mansions of the highest nobility, even the palace of the Queen, are inferior, in point of architectural decoration, to many of these remarkable edifices. Further, when our stranger is told that these buildings were erected by private associations, not with any view of gain, but merely for social and economical purposes, he must candidly confess that they are such as no other city in the world can exhibit.

The internal arrangements and fittings of the London club-houses equal, if they do not surpass, in magnificence the architectural embellishments of the exterior. Though no two of these establishments are perfectly alike, yet they all possess a general similarity of arrangement, which we shall now endeavour to describe. A noble entrance-hall is approached from the street by a small and comparatively unornamented vestibule. A portly hall-porter, who receives all letters, and is attended by two or more liveried pages, to carry messages, is the presiding genius of this debatable land, and jealously guards the sacred interior from the profane footsteps of unlicensed strangers. This trusty janitor must know every member of the club, by eyesight at least, and is supposed to be able at all times, but with suitable tact and discretion, to answer all inquirers respecting the whereabouts of any individual clubbist. Thus, he will tell you whether a member be in the house—at what time he generally is there—whether he be in the country, on the continent, or elsewhere. He does not, however, know the private addresses of all the members, these being required, by the rules of the club, to be given in confidence to the secretary only—many gentlemen, like the renowned Mulligan of Ballymulligan, so pleasantly described by Mr Thackeray, living 'there;' that is, in places differing very much as regards fashionable locality, style, and other obvious et ceteras, from the club-house, to which their letters are directed. Adjoining the vestibule, there generally is a small reception-room, where a stranger, who may happen to call upon a member, is permitted to wait, if his manner and semblance satisfy the experienced scrutiny of the lynx-eyed porter. There is a tribe of 'gents,' readily recognised by the initiated in London life, whose not over-clean linen, hands, and faces, sparkling jewellery, dark searching eyes, and largely developed nasal organs, unmistakably denote a certain class of the pure Caucasian race. These persons, on the strength of a legal fiction, connected with the well-known firm of Doe & Roe, manage to gain admission to most of the public and private places in England; but they might as well attempt to invade the harem of the sultan as the sacred recesses of a club-house. Indeed, a learned judge not long since declared, in his official capacity, that a club-house was a sanctuary inviolable by sheriff-officer, writ, summons, execution—in short, by the whole artillery and small-arms of legal procedure.

From the entrance-hall branch off the various apartments on the ground-floor: one is a spacious morning or lounging room, amply supplied with newspapers and writing materials for the free use of the members. Theodore Hook is said to have written several of his novels on club-paper in the morning-room of the Athenæum, and his favourite seat is still considered an object of interest by the members of that club. Adjoining this apartment is the coffee-room, differing in little, except its superior magnificence, from the coffee-room of a first-class tavern. Rows of small tables, projecting from the sides, leave a wide open space in the centre. These tables are laid for breakfast and luncheon, from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon; then, like a scene in a pantomime, the whole is at once changed, and arrangements made for dinner. There are also smaller apartments, where members making up snug little parties can dine together, and freely discuss affairs of pleasure, politics, or business, unrestrained by the publicity of the coffee-room. Most clubs have a strangers' room, to which a member can invite a non-member friend to dine with him; the non-member, however, cannot go into any other part of the house; still, a club-dinner is no penance to him, though the eater is exclusively confined to the strangers' apartment.

On the basement, beneath the ground-floor, are situated the main vital organs of the establishment—the kitchen and cellar. Our humble abilities are unequal to the task of describing these most important parts of club anatomy; nor is it necessary: the kitchen of the Reform, when under the command of the great 'gastronomic regenerator' himself, has already been described in this *Journal*—so we shall at once pass upwards.

From the hall, a grand staircase leads the way to the drawing-room, on the first floor. Though fitted up in a style of the most costly elegance, this spacious apartment ever has as 'lack-lustre' an appearance as

ie eye of the fool whom the melancholy Jaques met i' the forest.' Could it possibly appear otherwise? drawing-room without ladies—a universe without s central suns! On 'visiting-days,' however, ladies re permitted to have a peep at the dreary splendour, hich they alone could fitly embellish. Adjoining the rawing-room is the library, generally well stored with ooks and attended by a resident librarian. One club, ie Athenæum, possesses upward of 25,000 volumes, nd sets apart the considerable sum of L.500 per nnum for the library alone. Generally speaking, the ard-room is on the same floor as the library and rawing-room. In all clubs, games of mere chance re strictly forbidden, on penalty of expulsion; and ie highest play permitted even at whist is half-uinea points. The billiard and smoking rooms are ostly situated on the upper story. The extra xpenses of the card and billiard tables are defrayed y a small fee paid by each member who uses them, nd not out of the general fund; it obviously being njust that members who do not play should be called pon to contribute to the amusement of those who do.

The club is managed by a committee, carefully hosen from among the most scientific gourmands, and killed connoisseurs in wines, on the roll of member-hip. The post is one of honour, but the responsi-ility is equally great, as the reputation of the club rincipally depends on the skill of the committee in he art of good living. Except on very important ccasions, such as the appointment of a new cook, vhen certain experienced members are selected to ssist the managing committee, the latter rule abso-ute, and command the whole working-staff of the stablishment. These consist of a secretary, house-steward, cook, butler, coffee-room clerk, clerk of the kitchen, head and under waiters. The female servants are more particularly under the superintendence of a matron, and comprise, a still-room maid, who prepares tea and coffee, a needle-woman, with a number of house and kitchen maids. One of the puzzling pecu-liarities of club economy is, that the inferior servants are always invisible. Possibly the greater part of the house-work is done at early hours in the morning; but however that may be, a man may be a member of a club for years without ever seeing one of the female servants.

A French writer has, in a few words, given a fair general description of a London club. He says, it is a sort of private restaurant, with the advantages of the very best viands, wines, cookery, and attendance at the lowest possible expense; and, we may add, that the mode of transacting business is well calculated to prevent mistakes, and serve as a check upon each department. For instance, a member wishing to dine, fills up a printed form of dinner-bill with whatever dishes he may choose to select from the *carte* of the day. The bill is then passed to the head-waiter, who sends it down to the clerk of the kitchen, and the latter appends the established price of each dish as it is sent up to the coffee-room. The bill thus filled up is passed to the butler, who, in turn, charges in it whatever wine the member has ordered; and it is then delivered to the coffee-room clerk, who sums up the entire amount, adding a small charge for what is termed 'table-money.' This charge, which averages from sixpence to a shilling, according to the rules of the club, is to defray the contingent expenses of the dinner—the clean cloth, vegetables, cheese, and other minor condiments. The bill is then presented to the member, and paid at sight; for however much the various clubs may differ in their regulations, the spirit of the following rule, copied from the laws of the Carleton, is common to all:

'Members are to pay their bills for every expense they incur in the club before they leave the house, the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individual.'

By way of consolation, however, for this pay-upon-delivery system, the member, if he has, or fancies he has, any complaint to make against the charges, quality of viands, wines, or cooking, can enter his protest on the back of the bill, which is duly laid before the committee, and seriously investigated.

A clubbist, for about half-a-crown, can get as good a dinner—exclusive of wine—at his club, as he would pay half-a-guinea for at a tavern; moreover, he is not expected, whether he wants it or not, to drink a pint of wine 'for the good of the house;' nor to give an evidently anticipated shilling to the thankless waiter; all gratuities to club-servants being strictly forbidden. Previous to the establishment of clubs, the poor gentle-man who found himself adrift on the great ocean of London life, had but two choices—the extravagant tavern-dinner, or the cheap and nasty cut at the greasy and odorous cook-shop. Another element of cheapness in the club-system is, that no charge is made for bread, table-ale, sauces, or pickles; nor is table-money charged but at dinner—that is to say, after the tables are changed at four o'clock. Consequently, a member may lunch on bread and ale free of charge; or if he order cold meat, chop, or steak, he may, under the denomination of luncheon, make a cheap and excellent, if not luxurious dinner, any time previous to four o'clock.

A person who desires admission to a club must be proposed and seconded by two or more members; his name is then placed on the candidates' book; but his election does not take place till—through vacancies occurring in the club by deaths or resignations—all the previous names on the same book have been admitted or rejected. There are at present several thousand names on the candidates' lists of the London clubs. Not long since, the Athenæum, which consists of 1500 members, had no less than 1600 candidates wait-ing in regular order for admission. The election is by ballot. In some of the smaller and more aristocratic clubs, a single black ball excludes the anxious aspirant; but the majority of clubs are not so ridiculously par-ticular; generally speaking, one black ball in ten is the fatal number equivalent to rejection. Immediately after an election, the secretary writes to the successful candidate, enclosing a printed copy of the club-rules, and requesting prompt payment of the entrance-fees and annual subscription for the current year. When these are paid, and not till then, the newly elected member is entitled to all the rights and privileges of his club. As may naturally be supposed, the entrance-fees and annual subscriptions of the various London clubs differ considerably in amount. The entrance-fees vary from eight guineas to thirty. The lowest annual subscription is five, the highest ten guineas: in most clubs, however, it is not more than six.

Our limits, even if it were desirable, do not admit a detailed description of the London clubs. Suffice it to say, that four are military and naval; three, political; one at least claims to be literary; one represents the universities; another consists solely of gentlemen who have travelled in foreign parts; while the remaining clubs, though they do not claim any particularly distinc-tive character, may be described as compounds of the above, strengthened by a further intermingling with the legal, mercantile, and financial elements of the community.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WITTICISMS.

JERROLD was, beyond all doubt, the prince of English wits in his day. His witticisms were generally made on the prompting of the occasion, and surprised every one by the quickness with which they were conceived and uttered. What made their freedom from premeditation the more certain, they very often consisted of some clause of a sentence—perhaps of but a single word—which only

was sense as taken in connection with what some other person had just said. Jerrold, who was a little spare man, with an oval, pallid face, a keen gray eye, and resolute mouth, usually sat somewhat aside from what might be called the current of conversation, and only opened his mouth when he could cap something with a *bon mot*. It is universally acknowledged that such good things, when put in print, fall greatly short of the impression they made when first uttered by their author; nevertheless, the few which here follow, taken down some years ago, will perhaps give a faint idea of the style of the man.

At a dinner of a society connected with the fine arts, where a queen's counsel happened to be present, the Law was unexpectedly toasted, out of compliment to him. The learned gentleman blundered out a few sentences, stating that he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the *arts*—— '*Black!*' rapped out Jerrold, like a dart from a bow.

On a literary friend producing a volume of miscellanies under the title of *Prose and Verse*, Jerrold bantered him about it, as 'Prose and *Worse*.'

A tedious old gentleman, meeting Jerrold in Regent Street, and having stopped him, posed himself into button-holding attitude, while preparing to grapple. 'Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?' 'I am,' quoth the wit, instantly shooting off along the pavement.

A dull foreigner was indulging in a rapturous description of the beauties of the *Prodigue*. 'As to one song in particular (*naming the song*), I was quite carried away.' 'Is there anybody here that can sing it?' said Jerrold.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; 'and, of course,' added the gentleman, 'his business will go to the devil.' 'Oh, then, he'll get it again,' said the wit.

A friend was telling, one evening, where he had been dining, and what he got to eat. 'There was one article I never saw before; none of you could guess what it was—it was a soup made of calves' tails.' 'Extremes meet,' was Jerrold's remark.

A literary friend, who had set up a neat barouche with a pair of grays, drove Jerrold out one day into the country. As they passed through a village, the people came to their doors to behold the pretty equipage. 'I think they're rather struck with our grays,' remarked the charioteer. 'I wonder what they would say of our duns?' quoth Jerrold.

He had a theory in the spirit of the *Caudle Lectures*, that women rather liked that their husbands should stay out late occasionally—'it gives them a *wrong*.'

GOLD-DIGGING SCENE.

Twenty thousand people, at least, were all scuffling together like ants in an ant's nest, or tadpoles in a pool. The whole valley, through which ran the creek or brook, for several miles was in the act of being turned upside down. Close as the crowd could press upon each other so as to leave the prescribed number of feet for each party, they were digging, delving, throwing up earth, carrying away bags of it, supposed to contain the gold, to the creek, and there delivering it to other crowds, who, at a long line of cradles, were in as great a bustle, throwing in the earth, rocking it to and fro under deluges of water from tin dippers. There was an incessant noise of rattling cradles and shouting voices. Strange figures, all yellow with clay, and disguised in bushy beards, and veils to keep off the flies, seemed too desperately busy to have time to breathe. It was all one agitated scene of elbowing, swearing, hacking, hewing, and shovelling. Not a tree was left standing over the whole great space, and the sun flamed down on unsheltered heaps and holes of gravel, with a burning, sweltering force.—*Howitt's Tallangetta.*

SINGULAR ICEBERGS.

Here, at all events, was honest blue salt water frozen solid; and when, as we proceeded, the scattered fragments thickened, and passed like silver argosies on either hand, until at last we found ourselves enveloped in an innumerable fleet of bergs, it seemed as if we could never be weary of admiring a sight so strange and beautiful. It was in form and colour than in size that these ice-islets remarkable. In quaintness of form, and in brilliar colours, these wonderful masses surpassed everyth had imagined; and we found endless amusem watching their fantastic procession. At one time, it knight on horseback, clad in sapphire mail, a white above his casque; or a cathedral-window, with shu chrysophras, new powdered by a snow-storm; or a s sheer cliff of lapis lazuli; or a banyan-tree, with descending from its branches, and a foliage as delic the efflorescence of molten metal; or a fairy dragor breasted the water in scales of emerald; or anythir that your fancy chose to conjure up.—*Lord Du Letters from High Latitudes.*

A FLOWER OF A DAY.

Old friend, that with a pale and pensile grace
Climbest the lush hedgerows, art thou back agai
Marking the slow round of the wondrous years?
Didst beckon me a moment, silent flower?

Silent? As silent is the archangel's pen,
That day by day records our various lives,
And turns the page—the half-forgotten page
Which all eternity will never blot.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go; wash them clean with tear
Leave them to bleach i' the sun and open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothe
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain;
But we forget not—never can forget.

Flower, thou and I a moment face to face—
My face as clear as thine, this July noon
Shining on both, on bee and butterfly,
And golden beetle creeping in the sun—
Will pause, and lifting up page after page,
The quaint memorial chronicle of life,
Look backward, backward.

* * * So, the volume close!
This July day with God's sun high in heaven,
And the whole earth rejoicing; let it close!

I think we need not sigh, complain, or rave:
Nor blush: our doings and misdoings all
Being more 'gainst Heaven than man, Heaven
them keep
With all Its doings and undoings strange
Towards us. Let the solemn volume close;
I would not alter in it one poor line.

My dainty flower, my innocent white flower,
With such a pure smile looking up at heaven,
With such a bright smile looking down on me—
(Nothing but smiles! as if in all the world
Were no such things as thunder-storms or rains,
Or broken petals battered on the earth,
Or shivering leaves whirled in the frosty air
Like ghosts of last year's joys)—my pretty flowe
Open thy breast: not one salt drop shall stain
Its whiteness. If these foolish eyes are full,
'Tis only at the wonder and the peace,
The wisdom and the sweetness of God's world.

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THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

It is curious to watch the attempts of the English government to become a manufacturer, a teacher, an instructor in art. Nothing can be more clumsy than the mode in which these attempts are usually made, and few things more uncertain than the amount of success that will follow. There is sound reason for this, which we should do well to bear occasionally in mind. In a despotic country, such as France at the present time, the will of *one man* is paramount over all. If a district of Paris be covered with mean dilapidated houses, there is one man whose strong will suffices to determine the razing of those houses, and the building of a sumptuous new street on the site; but if such a work be needed in London, there is no centre of power that can control all difficulties, and make them bend to a predetermined plan. Our state is representative and departmental, surrounded with checks to insure honesty; but these very checks are the sources of delay and inefficiency. Despite the sarcasm of a popular writer, the government employés feel no great pleasure in determining 'how not to do it;' nor do they feel proud or satisfied with the achievements of a 'circumlocution office,' or with 'routine and red tape.' They are bound to observe formalities, or they would fall into disfavour with the heads of departments; and these heads cannot change the system without the aid of parliament; and parliament cannot change the system without the countenance of the people; and the people are not always certain whether particular duties should be left to the executive, or be intrusted to private enterprise. Without touching on the well-worn subject of the Crimean war, let us only glance for a moment at the building of the new houses of parliament. The structure has been nearly twenty years in hand, it has cost five times the original estimate, and it is found to be badly arranged both for seeing and hearing. Well, who is in fault? 'Nobody did it.' No one person or department will consent to bear the blame. 'Too many cooks,' &c., is a saying applicable by analogy here. The Treasury, the Board of Works, the House of Commons, committees of the Commons, the House of Lords, committees of the Lords, and many royal commissions, were severally and separately engaged in authorising works to be done to the building; but there was no *one power* supreme over all these; and hence the gorgeous but heterogeneous and costly result.

The *South Kensington Museum*, recently opened, may be used as an illustration in a double sense. If it be judged by autocratic and æsthetic rules, it will appear as a curious jumble of odds and ends, thrust into a new iron building, shaped very much like three monster steam-engine boilers placed side by side, and situated so far from the heart of London that a long journey is necessary to get to it; but if regarded as an attempt to give practical value to the labours of many disconnected commissions and boards, and to surmount difficulties of almost every kind, it becomes really a creditable and most interesting display, shewing that many of our government officers are proud to do their work well if they can only have free scope for the exercise of their good sense.

The *history* of this museum is almost as curious as its *contents*—as the reader will presently admit.

Nearly twenty years ago, the government timidly became an educator in art, by establishing a School of Design at Somerset House, having for its objects the training of designers, who might perchance improve the patterns and designs for manufacturers. But the success was not brilliant: some persons sneered, some grudged public money, manufacturers were listless; and in twelve years very little was achieved. At last the Great Exhibition of 1851 shewed us that though good makers of useful things, we were not so successful as our continental neighbours in throwing beauty over the articles produced; the Society of Arts and the government took the matter up warmly; and as a result, the School of Design was expanded into a 'Department of Science and Art,' to train teachers in art; to aid committees in establishing schools of art; to hold examinations, and reward successful students; to form a collection of books, pictures, and works of art; and to circulate these specimens among provincial schools of art. Science, in its non-artistic relations, became gradually separated from art, and led to the establishment of a School of Mines and a Museum of Economic Geology, under distinct superintendence. Then, as a further stage, the commissioners of the Great Exhibition found themselves in possession of a large sum of money, and a collection of trade specimens, which they did not well know what to do with. Next, the Society of Arts made a curious collection of articles relating to art and manufactures, and offered it to the government, if room could be found for it. Then, again, the Commissioners of Patents had many curious models of patented inventions, with no place in which to deposit them. Furthermore, an Architectural Exhibition of valuable plaster-casts was formed. Lastly, Mr Vernon, Mr Turner, and Mr Sheepshanks made munificent gifts to the nation of pictures which could not find house-room at the National Gallery.

Here was an *embarras de richesses!* Good things

in plenty, but nowhere to place them, and no one man empowered to decide on their destination. There were male schools of art, and numerous art-specimens, at Somerset House; there was a female School of Art in Gower Street; there was an elementary class at Smith Street, aided by the Board of Trade; there was a Mineral Museum at Craig's Court, connected with the Ordnance Geological Survey; there was a Museum of Ornamental Art at Marlborough House, and the Vernon and other pictures at the same place; there was an Architectural Museum in a sort of stable in Cannon Row; there were models of patented inventions stowed away in an empty room in Kensington Palace; and there was a collection of art-furniture at Gore House, purchased by the commissioners of the Great Exhibition for presentation to the nation. No one knew where to place these numerous articles; no one had power to build a structure for their reception; no one could answer to the House of Commons that the requisite funds would be well spent; no one could decide where the site of such a building should be; no one could authoritatively settle the destiny of the National Gallery, in relation to any new scheme; and the House of Commons, bewildered by a multiplicity of advisers, was just as likely to do wrong as to do right. The result is most curious. Marlborough House contains the Vernon and Turner collections, awaiting future decision; the Museum of Economic Geology, in Jermyn Street, contains the Craig's Court collection, greatly augmented; Somerset House has turned out its schools and art-people, and sent them to South Kensington; it has also got rid of its learned societies, now located for a time at Burlington House, which has recently been purchased by the government without any clear conception of what to do with it; and, lastly—under the well-founded supposition that the House of Commons will spend many more years in deciding which of its numerous advisers on art and education are most worthy of attention—all parties have prudently assented to the construction of a *temporary* building to hold the unhoused national collections of odds and ends, until the various doctors have ceased to disagree about grander plans.

The South Kensington Museum should therefore be regarded as a temporary expedient, to avert perplexities which no man, no department, has the authority thoroughly to conquer; it is an attempt 'how to do it,' in spite of 'circumlocution;' and if a visitor will good-naturedly view it in this light, he will forgive the anomalies, and will come away with a conviction that the collection, or collection of collections, is one of the most curious ever displayed to public inspection in the metropolis.

A word concerning the site, and another for the buildings. The commissioners of the Great Exhibition joined with the Treasury in purchasing a large area of open ground between Hyde Park and Brompton, for national purposes; and the prince-consort advocated a plan for building on this spot an immense series of museums and galleries, to hold the numerous public collections. Pending the legislative consideration of this large question, a few temporary buildings have been put together at the southern part of this area, near Brompton; and these constitute the 'South Kensington Museum and Schools of Art,'* under the control of the Department of Science and Art. The whole of the government schools of art, with the various collections belonging to them, are now removed to this group of buildings; but the museum contains in addition numerous collections of other kinds—placed here for the reason before intimated—namely, that there is no room for them elsewhere. The schools are a series of brick and wooden erections; the museum is an iron building. The schools are open only to students—mostly young men and women training to become teachers of art and pattern-drawing in provincial schools—whereas the museum is open to the public every day of the week. If an art-critic, standing in front of the buildings, were to judge them by any artistic canons of taste, he would laugh them to scorn; for the whole affair is marked by irredeemable ugliness, and can be excused only on the plea that the structures are temporary. The Department of Science and Art betrays a consciousness of this; for it is pointedly stated that the iron building 'was constructed under the direction of the commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and not passed over to the Department until after it had been completed.' A wayfarer, whether an art-critic or not, becomes somewhat cross when he finds that the new Cromwell Road, where this South Kensington Museum is situated, is a mile from Hyde Park Corner, two miles from Regent Street, three from Temple Bar, four from the Bank, and five or six from Spitalfields or Whitechapel—a great obstacle this to those who would enjoy the museum, but who would willingly shun the labour of wading through a stream of human beings miles in length. In the buildings themselves, and in the distance from the heart of the metropolis, the authorities have not made a happy choice. Having by this grumble got rid of our ill-temper, we will enter the door, prepared to do justice to the interior.

The apartments or compartments are certainly well fitted to display the various collections; for the constructors, troubled by no scruples touching architectural style, have placed the windows and sky-lights just wherever they would best throw light: as a consequence, everything is well seen. And now for the collections.

The Museum of Ornamental Art forms the nucleus or main part of the whole. It is this with which the public have been familiar at Marlborough House, augmented from various quarters, especially at the time of Mr Bernal's sale. The whole series now amounts to no less than 4000 articles; but just at the present time, about 1000 specimens are in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition; many hundred others are in circulation for exhibition in the various provincial towns where schools of art have been established; while several, of a delicate and costly character, are kept packed away until a fireproof exhibition-room has been constructed for their reception. Hence this museum is just now in a transitory state. It is, nevertheless, classified into seventeen divisions, calculated to impart ideas of tasteful art-workmanship in the following articles: carvings, sculptures, bronzes, terra-cottas, and wax or plaster models; painting, wall-decoration, paper-hanging, illumination, printing, and pattern-designing; cameos, intaglios, medals, and seals; mosaics, pietra-dura work, marqueterie, tarsia work, parquetage, buhl work, piqué work, and other kinds of inlaying; furniture and general upholstery; basket and cane work; leather work, stamped leather, and bookbinding; japanned or lackered work; glass-painting; glass manufactures; enamels; pottery; locks and keys, goldsmith's work, damasquinerie, niello work, and examples of forged, cast, stamped, pressed, chased, engraved, and etched metals; arms, armour, and accoutrements; watch and clock work; jewellery, personal ornaments, and objects in precious materials; and, lastly, textile fabrics, costumes, garment tissues, lace, embroidery, carpets, and tapestry hangings. A mere glance at the items in this list will shew how exhaustless the collection might become, and how highly interesting; for the articles are not collected and jumbled merely to make a show. There is a *reason* assignable for their retention—because they are really beautiful; because they illustrate a particular style of art; because they shew the difference of tastes

* This name may possibly deceive some visitors as to the locality, which is really Brompton, not Kensington.

between different countries; because they mark progression of taste in some one country; or because they were the production of some one whose art-workmanship has become famous. Models and casts from the great ruins of Italy and Greece; drawings and photographs of architectural ornament; copies of the wall-decorations of Raphael's time, including those of the world-renowned Loggie of the Vatican; a series illustrative of the history of wood-engraving; electrotype casts from some of the choicest specimens of artistic metal-work in the Louvre, the Musée de Cluny, and the Musée d'Artillerie; collections to shew how far the Mintons and Copelands of England have risen to an equality with the imperial manufacturers at Sèvres; beautiful old carved coffers, cabinets, linen-chests, and escritoires, in oak, ebony, walnut, and marqueterie, displaying the taste and skill of Italian, French, and Flemish art-workmen in past ages. It is needless, however, to go on with this list; the above are a few of the objects in the museum; and when the officers of the department tell us that they have 4000 such, ready to be properly labelled if circumstances allow them to be all exhibited at once, the reader may judge what a treasure of pleasant things the nation really possesses here.

The *Educational Collection* is another of the groups in this iron building. It may be considered as *useful* rather than *artistic;* but it is not wholly wanting in the latter quality, and is well worthy the notice of the friends of good-sense education. Its origin was simply this: When the Society of Arts reached the good old age of 100 years, in 1854, it celebrated the event in many worthy ways. Among other schemes, numerous literary and scientific institutions, philosophical societies, mechanics' institutes, athenæums, and lyceums, suggested the formation of a museum to illustrate the progress of the educational art, in reference to the books, diagrams, models, casts, implements, and school appliances, introduced in various countries for educational purposes. The society warmly took up the matter; and hence the opening of the Educational Exhibition at St Martin's Hall, described in the *Journal* in August of the above-named year.* All the chief school-societies, all the training-schools, all the blind-schools, all the deaf and dumb schools, many of the publishers of educational books, and individuals and societies in various countries of Europe and America, warmly responded to the appeal made to them. After the close of that exhibition, a large number of the articles were presented to the government; and these, aided by subsequent acquisitions, form the educational collection at South Kensington. They are grouped into about twelve classes; the articles in each class being so arranged 'as to enable all persons engaged in teaching to see, collected into one group, the most recent, the best, and the cheapest forms of apparatus and means of imparting knowledge in its several branches—with the prices of the specimens, and where they can be obtained—enabling them to compare one specimen with another, and to select that which may best suit their requirements.' The curators also tell us, that 'it has been an object in labelling the specimens, to do so in such a manner as will convey as large an amount of information as possible; appealing, in some measure, like diagrams in lectures, through the eye to the understanding.' It is only fair to say that this intention has been realised in a very happy way. We may run over the twelve divisions thus: mechanical models and drawings of steam-engines, pumps, wheel-work, and other matters aiding to teach the principles of mechanism; illustrations of the physical sciences, in models and specimens relating to electricity, galvanism, heat, optics, and the like; chemical specimens and apparatus, with small amateur cabinets of specimens, tables of atomic weights, &c.; geography and astronomy, illustrated by globes, atlases, relief-models, diagrams, camera slides, planispheres, and so forth; natural history, with just such a number of specimens in botany, entomology, mineralogy, and fossil geology, as may suffice to teach by actual examples; household economy, shewn in useful little contrivances bearing on the comfort of everyday-life; musical instruments and apparatus pertaining to the musical art, with any novelties that relate to facility in teaching; school apparatus, humane in purpose and ingenious in construction, for teaching the blind and the deaf and dumb; physical training, illustrated by the apparatus now used in various schools for athletic exercises, bracing the muscles, &c.; general education, applied chiefly through the medium of object-lessons, such as the singular *Kindergarten* system, introduced from Germany; fine arts, so far as taught in schools by the aid of models and casts; and, lastly, school buildings and fittings, illustrating suggested improvements in the arrangements and fittings of school-rooms. What renders this collection more interesting is, that each division or group has its own library, its own shelves of books relating to the matters under notice.

The *Commissioners of Patents' Museum* is a third collection, wholly distinct from the two above described. The commissioners of patents are publishing the specifications and diagrams of all the patents ever granted in this country for new inventions, far exceeding *twenty thousand* in number; they also possess numerous beautiful models of patented inventions. It was resolved, therefore, that as no other convenient depository offered, the South Kensington Museum should receive the models, and one copy of all the printed works of the commissioners. In addition, there have been obtained from various quarters about a hundred portraits of the most eminent inventors and mechanicians this country has produced. The visitor may therefore gaze with admiring wonder at Scott Russell's superb model of the oscillating steam-engines for the *Great Eastern;* or smile at the little model of the petticoat weaving-machine; or pore over the specifications and diagrams of thousands of patents; or study the portraits of the Watts and Arkwrights of past days, or the Fairbairns and Whitworths of the present.

The *Trade Collection* is a fourth among the list of those in the iron building. It arose out of the Exhibition of 1851. A circular was sent to all the exhibiters, 'pointing out to them the advantages of a systematic collection from different classes of objects which they respectively exhibited, and requesting their co-operation in forming such a collection. The object was to preserve a record of things in the Exhibition which might be of use for future consultation, and which, in the form of actual specimens, would be far more valuable than the most complete catalogue or the most careful diagrams. It was proposed to register the discovery and uses of various materials. The collection was to serve as a means of reference for commercial, scientific, and artistic purposes.' The exhibiters entered warmly into the plan, and offered liberal contributions of specimens; but unfortunately, through circumstances into the secret of which we are not admitted, the commissioners of the Great Exhibition found themselves unable to carry out their plan; and for six long years, some of the lower rooms of Kensington Palace have contained such of the specimens as it was decided to keep; and the packages were never opened until the spring of the present year. The truth is, as was before implied, these varied treasures have come upon the nation so rapidly, that house-room for them has hitherto been wanting. Various considerations have induced the commissioners to distribute, at some future time, all the specimens of

* *Chambers's Journal*, No. 32.

this Trade Collection among national and provincial museums and learned societies, enabling them, in some instances, to complete their collections, and in others to make important additions to them. This Trade Collection, then, although interesting and valuable in a high degree, may be regarded as temporary, so far as the South Kensington Museum is concerned.

The *Economic Museum* is a development, on a larger scale, of one of the divisions in the Educational Collection. It was formed by Mr Twining, and presented by him to the government. The object has been, to collect specimens, models, plans, diagrams, and drawings, relating to everything that concerns the daily wellbeing of the working-classes—such as building designs, building materials, furniture and fittings, household utensils, fabrics and clothing, food and cookery, fuel and household stores, &c. Such a series, it is evident, may be almost without limit; and even to the extent of Mr Twining's small collection—made in a feeling of hearty and wholesome benevolence—there are abundant contrivances well worth peeping into.

The *Sheepshanks Collection* is in one sense out of place here, seeing that modern English paintings have little to do with the miscellaneous contents of the museum generally. Yet, what was to be done? A gentleman munificently offers a collection of pictures worth many thousand pounds, and we have nowhere to place them: better, then, deposit them in a series of well-lighted rooms in the new building, constructed at a small expense for that purpose, than lose the gift while artistic doctors are quarrelling about a new National Gallery. If viewed in this light, the Sheepshanks Collection may well please us, despite its locality. About 250 oil-paintings by modern English masters, and numerous drawings and etchings, formed the gift; to which other specimens have since been added. Here we may enjoy for hours long the products of Bonnington, Burnet, Clint, Collins, Constable, Cooper, Cope, Creswick, Danby, Eastlake, Etty, Frith, Horsley, Jackson, Lance, Landseer, Lee, Leslie, Mulready, Roberts, Stanfield, Stothard, Turner, Webster, Wilkie, and other well-esteemed knights of the easel.

One thing more we must say—that the whole of these collections are capitally lighted; and that on two evenings of the week a successful novelty has been introduced—lighting by *gas* for artisan-visitors who cannot come during the day. This is a beginning that may lead to important results elsewhere.

And now, if the reader fails to admit that the South Kensington Museum is well worth a visit from all, the fault must be in the writer of this article, and not in the museum.

THE KING'S WORD.

Never had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favourite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: 'What! are they *all* gone?'

'All, sire.'

'Well, Giac, that is a good joke,' said the king, laughing and turning to his favourite.

'Yes, sire,' answered Giac; 'and the misfortune could not have befallen your majesty at a luckier moment.'

'Why so?'

'The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty.' At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, constable of France; and the countenance of the marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gaiety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

'My cousin is welcome!' cried the king, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

'Well, Giac?' said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favourite, whilst expecting the entrance of the constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; 'the throw is with you.'

'Sire'—— stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

'What is the matter?'

'Your majesty is aware that the constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged.'

'Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you.'

'But circumstances might occur, your majesty'—— said the marquis, trembling.

'There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word'——

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the constable.

'Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!' cried Charles. 'I have already heard what has taken place at St Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors!—— But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?'

'I am come, sire,' answered the count, 'to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France.'

'Not so hasty, cousin!' cried Charles, knitting his brows. 'It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us.'

'It is not *mine*, sire,' answered the constable, proudly and with emphasis.

'I know, I know,' said the king. 'You are a faithful servant.' The count bowed coldly.

'When I received the constable's sword from your majesty,' said he, 'and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose.'

'Very true, cousin.'

'Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail: the traitors deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised.'

'What!' cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; 'I did not send the money?'

'No, sire.'

'No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! . . . . What has become of it?'

'Ask the Marquis de Giac, your majesty: perhaps he knows,' answered the constable coldly.

The marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the king's question:

'Sire,' said he, 'out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your majesty; and the rest I took in part-payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy.'

'So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!' cried the constable, angrily turning to the marquis: 'you are truly an excellent treasurer!'

'Whether I am so or not,' answered the marquis scornfully, 'it is not your business to decide.' The constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the king, and presented his sword:

'Here, sire,' said he, 'is my sword back again.'

'No, my cousin, we will not accept it,' cried Charles; 'for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it.' The constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the marquis:

'Since you command it, sire,' said he, 'I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honour of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me.'

'Most willingly, cousin.'

'As constable of France,' continued the count, 'I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges.'

'Right!'

'Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shewn to me that would be shewn to yourself.' Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a side-look at his visibly anxious favourite: 'It shall be so, cousin,' said he, 'but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honour for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac.'

'I answer for his life, sire,' said the constable. Then turning to the marquis:

'My lord marquis,' said he, 'you are my prisoner.'

A few hours after the visit of the constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This, at least, was the form under which the constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the marquis, for a long list of offences he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the king. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the king, as well as that of the constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet, in comparison with which, death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous king, at the time when the will of the constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

'My Lord Marquis de Giac,' said the mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, 'draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you.'

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the mayor almost with an air of pride:

'Let me hear it!' said he. 'But, pray, use not many words.'

'As you command,' replied the mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: 'The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attainted of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword.'

'How? Death?' cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

'Allow me to proceed, my lord marquis; I have not yet done,' said the mayor; and he read on: 'In consideration, however, of its having pleased his majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance, which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favour of the royal pardon offered him.'

'And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?' asked the prisoner, turning pale.

'It is as follows,' said the mayor, reading further: 'That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder.'

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honourable race, and one who had long stood high in the favour of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 5th of June 1456, an agitation began on the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the

entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the enclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those who stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor. At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, shewed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

'I demand of you, Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?'

'No,' answered the marquis, in a firm voice.

'Then,' continued the officer of justice, 'you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman.'

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and—— A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: 'Go, tell the constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner'——

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the marquis received the pardon of the constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime.*

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

I HAVE a great respect for poor Richard and Dr Benjamin Franklin, and have tried in my time to turn some of their famous maxims to account; but I find, from observation and experience, they do not always yield the admirable results they promise. They are sober-looking, sensible-seeming precepts, but somehow they fail on being reduced to practice; or rather, I might say, they are to a great extent impracticable, and do not admit of being wrought into everyday procedure. I begin to be in doubt whether they are so wise and canny as they are commonly considered. I desire, therefore, to make a protest against a few of them, and to state, in my rambling way, what I fancy may be said on the other side. I don't care much about being logical: if anything illogical occurs to me which seems pertinent to the occasion, I shall say it, without regard to consequences. I wish the ghosts of Poor Richard and Dr Franklin, and all other maxim-mongers, dead or living, to understand, that some of their renowned sayings are becoming questionable; that here, at anyrate, they shall for once be questioned. Anything they may have to say in the way of reply, shall have due consideration; but meanwhile, they are to be politely and respectfully informed, that they are not any longer to pass for the perfect and infallible sages they have been hitherto esteemed.

By way of beginning, let us look at this celebrated saying, which so many of us can remember having heard quoted for our admonition, when perhaps we were too young and heedless to take much notice of it, and were accordingly in no great danger of being misled by it:

> Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Can anybody in his senses take that for truth? I mean to say, I have seen it a thousand times contradicted by matter of fact. If there were any truth in it, I think I know who would have been a rich and a wise man. It would have been Boots at the inn—a fellow most exemplary for early rising, and who, both from principle and disposition, always goes to bed as soon as possible. He even sometimes goes to sleep in his boot-house, or in a hayloft in the middle of the day; and, to shew that his habit in this respect is no pretence, is usually very difficult to awaken. Earlier than the middle of the day, we think, nobody could reasonably be expected to seek repose; and thus Boots may be said to fulfil the first demand of the grave maxim as literally as it is possible to fulfil it. Then, as to rising early, it is well known that he is always first up in the house. During most of the year, he is up long before the sun rises:

* From the German of Schubar.

is the traveller to call who is going by the coach
a early train, the hot water to get ready for
gentleman who shaves by candlelight, a score or
air of boots and shoes to polish, and to clean the
s for breakfast; and all this has to be done before
ody else is moving. Boots plainly fulfils the
d condition—that of getting up betimes. And
what is the result in his experience? Is he wise
ealthy? Not at all. If Boots has any character
l, it is probably a character for stupidity. The
one ever sees in him, is a little flippant shrewdness
e Sam Weller description—a quality as little like
om as Day and Martin polish is like sunshine.
s certainly does not profit on the score of wisdom
is early rising; neither can he be said to gain
by it in the way of *healthiness*. He has gener-
besmutted, dingy, unwashed, unwholesome, and
ortless appearance, which betokens anything but
hiness—betokens rather a worn and forlorn and
ondish state of mind and body. Boots, perhaps,
sipated—drinks at the barrel when he is sent to
the beer, spends his sixpences not unlikely in
' of ardent spirits, disdains contact with soap and
—lives, upon the whole, a shabby and reckless sort
, thinking *that* the kind of thing most accordant
his calling. Rarely does he even so much as black
wn boots, which, moreover, are commonly without
. Clean-shirt days are epochs in his existence,
angels' visits, few and far between. Boots is
ely reputable, looks usually like a blackguard,
is not unfrequently the great original he looks;
e is pre-eminently the man who is first up in a
ing, and, whenever he has opportunity, goes to
in the afternoon—goes to bed, therefore, sooner
any other bed-requiring creature, for we count
ng of his often being up till midnight, as that
be reckoned the beginning of the next day with
and with all this early rising and early bed-going,
is still—just what you see him.

Early to bed, and early to rise,

s Boots

Neither healthy, nor wealthy, nor wise.

ell, I think that much is proved. The maxim
ically carried out, as in this individual case, turns
o be a fallacy. Nobody need tell me, that as there
no rules without an exception,' so Boots is to be
mted an exception. I maintain with pertinacity
Boots comes strictly within the rule. He thoroughly
lies with the conditions set down for his observ-
to gain the proposed end; and if he does not gain
is not because his case is anyway exceptional, but
se the rule has no relation to the consequences
bed to it. Early rising is no doubt a wholesome
at certain seasons of the year, and may be recom-
led as being in most cases conducive to bodily
re; but any one who expects to become either
hy, wise, or wealthy, by simply getting up and
to bed betimes, will not have long to live to see
folly of the experiment. No pike-staff can be
er than the fact, that a man's success in life
nds not on his early rising, but on what he does
thinks about when he is up. You may rise before
ark, and go to rest with the domestic poultry, and
either physically, mentally, nor pecuniarly the
r for it, unless you observe at least a few other
itions, which the maxim under consideration does
ake into the account. Poor Richard's saw, then,
s to be new set; and if it is not sharpened up a
deal, and turned nearly into a new one, it will
have to pass in future, at a reduced value, as old iron.

Something similar, we apprehend, must eventually be the fate of another of these popular sayings: 'Diligence is the mother of good-luck, and God gives all things to industry.' The inventor of this, perhaps, may be excused for his short-sightedness, as he did not live in the nineteenth century; consequently, he had never known or heard of the distressed needlewomen. These singular nuns of industry, as we are credibly informed, are in the habit of labouring for sixteen or eighteen hours a day to earn tenpence—finding thread and buttons for the work out of their wages. Here, surely, is diligence with no offspring of good-luck—industry, which is so far from obtaining 'all things,' that it cannot even procure a sufficiency of dry bread and decoction of chickory without sugar! What can an industrious needlewoman, seeking for consolation among proverbs, think of this one, except that it is—bosh? Put not your trust in proverbs, will be her natural prayer and admonition to all shirt-makers, seeing that whatever application they may have to the affairs of more favourably conditioned people, they have little or none at all to them. Those, like the present, which are founded on economical considerations, are utterly inoperative within their sphere of circumstances, and cannot be urged upon them with any shadow of justice or propriety. And what is true in their case, is true also in regard to numerous other sections of the community. What 'good-luck' from diligence ever befalls the great body of day-labourers who, for six days in every week of their lifetime, when work is to be had, are, to say the least of them, more or less industriously employed? If 'all things' are to be gained by industry, these laborious people ought to have a considerable accumulation in the savings' bank; but it is notorious that they have nothing of the sort—notorious that most of them find it difficult to make ends meet on Saturday nights, and that the majority are subject to the inconvenience of being perpetually in debt. How are facts like these to be reconciled with the bland assumptions of the maxim? You might as well attempt to reconcile the proceedings of party politicians, after coming into office, with their previous professions while in the ranks of 'opposition.' Good-luck and prosperity are no more the necessary consequences of mere habitual diligence, than good performances are the results of liberal promises in political administration. The great gains promised to industry are dependent on other conditions; on complicated concurrences of circumstances, in which industry comes in as only one of many elements, and that, usually, by no means the most significant. Industry, to be profitable, must be directed to remunerative pursuits; and even then, success will be to a large extent determined by fortunate combinations of opportunity, adroit contrivance, lucky chances, and ingenious expedients, in conjunction with which, mere industry will often play but a very subordinate part. Why, then, should poor, struggling, hard-toiling people be tantalised by such preposterously foolish saws as this we are considering? It has no manner of application to their confused and perplexed circumstances; it can afford them no comfort in any crisis: and as a reproach for their lack of acquisition, it is senseless, and mercilessly cruel. Let it be banished to the limbo of absurd and obsolete thrift-lumber, and never be reproduced, save as a ludicrous curiosity, to shew the senselessness of what formerly passed for wisdom!

The next pretentious fallacy we have to notice takes the form of a plausible admonition: 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.' This seems a simple enough rule for avoiding bankruptcy, and we can fancy a youthful adventurer setting out with it as part of his stock-in-trade, with the confident expectation of

obtaining quick and profitable returns. But if he has nothing better to rely upon, we do not see how he can keep out of the Gazette. Mere sticking to his business will not save him, for a certainty. He will find in the long-run that success in shopkeeping depends somewhat on the amount of capital he can command for carrying on his enterprise; a little upon the demand there may be in his neighbourhood for the articles he proposes to supply; and also a little on the extent and kind of competition to be encountered in the same line of business. There will be other contingencies that will more or less affect the speculation. From his eagerness to go into business, he may have selected an unfavourable situation—a situation where, in fact, no new shop happens to be wanted, and where the utmost standing behind the counter will not avail to attract customers. You could not very well drive a trade in jewellery in Seven Dials, nor would refined confectionary be like to answer in Spitalfields. A bookseller's shop would meet with little patronage in an agricultural village, and a toy-shop would seem an insult and an abomination on a genteel terrace where the houses are occupied by old maids. A baked-potato stand would hardly do in Pall Mall, and whelks and periwinkles would meet but a slow sale in Mayfair. It is not, therefore, by merely attending closely to the shop that the shop can be made to keep the keeper: there must be an adaptation in the shop to existing wants; the possession of capital by the shopkeeper to enable him to maintain his ground till custom comes; a surrounding population, sufficiently numerous, with disposition and ability to purchase what he has got to sell; and not too much competition to hinder him from obtaining reasonable profits. All these several conditions are taken no account of in the maxim; and hence, as a rule of guidance, it is irrational and misleading; and any one who is weak enough to hazard his success upon it, will be likely to pay a very paltry dividend in the day of his insolvency. It may indicate one of the manifold conditions of success, but taken as the sole and full expression of the law through which success is to be attained, it is as pitiful a generalisation as was ever invented by the stupidity of man. It is about on a level with the famous advice of Master Subtle to Abel Drugger in the *Alchemist:*

> On the east side of your shop, aloft,
> Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baroborat;
> Upon the north part, Ruel, Velel, Thiel.
> They are the names of those mercurial spirits
> That do fright flies from boxes. . . . . And
> Beneath your threshold bury me a loadstone,
> To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest
> They 'll seem to follow.

'That's a secret, Nab!' as Captain Face says; and some such serviceable secret is revealed in our stolid maxim for getting on in shopkeeping. Whoever may have a fancy to try it by itself, will see how he will succeed with it.

These three specimens of the wisdom of our ancestors and their economical philosophy, may suffice in the meantime for the reader's consideration. Some persons, I know, pretend that such saws were not made for individuals, or even classes, but for the great body of the people; that they are mere deductions from the common experience of mankind; that they are general rules of life, too brief to detail the conditions they imply; and that those conditions are too well understood to make the detail necessary. Maybe so; but I take things as I find them written down; and out of his own mouth I condemn poor Richard. I have myself been getting up early all my life, pursuing project after project, but have made no hand of any. I have tried diligence and idleness day about, but neither was the mother of good-luck. I have kept seven shops since my apprenticeship expired, and not one of them ever kept me. Poor Richard, I say, is a greenhorn, and his saws are bosh.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE traveller is struck at first sight with the fine physical development of the New Zealanders. A knowledge of their language, and a little familiar intercourse with them, will convince him that they also possess a solid substratum of sound common sense, and only require a corresponding intellectual development to place them on a level with the Anglo-Saxon race. In deference to European custom, I write New Zealand and New Zealanders; but these terms are absolutely ignored by the natives, who are even unable to pronounce the words, since the letters *d*, *l*, *s*, and *z* do not exist in their language.

Their practical ethnology, like that of the Chinese, is of an extreme simplicity. All mankind are divided into two classes—namely, Maoris, or natives of what we call New Zealand, and Pakehas, or strangers. The words Maori and Pakeha are of frequent occurrence at the antipodes, and have some peculiar applications. Common spring-water is called wai maori—that is, maori or native water; while ardent spirits are designated as wai piro, or, in euphuistical English, strong-smelling water. While examining a heavy wooden spear, twenty-five feet long, which I had drawn out from under the eaves of the roof of a chief's house, his wife condescended to inform me that it was 'he pu Maori' (a Maori gun).

The settlers who have picked up a smattering of the Maori language, will tell you that Pakeha means a white man; but I have known it frequently applied by the natives themselves to African and West-Indian negroes, beside whose sable skins the imbrowned Maori seemed only a darkish variety of the pale-face.

The ordinary mode of interchanging a casual greeting among the Maoris is very characteristic of their plain common sense. They do not say: 'How do you do?' or 'How do you carry yourself?' or 'How that goes he?' (comment ça va-t-il?) Such unmeaning phrases are employed only by the most highly-civilised nations. The Maori approaches with his usual frank and independent bearing, with a natural smile that discloses teeth of perfect regularity and whiteness, gives you a hearty shake of the hand, and exclaims simply: 'Tena koe!' (that's you!) He knows that the whole philosophy of casual greetings consists in the acknowledgment of acquaintanceship; he expresses this recognition in a formula at once simple and sufficient; while he shews by the smile that brightens his usually impassive features, and by the sparkle which lights up his fine dark eyes, that he is glad to see you and to be recognised by you. 'Tena koe!' is the invariable salutation on ordinary occasions; but when friends meet after a considerable absence, a ceremony more impressive than a mere recognition takes place. Sitting down, embracing, crying (tangi), and moaning, the two friends keep up a continuous rubbing of noses (hongi), which sometimes lasts half-an-hour. The tangi gives to the meeting an air of the deepest emotion; the hongi seems indicative of extreme friendship; it is also considered an inviolable pledge of protection and safety when given by a host to his intended guest. In the evening of a long day of toilsome marching over rugged mountains, and painful scrambling through deep precipitous ravines, in a country whose inhabitants have scarcely ceased to be regarded as treacherous savages and fierce cannibals, when approaching some secluded *pah*, on which depended my hopes of refreshment and rest for the night, I have often given the customary premonitory shouts, and

waited with nervous anxiety until the old chief of the pah came forth to give me the accolade of welcome and the mystical nasal touches which guaranteed a friendly and safe reception.

On one important subject, however, the notions of the Maoris appear quite irreconcilable with their usual good sense. They seem to have no idea of a man's dying either from natural exhaustion and mere old age, or from slow chronic disease.

Their language contains only one word (mate) to express both that a man is ill and dead. Indeed, you cannot be certain that a man is dead, unless the informant states that he is also *ngaro*, or hidden, and buried. It is probable that, until within the last twenty or thirty years, it was rare for a Maori to die a natural death. His troubled life was passed in an unceasing succession of skirmishes, surprises, and pitched battles, till in one of these he ultimately met his untimely fate, and was duly consigned by his conquerors to a 'copper Maori,' or native oven, and straightway cooked *secundum artem*. When the exceptional case occurred of a Maori being struck down by disease in the flower of his days, the invisible cause of his death was found in the malignant influence of some chief, or tohunga (priest) of a hostile tribe, by whom the deceased had been bewitched (makutu). His friends rigorously exacted *utu*, or satisfaction, and deadly feuds were thus engendered and continued. Two years ago, a war was on the eve of breaking out in Hawke's Bay, between the tribes of te-Hapuku (the Codfish) and te-Moana-nui (the Great Ocean), the two leading chiefs of the district, on the occasion of the death of young Karanma (Cranmer), the eldest son of te-Hapuku. Having made too free a use of the Pakehas' wai piro, poor Karanma was carried off during an attack of delirium tremens, and in his frenzied ravings accused te-Moana-nui of having makutued him. Whereupon te-Moana-nui became desperately *mate*, and said he had been makutued by his old enemy te-Hapuku. This counter-accusation might be a ruse to bring up the members of his tribe to the fighting-point. Fortunately, however, the founder of the European colony in that district possessed well-deserved influence with both the rival wizards, and the threatened hostilities were prevented. There are not wanting instances of Maoris moping themselves to death, when they have imagined that they have been makutued.

Now, makutu may serve to account for death in a few isolated cases, but it will not suffice to explain the wide-spread mortality which accompanies epidemics. Such visitations must tend greatly to shake the belief in the makutu superstition. About two years ago, the Maoris of the Northern Island were decimated for the first time by a general epidemic. An aggravated combination of influenza, measles, and low typhoid fever, had previously been very fatal among the young colonists of Tasmania, the country nearest to New Zealand. From Hobart-Town the scourge was carried to Auckland by an American vessel, one of the passengers having had the disease on the voyage. Soon afterwards, great numbers of the Maoris in Mechanics' Bay—the Maori *quartier* at Auckland—were affected by this complication of diseases, and many died. Hence the epidemic spread gradually over the whole island, even to Wellington, its southern extremity. In every enclosed pah and open kainga there was weeping and wailing, feasting, firing of muskets, and cutting of the flesh with shells, in accordance with Maori mourning rites, which partake not a little of the demonstrative character of an Irish wake, barring the fighting.

Whenever an old chief, or the son of a chief, had succumbed to the epidemic, the friends and relatives congregated from all quarters to hold a festive *tangihanga*, or wake. At such great gatherings, the contagion or infection was communicated, and propagated to more remote districts. A marked instance of such a dissemination of the epidemic occurred when the great tangihanga took place at the Wairoa in honour of the renowned old warrior Apatu.

The habits of the Maoris render them obnoxious to contagious febrile diseases. They are very remiss in the matter of personal cleanliness, and careless in everything that regards the general health, as might be anticipated where death by disease is attributed to witchcraft. They are extremely capricious in the nature and quantity of their clothing, which varies in the same person, and often on the same day, from zero or absolute nudity, through the several degrees of a blanket, a shirt and blanket, a blanket and trousers, &c., up to the maximum number of garments which constitute a full European costume. And these sudden changes in the quantity of corporeal covering are generally dictated by vanity and whim, rather than by any fluctuations of the weather. But the great predisposing cause to disease is the Maori dwelling-house, which still retains, in all probability, the identical type given to it by the original colonists from the sunny islands of the tropics, when they first experienced the rude blasts and chilling rains of a New Zealand winter. The floor of the *whare puni*, or closed house, as it is significantly called, is sunk a foot or two below the surface of the ground, and the roof rises at about an equal height above it. An erect position is only practicable just under the roof-tree. The only apertures are a very small doorway, about three feet and a half high, and a little oblong hole for light, both in front: these are carefully closed by wooden slides at night. A fire of wood blazes on the middle of the earthen floor, to give warmth in winter, and to drive off the mosquitoes in summer, for the food is invariably cooked in a special cook-house. Around this fire the Maoris lie prostrate, chatting or sleeping, without raising the head much above the floor, on account of the stifling and bitter fumes of the imperfectly dried wood, which have no other outlet than the interstices among the reeds, &c., that cover the roof. In such sunken, overcrowded, dark, unventilated, smoky hot-houses are passed, on an average, twelve hours out of twenty-four during six months of the year. It is scarcely necessary to add, that scrofulous affections, pulmonary complaints, and diseases of the eyes, are very common among the Maoris. The recent epidemic had fallen on the land during the autumn and winter, and its fatal effects were fearfully increased by the indiscriminate huddling together of the healthy and diseased in the dismal underground heated whares punis.

Not long after this baneful cloud had overshadowed the country, I was called upon to assist in initiating certain sanitary measures, which the leading chiefs of the district, with characteristic good sense, had determined to adopt. A deputation from this self-constituted board of health found me sketching on the top of a fern-clad clay-hill. Before me was the Hawke's Bay of Cook, shut in to the southward by Cape Kidnapper and the precipitous mountains which form the patrimony of te-Moana-nui; and to the northward by Table Cape, and the huge Whakapunake Mountain, said to be still inhabited by the gigantic Moa. Behind lay the long level swampy plain of Ahuriri, stretching far away inland, until it is confounded with the lower flanks of the lofty Ruahine range, the backbone of the island, whose highest ridges are clothed with eternal snow. On the banks of the various rivers that meander through this fine plain, are the several pahs (enclosed forts) and kaingas (open villages) of the chiefs of the Ahuriri district.

After transferring to my drawing the various patches of local colour in the landscape, and trying to catch the transient effect of the purple cloud-shadows sweeping rapidly over the sunlit sea, I was watching with

interest the sagacious proceedings of a flock of black-winged gulls (karoro) busily employed in digging cockles from a gravel-bed just uncovered by the receding tide. Each successful digger rose into the air to a height of twenty or thirty feet, opened his bill, and let fall a captive bivalve, which he followed closely during its descent. If the shell was not fractured by the fall, the process was repeated, until a sufficient breach was effected to allow of the extraction of the savoury mollusk.

The dull clatter of unshod hoofs announced the approaching party, which comprised the chiefs, or *rangitiras*, Karaitiana, Noah, Tarehah and his nephew, and Paoro, the representatives of the tribes in alliance with te-Moana-nui. If the reader's ideas of a New Zealand chief are drawn from the treatise on the New Zealanders and similar works published some years ago by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he will form a very incorrect notion of the appearance of the five equestrians that were scouring through the fern towards me.

The days of shark-oil and ochre are passed away—weapons and mats are laid aside. Their dress consists of cloth caps, cabbage-tree hats, or wide-awakes, plain gray shooting-coats, fustian trousers, leather leggings, and strong hobnailed boots. They resemble a group of stout, hearty English farmers returning from market when corn is at war-prices! In another generation, even the tattoo, that distinctive mark of a savage, will have entirely disappeared here. The missionaries have very properly interdicted the custom, and the present young men and women have escaped this torture. On account of the severe inflammation which attends the process, a small portion only of the face was operated upon at one time. Most of the middle-aged men of the present time, such as Noah, Karaitiana, and Tarehah, seem to have become Christians before the tattoo was complete, some of the pattern being filled in, while the rest is only traced in outline, so that their faces give you the idea of a proof of a half-finished engraving. In this district, te-Hapuku and Puhara are the only persons whose faces are completely covered with the deeply punctured flowering of the perfect *moko* of a great heathen chief of the olden time.

Dismounting, the sanitary commissioners gave me the customary shake of the hand, and formula 'tena koe' of recognition. Either from curiosity or courtesy, they inspected my sketch with admiring exclamations of 'Ka pai,' 'Ka nui pai' (It's good—it's very good).

For Tarehah, I knew that the scene had a direct personal interest. In the immediate foreground was a high cliff whose terraced summit shewed traces of former fortifications. Deep trenches cut off this ancient outwork from the mainland. Near the gravel-bed which formed so treacherous a covering to the colony of cockles, lay a low flat island, enclosed by strong palisades, among which at intervals rose high in the air several of those grimly grotesque wooden warriors which always grin defiance from the exterior defences of a Maori citadel.

In Tarehah's boyhood, an army of 7000 Waikatos, armed with muskets, had driven his people from this fortified cliff to their last refuge, the island pah. The pursuers were constructing pontoons of bulrushes (raupo) to cross over, when the doomed fugitives, anxious to save the heirs (arikis) of their chiefs, conducted Tarehah and a girl of noble descent to the opposite side of the island, whence they swam across the mouth of the river, and ran along some miles of sea-beach to a friendly pah at Petone. Their brave friends meanwhile covered their retreat by an obstinate and prolonged resistance, which ended in an indiscriminate and unsparing massacre. The numerous circular depressions on the sloping green below, still indicate the sites of the ovens which prepared the inhuman feast of the conquering Waikatos. The girl who escaped with Tarehah is now the *wahine tapu*, or head-wife, of Puhara, the brother of te-Hapuku. On account of her illustrious descent, she is styled the queen (te-Kwini); and always goes abroad in considerable state, on a fine white horse, with English bridle, side-saddle, &c. She is tall and queenly, with lips tattooed blue; wears a ring with a large precious stone on her finger; and a tooth of the Mako shark dangling from her ear. When at Wellington, a few years ago, treating with government for the sale of a large block of land, Madame Puhara figured as the queen of Ahuriri in a royal dress of black velvet.

During this memorable raid of the Waikatos there fell more than five hundred fighting-men of Ahuriri. Some small tribes were annihilated, and others are now represented by two or three men. Te-Hapuku and his people were closely besieged at Table Cape, and reduced to eat sea-weed and clay. A large relieving army from Poverty Bay was thoroughly routed by the invaders, in a pitched battle on the long sandy beach at the Mahia.

These disasters had made the survivors extremely sensitive with respect to everything tending to diminish their numbers. Children were cherished with anxious care, and no more women were allowed to live with Pakehas. The fatal epidemic had stimulated this morbid feeling, and produced a lively apprehension of the ultimate extinction of their race.

Karaitiana unfolded the object of their visit to me in a formal speech (korero). They had determined to abolish the whare puni—'ka kino,' it was bad; and meant to build a town on the banks of the Ngaruroro River, on land belonging to Karaitiana. The houses were to be Pakeha houses, with large doors and windows, fireplaces and chimneys, and bedsteads raised above the ground. A plot of land would be set aside for a church and parsonage. In this town would be assembled all the tribes of te-Moana-nui's party. Though very near to Pa-kowhai, the head-quarters of te-Hapuku, their town was not to be fenced in or fortified. It was to be a kainga, and not a pah. Their objects were health, union, and peace. Being reputed a *tangata mohio*, or knowing man, they had come to ask me to give them a plan for their new Pakeha houses, and to survey and stake out the ground for the town.

I readily acceded to this flattering request, although painfully conscious at the moment that my college course had not included the arts of domestic architecture or practical surveying. I knew, however, that I could rely on the advice of my worthy host, the aforesaid founder of the European colony of this district, who would adapt my plans to the character and habits of the natives, and by his approval, secure their adoption.

The pahs and kaingas of te-Moana-nui, Noah, and Karaitiana, all lie not far apart, sheltered by Cape Kidnapper from the *tonga* or *souther*, the coldest and most violent wind of the antipodes. The continuous possession of their lands can be traced back through many generations of ancestors; it is therefore certain that the fathers and grandfathers of my Ahuriri friends were the principal actors in that remarkable scene described by Cook, which took place here ninety years ago, on a fine sunny Sunday, when the 'Indians' came out in their large war-canoes to brave the pioneers in the good ship *Endeavour*, and when some of them were bold enough to snatch from the main-chains the boy Tayeto, son of Tupia of Tahiti, and carry him off, doubtless to make a savoury addition to their Sunday's dinner. This incident caused Captain Cook to give the appellation Cape Kidnapper to the adjoining headland. The sons and grandsons of these dreadful 'Indian' kidnappers and cannibals are now sober, industrious, and moral Christians, who read a good deal, and write more, corresponding with their

listant friends by letter (*pukapuka*), who have family-rorship in their pahs daily, and who are now most nxious to erect improved dwelling-houses, to collect heir several tribes into one large town, and to live in eace and good-will with their fellow-men.

A FEW WORDS TO TOURISTS.

AT this season of the year, when so many of our ompatriots are filling the purses of Swiss innkeepers, nd raising the dividends of innumerable foreign ailways, a few practical hints may not be entirely hrown away on any of our readers meditating a rip across the Channel; and we are led to offer hese remarks from the conviction—based on a pretty ong experience—that half the annoyances and disap-ointments of travelling on the continent arise from asily obviated causes. We constantly meet with eople who have brought back from their rambles o other *souvenirs de voyage* than a budget of griev-nces. To listen to these travellers' tales, you ould shudder at the depravity of your species; ie infamous practices of roguish landlords, and the windling propensities of people in general, would bring ou to Edgar Poe's dismal conclusion, that 'society principally composed of villains.' Of course, any rgument would be worse than useless with gentlemen f such strong opinions as these: all we can say , that our own observation by no means corroborates heir statement, that

> The Jews are all Germans, the Germans all Jews.

t is not, therefore, these inveterate grievance-mongers re address, but, as we hope, a far larger class of ourists, who have every desire to enjoy themselves, nd to put up with any little inconveniences they may eet with in an ungrumbling spirit. For the benefit f such friends as these, we will string together half-a-ozen observations, which, if attended to, will, we doubt ot, add materially to their comfort.

One of the most grievous complaints raised against ur continental brethren is, that they are extortionate i their dealings with us poor islanders, and make marked difference in this respect between us and eir own people. Now, to a certain limited extent, is is true; but the reason for it is very obvious. ome years ago, the roving Englishman was generally person of great dignity, moving about with all the omp of couriers and travelling-carriages. Such a erson naturally inspired awe. The courier told such arvellous tales of his master's vast possessions—his eagues of coal-mines and acres of cotton-factories—hat no wonder the host of a little hotel thought e might with impunity draw up a higher tariff for his *grand seigneur*, than for his poorer guests, espe-ially as *milor* was but a bird of passage, and rather roublesome to boot. In those days, English gold lowed like water along the grand route of Europe; it as the pride of our nobles and rich commoners to phold the notion, that London was paved with that netal, and that we were a nation made of money. Only rich men thought of leaving their own island; he middle classes were content with a trip to Rams-ate, or, at furthest, a jaunt into Wales. But time—hat great revolutionist—brought steam, and steam rought steam-boats and railways; and these latter rought hosts of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons—all nxious to see with their own eyes 'the castled crag f Drachenfels,' and to gaze on those

> Peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
> And hands which offer early flowers,

hose fairy images had long haunted their susceptible naginations. Now, no sooner did these adventurous pirits arrive, than the old class of travellers gradually began to disappear, or to seek out less beaten tracks. It would never do for the Most Noble the Marquis of Stoneystare to be seen sitting at the same table d'hôte with his bootmaker from Bond Street. A German grand-duke might perhaps permit such a proceeding, but a British peer of the realm, sir, ought never to forget his dignity to this extent. So, after levelling a few hearty oaths at the impertinence of certain low fellows, who dared to come between the wind and his nobility, the respected Stoneystare took himself off in a huff to some inaccessible hamlet in the Pyrenees, where he was for a time beyond the reach of canaille tourists. But the evil he had done lived after him. The tribe of landlords could not all at once conceive that their new guests were an entirely different class of mortals from the old ones, and they accounted for the change in expenditure by all sorts of ridiculous reasons.

Gradually, however, this idea of John Bull's inex-haustible purse has given way to more correct notions; and it is now generally a man's own fault if he meets with much imposition. A tinge of the old feeling doubtless remains, but it is very slight, the race of extortioners having transferred their affections to our American cousins and their friends the Russian boyards. Odd that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers should have replaced the traditional milor of French comedy; but it is even so.

Whilst, however, this beneficial change has taken place, and an English gentleman is no longer looked upon as a lawful object of plunder, still there are several reasons why he will always find his expenses greater than those incurred by most other travellers. In the first place, he is much more exacting. He can't dine at one o'clock like the other guests; neither can he drink their very thin wines, nor feel quite content with their ordinary fare, therefore a distinct table d'hôte has to be prepared for him in the afternoon; and if he knew the objection all cooks and waiters have to this second edition, he would no longer wonder at his host charging him rather more than for the usual dinner. Then again, with all due respect be it said, he too generally speaks foreign tongues, like Chaucer's Prioress,

> After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
> For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe;

and consequently a costly establishment of interpreters has to be maintained for his convenience. But without wearying our readers with a catalogue of his peculiari-ties, we trust we have said enough to shew that the Englishman is usually a more expensive tourist than the inhabitant of other countries. If, however, he can manage when in Rome to do as the Romans do, we verily believe his bills will be no heavier than theirs. And this leads us to our promised advice.

Before quitting England, provide yourself with one of Mr Murray's invaluable guide-books for the country you intend visiting, and don't be laughed out of this by any poor jokes. These works are so carefully written, and so superior to anything of the kind pub-lished abroad, that we have met with Frenchmen who never think of travelling in their own country without one of them. Be careful to have your passport accu-rately drawn up, and see that the proper signatures are attached: we have known much inconvenience arise from the omission of an apparently insignificant *visé*. Make a point of always keeping this document in one place, say the breast-pocket of your coat; you will thus be able, without trouble, to lay your hand upon it whenever it may be required; and instances have occurred of travellers being compelled to get out of the *malle poste*, and sacrifice their fare, for no other reason than that their passports were carefully hidden in the depths of some cumbrous portmanteau, and the coach could not stop long enough to enable the luckless

voyageurs to search for their papers. On arriving at a hotel, if you are in any sort of doubt, ask the landlord whether this certificate of respectability is quite *en règle* for the next stage; if not, the *commissionaire* of the establishment will be happy, for the sake of a small gratuity, to see that it is properly *visé*. Recollect that these precautions, trivial as they may appear, are absolutely necessary. Neglect of them often causes great annoyance; and in some of the Italian states, travellers have frequently got into serious trouble from carelessness of this sort. It is not an agreeable thing to be compelled to retrace your steps some thirty or forty miles, or to be shut up in a dismal village for two or three days, simply because you have omitted to procure the signature of some wretched little functionary of the Grand-duke of Tuscany. Never, as you value your peace of mind, carry contraband goods in your portmanteau. The little you gain by smuggling is not worth the constant fear of detection; and there is nothing more humiliating to a sensitive man than the subterfuges he is compelled to have recourse to, in order to elude the custom-house authorities. In the Austrian, Neapolitan, and Papal states, be careful in the selection of your literature. You may easily, by applying to the minister of these countries, get a list of forbidden books, which will guide you in your choice of a travelling library. Also be chary of expressing your opinions concerning political matters. Recollect that an expensive staff of spies is supported for the purpose of watching your movements; and these spies, being chiefly men of very indifferent character, will hesitate at no means, however unworthy, to lead you on into conversation, in order to entrap you. They will probably commence by abusing the government in pretty strong language, and then endeavour to rouse your indignation by enumerating instances of its iniquities. Stephens, the American traveller, relates an anecdote of this species which occurred to himself in Moscow. A lady in one of the boxes of the opera had attracted his attention by her extreme beauty, and in order to have a better view of her, he moved his seat, whereupon a Russian official commanded him to resume it. Paying no attention to this rough summons, it was repeated in harsher and more guttural Russian than before; upon which a tall fine-looking man came up and ordered the fellow to go about his business, cursing him and all his compatriots, from the emperor downwards, as a set of canaille. He then chatted in the most friendly manner possible with the American, offering to introduce him to the celebrities of the green-room, and concluding by an invitation to a *petit souper* in one of the fashionable restaurants. This person turned out to be a Frenchman paid by the Russian government for the purpose of watching all foreigners; and it was well for Mr Stephens that he had not been led into making any observations adverse to the Muscovite. These secret agents, being in the receipt of liberal salaries, think it necessary, every now and then, to discover conspiracies, and to pounce down upon disaffected people, in order to prove their vigilance; hence their eagerness to catch the unwary traveller.

In visiting places of amusement abroad, do not wear any very *outré* habiliments. Because foreigners are less stringent than ourselves in their rules of dress at the opera, it is no reason why we should shock their sense of propriety by arriving in a pepper-and-salt shooting-coat or a Scotch plaid. Conduct of this sort annoys them more than we imagine; they view it in the light of an insult, and say, that if one of their countrymen were to present himself in a similar costume at the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre, he would be instantly turned back. They do not desire to impose any absurd regulations regarding a gentleman's dress: they leave that to his own taste; but they certainly do expect that when he takes his seat by the side of elegantly clad ladies, he will at least appear in suitable attire. This disregard of the *convenances* of life has recently been strongly stigmatised in Paris, where English travellers have been seen in the stalls of the opera dressed in the most grotesque fashion. Why our fellow-countrymen, quiet dressers enough at home, should immediately, on crossing the Channel, disguise themselves in all sorts of abominable plaids and stripes, we never could divine. A dress-coat and pair of black trousers occupy but little room, and are always useful. A red coat, if you happen to belong to any militia regiment, will do good service at court-balls and receptions, otherwise, it is a bore; and as for the Highland garb, picturesque as it undoubtedly is, we once knew a gallant officer—now a distinguished man in the east—refused admission to a public entertainment on account of his too close resemblance to the style of Rob Roy.

In frequenting foreign churches, similar rules of propriety are applicable It has a bad effect to see the group of tourists, during the celebration of mass, walking about and criticising, in an audible voice, the paintings, architecture, or ceremonies they are witnessing. We should be scandalised at home if strangers were to do the same thing. Amongst minor, but by no means unimportant matters, the habit of moving the hat on entering a shop may be mentioned. This courtesy is so invariably adopted, particularly in Germany, that non-compliance with it will be considered as an affront, and consequently the traveller who fails in paying this mark of respect must feel no disappointment should he find himself but indifferently served. Shopkeepers, moreover, hold a better rank in society on the continent than with us: the same may be said of hotel-keepers, many of whom are men of highly cultivated minds and polished manners. In fact, social life is more democratic abroad than in England; and therefore those marked distinctions which we are accustomed to at home, are not to be found elsewhere. At a German *réunion*, you will meet with respectable members of all classes—except, by the way, the Jews, who are terribly tabooed. Only two summers ago, at a table d'hôte dinner on the Rhine, a gentleman asked his neighbour to have the goodness to pass the salt-cellar. The person thus addressed looked at his companion for an instant, whilst in the act of complying with his request, and replied, with a courteous inclination of the head: 'Avec plaisir, sire.' It was the King of Würtemberg who wanted the salt for his potatoes.

One little bit of useful advice we must give our friends on parting, and that is, never to order dinner, at a hotel, in their own rooms, unless money be an object of no importance. Of course, when ladies are concerned, it is another affair; but even in that case, the table d'hôte is generally to be preferred: that is, of course, supposing them to be protected by a gentleman—otherwise, decidedly not. We would, moreover, recommend English ladies travelling alone, to confine themselves to the high roads and the best hotels. The provinces of France should be avoided, both on account of the wretched accommodation and the company they are likely to encounter, being chiefly composed of *commis voyageurs*—a proverbially offensive set of men. Of course, the same applies with greater force to some other countries. Spain, for example, is not to be thought of, notwithstanding the fact of two ladies of our acquaintance fighting their way most gallantly to the Alhambra, and meeting nothing but civility on the road. In conclusion, let every tourist, however humble, recollect that, to a certain extent, he is 'a representative man;' that from his conduct, foreigners will naturally judge of his fellow-countrymen at home; and therefore, that he should do nothing calculated to reflect ridicule on the land of his birth. Half the preposterous ideas entertained of England

years ago, arose from the absurd conduct of
ish travellers.
spirit of forbearance and courtesy, an evident
to be pleased, and a regard to the susceptibilities
hers, will do more towards creating a favourable
ession of your own country, than all the pomp,
expenditure, and aristocratic hauteur of your
uises of Stoneystare. And now, gentle friend,
ab is at the door, your portmanteau is snugly
d inside, and we will delay you no longer. *Bon*
e!

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

ORSE, or, more accurately, perhaps, the physical
to a youthful slayer's unaccustomed nerves
red-handed homicide, however conventionally
iable or meritorious, must always inflict, did not
nt me from falling into a sound sleep, that lasted
ar twelve o'clock the next day, and might have
ued longer but for a dreadfully discordant
which, when it had thoroughly awakened me, I
out to be a stave from the then very popular
celebrative of the capture of *La Pomone* by the
usa:

> On board, five hundred men did dance,
> The stoutest they could find in France,
> We with two hundred did advance
> On board of the Arethusa—
> The saucy Arethusa—

o on, mentally applied, no doubt, to the previous
's business by the singer, a kind of steward's
, who was putting the cabin to rights, and at the
time venting his exultation in that dismal
er.
ollo there!' I exclaimed; 'leave off that row, will
'

h, is that you, sir?' replied the fellow. 'The row,
you, is over long ago, whilst you was a sweetly
in', sir. And the skipper as is, sir, Mr Dowling,
ne to be sure and give you his compliments when
woke, and say he was afeared you mout have
raather too much caudle afore turnin' in last
, seein' as how you slept so long.'
ell Mr Dowling, with *my* compliments, he is an
dent rascal, and that you are another.'
hank ye kindly, sir. We are all that, as you say,
nore besides, as you don't know on; but if it's the
to you, I'd rather you took the message and
follers, yourself.'
idently I had fallen to a very low figure in *Scout*
ation; and as it did not seem likely I should
much by a further interchange of compliments, I
g out of the cot-hammock, and, changing the
ct, asked where Mr Harry Webbe might be.
n deck, sir, now; but goin' ashore presently.'
oing on shore is he? And what shore, pray?'
arsey, sir. The *Scout* has brought up in the
till the tide serves to go into harbour.'
ll right; and as you are going on deck, you can
Mr Webbe that I shall be with him in a brace of
es.'
had escaped without a scar or scratch; and not
as regarded myself, but all things else, no sign or
of the night's murderous hurly-burly was visible.
water was smooth as glass—so rapidly do the
in the vicinity of the Channel Islands run down
rildest sea—a sun of spring was shining brightly
igh the cabin windows; and when I reached the
, the aspect of 'things in general' was so entirely
everse of what it was a few hours previously, that
ld almost have fancied I had been the dupe of a
tful dream.

The dead had been flung to the fishes, the wounded and prisoners were out of sight below, the deck had been swabbed and holy-stoned, damaged rigging set to rights, gay flags waved proudly overhead, and the victorious Scouts, dressed in their best, men as well as officers, were lounging about in high feather at their victory, and the substantial reward thereof to be derived from the sale of the splendid war-brig, with her guns, stores, &c., anchored a few fathoms off. Both vessels were lying at about the centre of St Aubin's Bay, not far from Elizabeth Castle, a fort of some strength, connected with the mainland by a causeway dry at low-water, and at that time the only defence of St Helier's port, Fort Regent having been only recently commenced. The island militia were exercising upon the sands of the bay, crowds of spectators thronged every point of vantage whence a view of the French man-of-war and her captor could be obtained, and, to cap the glorification of the exulting Scouts, the lieutenant-governor himself, accompanied by half-a-dozen officers in brilliant uniforms, came off in a boat to congratulate the conquerors, mere privateersmen though they were.

My appearance upon deck was nearly simultaneous with that of the major-general and suite. Mr Dowling received his excellency with all imaginable deference, and after a few minutes' conversation, presented to him the 'real hero' of the fight, 'Mr Harry Webbe, son of Captain Kirke Webbe, and genuine chip of the old block!'

Yes, and the handsome young charlatan accepted the major-general's compliments with a modest self-respecting dignity, enough to make one's hair stand on end at his consummate impudence. However, I choked off one of his prettily turned phrases by managing to catch his eye as it came trippingly from his tongue. He stopped suddenly, blushed brick-dust, and extended his hand with a sickly smile of friendly recognition.

'Another of your brave youths?' said the general, with a condescending glance at my considerably savage self.

'O dear, no,' replied Dowling. 'Quite another sort of article. In fact,' said he, 'that young gentleman, Mr William Linwood, is only a lodger upon principle when there's fighting to be done.'

'Only a lodger upon principle,' said the lieutenant-governor. 'I do not comprehend the jest.'

'I will explain it to your excellency,' said Dowling; and proceeded to do so, much to the amusement of the general and his suite, as testified by the contemptuous smiles with which they honoured me, though I could not hear the *pro-tem.* skipper's words.

I was hot as flame, and should, I verily believe, have assaulted Dowling, had not Webbe caught me by the arm as I was about to march upon the mocking rascal, and begged me to favour him with a word or two below.

The young fellow's grasp and words checked the absurd impulse to which I was giving way; and a moment's reflection sufficing to shew me the folly of my anger, I answered:

'A dozen if you like—have with you.'

'I hope,' said he, as soon as we were alone, and he had secured the door—'I hope, Mr Linwood, you do not repent of the magnanimity of your conduct in my behalf; you, that declared you did not esteem "glory" at a straw's worth?'

'Magnanimity and glory be smothered in their own smoke! True, I volunteered, like a noodle that I was, to take your place with the boarders, little dreaming that I should thereby brand myself in the eyes of the world as an arrant coward! And then you come it so confoundedly strong before governors and generals, that—— In short, I find that I have made an enormous fool of myself—a discovery which, I need hardly say, is apt to preciously ryle a fellow's temper.'

'Of what value would your chivalric generosity be to me, if I did *not* receive as of right the honour you have won?'

'Well, there is something in that, to be sure.'

'The return you stipulated for shall be amply rendered. You are, I know, embarked in a nobler enterprise than ever cannon championed, or sword'——

'Bosh! humbug! You beat your father himself for fine phrases. Plainer words would more forcibly impress me.'

'Well, then, you are endeavouring to unravel and defeat a vile plot which touches not only *your* father's character, but his life.'

'That is better. Yes.'

'I have the power to greatly aid you in that enterprise; and if you remain faithful to your word in this "glory" business, I *will* do so, *regardless of whomsoever I may offend.*'

'I accept that conditional promise, Mr Harry Webbe, though I should have been better pleased if your eye, when making it, had more boldly met mine. That, however, may be congenital.—I have, however, very slight confidence that such a white-livered fellow will keep faith with me, now that his own turn is served,' I added, but not till Master Webbe had left the cabin.

I did not go on deck again till, the tide serving, the *Scout* went into harbour. *Le Renard*, in attempting to do so, grounded between the pierheads, and had to be lightened of her guns and stores before she could be berthed. That night I slept, as did Webbe, at an inn or hotel in the Royal Square, a locality which Copley's painting of the death of Major Pierson must have made familiar to many readers.

Harry Webbe left me soon after breakfast, for the confessed purpose of sunning his new, but far from 'blushing' honours in Miss Wilson's smiles. He had been gone some three or four hours when a printed slip or proof of the *Gazette* or *Chronique de Jersey*—I forget the exact title of the only newspaper, I believe, then published in the island—was sent up to Messieurs les Officiers du *Scout*, with the editor's compliments, and a polite request that the said messieurs would be pleased to correct any error of fact that might have inadvertently slipped into the flaming narrative, headed—'Combat Glorieux entre le *Scout*, Lettre de Marque Anglaise, et *Le Renard*, Brick de Guerre Français: Héroisme du Jeune Capitaine Anglais, Henri Webbe.'

Although not one of 'Messieurs les Officiers du *Scout*,' I took the liberty of running my eye over the proof, and much amused was I at the editor's magniloquent exaggeration of the very modest facts, so far as I, *alias* Henri Webbe, was concerned, till I came to the concluding paragraph—this:

'In signal contrast with the heroic conduct of M. Henri Webbe, was the dastard behaviour of one William Linwood, who, excusing himself to M. Dowling, *second* of the *Scout*, under the pleas, that he was only a passenger, and, moreover, a coward upon principle (*un lâche par principe*), when the action was about to commence, skulked off to bed.'

Pleasant reading, upon my word, I mentally ejaculated. This precious paragraph—which will of course go the round of the English papers—will give my relatives a delightful notion of my fitness for a mission confided to my courage! Very true, unquestionably, that I have made a stupendous ass of myself; still, I must stop that game at any hazard; and I jumped up with the intention of sallying forth to the printing-office, and thrashing the publisher within an inch of his life. Fortunately, young Webbe returned at the moment, in great elation of spirit from his interview with the divine Maria. I shewed him the offensive paragraph: he immediately volunteered to prevent its publication, and went off at once for that purpose. Whether or not he delivered the message I charged him with—namely, that if the libel was published, William Linwood would, upon principle, break every bone in the editorial body, or what other persuasive he had recourse to, I cannot say; enough, that the paragraph did not appear.

It greatly annoyed me, nevertheless, by shewing the extent and working of the folly I had committed; and a haunting fear grew upon me that I should prove unequal to the duty I had taken upon myself; that I was too volatile, glib, rash! How could one who had been fooled by a poor creature like Harry Webbe, hope to hold his own with the astute conspirators I might have to cope with?

Then the non-arrival of Captain Webbe irritated me; and so especially did the growing coolness of his son. I could scarcely obtain a minute's speech of the fellow, and any hint of a wish to be introduced to Miss Wilson, sent him off like a bullet from a gun. Did he, judging of me by his own craven instincts, fear I should betray him to her whose favour he had declared was his sole motive in wishing to acquire, vicariously, a reputation for homicidal heroism, to quote his own copper-gilt gibberish? At all events, see, converse with the young lady I would—displease, anger, enrage him as my doing so might.

It was not difficult to gratify that whim. I obtained her address of the waiter who posted his letters: 'Miss Wilson, at Madame Dupré's, near the Third Tower.' Martello towers dot—one mile apart—the whole circumference of Jersey, and to the Third Tower was a pleasant three-mile walk from St Helier, on the road to St Aubin—a village near the further extremity of the bay of that name. I could introduce myself as Webbe's friend; pretend that I expected to find him there—had called, in fact, by his invitation. He would never dare to challenge the deception.

So planned, so done. Watching an opportunity when Master Webbe was busily engaged on board the *Scout*, I hastened off in the direction of the Third Tower; and in something less than an hour, was quietly seated with Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson in the front parlour of the former's neat and pleasant domicile. My reception was a friendly one, and much abated the choler which raged in my breast against Harry Webbe, proving, as it did, that he must have spoken favourably of me to his charmer and her ancient companion, who, altogether unpractised in the conventional ways of what is understood by society, thought it the simplest thing in life that the acquaintance of their friend should introduce himself in the manner I had. Madame Dupré seemed to be a good-natured, lively, bustling body, notwithstanding her age, which could not be far short of seventy; uneducated, but speaking both French and English—the latter best—at least more intelligibly to me—the French of France, as taught me by Laborde, not enabling my unaccustomed ear to distinguish understandingly the French elements which no doubt exist in the island patois.

There was no need to inquire if such a skin-shrivelled, dumpy, bundle of a woman was a relative of the fair, elegant, beautiful Maria Wilson; a most fascinating person, though, as I soon discovered, of but ordinary attainments, and quite untaught in the accomplishments which are supposed essential to the perfect development of womanly grace and charm. No wonder that a fair, healthy complexion, luxuriant hair of a golden brown, blue eyes of unfathomable depth, a most delicate nose, sweet lovable lips, and a distracting figure, should have taken poor Webbe captive, or that he was jealous of permitting bachelor-eyes to look upon his precious treasure-trove.

It was not, however, the clear complexion, golden brown hair, blue eyes, delicate nose, lovable lips, and distracting figure, separately or combined, which, the instant I saw Maria Wilson, interested, fascinated me

interest, fascination, distinct from love, or the ing of that sentiment. I had been, young as I too frequently exposed to the influence of those ns—though never, perhaps, so harmoniously com- —to be in danger of sudden enslavement by weapons. No; it was the peculiar *expression* of deep blue eyes that enthralled me—the soul- w, as it were, which from one moment to another l over, and softened rather than dimmed the t youthful face: a most peculiar sweetly-sad ssion, which I was positive I had seen before, h where or when I vainly for hours, days, s, strove to recall, albeit as certain I had observed, before, as of my own life!

enthusiastic, romantic maiden too, as Harry e had intimated; full to overflowing of that sting fight between the *Scout* and *Le Renard*, ould, or at least would talk of nothing else. I the annoyance and vexation my countenance nanner must have expressed at hearing young e's fabulous nothings so outrageously monstered, ed the gay-hearted girl—for gay-hearted she spite of the sunshine *broken* before spoken of—to ng the entertainment for my especial behoof.

e ultimate effect was, however, widely different what either of us contemplated. The avidity of uman heart for flattery, even in its best samples, subtle and eager, that it will detect and appro- the intoxicating incense from the most apparently omising sources. Quite natural, therefore, that the g lady's fine reading of the narrative published ie Jersey paper, her vibrating voice and musical ation giving to the bombastic rodomontade the l of true eloquence, surprised, interested, flat- such a feather-headed youngster as I; that my inary plumes fluttered, dilated like a peacock's; as it not really me—not Harry Webbe—she was ying so delightfully? Of course, I was quite con- all the while that the repeated rallying by the hero of the fainting Scouts, the cutting his way gh Heaven knows how many Frenchmen, to get at unfortunate Captain Le Moine, and end the rate, doubtful contest by one stroke of his vic- s sword, was all bosh, humbug! Still, what foundation there was for such a fantastic super- ture of lies, referred to me unquestionably: I moreover, and an extraordinary elation of spirit panied the conviction, that the lady's regard for the imaginary Webbe—not the real one—for n fact! So reconciled, consequently, did I become aria Wilson's warrior-enthusiasm, so swiftly did impulsive temperament sympathise therewith, when suddenly passing from inflated puerility ty, masculine eloquence, she burst out with:

> Ye mariners of England
> Who guard our native seas,
> Whose flag has braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze;
> Your glorious standard launch again,
> To match another foe—

ped at the last lines out of my chair, and with filled with tears, fiercely flourished Madame e's parlour-poker round my head, to that lady's alarm for her chimney glass and ornaments. So excitable is boyish enthusiasm by vanity, and a iful girl!

dame Dupré repaid me for the fright with st. 'Pray, Mr Linwood,' said she, 'do you de name of de young man—what—my good— imself under de bed when de guns begun to fire?' asn't I brought up with a round turn? Didn't ce burn like red-hot iron beneath Maria Wilson's hing, astonished look, called forth, no doubt, by conscience-stricken aspect, as she must have preted it?

'I hear of him,' continued the horrid old woman, 'in St Helier; but not de name of de brave youth. Do you know it, sare?'

Before I could convert the choking rage in my throat to articulate sounds, there was a knock at the door.

'It is Harry!' exclaimed Maria Wilson, springing to the door and opening it. 'Ha! you also, sir!' she added. 'Do come in.'

Not only young Harry, but *old* Harry was at the door; Captain Kirke Webbe as well as his son! And what an astonished start—what a pallor of the young fellow's phiz—what a dark scowl upon the old one's, as they caught sight of me!

'You—you here, Linwood!' stammered Webbe the younger.

'How is this, sir?' ejaculated Webbe the elder, glancing fiercely at his son.

Only for a moment did Kirke Webbe's mask slip aside. 'Why,' he added, with a smile pretty nearly compelled to cordiality—'why need I ask? William Linwood must ever be a welcome guest with the friends of Harry Webbe!'

The two gentlemen then sat down, and Captain Webbe strove to bring about a natural, indifferent conversation. It could not be done: we were all dumbfounded—in some sort panic-stricken.

I, for one, by the discovery 'that the penniless wench, Maria Wilson, or Bilson,' Kirke Webbe had spoken of so contemptuously to me, was a young person well known to him, and evidently regarded with—what shall I say—affection, esteem? no, with respect, deference! Madame Dupré was also an old and intimate friend of his, there could be no doubt. What complicated knave's game was the man playing?

A question I had no time to pursue. Captain Webbe invited me to accompany him forthwith back to St Helier; the arrangements he had made in the affair I knew of necessitating immediate action.

I acquiesced; bade adieu to the charming Maria, Madame Dupré, and Harry Webbe, and set forth with the captain of the *Scout*.

He was the first to break silence as we pushed on for St Helier.

'You have acted nobly, Linwood,' said he, 'to my son, who has told me all. He knew it would be quite absurd to attempt to throw the dust in my eyes, which has, it seems, so completely blinded those who do not know him as well as I do. Well, it is a gift that makes him rich, and you none the poorer!'

'I am not so sure of that, Captain Webbe.'

'*Tut, tut.* You will have abundant opportunities for establishing a reputation for courage, I promise you. The soft-hearted boy has set his soul upon espousing Maria Wilson'——

'Or Bilson,' I interrupted.

'Ah, yes, I remember. Since, however, I saw you, I have had a conversation with a relative of hers in London, which has altogether changed my opinion of the proposed match, and I feel obliged to you for enabling him to gain the lady's consent.'

'Under a false pretence!'

'Yes; but that is nothing. He will make a kind husband; and the most romantic maidens, when transformed into practical wives, soon shake from their memories the sentimental cobwebs which enthralled their nonage. But you and I have more pressing matters to attend to. I leave you now by the First Tower, and Jersey *with* you, for St Malo, if possible, if not, for Avranches or Granville, to-morrow evening.'

'What is to prevent us from going direct to St Malo?'

'Only His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, *Pelican*, Captain Maples, which is, or was, cruising off that port. Here,' added Webbe, 'is my written address: "Le Capitaine Verdun, chez M. Josse, Aubergiste, St

Catherine's Bay." I shall expect you there to-morrow evening by five o'clock at latest.'

I promised to be punctual; and we soon afterwards separated.

'Is Le Capitaine Verdun within?' I inquired, the next evening, of a stout, well-dressed seaman, who was standing by the door of the public-house pointed out to me as that kept by Antoine Josse.

'Le voici—I am he,' was the prompt reply.

'The deuce you are! Why, yes, that voice, and—— By Heaven, it *is* Webbe!'

The captain of the *Scout* laughed obstreperously. 'Not an unskilful metamorphosis, eh?' he said. 'This black wig, and dyeing my light whiskers of the same colour, make a strange difference in a man's appearance.'

'That is true, indeed! This accounts, then, for the green tinge of your whiskers?'

'Yes, the colouring liquid leaves that tinge. Where are your things?'

I pointed to a laden porter at some distance off.

'All right. Tell him to bring them here. We are off in less than an hour.'

'By what means,' said I, upon rejoining Webbe, 'do you propose getting to St Malo? I can see the French coast plainly enough, but not the vessel that is to take us there.'

'You soon shall. First, however, let me impress it upon your mind, that you are an American youth—a native, suppose we say, of Boston, United States. In that character, your atrocious French accent will cause no surprise. I—please never for one moment to forget—am Jules Renaudin, captain of the French corsair, *L'Espiègle*.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'you, Captain Renaudin of *L'Espiègle*?'

'Just so; and if you take this glass, you will make out that gem of a cutter lying in the shadow of the French coast, in a line with those two sugar-loaf-shaped rocks. A boat you may also observe coming towards us, in obedience to the signal flying from my unsuspicious friend Josse's flagstaff.'

I looked up to said flagstaff: two English jacks were flying, one on a blue, the other on a white ground.

I was downright 'mazed,' as we used to say in the Wight, and for the first time a complete sense of the perilous nature of the adventure I was engaged in, of the desperate, lawless character of the man with whom I was associated, by whom I was to be guided through that adventure, flashed upon me!

It was too late, however, to retract—would be insanity to shew distrust, hesitation: the die was cast, and I must stand the hazard of the throw. The French boat reached the shore; our trifling luggage was thrown into it; Captain Jules Renaudin and I followed; and after a long, weary pull, we stood upon the deck of *L'Espiègle*, a cutter-rigged clipper, mounting four guns, and manned by as fierce a set of desperadoes, judging by their looks, as one would wish to set eyes upon; yet all, I saw in a moment, effectively curbed under the iron rule of Le Capitaine Renaudin!

The wind, though light, was fair for St Malo; and *L'Espiègle* was quickly slipping through the water in that direction. 'If this breeze last,' remarked Captain Jules Renaudin to me, 'we shall be in St Malo by day-dawn, supposing always that the *Pelican* does not snap us by the way.'

WORKMANSHIP IN AMERICA.

Workmanship in America bears all the marks of haste and imperfection; has no appearance of finish or minute care about it. The marble-veneered palaces of New York often come down by the run. The clippers of New England sail well, but leak and damage cargo. They are splendid models, but slim in construction. Twenty-five thousand miles of railways intersect the American continent—they cross swamps and mountains, the St Lawrence and the Mississippi—but their frail tressel-work is continually coming down; their bridges are crazy, their roads often unballasted, their whole apparatus flimsy. I need not dwell on river and lake steamers; a prudent man makes his will before he goes on board. And so it goes on, down to the minutest article of domestic use throughout this country. There is not a lock that catches, not a hinge that turns; knives will not cut, and matches will not light. The doors will not shut, the windows will not open; and all this is made more striking and provoking by its contrast with the pretension to finish and refinement. You sit down on a fine velvet sofa, and are startled by coming down on a spring as hard as a cricket-ball. The hotel whose doors are creaking and windows gaping, is gilt and carpeted like a palace; and the Mississippi steamboat, on which you are snagged or blown up, is gilt and painted, and goes twenty miles an hour; you cannot sail to destruction in greater luxury or at greater speed.—*Stirling's Letters from the Slave States.*

STANZAS.

When the trees were green in summer,
We wandered 'neath their shade;
There gleamed a lovelight in thine eyes
Serious and still, which made
My heart beat loud and fast the while,
Half pleased and half afraid.

The leaves were turning red and sere,
The days were darkening fast,
When the words of love withheld so long
Were whispered forth at last,
And hand in hand, and heart to heart,
You told me of the past.

No leaves are on the forest trees,
But in my heart the while
There is a sunshine calm and glad,
Sweeter than summer's smile,
And that sweet sunshine of thy love
Can every grief beguile.

The flowers will blossom soon again,
The leaves bud forth once more,
Summer shall dawn upon the world
In beauty as before—
And summer in my heart of hearts
Shall bloom for evermore.

M. E. S.

CAUTION AS TO LOFTY BUILDINGS.

Towers, spires, and obelisks of extravagantly great height are occasionally erected in England, with apparently an entire forgetfulness of the danger to which they are subjected by earthquakes. Tremors of the surface are happily rare with us, insomuch that one or two generations sometimes pass without the experience of any such phenomena; but it should be kept in mind that they *have* occurred, of such severity as to endanger lofty buildings, and *therefore may occur again*. I sometimes feel inclined to ask if it was wise to build the Victoria Tower of the new palace at Westminster to so great an elevation as three hundred feet, with a great archway passing through the base, for no longer ago than February 1750, there was a shock so much felt at that spot as to make the counsellors in the court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, believe that the building over their heads was about to fall. The shake of November 1755, moreover, agitated many lakes in our island; and that of August 1816 twisted a steeple at Inverness, which long remained a striking monument of a power in nature which in our country we are but too apt to overlook and slight.—*Correspondent.*

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NEGLECTED SUGGESTIONS AND PREDICTIONS.

Much has been said on these subjects lately, without a hint being given in any quarter towards a *rationale* of the matter, though that lies, one would think, but a short space out of the highway of thought.

It is quite true, and 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' that official persons often slight warnings which prove to have been well grounded, and which, if taken, might have averted much evil. 'Pity 'tis 'tis true,' also, that persons invested with administrative functions receive from outsiders many suggestions as to possible improvements, which it might have been well they had adopted. The greatest pity of all, however—and here lies the explanation of the whole matter—is, that official and administrative persons are not endowed by nature with miraculous wisdom, wherewith to distinguish a true warning when it is given, or a certain improvement when it is suggested. They are, unfortunately, ordinary human beings, who can only judge of such things on the same principles as the rest of their species. Such things are usually of very doubtful character. Their proving fallacious would be a serious inconvenience and discomfort. There is a responsibility as to the acceptance of absurdities, as well as the rejection of truths. It is surely, then, far from inexcusable that they are, in general, treated simply upon a theory of their probable worth, and overlooked wherever there is not a very strong case made out in their favour.

On the occurrence of the late frightful outbreak in India, it was certainly very startling to find in a book of Sir Charles Napier, published in 1853, an earnest warning as to the ticklish condition of the native troops—a prediction, in short, of this very outbreak, on the condition that certain steps were not taken to avert it. Well, here is a complete instance of a true warning slighted, and dismal consequences arising. Yet it is only fair to go back to 1853, and inquire whether the reputation of Sir Charles Napier for grave wisdom was such as to make it culpable for administrators then to neglect what he said. It is with no disrespect to a brave soldier, that we must pronounce that his reputation was not of this character. There were a few other voices in India, however, that spoke for years to the same purport as Sir Charles Napier; and it now appears very unlucky that these were not better listened to. But is it not true that there are peculiar opinions on all sorts of subjects—that hundreds of such opinions are daily neglected with perfect impunity, because they are only the whims of individuals, and never come true? The opinions in question about the Bengal native troops were not those of the great mass of officers connected with India, and presumably able to judge. Would it have been allowable for those at the head of affairs to open their ears to a small minority, and neglect the general opinion? Can we now say that this would at the time have appeared wise and commendable, when it inferred a grand change of policy, involving its own peculiar hazards, as all changes of policy do? Would it even have been practicable, governed as India is by a body representing a vast multitude of persons? It can only be necessary to put these questions. As to their answers, there can be no hesitation and no variance.

The treatment of inventions, discoveries, and suggestions of improvement, is ruled by precisely the same principle. Now and then, it turns out that an invention or suggestion, which has been slighted in official quarters, is in reality a thing of genuine value and importance; and then there is an outcry about the inveterate opposition presented by official persons to all ideas which come to them from persons out of doors. To justify this outcry, it would be necessary to shew that the great bulk, at least, of the aforesaid inventions and suggestions are valuable, and yet invariably rejected. But the fact is—as all persons acquainted with official business only too well know—that such inventions and suggestions are, in all except a few rare instances, of no value whatever. To prove one part of this position, it is only necessary to recall how numberless are the inventions patented at a cost sufficient to test the sincerity of the inventor, and which are never afterwards heard of as practically carried out or proving of any use. To prove the other part to men of business, it is enough to remind them how often they receive suggestions about matters connected with their own affairs, which they find it impossible to turn to any account. It is very possible that actual administrators sometimes become too conservative. But obviously, the tendency of the frequent obtrusion of outside ideas that prove of no service, must be to create a general hopelessness as to such ideas; and with a person fully occupied with his stated duties, such frequent obtrusion cannot but have an exhausting effect upon the patience. A quick cordial receptivity of new ideas is therefore scarcely to be expected amongst official persons.

The actual history of outside ideas with official persons we believe to be simply this. They come in such shoals, that a careful study of each is nearly impossible. A large proportion—probably two-thirds

—suggest obvious alterations of plan, which have been long familiar to the office, and found impracticable. Another set are violent and hazardous changes, inferring great blame in case of failure. A third set are so like the dreams of maniacs, that they are at once set aside. As a rule, the outside suggester or inventor appears to the actual administrator as a person labouring under such disadvantages from his want of knowledge of the conditions under which any change is necessarily to be made, that his likelihood of suggesting a real improvement which actual administrators had failed to think of, is little above *nil*.

A remarkable improvement in one of the public departments was suggested, and urged a few years ago by an outsider of extraordinary sagacity, and, being adopted, it has undoubtedly conduced immensely to the comfort of individuals, and the facility of mercantile transactions. The suggester or expositor, as he should rather be called, of this novelty—a man whose name will never be mentioned in our history without respect—was appropriately, though not very promptly, rewarded by a high position in the office which he improved; yet we have reason to believe that this very person, with the greatest natural liberality of mind towards new things, has the usual experience of official persons regarding suggestions of improvement from external sources. The bulk of them are totally useless, and only occupy good time to no purpose. There is a constant movement in the office towards better and better plans; but in nearly every point it comes from the persons practically conversant with the office, its actual conditions, and its susceptibilities of useful change.

The subject here treated is, after all, but part of a larger one involving the history of all new things in their struggles for the acknowledgment of their worth. Novelties in human thought, in scientific discovery, and in mechanical application of the arts, have all to go through a course of difficulties before they fully assert themselves, or are generally accepted. A new man of genius has to undergo a probation before he can clear himself out from the herd of pretenders with whom he is at first liable to be confounded. It is wholly idle, as appears to us, to rail and declaim as if there were some perverse conspiracy against good new things and good new men, when it is clearly evident that all such are acknowledged as soon as ever their worth can be truly ascertained, and that in the process of ascertaining their worth lies the only real cause of delay. Undoubtedly, while it so happens that there is an almost indefinite number of chances—speaking speculatively—against one, that the novelty will be naught, the generality of men, be they official or not, will hesitate to give it even that consideration without which its making way is impossible. They refuse to be troubled upon such a poor prospect of benefit. Till human perspicacity is such that it can criticise and weigh the prospects of everything at a glance, novelties will have this fate to submit to.

These remarks are not, of course, designed to excuse any special noted case of the slighting of either a sound prediction or an obviously useful improvement. Let all such be unsparingly denounced; we merely aim at shewing how it is, in the actual relations of things, that a Cassandra will sometimes be seen going about giving out warnings which no one believes, and that a man of true genius and originality will occasionally have to complain that a useful invention was for some time pressed in vain upon public attention.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

Well acquainted as I was with the French language—my 'atrocious accent' notwithstanding—I must confess to something of the same feeling, when I first set foot upon the deck of *L'Espiègle*, and heard Captain Renaudin give smartly executed orders in that tongue to his French crew, as the English seaman expressed when he declared that he could not for the life of him comprehend how the service could be carried on in a ship where they called the foremast a *mât d'avant*. I remarked upon the absurdity to Webbe.

'The feeling arises in part, I dare say,' replied the privateer captain, 'from the Englishman's instinctive belief that he is of legitimate right ruler of the seas, and, consequently, that it is a kind of impertinence for denizens on his domain to speak any other tongue than his.'

'And to that instinctive belief, as you term it, must, I suppose, be also referred the surprise I have felt at noticing that the crew of *L'Espiègle* are, to all appearance, skilful and hardy sailors?'

'No doubt; since why a man born at Brest should not, other things being equal, prove as skilful and hardy as he who was born at Portsmouth, would puzzle one to explain. Other things, however, *not* being equal, as a rule, the seamen of France are not so hardy, so continuously hardy, as the British.'

'Have the kindness to explain: I should like to have a reason for the faith that is in me.'

'Willingly. If you or I were to take a heavy pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow, some fine hot day, and work with might and main in a stiff soil, at the foundation of a house, we should find it to be exhausting work, which only the most robust fellows could sustain with spirit for any length of time. Well, the rapid working of a frigate or liner's heavy guns in a close fight, where no particular aim need be taken, is harder, more exhausting labour than that; and French, Italian, Austrian seamen are not, as races, physically equal to the work, in comparison with Anglo-Saxon sailors. The fire of a French ship-of-war during the first ten minutes or quarter of an hour of a close rapid fight is frequently equal to that of a British ship-of-war: after that, although the foreigner's courage may be as untamed as ever, his muscles, as a general rule, begin to yield, his fire slackens, and the battle is lost. The same physiological fact governs in respect of stubborn holding out during long-continued stress of weather, or—— Ha! I see her now. All right, so far.'

To enable the reader to understand Captain Renaudin's abrupt break-off in his dissertation upon the comparative naval prowess of British and French seamen, it must be explained, that whilst he was delivering it, he had been anxiously peering through a night-glass at a distant speck upon the darkening horizon, which interested him much more than the topic he was carelessly discussing. A glint of moonlight had at last enabled him to decide that the said speck was *not* the *Pelican* sloop-of-war.

'The capture, not many months since, of the American brig-of-war, *Argus*, by that same *Pelican*,' I remarked, after a while, 'was a gallant exploit, was it not?'

'Well, yes; but the *Argus* was overmatched, though nothing like so hopelessly as the *Macedonian* in her action with the *United States*, which Yankees prance and crow so much about. Captain Carden was a

brother-mid of mine, and I would have backed him with an equal force against all the Decaturs in creation. I might as well,' added Webbe with unusual heat—'I might as well snatch up a belaying-pin, floor yonder little *mousse*, and then trumpet like a great elephant of my glorious victory! But enough of this. Had you not better, Mr Linwood, go below? The air is chilly now, and will be many degrees colder before we again behold the sun.'

'Do you remain on deck?'

'Ay, young man, till *L'Espiègle* is safely moored in French waters, or sunk five fathoms deep—which is considerably under the average, by the by, at any distance seaward off this coast—in those of the Channel. The rocks of Choisy, certainly, and the *Pelican*, possibly, lie in wait for us amidst the darkness ahead—two considerations that would "murder sleep" as effectually as ever Macbeth did. the Capitaine Jules Renaudin's sleep, that is. Mr William Linwood, of Boston, United States, may slumber as serenely as at Oak Villa—— Nay, never shake your raven locks at me! We shall weather Cape Danger, do not fear, threateningly as it may seem just now to loom upon us through the mirk night. Baptiste,' he added in French, 'conduct monsieur below, and see him properly accommodated.'

Capitaine Jules Renaudin was right: the cold was becoming intense; and along the French shore a thick fog was rising, which would extinguish, so far as *L'Espiègle* was concerned, the dull lights that in those days doubtfully beaconed the vessel's sinuous course along a rock-strewn coast, which the fear of hostile cruisers compelled her to hug with perilous proximity. It was the rising fog, far more than the *Pelican*, that excited the fears of the commander of the French privateer; and with good reason, I was seaman enough to understand, without the help of Baptiste's prolix verbal chart of the sands, shoals, rocks through which, in avoidance of that *maudit* corsair Anglais, *L'Espiègle* would have to feel her dubious way. There, however, being an equally dismal certainty that I could do nothing to help myself or the cutter, by remaining hungry and awake, I resigned myself to the excellent viands, wines, and liqueurs set before me by Baptiste, and with such tranquillising success, that when I turned in for the night, the fog, shoals, rocks, and Britannic majesty's cruiser had lost, for me, nearly all their terrors.

I had risen and dressed myself the next morning at a little after eight o'clock, as marked by my watch, albeit it seemed to be pretty nearly as dark as when I lay down in the hammock. We were, I found, becalmed in a dense fog, and had anchored to avoid being drifted upon a shoal or rock by the strong and seemingly capricious currents which prevail upon that rugged coast.

There was no danger, that I could imagine, to be apprehended, and yet a feeling of great uneasiness seemed to pervade the crew of *L'Espiègle;* the officers were conversing in low tones with each other, peering into the murky air seaward with their glasses, and from time to time anxiously consulting the countenance of Captain Renaudin, as if there would be read the earliest confirmation of their hopes or fears, whatever those hopes or fears related to. The captain himself was standing upon the starboard bulwarks, supporting himself by the rattlings, and looking forth seaward in one particular direction with unswerving earnestness.

He was, I saw, in no mood for answering idle questions, and I forbore to ask any; but I was afterwards informed that the *Pelican* had, it was known, sighted the *Espiègle* just before the fog reached and shrouded her. The wind immediately afterwards died completely away, so that there was no doubt the British cruiser was aware of the exact whereabout of *L'Espiègle*. I observed, moreover, that the men had pistols in their waist-belts, that arms of other kinds had been brought upon deck, and ranged conveniently at hand, and the two starboard guns cast loose and loaded.

'The fog, messieurs,' exclaimed the captain, when I had been on deck some half-hour, perhaps—'the fog, messieurs, is, as you perceive, lightening fast; in a few minutes, it will have entirely cleared away, and if—— Thunder of heaven! yonder they come! *Alerte!*' he shouted, jumping upon the deck; 'be ready with the boarding-nets, and see that your arms are in working-order. The wind, Bourdon,' he added, addressing an officer, 'will probably be here as soon, or sooner, than they; you had better, therefore, place at once two men in the bows with sharp axes, to cut away the cable at a sign from me.'

The fog was indeed fast passing away; the sun, which in aspect like a red-hot cannon-ball, had been dimly glaring through it, swiftly assumed his ordinary splendour, and with well-nigh the rapidity of a *coup de théâtre*, the dull, murky scene in which only ourselves and *L'Espiègle* had been visible, changed to a bright sky overhead, a clear blue sea around, with four large boats filled with seamen and marines—the red jackets and bayonets of the latter glancing brightly in the sunshine—pulling lustily towards us; but still, I judged, a good mile off; and in the yet much further distance, the British sloop-of-war, *Pelican!*

There being no further necessity for caution or concealment, the boats' crews gave a defiant cheer, and pulled with renewed vigour, in the hope of reaching us before the also rapidly approaching line of ruffled water, marking the progress of the breeze which they were, so to speak, bringing with them.

'Captain Renaudin,' said I, speaking of course in English, which, fortunately, no one on board but us understood a word of—'Captain Renaudin, you will please to understand that I shall not fight against my own countrymen. You have led me into a terrible'——

'Bah! bah!' he interrupted, 'we shall manage to do without your valiancy's help, I dare say. To tell you the truth,' he added, in a calmer tone, whilst still intently watching the race, so to speak, between the boats and the breeze—'to tell you the truth, I would rather not myself; but self-preservation is the first law of nature. Have the men ready in the bows,' he shouted, 'to cut away when I lift my hand. Bourdon,' he added, 'place the best men by the sails, so that they draw without the waste of one precious moment; and take the wheel yourself. The guns I take charge of.'

I leaned against the capstan in a state of indescribable agitation. The full magnitude, to myself and those dear to me, of the stake involved in the struggle about to take place, seemed for the first time to flash upon my startled senses. Should the boats—should the *Pelican's* launch, which greatly headed the others, reach us before *L'Espiègle* had got well under-way, there could be no hope, however brave the resistance offered, that the French privateer would get away before the remaining boats came up and rendered further resistance hopeless—useless. In case of capture, my own position would, to say the least, be a very unpleasant, if not dangerous one; whilst as to Webbe, supposing him to be identified—and if sent to Portsmouth, he was sure to be identified—his doom would unquestionably be an hour's dangle at the yard-arm; and with his life would pass away, I feared, all hope of accomplishing the purpose, to attain which, I had tempted these desperate hazards.

And those fearful issues would be substantially decided in ten minutes—in less, much less; the launch was now not two hundred yards distant, and the stout oars bent with the force of the rowers' efforts to reach

us in time. Meanwhile, Webbe—fiercely pale, as it were—resolved, yet regretful; for although he made no scruple of plundering his countrymen, he had a deep repugnance to firing upon, slaying them—had trailed one of the double-shotted guns—no grape or cannister had been used; Webbe's aim being to smash the boat, if possible, not kill or wound the men—to bear upon the launch, but hesitated to discharge it till there was no other chance left him but to do so. Another motive might be, that it was, above all, necessary to make sure that the shot would *tell*.

Well, the launch was, I say, within two hundred yards of us when the first puff of the coming breeze fluttered the dangling sails, and *L'Espiègle* heeled slightly over to leeward.

'Cut away the cable!' shouted the captain, without for an instant taking his eye off the advancing boat. 'Bourdon, be prompt, and, above all, calm!'

The cable, severed by a few sharp strokes of the axe, flew through the hawse-hole; the cutter's bows fell off; a second and more powerful puff of wind filled the sails; in another minute they would draw; in four, or five, no boat could overhaul us. Would those precious minutes be vouchsafed?

I could hardly hope so. Excited, as it seemed, by the possible escape of the anticipated prize, the marines in the stern of the launch jumped up to fire; a movement that disturbed the equilibrium of the boat, and which I could hear the naval officer in command rebuke with a curse. Down dropped the jollies without firing, and in response to the sea-officer's stimulating appeal, the launch was made to fairly leap out of the water—so to speak—towards *L'Espiègle*.

A successful cannon-shot alone could save us. Webbe, seeing it to be so, fired. Almost simultaneous with the flash and roar of the gun, was his triumphant shout. The bow of the boat had been completely smashed, and many of her crew were splashing and sputtering about in the water; only one, as we afterwards knew, being wounded, and that not dangerously.

A yell of delight arose from *L'Espiègle*, which drew forth a volley from the marines in the other boats—too distant to be effective. By that time, the French privateer was well under-way, and running with a fine breeze for Avranches. The depth of water, and intricacy of the navigation, forbade pursuit by the British cruiser; and in less than two hours, *L'Espiègle* dropped anchor abreast of Mont St Michel, of iron-cage celebrity. Quits, once more, for the fright!

Captain Jules Renaudin seemed to have a numerous acquaintance in Avranches; and this last exploit, which was nothing less, it soon appeared, than beating off a heavy British frigate with *L'Espiègle* of four guns, rendered him quite the lion of the ancient town. Avranches is built upon a hill at the mouth of the river Sée, and was formerly, I dare say, a place of importance. There was a curious old cathedral there, and other relics of bygone glories; but in 1814, the aspect of the town was drear and desolate in the extreme. The pulse of the national life of France did not beat high at that time; and in Avranches, as elsewhere, the emperor's reverses—the invasion by the allies of the 'sacred soil'—were the sad themes of every conversation. Ay, and people were whispering with white lips and flashing eyes, that the insolent invaders were actually marching upon Paris!

Anything, therefore, however insignificant in itself, which tended to revive the preposterous prestige of French invincibility, and especially a success upon the sea, was hailed with an almost childish delight. So, Captain Jules Renaudin, and a judicious selection from the *équipage* of *L'Espiègle*, were invited to a banquet—'Monsieur le jeune Americain' having the honour to be included in the list of guests.

We were to have set out by diligence for St Malo on the same day this patriotic festival was improvised, but Webbe determining, for reasons of his own, to accept the proffered honour, I had of course no choice but to acquiesce.

In sooth, I was rather pleased—young-man-like—I remember, with the idea of the entertainment, and especially of the ball which was to follow.

The preparations for the simple fête amused, interested me. It was to be held in a large granary, contiguous to *L'Hôtel Impérial*, which was cleared out for the occasion, decorated with evergreens and gay flags; and to be illumined, for that night only, by an enormous central chandelier, composed of three immense wooden hoops, slung one above another, and stuck full of tin candle-sconces—the shabbiness of material being concealed by pink calico roses, variegated wreaths, rosettes, and so on. Four layers of loose boards, forming distinct tables, each the length of the granary, with deal forms on each side, would afford ample eating-room for the two hundred expected *convives;* and our preparations were complete, in time, and barely so. Our entertainers were not rich—by no means the *élite* of the place; but their good-will was of the heartiest; and the respectability, as well as legality of the banquet, was assured by the consent of M. le Maire to preside.

The days of omens, portents, had passed away, or I was too insignificant an individual to excite the intervention of the personages who are supposed to manage such things, for I certainly do not remember to have felt the slightest presentiment of what was impending over me. On the contrary, I was in unusual spirits, helped the men to tack on the candle-sconces, to rig the rope-machinery which held the enormous chandelier in trembling suspense over our heads, and the maidens to cut the roses, and twist the wreaths. In short, I made myself generally useful, and, I was even assured, agreeable, to the modest degree, of course, only which any one having the misfortune not to be born a Frenchman could hope to attain.

It seems now natural enough to think and write of the events of those days in a cheerful spirit. I live—have therefore survived the dangers which beset, encompassed me, and the darkest passages of my experience are illumined by remembrance of the signal mercies which preserved me through them. At the time, they were, Heaven knows, no subject for jest or mirth; and it, moreover, may be as well in this place, and once for all, to state, in order to keep well with the reader, that although I did not affect the solemn, grandissimo airs of 'our hero' of romantic fables, nor stalk gloomily about amongst everyday people as if I was constantly before the lights in the principal part of a five-act tragedy, I nevertheless had ever before my eyes—ay, and there was ever beating at my heart and throbbing in my brain, a deep sense of the high filial trust confided to me, and an unswerving resolution to do or die in its fulfilment.

The banquet is prepared—served; the table is full. M. le Maire presides, supported on one side by Captain Jules Renaudin; on the other, by a gray-headed French officer *en retraite*, upon whose breast glitters the cross of the Legion of Honour. I am seated amongst the common file at about the centre of the room, and all for a time goes merry as a marriage-bell—for a long time, to every one but myself, and it should seem a young man in the dress of a French naval *enseigne*, seated at the furthest side of the furthest table from, but directly opposite to me. His dark expressive countenance bears traces of recent suffering; but why on earth does he suddenly stop eating and gaze so fixedly at me! I have never seen him before, and shall not greatly care if I never do again. Bah! I will attend to my *poulet*, regardless of the fellow's persistent rudeness. I cannot, however, help glancing round just to—— Confound him; he is still sternly, fiercely glaring at me, Banquo-like, from

amidst the busy, unnoticing guests! It is extremely annoying. Were it a young lady that appeared to be so suddenly taken with my handsome phiz, it would be another thing. Bah! I repeat to myself again; it is nothing to me; let him stare as much as he likes—I shall eat my dinner.

But I cannot eat my dinner; the fellow has filched away my appetite; and I am well pleased when the tables are cleared, the chandelier lit up, and the speeches begin—I shall the sooner be able to get away.

M. le Maire proposes Sa Majesté l'Empereur: received with enthusiasm of course. I sit down, after assisting to swell the applause, and almost leap again on my feet with uncontrollable surprise—panic rather! The naval enseigne has shifted his place—come near to me by one table, for a closer view, no doubt, and continues to stare fixedly at me with those dark gleaming eyes of his!

I am recalled to myself by M. le Maire, who, having proposed 'the United States, and may the alliance of the French and American eagles be perpetual,' requests their youthful and distinguished American guest to respond.

I rise for that purpose, amidst the acclamations of the company, and as I do so, a smile of exultant scorn, of deadly hate, kindles the pale face of my persecutor. Under such circumstances, and considering, moreover, that I do not care one straw for the two eagles, it is no wonder I blunder between them, make a very ridiculous figure of myself, and then drop down in my seat as hot, nervous, and uncomfortable as I have ever felt in my life.

'Captain Renaudin et l'équipage de *L'Espiègle*,' is received with vociferous applause, and is replied to by Webbe in, I have no doubt, a most audacious speech, that I do not hear; at least it does not touch my mind, which is now fully pre-occupied by the naval enseigne, in whom I can no longer conceal from myself I confront a vengeful foe, whose spring at my throat will not be long delayed!

I am right! Directly Renaudin sits down, the young enseigne rises, and calmly claims M. le Maire's attention for a few words. It is granted instantly. 'Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine!' exclaims this functionary, echoed by two hundred respectful voices—'Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine.'

Silence for Monsieur Auguste Le Moine! The name strikes my ear like a knell; and I divine what is coming. I glance towards Captain Webbe, who, I see, has already left his place, and is pushing towards the centre of the apartment.

'Monsieur le Maire et Messieurs,' begins the young enseigne, 'the reverses that for a time have dimmed the glory of the French arms, have to-night been spoken of with mournful freedom. You have heard of the coalition that has been formed for the humiliation of France; of the possible triumph of the multitudinous hosts whose presence already profanes our glorious, sacred soil. But, messieurs, permit me to remind you that it is not in the open field—the field of honour—our enemies gain their most fatal victories. (Bravo.) England, especially, perfidious England employs against us with more effect than she does her soldiers, or even her seamen—of whom I always wish to speak with the respect due to gallant men—England, I say, employs against us the more effective agencies of her gold—her manifold corruptions—her purchased traitors! (Bravos prolongés.) Yes, and to carry out her pitiless policy of corruption, she does not shrink from suborning to it, the courage, the audacity of her own bravest sons, whom she sends into our very midst in the character of friends—of *Americans*—to spy out where we are strong, and where we are weak; where her blows may be struck with least danger, with most advantage to herself! Of this world-known truth, messieurs, I will give you a new example—furnish you with a modern illustration. Listen!

'Many of you are aware that but a few days ago I was a prisoner of war to the English—that I have escaped from the island of Jersey by an almost miraculous chance. The fight, messieurs, wherein I was wounded and made captive, was that in which my uncle, Captain Le Moine, lost his life. With the chivalrous feeling that ever distinguished him, the commander of *Le Renard* disdained to avail himself of the means of facile victory which the superiority of his armament afforded, and risked all upon the chances of a hand-to-hand combat upon the deck—of a night-combat wherein skill is of slight avail against brute-strength. He has paid for that grave error with his life. Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!'

'Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!' echo numerous voices as the young enseigne pauses, overcome by emotion.

'I have but a few words more to say, messieurs. One of the most active of our foes during that terrible contest was a young man, the son, I have been told, of the captain of the English ship. My uncle attacked him, but his arm no longer possessed the vigour of his younger days, and after a few passes, the sword of the young Englishman terminated that precious life—a life devoted to the honour and glory of France! The night was dark,' continues Auguste Le Moine, with gathering vehemence, 'but at the moment my uncle fell, a gleam of moonlight shone upon the scene, and I clearly marked the features of his slayer. Shall I point him out to you?'

'Where? Who? Tell us!' shouted, screamed a hundred voices.

'Why, who but he who, in the guise of a friendly guest, has taken his seat at this banquet!—who but this pretended American, and really the English slayer of Captain Le Moine!'

A burst of incoherent rage echoed those words. I was seized by vengeful, merciless hands, and should, I doubt not, have been torn asunder, or trampled to death, when, just as all chance, all hope was gone, down came the enormous chandelier upon the heads of the raging crowd—knocking me and a score of others off our legs, and plunging the entire assembly in darkness and confusion.

I was lifted to my feet by the strong grasp of Captain Webbe, and with the help of one of his sailors, hoisted out of the granary window.

'Off, and swiftly,' he whispered, 'to the *Lion d'Or*; I will soon be with you.'

He had cut, in the very nick of time, the rope by which the chandelier was suspended, and with the help of his sailors, trampled out, as if by accident, the candles that remained alight after its fall.

VULCANISED INDIA-RUBBER SHOES.

The manufacturing spirit of the present age seems to have formed an extraordinary alliance with chemistry. A plain man who tries to keep abreast of this branch of the national progress, must find amazing difficulty with the mere technology of the subject. For example, our genuine old Windsor soap is now changed into a substance called glycerine; wax-candles are utterly extinguished in the market by another substance called paraffine; and soda is fast being superseded by the crystals of hydrochlorate of lime. In fact, there is no limit to the singular catalogue of compounds which the manufacturer and the chemist between them have contrived to form out of the constituents of this unhappy world.

The ancient Romans, we are told, who aspired to the great dignities of the republic, kept a slave or two in their families, whose sole business it was to learn the name and know the person of every citizen, in order

that their masters might salute their constituents with the proper degree of familiarity, and shake hands with them as particular acquaintances. Something of this kind, we think, might be done with advantage in modern society. Our great merchants and manufacturers might retain a person in their employment versed in the mysteries of chemistry applied to the arts, whose duties should consist in watching the patent-roll and the scientific journals, and who should be able to distinguish from the mass of unpronounceable names those inventions which are the most suitable to the public taste, and the most likely to turn out a profitable speculation.

These reflections have arisen from a visit we paid the other day to a new manufactory in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the staple article of which is vulcanised India-rubber. A company of American capitalists, from the regions of New York, have actually invaded the classical metropolis of the north, and in less than a year have raised up a concern of great magnitude—the largest of its kind, indeed, in Europe—upon the strength of the growing demand for this vegetable substance, particularly when fabricated into waterproof goloshes. The thing strikes us as being so curious, and so important in a social point of view, that we have taken some trouble to inquire into the whole subject; and we propose in this article to give our readers an account of the introduction of the India-rubber manufacture into Scotland, together with a short description of the process of making India-rubber shoes.

With regard to the material itself, we shall just state that it was first seen in Europe about the middle of last century; that it was soon afterwards discovered to be the gum, or, more properly, the coagulated juice of certain tropical trees, the chief of which is the celebrated *Siphonia elastica* of the Brazilian forests; that by the natives it was called caoutchouc; by the chemists, from its singular elasticity, gum-elastic; and by the common people, from its valuable property of cleaning paper, India-rubber. Its physical properties, indeed, as a whole are perfectly unique. By far the most elastic substance in nature, it is insoluble in water, in alcohol, or in any of the mineral acids; but it dissolves readily in ether or naphtha; and, above all, it possesses the power of agglomerating, or, in plain language, of adhering again when cut, if the separate pieces are brought together. No other substance, we may add, is so valuable to the analytical chemist. We have the high authority of the Baron Justus von Liebig for stating, that to the increased facilities which the flexible tubes and sheets of India-rubber have given in the laboratory, we owe many of the brightest discoveries in organic chemistry.

Now, it happened about twenty-five years ago, that the method of producing thin sheets of India-rubber was applied to the invention of waterproof cloth garments; and large manufactories for this purpose were established both in England and in the United States. The celebrated Macintosh fabrics, so popular in the days of stage-coach travelling, belong to this era of the trade. But, unfortunately, one or two awkward circumstances connected with the material, which had hitherto almost escaped notice, began to appear in the most unmistakable manner. India-rubber, it was found, like all other vegetable substances, had a tendency to unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and decompose; and while perfectly elastic at all ordinary temperatures, it had the fatal peculiarity of becoming soft with heat and hard with cold. It was related in South Carolina, that a stout gentleman, travelling one day under a hot sun with a waterproof coat on, became glued up into an outer integument, from which no skill could extricate him. Another unfortunate man in Michigan, who wore a full suit of the treacherous fabric, was seen to leave a hot room on a cold winter evening, his clothes to all appearance quite soft and pliable. Next morning, he was found among the snow on the high road frozen to death, with the fatal garments around him as stiff as buckram, and as hard as iron.

From these causes, among others we need not stay to mention, the original India-rubber manufacture gradually sunk in importance, and indeed soon became extinct. But in a few years it was destined to rise from its ashes. An ingenious shipwright of Rhode Island, Charles Goodyear, who had a strong turn for invention, bethought him of using India-rubber sheets over a skeleton of timber planks for a life-boat. The idea was excellent; but the same physical quality we have just mentioned operated much against its success in a practical point of view. The India-rubber life-boats were all very well in the water; but they did not answer to be pulled up high and dry on shore, as in that case the sheets gradually melted into a volatile essential oil, and disappeared. This circumstance was very discouraging, and might have induced any one of a less enthusiastic turn of mind to abandon the India-rubber sheets altogether, and substitute tarred canvas, or something of that kind. But Goodyear, it should seem, was no common-place inventor. With astonishing perseverance, he set about acquiring the chemistry of the subject; and it is pleasing to relate that in this direction his efforts were at length crowned with success. He discovered that if India-rubber were combined at a high temperature with certain proportions of sulphur and the oxide of lead, its whole physical nature was changed, that it was now proof against the process of vegetable decay, and that it remained uniformly elastic under the most considerable variations of temperature. This singular compound he ushered into the world in due time under the high-sounding title of Vulcanised India-rubber.*

The importance of this invention was very great, if we may judge by its results. Vulcanised India-rubber at once became the rage; all sorts of things were made from it—railway springs and buffers, machinery belts, elastic bands and air-cushions, waterproof garments of every description, all kinds of bandages, and a number of surgical instruments. These things all created a large demand for the material; but it was soon found that the article which consumed most and sold best was the waterproof goloshes; and in a few years after the invention was made public, there sprang up, and still continue to flourish, several large establishments in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in New Jersey, and in Massachusetts, which manufacture about five million pair every year, and give employment to upwards of five thousand people.

The 'North British Rubber Company' is an offspring of this family. Since the manufacture had proved successful in America, it was thought, shrewdly enough, that it might pay in Europe also. Accordingly, a company having been formed on the limited liability principle, the present managers, Mr H. L. Norris and Mr S. T. Parmelee, who are also large proprietors, were instructed to cross the Atlantic, and fix on a location for the projected colony. To shew their capacity for this important mission, we may relate, that the commercial man, Mr Norris, had been, during thirty years, engaged in the India-rubber trade; that he had resided fourteen years in South America, where he had experimented upon the juice of the great India-rubber trees in the boundless forests of the Amazon. The other was a practical man, skilled in chemistry and mechanics, acquainted with the law of patents, and accustomed to manage working-men. It is not often, we think, that the great elements of success in commercial enterprise are so fairly blended. We do not

* We propose taking an opportunity, by and by, of going more fully into Goodyear's invention.

know for what reason, but they selected Scotland as the field of their industry, and they first thought of making Glasgow their head-quarters. They were seen, like the two mysterious travellers in Washington Irving, exploring the smoky regions of the Gorbals and Port Dundas, talking vaguely of purchasing land, and of building property, of burgage tenures and feudal superiorities; but, either from the difficulty of procuring a suitable place, or from the prospect of delay, they left the seat of our manufactures and commerce, and finally cast anchor in the seat of our literature and philosophy. One circumstance, indeed, guided their choice: they discovered in Edinburgh one of the finest models of a manufactory which can be found in this or any other country, unoccupied, and ready to receive them.

In the south-western suburbs of the city, at a place called Fountain Bridge, near the deserted basin of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal, there stands a large and stately pile of building, which is known to the inhabitants by the name of 'The Castle Silk-mills.' Those buildings were erected some five-and-twenty years ago by a company of adventurers, who proposed to make Edinburgh a seat of the silk-manufacture. No expense was spared on their erection. The large quadrangle, the excellent masonry, the magnificent steam-engine, the symmetrical chimney, as well as the whole plan of the works, still attest the fine taste and boundless liberality of the projectors. Whether it arose from misdirected enterprise, or from want of capital, we do not know; but, at anyrate, the speculation proved unsuccessful, and the silk-mills were abandoned. For the long period of twenty years, this splendid building remained as silent, and almost as deserted, as if it had been dug out at Pompeii. It was tried for a poor-house; it was tried for a carpet-manufactory; but it would not do: nothing could rouse the slumbering spirit of that silent mansion. At length, one morning, our two Americans appeared in the court-yard, examining the premises with an acute and practised eye. The result of their visit was soon made plain. The property was at once occupied, and in less than three months it was purchased by the North British Rubber Company; and the Castle-mills were applied to the manufacture of another kind of fabric, not, indeed, so fine or so costly as silk, but apparently of more popular use, and of far greater consumption.

It is proper to state that the managers were also guided in their choice of Edinburgh as a site for their manufacture, by the following considerations: In the first place, because they conceived it to possess a superabundant female population; secondly, because, from the comparative absence of other manufactures, there was a probability of procuring cheap labour; lastly, because it possessed an easy access, by way of Leith, to the markets of the continent.

With these views well matured, they began operations in the month of May last year. Their staff consisted of only four people—two English girls, one Irish girl, and one Irishman, whom they had brought from the United States to teach our people the process. That process we shall now proceed to explain; and for this purpose, we must ask the reader to accompany us in a glance through the works. We begin at the north side of the quadrangle, a large and spacious side of the building, consisting of five floors, which is entirely devoted to the manufacture of India-rubber shoes.

The first thing we observe here worthy of notice, is the enormous piles of raw material scattered in various heaps over the basement floor, some of it in flat cakes, some of it in the form of round bullets about the size of a man's head—hence, in the language of the trade, called negrohead, to which part of the native African it bears, we must say, an extraordinary resemblance. The commercial supply of this material, we were informed, is derived, in the order of its importance and intrinsic value, from the Brazils, from Central America, from the East Indies, and, lastly, from Africa. The South American rubber imported from Para, the great entrepôt of our Brazilian commerce, is worth about 1s. 6d. per pound; the East Indian, from Singapore, about 1s. per pound; while the African, which is very inferior in point of quality, is only worth about 3d. per pound. As to the consumption, it has been computed that, for a period of twenty years previous to 1856, there were exported from South America to England about twelve million pounds; but the exports from the same quarter to the United States during the same period amounted to twenty-two million pounds. The United States, therefore, appear to consume nearly twice as much of the material as we do in England—we may almost say, in the whole of Europe.

The first process of the manufacture is to convert this raw India-rubber into sheets. For this purpose, it is first of all crushed through ponderous iron rollers, which soon make flat enough work of the negroheads. It is then cut into small pieces. These pieces are thrown into an iron vat of hot water, which has the effect of softening and cleansing them at the same time. The India-rubber is now subjected to a curious process of grinding through heated iron cylinders, which convert it into a soft plastic mass, well fitted to assimilate with the necessary ingredients which produce the chemical metamorphosis. After being triturated in this way for some time, it is finally rolled into a smooth sheet through a congeries of double rollers made of iron, very highly polished and very hot. This sheet, which comes forth in the most regular form imaginable, is passed on endless bands to the floor above, where it is cut into proper lengths, and stored upon layers of calico. This vulcanised sheet India-rubber constitutes the material for the uppers of the shoes.

The next step is to fabricate the inside lining. This consists merely of cotton cloth of different degrees of texture, which is coated with the viscid preparation of India-rubber while passing through the hot rollers in the same manner as the sheets. This waterproof cloth is used, coated on one side only, for insoles and inside lining, but is coated on both sides for the purpose of packing or welting, or whatever the narrow stripes are called which cover the seams.

The third process is to stamp out the sole. For this purpose the material goes through a similar arrangement of rollers; but the surfaces, in this case, in place of being smooth and polished, have deep indentations cut into them, corresponding with the height of the heel, and the thickness of the sole—a species of circular die, in point of fact. These rollers are also reticulated on the outer surface, in order to produce the little facets we observe on the sole of the shoe; and, in addition to this, they are usually stamped with a matrix of the manufacturer's name.

Such is the preparation of the materials for the shoe. We must now go up stairs and see those materials put together. In order to do this, we get into a lifting machine which traverses the whole height of the building, and pass in succession, first the room devoted to packing and warehouse business, and second, the room where the sheets are cut into the proper shapes. The soles, uppers, insoles, inside lining, all pass through the hands of certain artisans, who correspond to the cutter or clicquer of the orthodox shoe-trade. Our conductor told us, while ascending in the lift, that hitherto the manufacture had been conducted by men whose wages ranged from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per week; but, in all subsequent stages, they made large use of female labour, both from its superior cheapness and its superior taste. Just at this point we reached the fourth floor of the building; the signal

was given—the lift stopped, and we were ushered into the making department.

Here we found ourselves surrounded by a multitude of very nice-looking girls, most of them tastefully dressed, and all of them particularly clean and tidy. The reader can suppose a room—equal in area to the largest class of ball-rooms—beautifully clean and well-lighted, and in this room a double row of white deal tables, with four of our female shoemakers comfortably seated at each, and he has thus got the outline at least of our picture. We should like to devote some time to fill in the groups of figures and add a little colouring, but it would be out of place here. As to the wages of the girls, we may state that, after undergoing a nominal apprenticeship of three months, they are paid for what they can earn, which ranges from nine to twelve shillings per week.

One of those young ladies—who, by the way, came from the States—was now selected to shew us the whole process of making a shoe. So far as we could observe at the time, she pursued the following order.

1. She took up a last,
2. Which she wrapped round with a piece of inside lining.
3. She then stuck on the insole.
4. And overlaid all the seams with narrow stripes, to make them strong.
5. The quarter or heel-stepping was now added.
6. And then the bottoms were filled in.
7. The upper was now laid over this.
8. And, lastly, the sole was stuck on.

The shoe was now finished, and, in almost as little time as it has taken us to write, the raw material transformed into the article of wearing apparel. We never saw or heard of anything like it. The explanation, however, is very simple: there is no sewing or stitching needed. The tools employed resemble bookbinders' tools more than those of the shoemaker. Such is the adhesive nature of the substance, that whenever two surfaces are brought together, they unite as firmly as if they had never been separated. The only thing requisite after this is to give them a coat of varnish, and that is effected in a manner equally curious and expeditious. A platform is brought by the lifting machine up to the railway which intersects the floor, and on this platform are stuck some 800 pair of the shoes, by means of spikes passing into the lasts. The whole thing is now rolled into the varnishing apartment, where each shoe is coated with a particular kind of resinous varnish; and then it is thrust into an oven, where it remains until its exterior is thoroughly dried.

To give an illustration of the magical celerity with which those India-rubber shoes are produced, we may state that the sheets are cut up one day, the shoes are made the next, and these are packed ready for the market on the next again. The North British Rubber Company turn out regularly in this manner about 4000 pair every day.

The consumption of this article is now very great. In England, Ireland, Scotland, and the continent, particularly in Germany, the demand is growing with unheard-of rapidity; and the reason, we think, is obvious. The thing is at once a necessary and a luxury. A lady may wear her goloshes on a wet day, at an evening-party, or a concert, without considering them vulgar and common because the dairyman's daughter over the way goes about the cow-shed, and marches across the yard with a pair of precisely the same things protecting her feet. There is no mistake as to their beneficial qualities. But, of course, there is a time for everything. It will not do to wear India-rubber goloshes, or waterproof clothing of any description, constantly under all circumstances. What is good for keeping out wet, is also good for keeping it in; or, in other words, by a constant use of this article of dress, we run the risk of checking the respiratory organs, which is very hurtful. We may mention on this point, however, that the girls in the works who wear the shoes constantly, find no ill effects resulting from this cause.

There are a number of other curious things to be seen at the Castle Mills. For example, the machine for making lasts is a really wonderful piece of mechanism. The steam-engine itself, of one hundred horse-power, is well worth examination; and, indeed, the machinery through the works generally is of a very high order, most of it, we believe, of American origin. We cannot enter at present on the other branches of the manufactory—the machinery bands, tubes, springs, and such things; but we may remark, in conclusion, that the India-rubber manufacture seems to have become established in Scotland, and we wish it all success. We have no jealousy at all that it has been done by American capital and skill—quite the reverse. This circumstance, indeed, will suggest the important reflection, that, after all, the spirit of commerce is the true bond between civilised nations, the best agent for improving the condition of the people, and the only legitimate source of national wealth and prosperity.

A DAY WITH THE DIVAN.

We reached the divan before the hour at which Aslan Pacha gave audience; therefore the *kaoush* who had been sent by the pacha to conduct us to his presence intimated that we were to precede him to the apartment of the *chehir ensin*, or superintendent. There Aslan Pacha sat, begirt with the robes of office.

'Khosh buldouk!' (Well found!) said my friend and conductor Sarim Bey.

'Bouroum' (You are welcome), answered the pacha.

We were beckoned to a seat; we obeyed forthwith. Tchibouks were presented, and for a while the party smoked on with proper Moslem apathy and silence.

'Min hahi?' (How are you getting on?) asked Sarim at length of the pacha.

Aslan slowly removed his lemon-coloured mouthpiece. 'Giadilla, Effendim' (Effendim, I am sick). The tchibouk was resumed.

'Min Al'lâh!' (Heaven forbid), returned Sarim.

'Ol hai!' (It is true), was the pacha's rejoinder.

Again there was nothing but tchibouk-puffing and silence.

'What business have you on hand?' asked Sarim, after a long pause.

'Bosh!' (Nothing), was the reply of the pacha, without foregoing his amber mouth-piece for a moment.

'Na tu ni' (There it is), said the cadi. (The cadi is an inferior judge, to whom the pacha surrenders the business of the court in his absence.) 'My lord is the master, and I am his slave. Have we not the rogue that imitated the *bokshaliks*?'*

'Benezer, you are an ass!' was the flattering reply. 'Mashal'lâh! what is the profit of such a cause except the labour? I question whether the Greek dog does not carry all his piasters on his back. Our exchequer is low, and we have need of such as can pay their *avanias*† with a full purse. Once more I tell you, Benezer, that you are an ass, and the son of an ass!'

'There is, I hear, a wealthy pacha coming here to demand the help of the favourite of the padishah—even

* A base coin, which was issued in a season of emergency by Sultan Mahmoud the Powerful.

† Fines.

', my lord,' replied the obsequious cadi, without ıoment venturing to question the authenticity paternity which the pacha had just fastened on [know not what his wants are, that he invokes descension of my lord. May it be blessed! m told that he is as rich as King Karoon,* and about his piasters as though they were but .'

k chay' (That is much), replied Aslan. 'And ık he will leave money behind him?'

lord is wiser than a *karabash!* His penetra- ches to the centre of all things, and nothing is from his eye!' was the answer. 'It is even ıs spoken!'

ahi' (It is well), returned the pacha. 'Few are ıters that of late have found their way into the r. Inshal'lâh! (I trust in God) it is as you nezer. The respect for justice must be on the or we should not be in receipt of such meagre ı. A *boksha* or an *anali* (a handkerchief or a irror), such are now thought fitting offerings to esentative of the Lord of the Three Seas!'

was it not yesterday that my lord received ndred piasters from ——?' interposed the ıate cadi. He was instantly stopped.

ezer, you are a fool! Had you been wise, you ong ere this have filled your pockets with *jeb*- ocket-money), instead of keeping your purse and being reckoned unfit to dip your spoon in ne *tchorba* (soup) as a mere khawaji in the ıi. But why talk I? I have said that you are and I repeat it! It is time. *Gel'* (Come).

pacha rose as by a great effort to his feet, ssisted so to do by two *nefers*,† who each put beneath his shoulders. Having gently lifted stand upon his feet, with as much care as he had been a chandelier or a German doll, ıced one hand beneath his elbows, whilst with er they held up his robes. He leaned upon ıanting and tottering, as if crushed beneath ght of the dignities he sustained, as is usual great persons on occasions of state in the east. vourite of the padishah' was followed by six of the guard with their officer; his selictar- ıword-bearer; his kahvedji-bashi, or chief of the ıakers; his odossi-bashi, or the keeper of his l purse; his tchibouk-bashi, or holder and filler hibouk; two chokadars, or cloak-bearers; one bashi, or large mantle-bearer; his merakbah, f guard of his stables; and the tarafhani, or r; the chehir ensin, or superintendent; the or executioner; and various subordinate officers ıp the rank.

y and stately the nefers placed him to sit e yielding cushions of the divan at the upper he Hall of Audience. The crowd of applicants, od with their hands meekly folded upon their just within the doorway, spread the palms of ands upwards, and prostrated themselves till ıreh ead touched the earth. The officers who ıard over the door, pressed forth to make their e by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but ha, with a condescension which brought out a applause, prevented them from doing so, and them his hand. Each one took the proffered tinguished boon, stooped forward, and placed it oment upon his head.

il'lâh el il l'Al'lâh! Muhammed il resoul (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is phet of God), cried Latija, the secretary of the 'Al'lâh shekier! (Praise be to God), all the s to come for justice to this its asylum in the presence of the Shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!'

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured: 'Justice! justice! justice!'

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

'Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!' said the pacha.

'May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!' cried the applicant. 'The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Masr,* and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of midnight. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the Tsharshi, to invoke the judgment of the Reflection of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan,† Kafoor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my absence.'

'Good; and you shall have what is right; for am I not here even as in the stead of the padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?' said the pacha.

'Taibin! taibin!' (Excellent! excellent), said the satellites near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

'My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the fame of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the Tsharshi; and the science of the Franks is but as an atom in the beams of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, was like an entrance into paradise; and but to uncover the *flacon* of gilded ivory in which this surpassing concoction was contained, gave its possessor a joy as if he had converted the whole race of infidels to the faith of the true believers. It was born of the spirit of a rose; and he who smelt this wonderful compound could hardly regain his breath, so powerful was its sweetness. This son of a burnt father, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded. And it was but yesterday that whilst thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe —and that one the flacon, small as a pea, which I possessed—I had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafoor! My lord, he has plundered me of piasters sufficient to pave the way from hence to the Kehaba‡ with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the houris in paradise!'

'Kafoor, stand forth!' pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

'Give him the bastinado,' was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the

Crœsus of the east.
nefers are supposed to be men of especial purity. As a ıis, they wear women's hair upon their neck and around ılders.

* Mecca. † Son of Satan.
‡ The holy temple at Mecca.

ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible: he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic '*Themum!*' (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

'Now, who else would have justice?' asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowliest salams of the east, began his complaint.

'I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all-powerful pacha, who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Baïram, I bargained with this filthy Greek, Angiolo'——

'Angiolo, stand forth!' interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite proceeded.

'I bargained with him, O Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokshas** for' ——

'Had you paid the duty on them?' asked the pacha.

'My lord's wisdom is wonderful!' cried the Jew. 'He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noonday! Who can hide aught from the Favourite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my great ancestor, should I not be witless as a dog, if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight?'

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of 'Taibin! taibin!' ran through the apartment, to the great encouragement of Yousouff, the silver-bearded Jew.

'I took them to the custom-house,' resumed he; 'but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of bokshas, and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure.'

'You *did* sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?' asked the pacha.

'My lord, it is even as you say,' responded the Jew.

'Latija,' said the pacha to the secretary, 'write that Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of bokshas also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his avania of fifty piasters for purchasing two bundles of bokshas of Yousouff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!'

But the poor Jew now was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

'Where did you sell them, infidel?' asked the pacha.

'The bargain was made in the bazaar,' replied the unhappy Yousouff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined for ever.

'Latija,' continued the pacha to the secretary, 'Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty piasters for selling bokshas within the city. Hebrew, your cause is done?'

'It is done, my lord.'

'Latija,' said the pacha, 'write: Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for troubling the divan with a cause for which there was no grounds. Hebrew, your case is dismissed.'

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discomfited Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms, and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

'What complaints have you, Saïder,' asked the pacha, 'against this woman?'

'None, my lord,' said she—'none!'

'My lord,' said the official, 'this is Zeinip Hanoum, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds.'

'Astafa Al'lâh!' (God be praised), cried the pacha, 'I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, Mashal'lâh! there are few amongst you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Zeinip?'

'Nought, Effendimon' (My master), replied she. 'Some daughter of a *kamal* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha.'

'Did you do it?'

'I? not I!' responded Zeinip. 'Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young *sikdam* of the city. I have sold in the best harems toys whereon words of passion were inscribed in gold-dust upon the leaves of roses. I have'——

'Mashal'lâh! she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!' said the pacha. 'Do we not talk of woman? —and that is bosh' (nothing).

'So you all say,' pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. 'Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false ire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I shew you, Effendimon? I have silk-shawls encircled with love-ballads from Hafiz; I have gums of Araby, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have analis whose frames are traced with gentle words; and I have calams whose language, if they be used discreetly, shall be softer than the breath of the rose; I have bouquets to protect from the evil eye; I have charms and rings, and amulets and spells. I have one in particular that I will shew you, Effendimon: it is in the form of a box, containing both essences and philters, and at the bottom is a spell by which, if the box be left uncovered at the fountain for one night at the decline of the moon, on the morrow one hundred piasters will be found at the bottom.'

'Inshal'lâh, your secret is well worth the learning, Zeinip,' said the pacha.

'My secret I cannot give—the box I can,' returned Zeinip, handing it up.

'Latija,' said the pacha, as he received the spell, 'write: Saïder, the officer, is fined fifty piasters for making a false charge against a good Moslem.'

This sentence being duly recorded, the Sun of Justice was prepared to lift up the light of his countenance upon some new suitor. One quickly came. A young woman, whose dress and manners evidently betokened that she belonged to the first rank of Osmanli society, was led in by a superior officer from one of the private apartments beyond the hall. There she had been staying till an opportunity for stating her cause arrived, for she was of too high a class to mingle with the indiscriminate throng at the door.

'Holy Prophet!' muttered the pacha to the cadi in an under-tone, 'but the young houri, after the old one, is like a sight of the seventh heaven! Has she come to complain of her last purchase in the Tsharshi, or to ask for a fitting maintenance from her husband? Bosh der! (No matter.) Bak ahloum!' (We shall see.)

Again the pacha looked with furtive and covered gaze upon the fair young creature before him. His

* Silk handkerchiefs.

face moved not a muscle, but yet, with Turk-like secrecy, his eyes watched every motion of the picture. She was young, and very pretty, as the wives of those Osmanlis, whose station gives them power to choose, usually are. Her large dark eyes flashed with that brilliance which so fascinates one in the Turkish female; although to any man whose sympathies are at all right, it is painful to know, that to produce this strange brightness, she uses artificial and pernicious means—the poisonous essence of belladonna. The cheek was pale and pure, and though so jealously hidden beneath the misty folds of her *yashmak*, you could easily see the beauty of every feature, and even the pink spot in the centre of each cheek. The long sleeves of her *feridje* (cloak) had fallen back, thus revealing her arms, which were delicately moulded, and stainless as newly sculptured marble. A wreath of pearls and flower-sprays confined part of her hair behind; but much of it had been suffered to break free, and the long dark curls falling around her shoulders, formed a picturesque contrast to the pale loveliness of her complexion. A pretty little foot, incased in its embroidered slipper, just peeped out from under the folds of her large flowing *shalwar* (pantaloon) of pale yellow and violet silk.

She was of the highest rank, as has been said; and I noticed that she began her petition very differently from any who had preceded her. She pronounced a dignified 'Salâm Aleikoum!' (Peace be with you) to the pacha, and then commenced her recital—while she held up the forefinger of her right hand in a gesture of pretty command, and emphasising any sentence of special import by slowly moving it.

'My lord the pacha,' began she, 'I claim the protection of your authority against my husband. I'——

'Inshal'lâh,' interrupted the pacha, 'a woman has no right to dispute the wishes of her husband, unless it be a case of *devanitij* (idiocy) or of *scaradam* (cruelty). He is her lord and master, and knows all things; and she is as bosh, and less than bosh (nothing, and less than nothing), in his sight.'

'Wal'lâh! and a *devani* (an idiot) and a *scaradi* (cruel man), too, he must be, or he would not try to oppose his wife's wants when her cause is just, and she has done nought to offend him. I had a slave, my lord, named Zaida Hanoum. She was mine before I married my husband, and he has no right to her. He began to look upon her with unblushing face and saucy eyes, and I chose it not. I sent her away to the house of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her out, and brought her back!'

'Why did you not shew him the bottom of your slipper?' asked the pacha, much moved at this injustice to the young wife.

'I did, my lord,' replied the Hanoum; 'and once I was minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained!'

'Guzel, guzel!' (Very good, very good), replied the pacha. 'The cause must indeed be serious when a wife can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of her husband! By your patience, I know that you are in the right—for such can always keep their temper. I will send a script to your husband,' pursued the pacha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled purse. 'No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her husband's fancies whilst the Favourite of the Padishah sits in judgment here!'

The purse was handed to the secretary, who in turn handed it to the pacha.

'I know not what the costs are,' said the arch young Hanoum; 'but I require no deductions from my gift. If any remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one else in court who may choose it!'

The Hanoum made a dignified salam—the pacha graciously returned it—and then she passed out of court. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that he was so much fatigued with the duties of his office, that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the nefers now supported Aslan from the Hall of Audience. We followed, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS.

WHO is there of us that has been at school who remembers not that terrible question in geometrical progression beginning with 'One Sessa, an Indian,' the black gentleman who invented the game of chess, and demanded of his prince in recompense one grain of wheat for the first square in the board, two for the second, three for the third, and so on, up to the value of more than the royal possessions? It is to this celebrated person, it seems, that we are also indirectly indebted for the game of whist. In the chess of Hindostan, *Chaturaji*—the four rajahs or kings—the ingenious Sir William Jones discovers the germ of that which delighted the heart of Mrs Sarah Battle more than ten centuries afterwards. In what manner, and at what precise time, coloured cards took the place of carved figures, and the whist-table elbowed out the chess-board, is not known; but a pack of Hindostanee cards in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, and presented to Captain Cromline Smith in 1815 by a high-caste Brahmin, were declared by the donor to be actually one thousand years old! 'Nor,' quoth the Brahmin, 'can any of us now play at them, for they are not like our modern cards at all.' Neither, indeed, do they bear any remarkable resemblance to our own, the pack consisting of no less than eight suits of divers colours, the kings being mounted upon elephants, and the viziers, or second honours, upon horses, tigers, and bulls. Moreover, there are other marks by which the respective value of the common cards may be distinguished, which would puzzle our club quidnuncs not a little—such as 'a pine-apple in a shallow cup,' and a 'something like a parasol without a handle, and with two broken ribs sticking through the top.'

In the Chinese dictionary called *Ching-toye-tung*, it is asserted that dotted cards were invented in the reign of Seun-ho, A.D. 1120, and devised for the amusement of his numerous wives: there are thirty cards in each of these packs, three suits of nine cards each, and three single cards superior to all the others. The name of one of the suits is *Kew-ko-wan*—that is to say, nine ten thousands of kwan, strings of beads, shells, or money; and the titles of the other two are equally concise and sensible. These cards, however, have an advantage over those of Hindostan in being oblong instead of circular; both, however, are remarkable for being emblematic in a very high degree; some of the Hindoo packs illustrating the ten avatars or incarnations of the deity Vishnu; and the so-called 'paper-tickets' of the Chinese typifying the stars, the human virtues, and, indeed, almost anything you please.

Cards do not appear to have been known in Europe until towards the end of the fourteenth century. 'In the year 1379,' writes Carelluyzo, 'was brought into Viterbo the game at cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens, and is with them called *naib*;' whence afterwards, perhaps, Jackanapes, Jack of Cards. In 1393, this entry occurs in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI. of France: 'Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured and variously ornamented for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris.'

The clergy, it seems, took to their quiet rubber, or, as I am afraid it was, to that ungenteel game all-fours, very speedily after this, for they were forbidden these little amusements by the synod of Langres so early as 1404.

Card-making grew to be a regular trade in Germany fourteen years after this, where it, as well as card-painting, seems to have been for some time carried on exclusively by females; the wood engraving of cards, however, did not begin until some time afterwards. The pips were then very prettily imagined, the suits consisting of hearts, bells, acorns, and leaves. The place of her majesty the queen was filled by a knight or superior officer; and it is to Italy, and not to Germany or France, that the glory of giving *place aux dames* at all must be conceded. There was also—imagine it, shade of Major A.!—no ace whatever. By 1420, gambling by means of cards had got to such a pitch as to provoke St Bernardin to preach against it at Bologna; and so eloquently, as to cause his hearers to make a fire in the public place, and throw all the cards in their possession into it—a proceeding which must have been enthusiastically applauded by the Messrs De la Rue of that period. We doubt whether Mr Spurgeon now-a-days would produce an equal effect in St James's Street.

In the books of the worshipful guild of cobblers, at Bamberg, there is a bye-law of 1491, which imposes a fine of half a pound of bees-wax, for the company's holy candle to burn at the altar of their patron saint, upon any brother who, being excited by bad luck, should go so far as to throw the cards out of window. The signs upon Italian cards, which seem to have been the first imported into England, were cups, swords, money, and clubs; but in the third year of Edward IV., their further importation was forbidden, and the home-trade of card-making protected. Cards were played by that time, we learn, 'in all places of worship' in this country, which, however, simply means in the houses of all worshipful people, such as lords, knights, and justices of the peace.

Henry VII. was a card-player; and there are not a few entries in that beggarly monarch's privy-purse account of his majesty's little losings: the sly old fellow never seems to have won anything. His daughter, Margaret, at the age of fourteen, was found by James IV. of Scotland—the first time he ever saw her—in the act of playing cards; and it was most probably *écarté*, for he seems to have at once proposed to her, and she to have accepted him. He was himself a great card-player, and had delivered over to him at Melrose, on Christmas-night 1496, 'thirty-five unicornis, eleven French crowns, a ducat, a ridare, and a leu'—in all forty-two pounds, to spend at cards.

There was a sum regularly allotted to the Princess, afterwards queen, Mary, as pocket-money for this especial purpose; the sums given her at a time for immediate disbursement ranging from twenty to forty shillings, but one entry being so disgracefully low (for a princess) as 'two and tuppence.' It is probable that her indifferent luck at this amusement may have contributed to the burning of not a few poor Christians in later years. Mr Barrington is of opinion that her Spanish alliance made games at cards much more universal in this country; and certainly, Spaniards were early votaries at the shrine of the Four Kings. Cards were especially forbidden to the troops on board of the Armada by the Duke of Medina; but we do not know what authority Mr Samuel Rogers had for making the companions of Columbus

> Round at Primero sit, a whiskered band,
> So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land.

Queen Elizabeth liked cards as well as her sister did, and, when she lost her royal money, seems generally to have lost her royal temper also. Instead of the white malice which Mary indulged in, however, Queen Bess did but blurt out a harmless oath or two. Sir Robert Carey tells his father Lord Blunsdon, who is procrastinating about his journey to Barwyke, that he had better set about it at once, 'for when I towlde hyr that you determinde to begyn your jorney presently after Whitsontyd, she grew yntoo a grete rage, *begynnynge with* Gods words, that she wolde sett you by the feete, and send another in your place yf you dalyed with hyr thus, for she wolde not be thus dalyed withall.' James I. likewise played a good deal, but so sleepily, that he required somebody to hold his cards for him.

About the year 1660, heraldic cards were first introduced into England, the king of clubs being represented by the arms of the pope; of spades, by those of the king of France; of diamonds, by those of the king of Spain; and of hearts, by those of the king of England. In 1679, a pack was published containing the history of all the popish plots, 'excellently engraved on copper plates, with very large descriptions under each card. Aspersers of this pack,' it is added by their ingenious advertiser—that is, those who don't buy them, we suppose—'plainly shew themselves to be popishly affected.'

The French, from whom we derive our ordinary suits of diamond, heart, spade, and club—carreau, cœur, pique, and trèfle—were continually changing their court-cards, and representing on them all sorts of historical characters. In the earlier periods, their kings were Charlemagne, Cæsar, Alexander, and David, or Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine; about all of whom and their followers, Père Daniel has the most ingenious information to offer. Troops, says he, however brave and numerous, require to have prudent and experienced generals. The *trèfle*, a clover plant which abounds in the meadows of France, denotes that a chief ought always to encamp his army in a place where he may obtain forage for his cavalry; *piques* and *carreaux* signify magazines of arms which ought ever to be well stored—the *carreau* being a sort of heavy arrow shot from a cross-bow, and which was so called from its head being squared (*carré*); *cœurs*, hearts, signified courage of both commanders and soldiers; and so on to any amount.

Whist was a popular game in England long before it became fashionable. In 1664, the second edition of *The Compleat Gamester* has this passage: 'Ruff, and honours (by some called slam), and whist are games so common in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years hath a competent knowledge in that recreation; and therefore I am more unwilling to speak anything more of them than this, that there may be a great deal of art used in dealing and playing at these games, which differ very little one from the other.' Another name for this ancient game of 'ruff and honours' was 'whist and swabbers,' from which title, without doubt, was derived whist, and not, as is popularly believed, from the Irish *whisht*, 'be quiet.' The game never seems to have been played upon principle much before 1737, about the time that the famous treatise by Edmund Hoyle, Gent., was published by Thomas Osborne at Gray's Inn: it was, however, long before this the peculiar recreation of the clergy and country gentlemen, who left ombre to the ladies, piquet to the bloods, and all-fours, put, cribbage, and lanterloo to the lower orders.

Since then, as we know, the history of the Four Kings has never lacked students. It is probable that during the last hundred years more money has been spent in the encounters of these paper monarchs and their armies than in all the real campaigns which have been entered upon in the same period by flesh-and-blood sovereigns; nor, indeed, in so loyal a cause, has life itself been spared, as many duels sprung from cards can testify. Moreover, not a few fanatic persons have absolutely died in harness with cards in their hands; such as the great Bath player Lookup, who

expired at his favourite game of humbug—Double Dumby—not being permitted by inexorable death even to play out his four by honours and mark the game. It seems likely, however, that the history of the Four Kings, like that of monarchy itself, will never be extended to the New World; for Mr Andrew Chatto, to whose *Facts and Speculations upon the Origin and History of Playing-cards* we are mainly indebted for this paper, assures us that the court-cards of a republican pack recently (1848) manufactured at New York, and now in his possession, have no kings at all: the president of hearts being Washington; of diamonds, John Adams; of clubs, Franklin; and of spades, Lafayette. One of the queens is Venus—modestly concealing her charms after the American notions of delicacy—and the others are Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva; while the knaves are aptly represented by four Indian chiefs.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

The country which Tasman took the liberty of naming New Zealand, without daring to land and take possession, consists of a comparatively narrow range of lofty mountains, extending about eight hundred miles in length from north to south, and is so placed as to comprise all the most desirable climates of the earth in rapid gradation, from the almost tropical temperature of the Bay of Islands and Auckland, to the cold and stormy latitudes of Otago and Stewart's Island towards the south. This highly picturesque chain of sharp wedge-like ridges, and high volcanic peaks, is intersected by Cook Strait and Foveaux Strait; and thus divided into three islands, of which the Northern and Middle Islands, separated by Cook Strait, are of considerable extent. It is said that the entire surface of New Zealand is equal to that of England and Scotland; but this must be a very rough approximation, based on the marine survey of Captain Cook, for no general trigonometrical survey has been undertaken yet, although the local government would seem to have both a strong motive and sufficient means for doing so, seeing that their principal function is to buy large blocks of land from the Maoris at about three-pence per acre, to be retailed to emigrants at five and ten shillings, according as it is hilly or level. Among the European settlements here, commercial enterprise and success seem to increase with the mean temperature. More business is transacted in Auckland than in all the other settlements together. One Auckland store alone, that of Mr Grahame, built of honeycombed black lava, from the adjacent volcano, Mount Eden, contains more goods than all the stores of Wellington.

In the language of the turf, Auckland takes the lead; Wellington makes a bad second; and the rest are nowhere. This is partly due to the favourable position of Auckland with respect to the Australian colonies, and partly also to the peculiar character of the inhabitants of each settlement. The leaders of those who founded Wellington, and its offshoots Nelson and New Plymouth, were chiefly the younger sons of the English aristocracy, with a strong hankering after picnics, balls, and champagne suppers, and no great aptitude for business; while Auckland is distinguished by a certain Yankee-like go-ahead spirit, chiefly imported from Sydney and Tasmania. The settlements of the Middle Island appear to have fallen into a state of permanent commercial paralysis. A few years ago, some wealthy Port Phillip squatters endeavoured to grow wool on the Canterbury plains, which produce a kind of coarse wiry tussock-grass, but were obliged to abandon the attempt on account of the cold wintry winds and the scarcity of pasturage.

At Ahuriri, in Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of the Northern Island, have been discovered fine plains covered with good natural grasses, combined with the temperate climate due to the fortieth parallel of latitude. Many squatters have already settled on extensive sheep-runs on the upland Rua-Taniwha plains, and these pastoral colonists will doubtless be followed by agriculturists as soon as government succeeds in purchasing the extensive alluvial plain at Ahuriri.

Those who have read the numerous glowing descriptions of New Zealand, published under the auspices of single land-sharks, or combined land-sharking companies, will be surprised to learn that the quantity of land available for agriculture is extremely small. Fully nine-tenths of the surface of the country consists of steep razor-backed hills of white clay, covered with an impenetrable tangle of rough fern, from three to fifteen feet high, which will not be replaced by useful grasses for many ages to come. Small patches of level holm-land are sparsely scattered along the clayey banks of the rivers; but the only lands of any extent adapted for cultivation are the large alluvial plains at the mouths of the rivers, and to these the shrewd Maoris adhere with provoking pertinacity. Where land has changed hands several times within the memory of man, the last possessors readily consent to sell that which they hold only by a usurped and disputed claim. Thus the extensive Wairarapa Valley, near Wellington, and the Wairau plains, near Nelson, were easily acquired. But all the persuasive powers of the government commissioners fail to effect a purchase where the title to land has been undisturbed for many generations. In this category is the largest and finest plain in New Zealand, rich, fertile, and level as a billiard-table, yet miscalled Poverty Bay by Cook, because he was not allowed to get supplies of wood and water here by the warlike Ngatikahungunus.

The maritime alluvial plains of New Zealand have some remarkable peculiarities. They are not valleys sloping continuously down from the flanks of the adjacent hills, but almost perfectly level plains, abutting against the steep hillsides as abruptly as the surface of a deep lake. They are, in fact, most probably the level bottoms of large lagoons, elevated by some general upheaval of the country. Some very perfect examples of raised beaches on the east coast shew that such upheavals have taken place. Enormous lagoons are still often formed at the mouths of almost all New Zealand rivers. The heavy rains of winter, flowing rapidly over the impermeable clay of the precipitous hills and ravines, cause sudden and powerful floods, which rush straight to seaward, and make the mouth of the river in a line with its course near the sea. But when the river is low in summer, the heavy surf of the great Southern Ocean, especially during southerly gales, combined with the prevailing current along the coast, drives up the movable shingle, and often causes the mouth of the river to travel along the beach two or three miles, as at the Wairoa in Hawke's Bay, and at Awa-puni in Poverty Bay; the river meanwhile running along a channel at the back of the beach. After a long drought, a heavy gale in March or April often blocks up the mouth of the river entirely. Such awa-punis, or closed rivers, are common all along the east coast. The waters accumulate behind, and much alluvial matter is deposited in the lagoon thus formed, before an opening is effected, either by another great flood, or cut by the natives to prevent the overflowing of their kumara grounds, and to allow the entrance of kahawai, patiki, and other fish from the sea. In consequence of this unceasing struggle between the sudden floods from the mountains and the powerful swell of the ocean, most of the rivers of New Zealand terminate in a large swampy lagoon, bounded to seaward by a long shingly beach, through which a narrow opening carries off the waters from the interior. Where these lagoons have been

silted up, plains have been formed, level and fertile as a farmer could wish for.

The Ahuriri plain is a good type of its kind, and illustrates well the peculiar process of the formation. Six rivers run through the plain into a common channel, about twenty miles long, at the back of a beach of small movable shingle. The channel leads to a lagoon, about twenty square miles in extent, lying at the back of the narrow beach also, and on the side of the plain opposite to Cape Kidnapper. An opening, of 150 yards in width, from the lagoon to the sea, at the island pah before mentioned, is the only outlet for all these rivers in summer; but in winter, each river, swollen by the heavy rains, bursts through the beach, and makes to itself a separate mouth. Notwithstanding that the tide rushes through the main opening at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, the lagoon is rapidly silting up, and mud-flats are appearing wherever there is easy water. A Maori boy having upset his canoe in a high wind, and lost a new iron plough, we swept for it with two boats and a chain, but gave up the attempt to recover it, when we found that an oar, twenty feet long, could be pushed down with ease out of sight, into the soft mud at the bottom.

In order to keep my appointment with Karaitiana, I had to cross this lagoon in a whale-boat, a little voyage which I always undertook with pleasure. There, large gulls and gannets were soaring aloft, and dashing down headlong into the waters; dark green shags raised their snake-like necks from the waves, with captured awa or patiki in their bills; the spotted crested cormorants were flying to and from their nests in the rounded holes of the clay-cliffs; and the graceful terns were wading along the margins of the shoals. There was a spice of danger too, for a strong tide-rip was to be encountered, hidden mud-banks and snags were to be avoided, and occasionally the ominous back-fin of a shark would be seen to follow the wake of the boat. Indeed, a large shark once attacked us, when fishing kahawai on the lagoon, from an old broken canoe, with such fury and perseverance, as to make us paddle home in hot haste, to avoid being capsised and devoured.

The influx of settlers into this favoured district has already raised up at the entrance of the lagoon three public-houses, where London porter may be had for half-a-crown a bottle, and brandy so plentifully mixed with fiery arrack, as fully to confirm the Maori's salutary idea of the noxious qualities of wai piro. My path lay, for several miles beyond these houses, along the beach towards Cape Kidnapper. Just where the fierce surf rushes up, hissing and boiling, the ground is sandy and compact, and easy walking is practicable, by hazarding a wet foot now and then. Higher up the beach, the labouring pedestrian sinks to the ankle at every step among the loose shingle, and walking is excessively fatiguing. However, I preferred walking, in order to look for shells and sponges on my way, and had sent back the horse which had been put at my disposal. Large masses of red and white pumice lay scattered around, brought down by floods from the volcanoes inland. Of this light material the settlers here build the chimneys of their weather-boarded houses, cementing the pumice with lime of burnt shells; for building-stone and limestone are not within a convenient distance of Ahuriri. I found a few shells of common types, but not a single specimen of the beautiful *Spirula Australis*, which I had previously gathered in abundance at Poverty Bay and in the Bay of Plenty. The river-channel behind the beach and the neighbouring swamps were covered with flocks of wild ducks (*parera*). Now and then, a shy little grebe would dive out of sight, or scuttle away into a raupo bush; or a pair of the large paradise ducks would rise and fly off overhead, the sombre male uttering his usual deep guttural 'gluck, gluck,' and the gaudily coloured female her shrill, prolonged cry, from which their name (pu-taugi-taugi) is derived. These fine birds are said to frequent this district in increased numbers every season, as the extent of cultivated land increases. They feed in flocks on grass, corn, and maize, and partake more of the nature of the goose than of the duck.

Karaitiana was to meet me at Pukenau, the kaigna of Noah; I therefore passed Awa-puni, the kaigna of Karaitiana, and crossed the channel in a canoe to Pukenau, on the grassy banks of the Ngarururo river. The village contains about twenty houses, snugly hid amid groups of noble willow-trees, just then opening their fresh green leaves, in pleasing contrast to numbers of peach-trees, blushing all over with the pink blossoms of early spring. All the villagers were at work, some ploughing with horses, others digging with spades, to which they seldom needed to apply the heel, so light is this sandy river-soil. The women and children were putting in uncut seed-potatoes, while the patriarch Noah followed, with a hoop of supplejack on a long handle, with which he filled up and smoothed over the furrows. Potatoes, wheat, and Indian corn are the staple of the Maori farmer. Pakehas—often old whalers or refugees from Tasmania—are settled along the coast to buy produce from the natives, who bring it down the rivers in canoes to the store on the coast, and return with supplies of slop-clothing, farming-instruments, &c. The merchants in Auckland send schooners and small brigs to 'drogue' for wheat along the coast; and thus the harvest finds its way to market. In many cases, however, the natives themselves possess small sea-going craft, which they navigate with surprising skill and success. The natives of the Bay of Plenty alone possess eighty-three such vessels. The proceeds of the crops go to buy horses, saddles, clothes, ploughs, &c., for the Maoris pay no rent, and are not troubled with butchers' or bakers' bills, since they grow their own food on their own land; moreover, they are free from all rates and taxes.

Soon after my arrival, there came two rangitiras on horseback from Otaki to seek aid in a civil war just arisen about the sale of some land there to government. Eleven men and a principal chief had been killed in a recent skirmish. Though not present at the korero which ensued, I learned that my farming friends were by no means disposed to meddle with the 'mischief' which a certain gentleman is said to find 'for idle hands to do.' Another war about a disputed title to land, has been carried on for some time past at Taupo, between the chiefs Tohurangi and Bohipi, in which seventeen have already fallen on one side, and eleven on the other. It is not easy to see how the powerless local government can interfere advantageously in such cases, and without some effective interference, one of the opposing tribes will certainly be annihilated.

During my stay here, I was lodged in Noah's house, which is the first Maori house I have met with that differs from the universal ancestral type. It has two apartments, a but and a ben; a table, windows, and a high door, a pumice-stone chimney, and a bed-place, raised above the ground, not unlike the boxes that do the office of bedsteads in the fore-cabin of a small steamer, but still a great improvement on sleeping on the earth. In the evenings, a prolonged tinkling on the head of a hoe summoned all the village to karakia, or church, a building nearly covered with drooping willows, where Noah read prayers in Maori amid profound silence, except when responses were required. Before and after all our meals, grace was invariably said. A few hundred yards from the little village stood a large native church capable of containing one thousand persons, now gradually falling into decay, the regular services having been for some time suspended in consequence of the immoral conduct of the European minister.

ext morning, a large canoe, about forty feet long, laden with provisions, several hundreds of sharpd stakes and poles, and a mallet, for our survey, ther with a plough and other farming utensils, was atched up the river under the active superintend- of Mrs Karaitiana, assisted by a stout boy, and mpanied by her adopted tamaiti (little son). In low water, the canoe is always propelled by a long uka pole, but in deep water by the paddle. The ri women do every kind of work that the men except fighting. They are gentle, patient, and istrious, with soft voices of a silvery sweetness. old crones are excessively ugly, especially on t occasions when *en grande tenue*, with their hair ed out into a frightful shock. The younger ien are seldom remarkable for beauty, and seem deficient in the art of feminine adornment. Their s is a cotton gown tied only at the neck, with a handkerchief on the head; or with the jet-black uncovered, plaited neatly, and forming a large behind, or projecting in front, like a penthouse, f combed over something. They have, however, out exception, fine regular white teeth, in spite of frequent use of the cutty-pipe, and large, full, rous, dark eyes; and realise fully the somewhat se description of a certain English rustic beauty in 's third pastoral:

Her blubbered lip by smutty pipe is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born.
Though Clurusili's may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

all the Maori kotiros (girls), the daughter of Noah certainly the prettiest and the most graceful. A vermilion glowed through the 'brown beauty' of cheeks. She was, of course, the cynosure of hbouring eyes at Ahuriri; and was not the less resting to a home-sick wandering Pakeha for icing in the euphonious name of Wikitoria! The ther assuming a threatening appearance, Karaia, with the ever-ready Maori taihoa, which may endered 'by and by,' 'wait a little,' deferred our arture until the next day. In the meantime, a ured ground-plan of the new town, shewing equal tments of land for 104 families, disposed in two allel lines along the banks of the river, each allotit separated from the rest by a wide roadway; the plans and elevations of the proposed new ises, were inspected and studied with general erest. The new town is to be called Ko Rauru, ich is the name of the traditional Solomon of the ori people—a man who seems to have been disguished as much by his conscientious truthfulness faithful adherence to his promise, as by his eral wisdom, for he is always referred to as uru-ki-tahi'—('one-worded Rauru'). It is cerly significant of the moral change that has taken ce among these descendants of warlike kidnappers cannibals, that they should spontaneously choose live under the shadow of the name of this Maori ıfucius, rather than of that of some of their most ed warriors of the olden time. The civilised kehas, on the contrary, honour warriors more than ral philosophers, as is testified by the Nelson and llington that vegetate on the opposite shores of k Strait.

At length we started for the head-quarters of our vey, Tane-nui-o-rangi, a sort of country-house of raitiana's, on the side of the river opposite to the town. The house was half filled with sacks of eat, potatoes, spades, &c., apparently doing duty a barn when the family were in town. Here the mmissariat department was managed by Madame raitiana, who had brought a fine ham for my special entertainment, an expensive luxury in which the frugal Maoris rarely indulge, their usual food being potatoes, kumaras, rice, melons, and fish. Karaitiana indicated the site of the town, and ranged the long poles in straight lines. An intelligent young Maori assisted me in the actual survey, and the canoe-boy drove in the stakes that defined the limits of each allotment. We had to force our way through a tangled mass of harsh fern, a yard high on the plain, and four or five feet high wherever the good soil had lodged in the hollows. My assistants worked with good will, and soon shewed a perfect comprehension of the nature of the business in hand. Indeed, the Maori intellect is decidedly of the mathematical order, as is shewn by their universal fondness for arithmetic, draughts, &c. On the day after the completion of our labours, Karaitiana conducted me home on horseback across the plain, by a route which lay through the pahs of his friends, Tarehah and Paoro. In both places, the people were busy thrashing wheat, men and women manipulating light flails, in strokes regulated with mathematical precision by the stanzas of a song chanted by a single leader, as on board ship, and the refrain taken up joyously by the whole body. These people are sober, intelligent, frugal, and industrious, and as farmers, are evidently formidable competitors of the European emigrant. They have all the elements of permanence in greater abundance than any other native race, and appear destined to form a brilliant exception to the general decay of the aboriginal races, wherever the white man plants his foot.

Should the Ahuriri tribes continue to co-operate harmoniously in founding their town, they will insert the thin end of the wedge of social amelioration; for emulation is largely developed in the Maori character. When one Maori gets a horse, every other Maori in the district tries to compass the purchase of a horse likewise. If one tribe succeeds, perhaps with the judicious aid of a small loan from government, in obtaining a joint-stock schooner, or a water-mill, other tribes become restless and dissatisfied until they can do the same. In consequence of this strong spirit of emulation, the success of the new town of Ko Rauru would be a powerful incentive, and a sure prelude to the construction of similar towns all over the country.

SUB-AQUEOUS RAILWAYS.

A RAILWAY system, to be complete, must embrace the means of a continuous passage between the *termini* of each individual line. Mountains, if need be, must be bored through, and rivers bridged over; hills levelled, and hollows filled up; and these objects are in general attained at present most effectually. There is, however, an obstacle which may and does occur, in the shape of *navigable* rivers or estuaries lying between low banks, and for the overcoming of which, none of the means above enumerated can be employed. The only principle on which this can be done is by passing beneath the water; and the great tunnel under the Thames suggests the means of effecting this. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, as the case may be, that great experiment does more than shew how *possible* it is to tunnel under tidal and navigable rivers: it also proves that this can only be done at an enormous expense, and at such a depth below the surface of the soil composing the actual bed of the river, as to render the work practically inapplicable, even for ordinary traffic of wheeled vehicles, by reason of the difficulty of approach; and worst of all for railways, the very nature of which precludes the possibility of their deviating, except very slightly, from the surface-level. It might appear as if the *depth* of a tunnel would signify little to a railway approaching the river at right angles, as the gradient might begin at a considerable distance at either side. This is certainly

true in theory; but when we consider that rivers necessarily flow on the lowest levels, and that the course of a railway approaching a tidal river at right angles, would be chiefly along the plateaux which rise above the river-valley on either side, it is evident that, in a general way, the depression of the line to a raised causeway and bridge—were this latter allowable in the case—would be quite as much as could consist with the maintenance of a proper level for railway purposes; while the additional dip into a tunnel, far below not only the level of a bridge, but of the bottom of the water itself, would be either altogether impracticable, or practicable at a cost and labour quite prohibitory.

Granting, then, that the ordinary tunnel is inadmissible in such cases, and that the low level of the banks renders the example of the magnificent Britannia Bridge equally inapplicable, the great problem appears to be, whether any other mode of passing a train, either over or under navigable rivers, is to be found in the resources of modern engineering.

The answer to this question is given by a Mr Holcomb, an engineer of experience and reputation; and it is our purpose now to introduce to our readers the plan which he proposes to adopt, and which seems highly creditable to his ingenuity and skill.

Mr Holcomb of course proposes a tunnel, but such a one as, while it affords all the requisite qualities, will be free from the objections which we have alluded to above as fatal to the adoption of the boring principle. It strikes us that the simplest way of explaining the matter to ordinary readers, is to say, that it is now proposed to place a tube, like the Britannia Bridge, *under* the water, and pass the trains through it as if it was suspended above.

The advantages of this plan are manifest. The iron sides of the tube will afford fully as ample protection to the traveller as the native rock or the cemented brick lining of a tunnel; it may therefore be placed *in* the water, if deep, or slightly beneath it, if shallow; and it may be made with a certain slope from either side towards the middle, which arrangement will have the advantage of allowing a deep passage in mid-channel for the shipping, as well as affording vastly increased facilities for the entrance of the railway; every foot gained in this matter of level at the entrance, necessarily representing a vast economy of cutting in the approaches. Thus, with only a trifling depression of the line, the train may glide into the archway —removed one hundred feet from the river—which constitutes the mouth of the tunnel.

Such are the principal features of Mr Holcomb's plan.

The tube is to be made of a square form, and the sides of corrugated iron. The vast and almost miraculous increase of power given to sheet-metal by this form, seems to insure two essential points: one, strength in resisting pressure; and the other, economy in labour and material. In future, there will be no use whatever in employing heavy *flat* plates of metal to sustain a certain strain, where much lighter ones will do at least as well, if corrugated.

The tube itself is to rest on a row of piles, driven firmly into the bottom, and afterwards cut off to the required length by machinery of Mr Holcomb's invention. Thus, the railway will be rendered independent of the inequalities of the ground, whether as to strength or level. Upon these piles, the tube must be ballasted down; for, notwithstanding the weight of the metal employed, it will still displace so much water as to possess considerable buoyancy.

We are very far from being sanguine enough to suppose that this system can ever be applied on a grand scale; and it has little or nothing in common, speaking in an engineering sense, with those wild projects with which the public have been amused from time to time, and which speak of a submarine tube from Calais to Dover as a mere trifle; while a submarine tunnel, although a 'heavy job' in itself, is talked of as only an ordinary and legitimate development of our present railway system.

There can be little doubt that there are many situations in which the plan proposed by Mr Holcomb will be found to be both practicable and highly advantageous.

ZEROTES.

ZEROTES is a man of stone,
He lives but for himself alone;
No wife's endearments soothe his cares,
Nor sweet small footsteps on the stairs;
Nephew or niece he hates the name,
No place in hall or heart for them:
For no one in the world cares he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Grave views of life Zerotes takes,
He shuns all holidays and wakes;
A merry laugh provokes his frown,
He sternly puts all nonsense down.
When through the village runs the jest,
He stands unmoved amidst the rest.
A kill-joy hated much is he,
Yet fain Zerotes loved would be.

Of noble, thoughtful, generous, bold,
Zerotes lists not to be told;
Tell him of those who do amiss,
And suffer for 't, you give him bliss.
Speak of the reckless and absurd,
He echoes each detractive word.
No gentle commentator he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Cold, timid, buttoned up, and grim,
Few e'er have been obliged to him;
Yet while he does so little good,
He talks of men's ingratitude—
Ungrateful, you may well believe,
For favours that they ne'er receive—
Yet though a misanthrope is he,
Zerotes fain beloved would be.

Self-love, oh, what a witch thou art,
What tricks thou playest with the heart!
To keep this wisest of mankind
To one small piece of wisdom blind;
In cheerless life, day after day,
To make him waste himself away,
Seeing not what a child can see,
The unloving ne'er beloved can be!

[From an elegant volume, entitled *Poetic Trifles*, by Thomas E. Hickey. Amidst the host of the followers of Tennyson and Longfellow, we hail with much pleasure one who appears more inclined to cultivate the common-sense muse, now too much neglected.—ED.]

THE CAT-TRADE.

The cat-trade is becoming quite a branch of commerce in New York. Recently, a cat-merchant in New York sent for a cargo of cats to the island of Malta. On the return-voyage, a violent storm sprung up, and an old salt swore that the cats were devils, and would send the schooner and all to Davy Jones's locker. This was enough for the superstitious crew; and the cats were immediately demanded of the captain, given up, and drowned. By a singular coincidence, the storm abated. The owner of the cats has now sued the owners of the vessel for damages, laying the value of the cats at 50 dollars apiece, or 2500 dollars.—*Canadian Free Press.*

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PICTURES IN STONE.

Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
Merchant of Venice.

art of working in mosaic is the almost exclusive rty of modern Italy, having descended to the l artists of Rome and Florence from their ors, who adorned in classic time the palaces of esars, and devoted themselves during the era of Christian art to the decoration of the cathedral Mark. With an amazing patience mastering assionate southern blood—with a conscientious y that perpetuates to this day the earnest of Giotto and Masaccio—with a steady pro- iveness of execution that has come in time to the very touches of the flexile brush, the Italian icist has gone on from century to century trans- painting into marbles and precious stones, piling e labour of his unrecorded life upon imperish- ablets, and transmitting with his work and his vements an inheritance of fresh patience, fresh nd fresh ambition to his successors.

as been our good-fortune of late to follow the pment of this admirable art throughout all the of its progress, from the tesselated pavements allen ceilings of the imperial ruins, down to the illous reproductions of Titian and Correggio in apal workshops at the Vatican. Briefly to detail sults of these observations, and to convey at the time some notion of the laborious method by pictures in stone are pieced and perfected, is fore the object of the present paper.

saic art naturally divides itself into three periods antique, the medieval, and the modern. Of the antique is the boldest and least mannered; iedieval, the most defective and meagre; the rn, both for elaboration of colour and workman- the best. The early Roman mosaics are formed oured marbles, with an occasional intermingling rnt clay for the warmest reds. These pieces, or e, consist of small cubic blocks about the size e, and are now and then found to vary in magni- as the delicacy or vastness of the design may re. Thus the ingenious patterns in giallo, rosso, verde antico, and the gigantic dragons in black hite marble which are lying open to the air and ut still undefaced, amid the ruins of the baths aracalla, are but roughly shapen, and exhibit g interstices filled up with cement. The famous nent of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, rved in the circular hall at the Vatican, and the site mosaic of gladiators and animals found at dicino, and now laid down in the great hall of the princely Borghese villa, manifest, on the other hand, a degree of artistic merit, carefulness, and finish, which might almost challenge comparison with some of the modern works at St Peter's, or the medallions that decorate with 'riches fineless' the magnificent aisles of the new basilica of St Paul's beyond the Walls. The heads are full of spirit, the grouping admirable, and the anatomy surprisingly accurate. The latter specimen is especially valuable on account of the costumes introduced, and the particulars of the combat there represented. Lions, tigers, buffaloes, oxen, and even ostriches, are seen to have been the victims of the arena, and some of the men are designated by name in rude mosaic lettering. This work is supposed to date from the third century, and, together with the Battle of Centaurs, and the great pavement of the Athletæ now laid down in a large hall near the Christian Museum at the Lateran, is perhaps the finest and least injured of old Roman mosaics now extant.

With the revival of art in the middle ages, a new sort of mosaic came into fashion, whereof the material was a species of composition, variously coloured, and glazed, to represent enamel. In imitation of the religious pictures of the period, these medieval mosaics were generally relieved by a gilded background, and, being necessarily and at all times harder than painting, exaggerated the defects without exhibiting much of the excellence of the contemporary pictorial art. The famous Navicella, representing St Peter walking on the sea, executed by Giotto in 1293, is probably the finest medieval work of this kind in existence. The mosaics of Cavallini and his contemporaries, as well as those which decorate the vestibules and baptistery of the cathedral of St Mark, are, on the contrary, more curious than beautiful; and, being treated after the stiff and literal manner which has latterly obtained the name of pre-Raphaellesque, occasionally provoke a smile where they are intended to awake devotion. Thus, in an exterior mosaic over one of the doors facing the piazza, we are shewn how the body of St Mark was passed, concealed in a hamper, through the custom-house of Alexandria. The ludicrous anxiety of the Venetian conspirators, and the unmistakable expression of a Mussulman inspector who turns away from the obnoxious basket, with his nose between his thumb and forefinger, tell a tale partaking less of tragedy than comedy, and testifying, at all events, that the smuggled saint had not only died in the 'odour of sanctity,' but continued to exhale it for nearly eight hundred years after his decease. The more modern mosaics, and, above all, that fine one of St Mark, in pontifical robes,

designed by Titian, and executed by the Zuccati, must be excepted from criticism, and allowed to rank with all but the very marvels of recent production. For these, unrivalled as they are in colour, delicacy, and fidelity, we must turn to the magnificent altar-pieces, and the no less magnificent, though necessarily coarser decorations of the domes and ceilings of St Peter's. Here, bewildered at first, and unable to believe that they are other than they seem, we find the master-pieces of the renaissance reproduced on every side. Fresh and brilliant are they, as if removed but yesterday from the easel—changed into stone, as before the glance of Medusa—fadeless, perfect, indestructible by aught save fire. Here is the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St Michael of Guido, the St Francis and St Sebastian of Domenichino. Far above, peopling the circuit of the mighty dome, and filling the spandrels of the great arches, we see more mosaics, as delicate, apparently, as those above the altars, but constructed nevertheless upon a scale proportioned to their elevation. The cherubs up there are larger than Gog and Magog, and the pen in the hand of St Mark measures six feet in length.

From St Peter's to the manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican is but a step, and no traveller should leave Rome without having visited it. Much as he may have admired the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the neighbouring cathedral, he can form but a poor conception of their value till he has witnessed with his own eyes the toilsome elaboration which they exact at the hands of the artist. It is no trade, this working of pictures in stone, and the mosaicist is no mere plodding mechanic. A refined judgment, an extensive knowledge of art, an eye trained to follow the minutest gradations of colour, and a full appreciation of the various schools, must guide the hand of the patient copyist, who thus invests the master-pieces of all time with something like an earthly immortality. To conquer the enormous difficulties of his profession, the mosaicist must first become, to all intents, an artist; and few who have witnessed the process would be disposed to deny his claim to the title.

The substance from which the enamels are formed is a composition made with lead, iron, zinc, copper, and gold, and subjected to the heat of a furnace. The relative proportions of these metals vary with the colour required to be produced. The *shades* of colour are developed by a greater or lesser degree of heat. It is a mistake to suppose that these enamels are nothing but opaque pieces of glass; they are purely metallic combinations, harder than stone, undefaceable by weather or time, and only to be affected by the action of fire. All along the great lines of shelves which cover the walls of the vast galleries from top to bottom, sorted in compartments, protected by wirework, like books in a library, and labelled numerically—each number standing for a colour or shade of a colour—are stored the slabs of composition, ready for use. They embrace every conceivable tint, beginning at pure white, and ending with black. Their number is twenty thousand.

'Nature,' we were told, in reply to our surprised inquiry, 'has more than twenty thousand colours. They are not sufficient even for art. We are frequently obliged to temper the enamel in a spirit-lamp, to produce the exact hue we require.'

A man engaged in fitting some tiny morsels for the jagged edges of a rose-leaf, smiled at our remark on the tediousness of the work.

'The labour is nothing,' he said, 'so long as it is followed by success. The artist in mosaic is content if his work be only well done, since that which is well done is done for ever. He is sometimes occupied during ten, fifteen, or twenty years upon one large subject—such, for instance, as the Communion of St Jerome. Sometimes the labour of his whole lifetime suffices only for the completion of three or four pictures. But what is that? The frescoes of Michael Angelo are not imperishable, and the canvas of the divine Raphael must in time fall in pieces and decay; but the work of the mosaicist *is* imperishable. His pictures can never fade. The Pyramids of Egypt are not more lasting; and when all the years of his life have been dedicated to the perpetuation of such a work as the Transfiguration, or the St Peter Martyr, he feels, at least, that he has not lived in vain.'

The mosaic-worker was an enthusiast; but enthusiasm is not rare in Rome. We have seen quite unlearned men—soldiers, peasants, mechanics, and the like—standing, as if in a dream, before the great master-pieces of the Vatican, and enjoying them to the full as keenly as the aristocratic amateurs who find their way in for a couple of pauls on the closed days. In the artist, this feeling is necessarily intensified proportionately to his knowledge. Perhaps it would not be going too far to suggest that this very enthusiasm has somewhat to do with the decline of modern art in Italy. The student of promise is sent hither by the heads of the great academy in which he has been trained—he loiters away his three years amid picture-galleries and ruins—he perhaps adds a few rambling sketches to his portfolio—it may be that he copies one or more of the great pictures; not to retain as life-long studies and memorials, but to sell to some suburban convent or chapel, for money to pay his reckoning at the Trattoria di Lepre. These are, too frequently, the only results of his journey. He has admired, but he has not worked. His genius is crushed by the contemplation of an excellence to which he is persuaded human prowess can never attain a second time. By the very generosity of his delight, by the very depth of his artistic faith, he is undone. But this is a digression.

The manufactory of mosaics at the Vatican consists of several long galleries, opening out one after the other, and filled with busy workers. Each artist has a small table to himself, the design standing before him on an easel, a spirit-lamp, and a grindstone. The spirit-lamp, as we have already stated, is of use in the production of minute differences of colour; the grindstone is necessary for the better shaping of the little morsels of enamel, since these, although prepared for him up to a certain size by the workman, can only be curved to the purposes of his subject by the artist himself. We were shewn a box of brown enamels, as first cut by the workman, to be afterwards dealt out to the mosaicists. Some were as large as broad beans; some shaped into little flat sticks; some were mere threads, not much thicker than needles; and others, again, were minute cubes about the size of a pin's head. Great cases are placed here and there along the galleries, filled with models of the tints, to the full number of twenty thousand. These models are shaped and coloured like cakes of water-colour; and arranged in tiny square holes, something like the letters in a compositor's case.

The process of forming the mosaic picture is very curious. A large slab of slaty calcareous stone is prepared for the back or groundwork, and cut away to a depth varying from the sixteenth to three-fourths of an inch, as the scale of the work may require. It is then filled in and levelled down with a soft composition, upon which the artist makes his outline. As he proceeds with his work, he cuts away the composition, and substitutes a thick yellow cement, into which the mosaic fragments are carefully imbedded. In the choice of these, the mosaicist proves himself a true artist. Through all the gradations and evanescent effects of colour, he has no guide but his eye, no resource but infinite patience and judgment. The most valuable paintings are intrusted to him, as they are intrusted to the weavers at the manufactory of

Gobelin tapestries in Paris. In the first room, we were shewn a superb table about to be presented by the pope to Queen Christina of Spain, and a picture destined for the Emperor of the French. The original paintings, from which were executed the mosaics in the vaultings and domes of St Peter's, are all preserved at the manufactory; and the designs for the portraits of the popes at St Paul's beyond the Walls, hang round the rooms. Some notion of the value and delicacy of mosaic portraiture may be conveyed by the fact that, in a portrait of Pope Paul V., the face alone is said to contain no less than one million and a half of pieces.

Pictures in stone—at least those produced at the pope's studios—are not purchaseable with money. They are made only for the pontiff and his palaces, for the basilicas of St Peter and St Paul's beyond the Walls, and for purposes connected with the papal government. Occasionally, some crowned head or eminent noble is so fortunate as to receive one from his holiness; but the honour is exceptional, and seldom conferred upon any but good Catholics. The finest Vatican mosaic ever produced is said to be a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, now in the possession of the emperor of Austria. It was executed for Napoleon, when king of Italy, is of the same size as the original, cost between L.7000 and L.8000, and occupied ten artists during more than eight years.

Totally different in style and material, but in some cases even more valuable than the Vatican mosaics, are the gem mosaics of Florence. In the former, the colours are artificially produced by a composition of metals; in the latter, only precious stones are employed, and the various tints are formed by a careful adaptation of such gradations as the material affords. Amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, turquoise, yellow topaz, coral, cornelian, agate, lapis lazuli, malachite, alabaster, and rich marbles, are transformed by the skill of the mosaicist into the most admirable and elaborate representations of flowers, fruit, arabesques, and heraldic ornaments. The beautiful brooches of inlaid jaspers which are occasionally to be seen in the cases of our best jewellers, are all from Florentine manufactories; and many persons will doubtless recollect the superb table exhibited by M. Gaetano Bianchini at the Exposition Universelle of Paris in the year 1855.

Being already much interested in the art, and desirous of comparing the process with that of the workers at the Vatican, we devoted a considerable portion of our brief Florentine visit to pilgrimages among the mosaic studios so plentifully scattered throughout that charming city. The most extensive, and perhaps the most famous of all these, belongs to the M. Bianchini just named; and as every studio is but a repetition of every other studio, a rapid *résumé* of what we there were very obligingly told and shewn, will suffice for all the rest. And here be it observed, by way of introduction, that M. Bianchini is not only a mosaic master, but that the energy, liberality, and success with which he has carried on and improved his art, has procured him honours and distinctions for which the noblest and wisest might here labour in vain and for ever.

In the workshops of M. Bianchini, as in the Vatican, each workman has his own bench and table, and works separately. The process is very tedious, requiring the utmost possible nicety of hand and eye, and the tools are very small and delicate. We were shewn files and lapidary-wheels of lilliputian dimensions, and tiny saws like steel threads fitted on a bow. With these, the gems and the *pietro duro*, or stone-ground, are sawn and shaped; for marbles and jaspers being, of course, very expensive when brilliant in colour, are only used in thin veneers, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

Every mosaic is first made in a groundwork of soft gray stone, afterwards to be transferred into the pietro duro. On this soft stone the outline is carefully engraved; and as the mosaicist proceeds, he cuts it away without difficulty, and substitutes mastic and precious stones. A little box stands beside him, filled with jewels—looking, by the way, very worthless and dull, but beautiful enough when ground down and polished. When none of these will furnish the exact hue required, it is sometimes possible to produce it artificially. Thus, we were shewn a fine cherry in a group of flowers and fruits, which, having been cut from a piece of amber chalcedony, and exposed to the action of fire, had acquired all the rich and ruddy tones of the natural fruit. Some laurel leaves of a delicately graduated olive-green, were brought, said the workman, from the bed of the Arno—other greens from the neighbouring mountains, from the Low Countries, and from Russia. These mosaics of *pietre commesse*, or mixed stones, are much less elaborate as regards the size of the pieces than those of Rome or Venice; and yet, in consequence of the extreme hardness of the materials, take almost as long to execute. A small white rosebud, we were told, had occupied the mosaicist for an entire fortnight, although each leaf was formed out of a single piece, and there were only twelve pieces in all. A bunch of flowers, somewhat less than the palm of one's hand, was the work of three months.

Even more tedious, and not nearly so interesting, is the preparation of the pietro duro into which the mosaic is transferred when done. The pietro duro is generally chosen of a dark or black colour, and is very fine, close-grained, and hard. On this, a piece of white paper, delicately traced with the outline of the mosaic, is pasted down. The workman then proceeds to cut away the stone for the reception of the mosaic, leaving the space for every tendril, thorn, petal, or jagged leaf, with an accuracy and patience that is almost inconceivable. When he has finished, it is perfect to a hairbreadth; the mosaic is the same; they fit together with marvellous accuracy; and it only remains for a third workman to unite them with mastic, to set them in a grounding of white cement, and to complete the solidity of the whole by placing a slab of slate at the back. Excepting metal, there is nothing so hard of texture as the pietro duro. The point of a pin will make no impression on it, even when rough; and it has to be cut by means of a fine steel wire, and worked down with emery and a wheel. Merely to cut the space for a scroll about three inches in length and one and a half in breadth, had employed one man for more than a week; and to prepare the groundwork for the small bunch of flowers lately named, had taken sixteen days. But the greatest marvel of all awaited us at the table of a workman who was busily joining a mosaic into its groundwork of pietro duro. The design represented a basket of flowers surrounded by arabesques. All was completed, with the exception of one tiny hole. This hole was left a little way above a beautiful blush-rose, and was somewhat less than the size of the queen's head on a sixpence.

The master smiled at our expression of curiosity; and the workman, obedient to his glance, took from the box a morsel of mosaic, and fitted it to the hole. It was a tiny butterfly, wrought in emerald green, scarlet, azure, and gold, with purple peacock's eyes on the wings, and dark velvety shadings on the body. It fitted so exactly, even to the thread-like antennæ, that it was difficult to believe how space enough could remain for the cement.

The workmen were all young, or in the prime of life. Several among them looked delicate, and some shook their heads sadly when questioned, and confessed that their sight was already slightly impaired. We afterwards learned that the employment was injurious not only to the eyes, but to the general health—that few Florentine mosaicists enjoyed a long tenure of life—

and that the workmen engaged in the grand ducal manufactory are released from labour at sixty years of age, and comfortably pensioned off for the remainder of their lives.

But there are yet other mosaics than these—the basso-rilievo mosaics of the Russians, for instance, such as all the world beheld in their famous department at the great exhibition of 1851. By some these are called cameo-mosaics, and we have heard them very aptly described as 'stone modellings done in relief,' which perfectly expresses the effect of their raised amethyst grapes, coral cherries, cornelian currants, and pebble plums. A curious, but agreeable, and comparatively inexpensive kind of glass mosaic, has of late been brought before the public. It is very adaptable to household ornamentation, and specimens of it will be remembered by all visitors to the former Crystal Palace. The Hindoos are said, however, to excel all other nations in the minute delicacy and elegance of their pietro duro mosaics.

Lastly, we read of a curious and beautiful kind of feather-mosaic work, executed by the ancient Mexicans, long before the period of their subjection by the Spaniards. Clavigero relates in his history that birds of rich plumage were bred for this purpose, and that the feathers sold at high prices in the market according to the brilliancy of their hues. When any great mosaic was proposed, the artists assembled, and divided the work among them, having previously taken every precaution for insuring the correspondence of the various parts, and the ultimate unity of the whole. So exact were they, and so careful, that the mosaicist sometimes passed an entire day in the arrangement of a single feather. His process, though delicate and difficult, was simplicity itself, and consisted only in pasting the feathers upon pieces of cloth, in imitation of the pattern agreed upon.

Enough, however, of mosaics. We have reached the end, or what, in consideration of prescribed usages, must be made the end of our article. Of so interesting and widely diffused an art, one might write a volume —of the associations connected with it, an unlimited number of volumes. Even thus, long trains of pleasant recollections start up around us, and with importunate temptations, strive to arrest our farewell. Once more we lose ourselves gazing upward into the golden glooms of the vaultings of St Mark's—once more we are gathering violets and wild crocuses amid the mosaic-strewn fields that formed in time past the floorings of hall and corridor in Hadrian's villa, under the pines of Tivoli—once more we tread the green solitudes of the baths of Caracalla, where the shadows fall solemnly on arch and tower, and the placid evening sunlight slants between. Here are some quiet sheep browsing beside the fallen pillars; yonder lies a huge fragment of vaulted ceiling, overgrown with weeds and brambles, and shewing glimpses of mosaic work between the fluttering leaves. It was amid such sad and lofty scenes we learned to love Pictures in Stone; and we part from them, reader, with a sigh.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD been rather stunned than terrified by the calculated malignity of Auguste Le Moine during its elaborate enunciation. The stupid, stereotyped abuse of England—that common staple of continental scribes and spouters effectually muzzled in respect of their own rulers—together with the absurd imputations upon myself, added a feeling of disdain to the astonishment which held me dumb; and even when seized by the rude hands of convivial guests, suddenly transformed by his artful appeal, and the wine they had swallowed into sanguinary ruffians, I did not realise to its full extent the perilous predicament in which I was placed: very likely, a partly unconscious, and, so to speak, instinctive reliance for effective succour from Webbe, gave me hope and courage. I had seen him leave his place by M. le Maire, and push towards the centre of the room, and although my fascinated gaze, fixed upon the naval enseigne, had not followed his movements, an impression of his near presence and active resolute solicitude must, I doubt not, have remained upon my mind. Webbe was one of those men that, in situations of sudden danger, assume an irresistible ascendency over others, less, perhaps, by their natural force of character and acquired coolness of demeanour, than by an always more or less empirical assumption of unswerving confidence in their own genius or fortune, backed by the reality or reputation of past successes. It was that aspect of imperturbable superiority that I had seen impose upon the crew of *L'Espiègle*, who had confidence in their commander, though none in themselves apart from him. It is not, therefore, surprising that it unconsciously influenced and sustained me during Auguste Le Moine's denunciation of the English spy, and slayer of *Le Renard's* unfortunate commander, and the brief, but terrible scene which followed.

Such a superstition could not for a moment support the calm scrutiny of reason; and during the hour or thereabout which elapsed between my breathless arrival at the Lion d'Or, and Captain Renaudin's appearance there, the folly of relying upon him to effectually shield me from the frightful penalty attached by the law of nations to the crime which, it would appear from young Le Moine's speech, I had unwittingly committed, was painfully clear to my mind.

Webbe himself was excited—alarmed! He had succeeded in temporarily allaying the storm by solemnly asserting that Auguste Le Moine must have been misled by the casual view he had obtained of my features during a passing gleam of moonlight; that I was really the American he, Renaudin, had represented me to be, or he had himself been grossly deceived.

'I have promised to produce you before justice,' added Webbe, 'should there be a necessity for doing so; I, of course, remaining sole judge of that necessity —a mental reservation which will, it may be hoped, save you from walking in your own funeral procession, preparatory to the unpleasantness of serving as target to a platoon of French tirailleurs.'

'You talk jauntily, Mr Webbe, of a catastrophe more imminent than you care to admit, and to which your counsel has conducted me.'

'You do me gross injustice, young sir! Could I foresee the fight off Sercq—your bellicose Quixotism —the escape of Le Moine from Jersey—his presence at the banquet to-day, and recognition of the *Scout* hero amongst the guests? It is, at all events, idle to bandy reproaches or complaints. What is done, is done. The future, not the past, demands earnest and careful consideration. I fear we have not seen the last of Auguste Le Moine.'

'My own fear! Strange, too, that he should recognise a face which no one but himself could have seen distinctly. It would almost seem to be the work of an avenging Nemesis.'

'To Old Nick with your Nemesis! There is nothing strange about it. Young Le Moine was wounded and lying upon the deck close by where his uncle fell; and his up-look would have a better view of your features than if he had been standing by your side. Moreover, you were recognised by more than one of the *Scout's* crew, who, from regard for me, they say, reinforced by a weightier consideration supplied by my son, agreed to keep the secret. They have done so, after a fashion, every man and boy belonging to the brig, being, I

have no doubt, by this time in full possession of the fact—as a profound secret. Little, however, will Harry reck of that so long as he continues to shine a bright particular star in Maria Wilson's eyes. But this is foolish dallying with precious moments,' added Webbe. 'We have not, I repeat, seen the last of Auguste Le Moine, unless we can manage to throw him out of the hunt, and that, stanch blood-hound as he seems to be, will not, I think, be so difficult. *L'Espiègle* sails to-night at about twelve o'clock: she will creep round the French coast towards Havre de Grace, and you and I embark in her.'

'Havre de Grace!' I exclaimed with emotion; 'then I shall soon see my mother—father.'

'Not *soon*, Master Linwood. It is not impulsive, inconstant effort, but firm, patient endurance of the bloody spur, that will enable you to win the goal. When you embrace your mother, it must be with her husband's lost character, his renewed life in your hand. You should not wish it to be earlier.'

'You touch the right chord with a skilful finger, Captain Webbe. What, then, do you mean by embarking for Havre de Grace?'

'I mean that *L'Espiègle* will sail ostensibly for that port. You and I shall be put on shore to-night near Granville, whence we shall leave by diligence for St Malo. Le Moine will be off at once, there can be no doubt, across country for Havre de Grace, where he will arrive much earlier than *L'Espiègle* possibly could, even supposing she did not, as she certainly will, put in at Cherbourg. By the time Le Moine has been able to ascertain, and act upon that fact, *L'Espiègle* will have again spread her white bosom to the gale; whither to wing her flight, upon what particular errand bound, will depend upon the providence that shapes the ends of privateers—the chance, namely, of a good prize. Meanwhile, William Linwood, seizing Time by the only lock that swiftly speeding potentate is said to wear, will have seen sweet Clémence de Bonneville—ascertained beyond question that she is truly the lost child of Mrs Waller—have reciprocated sympathies, confidences, sighs, wishes, hopes, vows with that most charming of damsels, and, aided by the bold privateer, have flown with her, and the blessings to you and yours, which make up her priceless dowry, to England, whence a bird of the air shall carry the glad tidings to the pining yet hopeful souls prisoned in France—hopeful because confident in the devotion of their son!'

'One word, Captain Webbe, if you please. You know that quince is a great improvement to apple-pie; but that apple-pie *all* quince is' ——

'A different thing altogether,' interrupted Webbe, with a gay laugh. 'True, true! The illustration is only less pertinent than venerable. In plain phrase, then, I believe that by the course I have indicated, we shall successfully dodge friend Le Moine till our little affair is concluded, adversely or happily, as fortune may determine; and your suspicious interesting self is safely restored to Great Britain and your grandmother.—Ah, friend Cocquard!' he added quickly, 'you bring a message for me.'

'It is true, Monsieur le Capitaine,' replied the landlord of the Lion d'Or; 'and one that presses. I am enjoined to say that Monsieur Le Moine, who made so deplorable a mistake at the banquet, has ridden off on horseback, to invoke the aid of the military commandant. Fortunately,' added Cocquard, 'the commandant's domicile is full two leagues distant from Avranches; and Auguste Le Moine, it has been ascertained, did not finally determine upon seeking his intervention till about ten minutes since.'

'Thank you, my friend. Two leagues! He will not do that in much less than an hour; and should he find the commandant at home, another must elapse before they are here. Bah! it is nothing, after all. Plenty of time yet, friend Cocquard, to take a bottle of your best wine, and settle your little account, both of which you will please to favour us with immediately.'

'With pleasure, Captain Renaudin.'

'It will be touch and go,' said Webbe, after the door had closed upon the complacent landlord: 'I am used to this sort of thing; yet I could have wished that——

Vi-ve le vin,
Vi-ve ce ju divin,'

he added, breaking into the refrain of a drinking song, as Cocquard reappeared with the wine. 'Do you know, friend Cocquard'—for whom he poured out a bumper—'do you know, friend Cocquard,' continued the privateer captain, 'that I consider it a bad compliment on the part of Enseigne Le Moine to doubt the word of a man who, as you know, Admiral Ducos testified, has deserved well of France.'

'Parbleu, Monsieur le Capitaine—— Your health, messieurs. Parbleu, that it is a bad compliment! But what can one expect of a young giddy-brain without a sou except his pay! He is, besides, a Bonapartist *enragé*, which, between ourselves, will not, in a few weeks more or less, be a title of honour. I must, however, hasten to furnish monsieur with the little memorandum he has asked for.'

'There is no instinct finer than that,' laughingly exclaimed Webbe, 'which prompts rats to quit a doomed ship. Bonaparte is done for, you may be sure! Seriously,' he added, 'there is no doubt whatever that that stupendous downcome cannot be long delayed. Well, the foundering of the empire will, I hope, afford me a plank of safety; to you, also, it may prove of service.'

'For Heaven's sake, in what way?'

'Why, of course, by ridding you of Le Moine's persecution; if it should happen that he has not caught and settled you by court-martial before then! The "Restoration" will not shoot English spies, employed to act against the Usurper, as I find many persons are already beginning to call Napoleon, though as yet under their breath.'

'Is it not folly, then, rather than wise resolution based upon mature counsel, to proceed to St Malo, before that now imminent Restoration is an accomplished fact?'

'Clémence, meanwhile, being married to Jacques Sicard, and all hope, consequently, of winning over that ingenuous damsel to our side, passed away for ever! I think I told you before that the nearness of the event which will open France to the English is a chief clement in Louise Féron's calculation.—Ah, here is the little memorandum: good! Take another glass, friend Cocquard, whilst my young friend I and disburse the amount.'

'Much obliged, messieurs,' said friend Cocquard, as he gathered up the money, which, having pouched, he added: 'If I might presume to advise Captain Jules Renaudin, I should say no time ought to be lost in gaining the shelter of *L'Espiègle*. Revenge, whether for real or fancied injuries, is swift of foot.'

'Quite true, my friend. But revenge, take my word for it, will not be swift of foot enough this time, to put salt upon our tails. I expect Baptiste to call about this time,' added Webbe; 'the instant he does so, please send him to me.'

Cocquard said he would, took affectionate leave of Captain Renaudin, and left the apartment.

'That is a deuced queer way for a landlord to take leave of a guest!' I remarked.

'Yes, especially to our insular notions. Cocquard, you must understand, has, like Monsieur le Maire, a share in *L'Espiègle*. We are therefore united in much stricter bonds than the embrace which so surprised you. Your portmanteau,' continued Webbe, looking at his watch, 'is, I know, in readiness. Swiftly

the moments pass. It is now just upon half-past eleven, and Le Moine, accompanied, I have no doubt, by the commandant—that worthy soldier being anything but a friend of mine—must be now about upon his return. Baptiste will, however, be here in a very few minutes.'

'But why incur unnecessary risk by remaining here an instant longer?'

'I remain here so long, simply because I would not incur unnecessary risk. You do not, I hope, Linwood, deem me such a fool as to court danger for the mere purpose of braving it! I wish to give time for the streets to clear of the excited banquet-guests and their friends, who, when I came in, were discussing the for and against of Le Moine's accusation, in numerous groups, and with a decided leaning, I could hear plainly enough, to believe him rather than me. Numbers give confidence; and spite of Captain Jules Renaudin's reputation for daring, and a general belief that the crew of *L'Espiègle* would back him in anything, they might, had we attempted to walk down the street towards the landing-place, even half an hour ago, have made an effort to arrest us—you, certainly. La Grande Rue,' added Webbe, after an anxious look out of window, 'is much clearer, but even now—— Ah, Baptiste, you are here at last, then!'

'To the exact moment, Captain Renaudin; it is precisely half-past eleven.'

'It is very well. Are the boat's crew placed as I directed?'

'Yes; but if I might take the liberty of offering an opinion, it would be prudent to gain the landing-steps by the narrow street to which we may pass from the back of the Lion d'Or.'

'Bah! Why, that is the way to the Corps de Garde!'

'Pardonnez. The way to the Corps de Garde is along La Grande Rue.'

'That is your opinion, Baptiste; but on a moonlit night like this, I see further and more clearly than you do. Now, then, take the portmanteau Monsieur Cocquard will give you, and walk with it openly, deliberately, *le front levé*, down that same Grande Rue. We shall follow close behind.'

'Linwood,' said Webbe, 'do as I do: take a cigar, and smoke it as we walk along. We must shew no sign of fear or hesitation: to do so would be as fatal as following Baptiste's advice, which would have insured our immediate arrest. A bold, confident front will be our best safeguard. In case of the worst, we must, with the aid of a score of my brave Espiègles, who have been carefully distributed to that end, fight our way to the boat as we best may. Come along!'

Courage begets courage, and I walked down the steep, ill-paved street, and past groups of sullen, observant men—awaiting, it seemed, the return of Le Moine with the commandant—whose scowling visages were distinctly visible in the cold, bright moonlight, with more of real, as well as simulated coolness than I had hoped for. The assumption of easy, careless confidence by Webbe was consummate, as acting, and, it was plain, imposed much more upon the suspicious, menacing, but irresolute lookers-on, than his sailors, who, scattered here and there, picked each other up, as it were, as we passed along, and without apparent purpose, formed at last a respectable flank-guard.

Nevertheless, the bayonets of the Corps de Garde, past which lay our way, though we were on the opposite side of the street, disquieted, I could perceive, even Webbe, and, to my utter astonishment, he coolly crossed over, taking me with him, shook hands with the officer there, and having ascertained that he had no commands for Havre de Grace, bade him a friendly farewell, and we went on our way slowly, deliberately, as before.

For a while, that is to say, for I cannot deny that our pace was perceptibly accelerated as we neared the boat, and became conscious, without looking back, that the crowd was gathering thickly behind, and beginning to lash themselves into action by cries of '*Traitre!*' '*Espion!*' '*Chien d'Anglais!*' and the like holiday and lady terms.

The head of the narrow landing-steps being at last reached, Webbe faced abruptly about, confronting, and for a moment silencing the angry crowd, passing me at the same instant down the steps. The boat's crew quickly followed, then Webbe suddenly turned, and scarcely touching the steps, it seemed, sprang into the boat, which as instantly shoved off, amidst a roar of rage from the mob, who appeared to have, at one and the same moment, arrived at a conviction that it was their right and duty to arrest the supposed spy and traitor, and of the impossibility of doing so.

With what a tumultuous throb the checked, fluttering pulse renewed its beatings as the consciousness of safety rushed, as in a flood of glowing rapture, through every artery and vein! That safety was absolute. The commandant, with 20,000 men, could not have stayed the progress of our boat towards *L'Espiègle*, and the fine breeze blowing would carry that vessel herself in less than half an hour beyond range of the best telescope in Avranches!

'That walk, Linwood,' remarked Webbe, coming aft, and taking charge of the tiller, 'was more trying to the nerves than a battle.'

'Much more so, as far as my slight experience of battle goes. One fear troubled me,' I added, 'which you do not appear to have entertained. It was, that your French crew might not have been to be depended upon, in such a case, to act against Frenchmen.'

'Fiddlestick! My gallant Espiègles are cosmopolites, whose *patrie* is the whole earth, with especial regard, however, to that portion thereof likely to furnish them with the most comfortable berths. An expansive idea that, don't you think?'

'Expansive humbug, you mean!'

'No, I don't. You may not have a soul above bunting, but these fellows have. Above consideration, I mean, of the mode in which blue, white, and red, or any other coloured bunting, may be arranged; whether diagonally, as in St George's cross, or in three perpendicular strips, as in the tricolor. I have before observed, Linwood, that you are a person of limited geographical ideas.'

'Stuff! Rubbish! At all events, you yourself must be a person of very limited geographical ideas, or you would not the other day have so long hesitated at firing upon St George's ensign, as to place your own life in peril!'

'Weakness, my young friend—human weakness! He is a good divine, remarks the lady in the play, who follows his own teaching. Most extraordinarily good I should say, an example of the kind never having come under my observation. By the by, Linwood,' added Webbe, 'I will tell you, some of these days, when we have a leisure half-hour to ourselves, how it happened that I became Captain Jules Renaudin: you will find that, strictly speaking, I had no choice but to exchange for that name the one in which my godfathers and godmothers, simple souls! promised and vowed I should renounce the devil and all his works—— Peak oars! The boat has way enough!'

In two minutes, we were upon the deck of *L'Espiègle;* and three hours afterwards, I, Captain Renaudin, and Baptiste had been landed upon the French coast above half a league eastward of Granville, and but a short distance from a cottage in which, when at home, Baptiste lived with his wife, a sharp, black-eyed Granvillaise.

Before leaving by diligence on the third day from our landing, I was metamorphosed into Jean Le Gros, a French youth, of Gravelines in the Pas de Calais,

g with his uncle, Jacques Le Gros, also of
es, upon affairs of business. Webbe, who had
il talent in such matters, pronounced the
nation to be complete; and positively, when I
btained a full view of myself, cased in a puce-
gote, bright yellow pantaloons, and a blue-silk
t, the general effect, aided by astoundingly
ated hair, and two round gold earrings, which,
ich persuasion, I had submitted to be bored
ensemble forming, it appeared, the gala dress,
days, of young Pas de Calais—I was fit to
ith laughter—partly the laughter of mirth,
f vexation!

is a charming dress to go a courting in,' I
addressing Webbe. 'Very charming, upon
l!'

s, it is indeed charming!' exclaimed Madame
, supposing, no doubt, that she echoed me.
ur has now quite a distinguished air.'

ight the woman was poking fun at me; but
was serious as a judge. Her husband,
r intending the highest compliment possible
n speech, declared I was completely *Français é;*
be assured me I looked remarkably well.

med myself; and Messieurs Jacques and Jean
reached by due course of diligence—about
les an hour, exclusive of stoppages—the dingy,
y of St Malo, and took up their quarters in
l de l'Empire.

e, I must state in explanation, was, he informed
wn to but very few persons in St Malo as
Renaudin, and those few, fast friends upon
ilence he could depend; and it being absolutely
y to baffle young Le Moine, the last change of
nd disguise was extemporised. I had feared
uld be a difficulty with respect to passports;
were found to be perfectly *en règle;* a seeming
tion of Webbe's frequent remark that, as a
gulation, the passport-system was the greatest
ever devised. It is, however, possible that
usion into which the public business had every-
llen, facilitated the procurement, by Baptiste,
quisite papers.

e left the hotel on the following morning, soon
akfast, and did not return till near four in the
n. He was in high spirits. Madame de
lle had left home for Paris only two days pre-
and on the morrow we twain were to dine, by
invitation, with the charming Clémence, and
te.

game, or I err greatly, is in your own hands,'
bbe. 'Clémence—Lucy, that is to say—already
anks to certain hints of mine—the glories of a
bout to descend upon her. But the table-
linner-bell has already rung twice. After we
ned, I shall have more to say and shew.

privateer captain sat long at table, and drank
his custom always when there was no peril of
land to guard against; but at last we were
nd after much rigmarole preface, designed to
me of the loyalty of his motives, he drew
s pocket-book a much-worn printed bill, and
ut to place it in my hands, when M. Jacques
as announced; and without pausing an instant
nission, in bounced that gentleman, evidently
h state of inflammation.

r a good-looking, intelligent young fellow, let
k off a moment to say, spite of his round bullet
d stout barrel-like body, inadequately sup-
by legs that were well enough of themselves,
not quite equal to the situation, a deficiency
[more than suspected had been artificially
d within the previous hour.

esent myself *sans façon*, messieurs,' he began,
is my right to do, when coming to demand
explanation, satisfaction, justice; which explanation,
satisfaction, justice, you will refuse me at your peril!'

'What does the man mean?' I asked Webbe.

'I know no more than you. He appears to be
tipsy, or'——

'Speak French, will you?' interrupted Sicard,
striking the table with his doubled fist. 'Do you
suppose a Frenchman, who has been educated in
Paris, and lived there all his life till within the last
three years, can understand that gibberish?'

'You are insolent, Jacques Sicard,' remarked Webbe.

'No; it is you, Jacques Le Gros, that are insolent, in
speaking before me in a *patois* I do not comprehend. It
may be Bas-Breton for what I know or care: assuredly,
it is not French.'

'Well, what have you to say? Why are you
here?'

'What have I to say? Why am I here?' explosively
retorted Sicard. 'O Dieu de la miséricorde, as if your
own conscience, if you have one, does not tell you
what I must have to say—why I am here! Well,
then, I have to say you are a—— But I restrain
myself; I resolved to do so when finally deciding to
seek you here. Jacques Sicard, *mon garçon*, I said to
myself, be moderate, be wise! Thou hast had provoca-
tion enough to exasperate a saint; nevertheless, be
moderate, be wise. Thou art a tradesman, established
three years, prospering and well respected; it is thy
duty, therefore, to set an example to others. I shall do
so; and therefore I do not say what you are, Monsieur
Jacques Le Gros; but as to why I am here, I beg
to say, I am here to obtain explanation, satisfaction,
justice; and if not justice, vengeance—vengeance!
Jacques Le Gros,' he added, grinding his teeth and
rolling his eyes, after a most formidable fashion.

Webbe laughed, mockingly, as few but he could.
Jacques Sicard danced, gesticulated, screamed with
rage.

'I am a Frenchman,' he shrieked. 'My heart, my
blood, is French—French! Do you understand?'

'Perfectly! You are a French boot and shoemaker!'
I interposed. The poor fellow seemed almost
demented with passion, and I was anxious to hear
what he had to say.

'Calm yourself, Monsieur Sicard,' I said; 'neither
my uncle nor myself wishes to insult, distress you.'

'A' la bonne heure!' said Sicard, subsiding into
comparative moderation, and wiping his beady fore-
head, as he sat down. 'That is polite, that is reason-
able, and good French, moreover, though the accent is
detestably provincial—guttural in the extreme.'

'We are from near Calais; and as the English long
held possession of that town, they may have left their
accent behind as a souvenir,' said Webbe.

'I have nothing to say to you,' retorted Sicard; 'I
shall talk to your nephew only. This,' continued the
excited bootmaker, 'is the case in a few words. Not
many months ago, I was upon the best terms with my
relatives, the De Bonnevilles. Madame de Bonneville
had a sincere regard for me; and I—I—why should I
not confess it?—I loved, adored her only child and
daughter, la charmante Clémence, who'——

'Who in return,' interrupted Webbe, 'loved, adored
le charmant Jacques Sicard, bottier de Paris.'

'I shall not talk to you, old rogue!' replied Sicard
with rekindling fury. 'No, that is wrong; I withdraw
"old rogue;" but I shall only address your nephew.
I have no pretension,' he resumed, 'to say Clémence
loved me in return; but at least she permitted me to
accompany her to church; sometimes, with madame's
permission, to a walk on the ramparts when the bands
were playing. In fine, I was well satisfied with the
progress of the affair, till one fine day I find Monsieur
Jacques Le Gros chatting to her in the magasin. Once
or twice afterwards I witnessed the same thing, but it
did not trouble me. I did not even ask the man's

name. Why should it trouble me that Clémence sometimes conversed with an ugly old rogue? Ah, wrong again! I withdraw "rogue," but not old and ugly, which is exact, demonstrable. I repeat, it did not trouble me to find Clémence conversing more than once with an old, ugly—monsieur. Ha! I little knew what a venomous serpent was whispering at the ear of my Eve! I shall not withdraw that! It is exact, demonstrable! Clémence was no longer the same; the poor child's head was turned. She no longer discerns any merit in Jacques Sicard; and is ever dreaming of riches, grandeur, castles in Spain without number. Well, that malady of the brain yields slowly to time and the remonstrances of myself and Madame de Bonneville: Clémence recovers her charming spirits; again recognises the devotion of Jacques Sicard. Madame de Bonneville sets out for Paris, and I make an appointment to call on Clémence this very evening, and escort her and Fanchette to the theatre. I am happy, joyous even. I dress myself with care—it may be admitted with some taste—and I proceed to the Rue Dupetit Thouars. Ha! I am spurned, derided! I hear from Fanchette that that old, ugly rogue—that venomous serpent—— I withdraw nothing!' continued Sicard, springing to his feet again in a fresh access of rage, and emphasising with his fist upon the table—'not even rogue; that that old rogue and serpent, whose name I hear for the first time, has been there again! I understand, of course, that I have been calumniated, supplanted! and I come here for explanation!—satisfaction!—justice!—vengeance!'

Bang, bang, bang! I thought he would have smashed the table. Instead of that, the resounding blows brought two waiters into the room.

'Have the goodness to turn this drunken rascal out of our apartment,' said Webbe.

'Drunk! drunk!—I—I,' ejaculated the poor fellow, vainly struggling in the throttling gripe of the waiters, 'I—I am Ja-a-cques Si—Sicard, a respect—respectable'——

'Bottier de Paris,' suggested Webbe.

'And I—I will have sat—satisfaction! jus—justice'——

The door closed upon his struggles, and I thought we were quit of him. Not so: escaping by a sudden effort from his captors, he darted back, partially opened the door, shewed us his flaming face, and shaking his clenched fist, exclaimed: 'And vengeance! —*scélérats!*—vengeance!'

He was re-seized, and this time effectually got rid of.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

GOSSIP.

One of the wisest and best among our English ethical writers, the author of *Companions of my Solitude*, says, apropos of gossip, that one half of the evil-speaking of the world arises, not from *malice prepense*, but from mere want of amusement. And I think we may even grant that in the other half, constituted small of mind or selfish in disposition, it is seldom worse than the natural falling back from large abstract interests, which they cannot understand, upon those which they can—alas! only the narrow, commonplace, and personal.

Yet they mean no harm; are often under the delusion that they both mean and do a great deal of good, take a benevolent watch over their fellow-creatures, and so forth. They would not say an untrue word, or do an unkind action—not they! The most barefaced slanderer always tells her story with a good motive, or thinks she does; begins with a harmless 'bit of gossip,' just to pass the time away—the time which hangs so heavy! and ends by becoming the most arrant and mischievous tale-bearer under the sun.

Ex. gratiâ—Let me put on record the decline and fall, voluntarily confessed, of two friends of mine, certainly the last persons likely to take to tittle-tattle; being neither young nor elderly; on the whole, perhaps rather 'bright' than stupid; having plenty to do and to think of—too much, indeed, since they came on an enforced holiday out of that vortex in which London whirls her professional classes round and round, year by year, till at last often nothing but a handful of dry bones is cast on shore. They came to lodge at the village of—X——, let me call it, as being an 'unknown quantity,' which the reader will vainly attempt to find out, since it is just like some hundred other villages—has its church and rector, great house and squire, doctor and lawyer (alas! poor village, I fear its *two* doctors and *two* lawyers); also its small select society, where everybody knows everybody—that is, their affairs; for themselves, one half the parish resolutely declines 'knowing' the other half—sometimes pretermittently, sometimes permanently. Of course, not a single soul would have ventured to know Bob and Maria—as I shall call the strangers—had they not brought an introduction to one family, under the shelter of whose respectability they meekly placed their own. A very worthy family it was, which shewed them all hospitality, asked them to tea continually, and there, in the shadow of the pleasant drawing-room, which overlooked the street, indoctrinated them into all the mysteries of X——, something in this wise:

'Dear me! there's Mrs Smith; she has on that identical yellow bonnet which has been so long in Miss Miffin's shop-window. Got it cheap, no doubt: Mr Smith does keep the poor thing *so* close! Annabella, child, make haste; just tell me whether that isn't the same young man who called on the Joneses three times last week! Red whiskers and moustaches. One of those horrid officers, no doubt. My dear Miss Maria, I never do like to say a word against my neighbours; but before I would let my Annabella go about like the Jones' girls—— Bless my life! there's that cab at the corner house again—and her husband out! Well, if I ever could have believed it, even of silly, flirty Mrs Green! whom people do say old Mr Green married out of a London hosier's where he went in to buy a pair of gloves. What a shocking place London must be—— But I beg your pardon, my dear'—— And so on, and so on.

This, slightly varied, was the stock conversation, which seemed amply sufficient to fill the minds and hours of the whole family, and, indeed, of every family at X—— likewise.

Maria and Bob used to go home laughing, and thanking their stars that they *did* live in that shocking place London. Bob made harmless jokes at the expense of the unconscious household who,

> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,

could drop down, hawk-like, upon reputations, bonnets, and beaus. Maria gave vent to a majestic but indignant pity; and both hugged themselves in the belief that never, under any circumstances, could *they* sink to such a dead-level of vacuity, spite, and folly.

Weeks passed—rather slowly, especially when, of autumn evenings, they found themselves *minus* books, piano, theatre, concerts, society—in fact, in precisely the position of the inhabitants of X—— all year round. So, as daylight was less dull than candlelight, they used to rise at unearthly hours; dine—shall I betray the Goths?—at 11.30 A.M., take tea at 4 P.M., and go to bed as soon after dark as they could for shame. At last, from very dulness, Maria got into the habit of sitting at the window and telling Bob what was passing in the street, interspersed with little illustrative anecdotes she had caught up 'just as bits of human nature.' One, the stock scandal of the place, interested them both so much, that they watched for the heroine's carriage every day for a week; and when at last Maria cried: 'There it is!' Bob jumped up with all

the eagerness of Annabella herself, and missing the sight, retired grumbling: 'What nonsense! I declare you're getting just as bad a gossip as anybody here!' (*N.B.*—The masculine mind, in an accusative form, always prefers the second person of the verb.)

'Well,' observed Maria, 'shall I give up telling you any news I happen to hear?'

'O no! You may tell what you like. As the man said when his wife beat him—it amuses you, and it doesn't harm me.'

Finally—I have it from Maria's own confession—coming in one afternoon absorbed in cogitations as to what possible motive Mrs Green could have in telling Miss Elizabeth Jones she wished to call on her, Maria; and what on earth would be done if Annabella, whose mamma wouldn't allow her even to bow to Mrs Green, should happen to call at the same time—she was quite startled by Bob's springing up from the sofa to meet her, with an air of great relief.

'So you're back at last. Well, who did you see, and what did they say to you? Do sit down, and let's hear all the gossip going.'

'Gossip!' And meeting one another's eyes, they both burst into a hearty fit of laughter, declaring they never again would pride themselves on being a bit better than their neighbours.

Ay, fatal and vile as her progeny may be, 'the mother of mischief,' says the proverb, 'is no bigger than a midge's wing.' Nay, as many a vice can be traced back to an exaggerated virtue, this hateful propensity to tittle-tattle springs from the same peculiarity which, rightly guided, constitutes womanhood's chiefest strength and charm; blesses many a worthless man with a poor fond, faithful wife, who loves him for nothing that he is or does, but merely because he is *himself;* forgives to many a scapegrace son or brother a hundred sins, and follows him to the grave or the scaffold, blind to everything except the fact that he is her own. Personal interests, personal attachments, personal prejudices, are, whether we own it or not, the ruling bias of us women: it is better to own it at once, govern, correct, and modify it, than to deny it in name, and betray it in every circumstance of our lives.

Men, whose habits of thought and action are at once more selfish and less personal than ours, are very seldom given to gossiping. They will take a vast interest in the misgovernment of India, or the ill cooking of their own dinners; but any topic betwixt these two—such as the mismanagement of their neighbour's house, or the extravagance of their partner's wife—is a matter of very minor importance. They 'canna be fashed' with trifles that don't immediately concern themselves. It is the women—always the women—who poke about with undefended farthing candles in the choke-damp passages of this dangerous world; who put their feeble ignorant hands to the Archimedean lever that, slight as it seems, can shake society to its lowest foundations. For, though it irks me to wound with strong language the delicate sensibilities of my silver-tongued sisters, I would just remind them of what they may hear, certainly one Sunday in the year, concerning that same dainty little member, which is said to be 'a fire, a world of iniquity . . . . and it is *set on fire of hell.*'

Verily, the 'Silent Woman'—a lady without a head, who officiates as sign to many a country inn—had need to be so depicted. But it is not 'the gift of the gab,' the habit of using a dozen words where one would answer the purpose, which may arise from want of education, nervousness, or surplus but honest energy and earnest feeling—it is not that which does the harm; it is the lamentable fact, that whether from a superabundance of the imaginative faculty, carelessness of phrase, or a readiness to jump at conclusions, and represent facts not as they are, but as they appear to the representers, very few women are absolutely and invariably veracious. Men lie wilfully, deliberately, on principle, as it were; but women quite involuntarily. Nay, they would start with horror from the bare thought of such a thing. They love truth in their hearts, and yet—and yet—they are constantly giving to things a slight colouring cast by their own individuality; twisting facts a little, a very little, according as their tastes, affections, or convenience indicate: never perhaps telling a direct lie, but merely a deformed or prevaricated truth.

And this makes the fatal danger of gossip. If all people spoke the absolute truth about their neighbours, or held their tongues, which is always a possible alternative, it would not so much matter. At the worst, there would be a few periodical social thunder-storms, and then the air would be clear. But the generality of people do *not* speak the truth: they speak what they see, or think, or believe, or wish. Few observant characters can have lived long in the world without learning to receive every fact communicated second-hand *with reservations*—reservations that do not necessarily stamp the communicator as a liar, but merely make allowance for certain inevitable variations, like the variations of the compass, which every circumnavigator must calculate upon as a natural necessity.

Thus, Miss A., in the weary small-talk of a morning-call, not quite knowing what she says, or glad to say anything for the sake of talking, lets drop to Mrs B. that she heard Mrs C. say: 'She should take care to keep her boys out of the way of the little Bs'—a very harmless remark, since, when it was uttered, the little Bs were just recovering from the measles. But Miss A., an absent sort of woman, repeats it three months afterwards, forgetting all about the measles; indeed, she has persuaded herself that it referred to the rudeness of the B. lads, who are her own private terror, and she thinks it may probably do some good to give their over-indulgent mamma a hint on the subject. Mrs B., too well-bred to reply more than 'Indeed!' is yet mortally offended; declines the next dinner-party at the Cs, and confides her private reason for doing so to Miss D., a good-natured chatter-box, who, with the laudable intention of getting to the bottom of the matter, and reconciling the belligerents, immediately communicates the same. 'What have I done!' exclaims the hapless Mrs C. 'I never said any such thing!' 'Oh, but Miss A. protests she *heard* you say it.' Again Mrs C. warmly denies; which denial goes back directly to Miss A. and Mrs B., imparting to both them and Miss D. a very unpleasant feeling as to the lady's veracity. A few days after, thinking it over, she suddenly recollects that she really did say the identical words, with reference solely to the measles; bursts into a hearty fit of laughter, and congratulates herself that it is all right. But not so: the mountain cannot so quickly shrink into its original mole-hill. Mrs B., whose weak point is her children, receives the explanation with considerable dignity and reserve; is 'sorry that Mrs C. should have troubled herself about such a trifle;' shakes hands, and professes herself quite satisfied. Nevertheless, in her own inmost mind, she thinks—and her countenance shews it—'I believe you said it, for all that.' A slight coolness ensues, which everybody notices, discusses, and gives a separate version of; all which versions somehow or other come to the ears of the parties concerned, who, without clearly knowing why, feel vexed and aggrieved each at the other. The end of it all is a total estrangement.

Is not a little episode like this at the root of nearly all the family feuds, lost friendships, 'cut' acquaintanceships, so pitifully rife in the world? Rarely any great matter, a point of principle or a violated pledge, an act of justice or dishonesty; it is almost always some petty action misinterpreted, some idle word repeated—or a succession of both these, gathering and

gathering like the shingle on a sea-beach, something fresh being left behind by every day's tide. Not the men's doing—the fathers, husbands, or brothers, who have no time to bother themselves about such trifles, and who, if they see fit to quarrel over their two grand *causæ belli*, religion and politics, generally do it outright, and either abuse one another like pickpockets in newspaper columns, or, in revenge for any moral poaching on one another's property, take a horsewhip or a pair of pistols, and so end the matter.

No. It is the women who are at the bottom of it all, who, in the narrowness or blankness of their daily lives, are glad to catch at any straw of interest—especially the unmarried, the idle, the rich, and the childless. As says the author I have before referred to: 'People not otherwise ill-natured are pleased with the misfortunes of their neighbours, solely because it gives them something to think about, something to talk about. They imagine how the principal actors and sufferers will bear it; what they will do; how they will look; and so the dull bystander forms a sort of drama for himself.'

And what a drama! Such a petty plot—such small heroes and heroines—such a harmless villain! When we think of the contemptible nothings that form the daily scandal-dish of most villages, towns, cities, or communities, and then look up at the starry heaven which overshines them all, dropping its rain upon the just and the unjust—or look abroad on the world, of whose wide interests, miseries, joys, duties, they form such an infinitesimal part, one is tempted to blush for one's species. Strange, that while hundreds and thousands in this Britain have not a crust to eat, Mrs E. should become the town's talk for three days, because, owing a dinner-party to the Fs, Gs, Hs, and Js, she clears accounts at a cheaper rate by giving a general tea-party instead. 'So mean! and with Mr E.'s large income too!'—That, while millions are living and dying without God in the world, despising Him, forgetting Him, or never having even heard His name, Miss K., a really exemplary woman, should not only refuse, even for charitable purposes, to associate with the Ls, an equally irreproachable family as to morals and benevolence, but should actually forbid her district poor to receive their teaching or their Bibles, because they refuse to add thereto the Church of England Catechism. As to visiting them—'Quite impossible; they are dissenters, you know.'

The gossip of opposing religionism—I will not even call it religion, though religion itself is often very far from pure 'godliness'—is at once the most virulent and the saddest phase of the disease; and our sex, it must be confessed, are the more liable to it, especially in the provinces. There, the parish curate may at times be seen walking with the Unitarian or Independent minister, if they happen to be well-educated young men of a social turn; even the rector, worthy man! will occasionally have the sense to join with other worthy men of every denomination in matters of local improvement. But oh! the talk that this gives rise to among the female population! till the reverend objects of it—who in their daily duties have usually more to do with women than with men—another involuntary tribute to those virtues which form the bright under-side of every fault that can be alleged against us—are often driven to give in to the force of public opinion, to that incessant babble of silvery waters which wears through the rockiest soil.

The next grand source of gossip—and this, too, curiously indicates how true must be the instinct of womanhood, even in its lowest forms so evidently a corruption from the highest—is love, and, with or without that preliminary, matrimony. What on earth should we do if we had no matches to make, or mar; no 'unfortunate attachments' to shake our heads over; no flirtations to speculate about and comment upon with knowing smiles; no engagements 'on' or 'off' to speak our minds about, nosing out every little circumstance, and ferreting our game to their very hole, as if all their affairs, their hopes, trials, faults, or wrongs, were being transacted for our own private and peculiar entertainment! Of all forms of gossip—I speak of mere gossip, as distinguished from the carrion-crow and dunghill-fly system of scandal-monging—this tittle-tattle about love-affairs is the most general, the most odious, and the most dangerous.

Every one of us must have known within our own experience many an instance of dawning loves checked, unhappy loves made cruelly public, happy loves imbittered, warm, honest loves turned cold, by this horrible system of gossiping about young or unmarried people—'evening' to one another folk who have not the slightest mutual inclination, or if they had, such an idea put into their heads would effectually smother it; setting down every harmless free liking as 'a case,' or 'a flirtation;' and if anything 'serious' does turn up, pouncing on it, hunting it down, and never letting it go till dismembered and ground to the bone. Should it ever come to a marriage—and the wonder is, considering all these things, that any love-affair ever does come to that climax at all, or that any honest-hearted, delicate-minded young people ever have the courage to indulge the world by an open attachment or engagement—heavens and earth! how it is talked about! How one learns every single item of what 'he' said, and 'she' said, and what all the relations said, and how it came about, and how it never would have come about at all but for So-and-so, and what they have to live upon, and how capable or incapable they are of living upon it, and how very much better both parties would have done if they had only each left the choosing of the other to about four-and-twenty anxious friends, all of which were quite certain the affianced pair never would suit one another, but would have exactly suited somebody else, &c., &c., *ad libitum* and *ad infinitum*.

Many women, otherwise kindly and generous, have in this matter no more consideration towards their own sex or the other, no more sense of the sanctity and silence due to the relation between them, than if the divinely instituted bond of marriage were no higher or purer than the natural instincts of the beasts that perish. It is most sad, nay, it is sickening, to see the way in which, from the age of fourteen upwards, a young woman, on this one subject of her possible or probable matrimonial arrangements, is quizzed, talked over, commented upon, advised, condoled with, lectured, interrogated—until, if she has happily never had cause to blush for herself, not a week passes that she does not blush for her sex, out of utter contempt, disgust, and indignation.

Surely all right-minded women ought to set their faces resolutely against this desecration of feelings, to maintain the sanctity of which is the only preservative of our influence—that is, our rightful and holy influence, over men. Not that, after the school of Mesdames Barbauld, Hannah More, and other excellent but exceedingly prosy personages, love should be exorcised out of young women's lives and conversations—query, *if* possible?—but let it be treated of delicately, earnestly, rationally, as a matter which, if they have any business with at all, is undoubtedly the most serious business of their lives. There can be—there ought to be—no medium course; a love-affair is either sober earnest or contemptible folly, if not wickedness; to gossip about it is, in the first instance, intrusive, unkind, or dangerous; in the second, simply silly. Practical people may choose between the two alternatives.

Gossip, public, private, social—to fight against it either by word or pen seems, after all, like fighting with shadows. Everybody laughs at it, protests

against it, blames and despises it; yet everybody does it, or at least encourages others in it: so innocently, unconsciously, in such a small, harmless fashion—yet, we do it. We must talk about something, and it is not all of us who can find a rational topic of conversation, or discuss it when found. Many, too, who in their hearts hate the very thought of tattle and talebearing, are shy of lifting up their voices against it, lest they should be ridiculed for Quixotism, or thought to set themselves up as more virtuous than their neighbours; others, like our lamented friends, Maria and Bob, from mere idleness and indifference, long kept hovering over the unclean stream, at last drop into it, and are drifted away by it. Where does it land them? Ay, where?

If I, or any one, were to unfold on this subject only our own experience and observation—not a tittle more—what a volume it would make! Families set by the ears, parents against children, brothers against brothers—not to mention brothers and sisters in law, who seem generally to assume, with the legal title, the legal right of interminably squabbling. Friendships sundered, betrothals broken, marriages annulled—in the spirit, at least, while in the letter kept outwardly, to be a daily torment, temptation, and despair. Acquaintances that would otherwise have maintained a safe and not unkindly indifference, forced into absolute dislike—originating how they know not; but there it is. Old companions, that would have borne each other's little foibles, have forgiven and forgotten little annoyances, and kept up an honest affection till death, driven, at last, into open rupture, or frozen into a coldness more hopeless still, which no after-warmth will ever have power to thaw.

Truly, from the smallest Little Peddlington that carries on, year by year, its bloodless wars, its harmless scandals, its daily chronicle of interminable nothings, to the great metropolitan world, fashionable, intellectual, noble, or royal, the blight and curse of social and civilised life is gossip.

How is it to be removed? How are scores of well-meaning women, who, in their hearts, really like and respect one another—who, did trouble come to any one of them, would be ready with countless mutual kindnesses, small and great, and among whom the sudden advent of death would subdue every idle tongue to honest praise, and silence, at once and for ever, every bitter word against the neighbour departed—how are they to be taught to be every day as generous, considerate, liberal-minded—in short, womanly, as they would assuredly be in any exceptional day of adversity? How are they to be made to feel the littleness, the ineffably pitiful littleness, of raking up and criticising every slight peculiarity of manner, habits, temper, character, word, action, motive—household, children, servants, living, furniture, and dress: thus constituting themselves the amateur rag-pickers, *chiffonnieres*—I was going to say scavengers—but they do *not* leave the streets clean—of all the blind alleys and foul by-ways of society, while the whole world lies free and open before them, to do their work and choose their innocent pleasure therein—this busy, bright, beautiful world?

Such a revolution is, I doubt, quite hopeless on this side paradise. But every woman has it in her power personally to withstand the spread of this great plague of tongues, since it lies within her own volition what she will do with her own.

All the king's horses and all the king's men

cannot make us either use or bridle that little member. It is our never-failing weapon, double-edged, delicate, bright, keen; a weapon not necessarily either lethal or vile, but taking its character solely from the manner in which we use it.

First, let every one of us cultivate, in every word that issues from her mouth, absolute truth. I say cultivate, because to very few people—as may be noticed of most young children—does truth, this rigid, literal veracity, come by nature. To many, even who love it and prize it dearly in others, it comes only after the self-control, watchfulness, and bitter experience of years. Let no one, conscious of needing this care, be afraid to begin it from the very beginning; or in her daily life and conversation fear to confess: 'Stay, I said a little more than I meant'—'I think I was not quite correct about such a thing'—'Thus it was; at least, thus it seemed to me personally;' &c., &c. Even in the simplest, most everyday statements, we cannot be too guarded or too exact. The 'hundred cats' that the little lad saw 'fighting on our back-wall,' and which afterwards dwindled down to 'our cat and another,' is a case in point, not near so foolish as it seems.

'Believe only half of what you see, and nothing that you hear,' is a cynical saying, and yet less bitter than at first appears. It does not argue that human nature is false, but simply that it is—human nature. How can any created being with its two eyes, two ears, one judgment, and one brain—all more or less limited in their apprehensions of things external, and biassed by a thousand internal impressions, purely individual—how can it possibly decide on even the plainest actions of another, to say nothing of the words, which may have gone through half-a-dozen different translations and modifications, or the motives, which can only be known to the Omniscient Himself?

In His name, therefore, let us 'judge not, that we be not judged.' Let us be 'quick to hear, slow to speak;' slowest of all to speak any evil, or to listen to it, about any body. The good we need be less careful over; we are not likely ever to hear too much of that.

'But,' say some—very excellent people too—'are we never to open our mouths?—never to mention the ill things we see or hear; never to stand up for the right, by proclaiming, or by warning and testifying against the wrong?'

Against wrong—in the abstract, yes; but against individuals—doubtful. All the gossip in the world, or the dread of it, will never turn one domestic tyrant into a decent husband or father; one light woman into a matron leal and wise. Do your neighbour good by all means in your power, moral as well as physical—by kindness, by patience, by unflinching resistance against every outward evil—by the silent preaching of your own contrary life. But if the only good you can do him is by talking at him or about him—nay, even *to* him, if it be in a self-satisfied super-virtuous style—such as I earnestly hope the present writer is not doing—you had much better leave him alone. If he be foolish, soon or late, he will reap the fruit of his folly; if wicked, be sure his sin will find him out. If he has wronged you, you will neither lessen the wrong nor increase his repentance, by parading it. And if—since there are two sides to every subject, and it takes two to make a quarrel—you have wronged him, surely you will not right him or yourself by abusing him. In Heaven's name, let him alone.

MAUNA LOA AT WORK.

VESUVIUS is very well in its way. When really in earnest, it affords a pretty sight for our lady and gentlemen tourists, who transport their knapsacks or carpet-bags to the Bay of Naples to see it, and makes the trouble of the holiday excursion well worth taking; but he who wanders over the world of waters that rolls between Asia and America, demands something greater and grander: and he finds it. In the very middle of the lone Pacific, Mauna Loa raises her august brow to the height of nearly 14,000 feet; and, when the fit is on her, flings a glare over the ocean

from a column of fire 1000 feet high, and spouts forth a torrent of lava, several miles in breadth, that burns up forests and jungles in its winding way, and drinks dry the swamps and streams to an extent of nearly seventy miles.

The last eruption commenced in August 1855, and was still in full blast about the same time last year. It is described in letters by Mr F. A. Weld to Sir Charles Lyell, and the Rev. Titus Coan to the British Consul-general for the Sandwich Islands, both read at the Geological Society last December.

On the 11th of August 1855, a small point of light was observed on the summit of Mauna Loa. This is one of the three volcanic mountains of the island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group. It appears, like the others, smooth and rounded when viewed from a distance, standing almost in the centre of the island, and rising from the sea-coast through every diversity of country in a gradual ascent of about forty miles. The little point of light was seen from Hilo, a town in Byron's Bay, and won the eye from the beautiful expanse between, with its picturesque ravines filled with banana, bread-fruit, and candlenut trees, and cutting through grassy slopes dotted here and there with small coffee and sugar plantations, till the region of comparative fertility met the dark forests that clothed the middle of the mountain. The star on the summit grew more and more brilliant as the people gazed; then it rose and expanded by degrees, filling the whole heavens with its ominous glare. The eruption, however, was not distinguished by any remarkable projection of burning substances into the air, but by a vast and steady discharge of lava, the fiery floods of which burst from the summit, and rushed down the side with appalling fury. The main torrent first directed itself into the valley between Mauna Loa and one of its sisters, Mauna Kea, and then, taking an easterly direction, flowed over forests, jungles, swamps, and streams, towards Hilo, widening, as it advanced, from a breadth of three miles to five or six, and the depth varying from ten to several hundred feet. 'Our first good view,' says Mr Weld, 'of the eruption was at night, from the deck of a ship in the harbour, as trees obstructed the view from the shore. The distant craters were scarcely visible, but the burning forests above Hilo shewed the front of the advancing lava, lighting up the night with a mighty glare, with sometimes a column of red light shooting up, occasioned probably by an explosion of the half-cooled upper crust of lava, or by dried trees falling into the devouring element.' The rapidity of the ponderous fluid, however, must not be judged by that of water. Although it rushed down the steep of the mountain with incalculable speed, it is not mentioned that in the more level country it made much greater progress than a mile in the week; but still, day after day, it filled the air with smoke, darkening the entire horizon, and converting into a desert vast tracts till then waving with fruits, and adorned with all the glory of tropical verdure.

Both Mr Weld and Mr Coan visited the scene of the outbreak, the latter giving also an account of the appearance of the lava-stream at its terminus, not more than fifteen miles from Hilo. To gain this point through the jungle, and over the bed of a river, while the rain poured down in torrents, was a work of difficulty; but on the evening of the second day, he came suddenly upon the burning lava, consuming the thicket before him for a breadth of several miles, and gleaming with innumerable fires. The party halted under a tree within a few feet of the lava-stream, the heat of which they made use of to boil their tea, and keep them warm 'through the long and stormy, but intensely interesting night. The pyrotechnical scene was indescribable: standing under our tree, we could survey an area of some fifteen square miles, over which countless fires were gleaming with extreme brilliancy. The jungle was burning, and trees were falling; the rending of the rocks, the detonation of gases, clouds of steam from boiling water, and scintillations from burning leaves filled the atmosphere; and the red glare above resembled a firmament on fire. During the night, we were nearly surrounded by the advancing lava, and when we decamped in the morning, we left our sheltering tree in flames.'

Mr Weld's journey to the top of the mountain was broken by a visit to the crater of Kilauea, much lower down, the lava-torrent from which, a few years ago, burst into the sea at more than thirty miles' distance, forming several islands, and heating the waters, and killing the fish, in an area of many miles. The crater of Kilauea is seven miles in circumference, and about 1500 feet deep.* The cliffs forming its outer lip form a nearly perpendicular wall of yellowish clay and dark basalt rock. The bottom of the crater is constantly changing; and frequently it holds in the lower hollow a lake of molten lava a mile long, and half a mile broad. On the present occasion, it was a plain, more or less broken, of lead-coloured lava, dotted with small mounds and craters, giving forth clouds of smoke, and, as night approached, kindling up here and there into fires.

The ascent from hence to the summit was through woods, over old lava-streams, by the mouths of large caverns, and heaps of stones to mark where travellers had perished. They lay down for the night on some half-vitrified ashes; being at such an elevation that the next morning when they tried to make some tea, the water, although it boiled readily, did not attain heat enough. That day the view of the opposite mountain of Mauna Kea was remarkably fine. 'The old conical craters on its summit covered with newly fallen snow, its huge outline shadowy and dim, the clouds of smoke that rose round its base from the valley down which the present flood of lava is flowing, the wild dreariness of the foreground, and the tropical sky above, formed a scene almost indescribably grand and wonderful.' On arriving at the lava of the present eruption, they were able to trace its devastating course below. It had been partially cooled on the surface, so as to admit of their walking on it, though with some difficulty and danger, as the flood of liquid fire still continued to roll under the crust. Of this flood, Mr Weld obtained a view through a broken part of the surface. 'The huge arch and roof of the cavern glowed red-hot, and, as with some difficulty I obtained a point directly overhanging it, the glare was perfectly scorching. The lava, at almost a white heat, flowed slowly down at the rate of about three or four miles an hour. I dropped a fragment of rock into it, which it carried floating on. There was something very impressive in its steady, smooth onward course.'

The eruption came from two craters, one a mile lower than the other. In the lower, the upper crust of the lava had cooled, and the discharge was subterranean; although the smoke, darkness, and sulphureous stench continued to make it an object of awe. The upper crater still sent up those volumes of red smoke and partially ignited gases which at night appeared a lofty column of flame. Having commenced their return—

'Our sleeping-place was about 500 feet below the level of the craters: the night was fine with us; but, whilst above us the craters rolled up dark columns of smoke, below, over Hilo and Kilauea, raged a magnificent thunder-storm. The level of the top of the clouds was somewhat below us, and along it played flashes of the most vivid lightning, whilst the thunder-peals seemed to roll up from the valley below. Later in the night it rained, and in the morning,

* On the island of Maui, there is the crater of an extinct volcano, said to be twenty-four miles in circumference.

though in the tropics, the exterior of the fur-rug in which I slept was white with hoar-frost.'

In Mr Coan's journey to the summit, he walked along the lava-stream for some distance, where it appeared to be five or six miles broad; then observing a narrower place, he crossed to its opposite bank. 'At this point the whole surface of the lava was solidified, while the molten flood moved on below like water under ice in a river. The superficial crust of the lava was crackling with heat and emitting mineral gases at innumerable points. Along the margin, numerous trees lay crushed, half-charred, and smouldering upon the hardened lava.'

That night, they slept on the cooled lava, above the line of vegetation. The next day, 'upward and upward we urged our weary way upon the heated roof of the lava, passing, as we ascended, opening after opening, through which we looked upon the igneous river as it rushed down its vitrified duct at the rate of forty miles an hour. The lava-current at this high point on the mount was fearful, the heat incandescent, and the dynamic force wonderful. The fire-duct was laid from 25 to 100 feet deep down the sides of the mount; and the occasional openings through the arches or superincumbent strata were from 1 to 40 fathoms in diameter. Into these orifices we cast large stones, which, as soon as they struck the surface of the hurrying flood, passed down the stream in an indistinct and instantaneous blaze. Through openings in the mountain we could also see subterranean cataracts of molten rock leaping precipices of 25 or 50 feet. The whole scene was awful, defying description. Struggling upwards amidst hills, cones, ridges, pits, and ravines of jagged and smoking lava, we came at 1 P.M. to the terminal or summit crater, and, mounting to the highest crest of its banks, we looked down as into the very throat of hell.' This, according to Mr Coan, is the summit of the mountain, while Mr Weld places the highest crater 1500 feet below the summit. The former indeed met with nothing at all like what is commonly called a crater. The plateau of the mountain was rent with yawning fissures, bordered with masses of scoriæ, lava, &c., 'piled in the form of elongated cones, rent longitudinally, while the inner walls were hung with burning stalactites, and festooned with a capillary or filamentous lava, called *Pelé's hair*, and much resembling the hair of a human being.' The burning lava is not seen at this point—it goes off by a subterranean chamber: 'but the fearful rush of white smoke and gases from these fissures on the summit fills one with awe, and the spectator must use his utmost care lest the fierce whirlwinds which gyrate and sweep over these heated regions throw him over, or strangle him with sulphureous gases.' It is not wonderful that the natives consider the hair, hung in so extraordinary a situation, to belong to the goddess Pelé. It is 'reddish, brownish, or of golden hue'—in fact, auburn; and the beautiful but awful being it adorned lost the fragments in her wild gambols as she rioted in her volcano-bath during the night, splashing the liquid fire to the heavens, and flinging its fitful glare over the sea.

We may add, that the immense crater of Kilauea was in full work in 1840, when the flood of lava 'forced itself under its mural sides at the depth of 1000 feet, pursuing its way towards the sea in subterranean galleries, until the fiery flood broke ground, and rolled down in a burning deluge, from one to four miles wide, sweeping away forest and hamlet, and filling the heavens with its murky clouds and its lurid glare. In three days it reached the sea, having travelled thirty miles; and for two weeks it plunged in a vast fiery cataract, a mile wide, over a precipice some fifty feet high. The commotion, the detonations, the rolling and gyrating clouds of ascending vapour were awfully sublime. The ocean was heated for twenty miles along the coast, and thousands of marine animals were killed.'

Such is Mauna Kea when the fit is on her!

PASSING THROUGH BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK.*

June 1, 1857.

BALTIMORE is a place of little interest to a stranger; it is, however, the first slave-town I have been in. Being on the borders of the free states, it is only half a slave-state, the slaves enjoying comparative freedom. There I saw for the first time a black man walking with a white woman. It is against the law in all slave-states, and almost never seen in the free. They may not marry either.

I found an agreeable companion in a Frenchman, a bookseller from Mobile; he walked with me about the town, and told me many things of interest. He says that the blacks are better off in the slave than in the free states, and I believe it. They always get two or three weeks' holidays in the year, and often go travelling through the free states, with a pass-ticket from their masters. I met several myself. Many of them in towns become wealthy, and refuse to purchase themselves, preferring to remain slaves! The southerner told me that, two years ago, a black man came and set up a barber's shop in Mobile, and became very popular. After a while, it oozed out that he lived with a white wife; he was immediately taken up, sent to the penitentiary for five years, and his wife ordered to quit the state. Black men (free) are allowed to travel through any state, but not to settle in them, in the south, at anyrate.

At nine o'clock this morning, 'I took the cars for Washington.' The scenery is very similar to that on the New York line, only with this exception, that from every rock there did *not* issue the information, in staring white letters, that 'Phalon's Paphian Liquid is the best Cosmetic.' Thus nature becomes subservient to art, and *vice versâ*. How the sylphs must hate the noxious fluid; but there are no fairies here—elves, goblins, sprites hold no moonlight revels here. Barnum would have caged and shewn them in pantaloons and tights!

Over 'Thomas's' Viaduct, and past the immortal man's monument; some fifty people fishing in the river below, catching enormous jack-sharps; and then on through the woods again, the banks covered with beautiful blue lupines, and the magnolias glittering like snow-flakes on the trees.

Arrived in Washington, the chief city of this great country; we drive, the southern and myself, to Kirkwood's Hotel. Hotels are a great institootion; everything in America is an 'institootion'—mint-juleps, corn-cakes, and steam-boats: this is another. If you go into a shop and ask: 'Have you any so-and-so?'—they reply: 'We hain't got anything else;' meaning to inform you that their chief business is in that article, that it receives their particular attention; and perhaps, after all, they havn't got it.

As soon as we reached our hotel, we saw that there was a great crowd, and were told that there was an election of councilmen going on. A lot of 'roughs' from Baltimore were said to be getting up a disturbance. The polling-booth was right opposite us, and there seemed to be a great deal of excitement. I had stepped into the bar, to write my name and secure a room, when bang—bang—bang went some firearms. I thought it was rejoicing, but saw a fellow cutting up the street, and another after him with a *six-shooter*, as they call them, which he fired slap at his back, without

* What follows is really, as it appears, an extract from the carelessly written memoranda of a young sojourner in the United States.

stopping him, however. The amusement—excitement rather—now became general. About twenty shots were fired, and Mr Kirkwood closed the bar of the hotel by putting the shutters to.

Presently the Baltimores cleared off—about a dozen ruffians, as villainous a looking set as I ever saw. Nobody was hurt, and I began to doubt whether the pistols were loaded with ball. An American remarked to me that the *practice was very bad.* I thought he meant the practice of using revolvers, and said 'Shameful!' He turned round, stared, and then added: 'I guess, if *I* shoot at a man, I hit him! I don't run when I shoot.' 'No,' said another, 'you shoot, and then run.' (General laugh.) Distant shots were heard about town. The city was in an uproar. Report came in that the mayor had asked the president for a guard of marines.

I drove away to see the Capitol. It is a fine white marble building, commandingly situated on the top of the hill, surrounded with pretty parks and gardens, which they are enlarging and improving. The centre hall is circular, very dirty, and with a roof that leaks badly; the walls hung round with fine paintings: 'Landing of Columbus, 1492'—a very fine painting (it is difficult to believe that this country was *discovered* only about 400 years ago, or so); 'Embarkation of Pilgrims from Delfthaven, 1620'—also very fine; small portrait of Daniel Webster—rough-looking old boy; 'Surrender of Lord Cornwallis;' 'Franklin trying to persuade Louis XVI. to acknowledge the Independence of the United States,' by Healy—a magnificent picture; 'Baptism of Pocahontas, an Indian Girl'—very beautiful; 'Discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto'—the finest of all. Nothing else worth seeing. Everything dingy and dirty. As we drove out, we passed the marines—fine soldierlike fellows in light blue. Just then ran past those aforesaid ruffians, dragging a small brass cannon by a long rope, yelling, and calling them to come and take it. I remarked the hair of the fourteen presidents to be gray, with the exception of that of James Munroe and General Pierce—the latter lank, black, scoundrelly looking stuff. All sorts of curiosities are kept here: a Chinaman's tail cut off by a Yankee mate, who caught him shouting! no other reason being assigned for presenting it to the National Gallery; calf with two heads; Feejee idols (anything but handsome), and other *lusus naturæ.* A splendid collection of shells, finer than that in the British Museum, but in sad disorder. Looking out of one of the windows, saw a young man carried past wounded. Did not feel much inclined for, but went home to dinner. As I was standing on the steps of the hotel, a man passed by, whom Mr Kirkwood addressed in the following manner: 'Charlie, any shootin' up your way?' 'I guess so; regalar fraction!' A little crowd gathered to hear his account of the fight, of which you shall have as much as I can remember.

No. 1 *logr.:* 'They got a small cannon, and took possession of the market, loading it with scraps of iron and bits of glass. They then turned it towards the *precinct* (polling-booth), and kept away the voters. Wall, there was plenty of shootin', and then the marines came up, headed by Captain Tyler, a young man. So one fellow shot a marine through the wrist, and he fell. Then the marines fired and charged bayonets.'—No. 2: 'How many fell?'—No. 1 (laughing): 'I fancy I was round the corner pretty quick whenever I heard the "Make ready, purrr-sent." But they said five or six were down. One chap fell dead just beside me, at least *he was going when I came off.* They captured the gun.'—No. 3: 'How many killed, did you say?'—No. 1: 'Oh, six killed, I believe.'—No. 3: 'Thank God.'—*Omnes:* 'Amen!'

Citizen No. 3 is then heard in favour of peace and order. I must just give you a specimen as follows: 'What a set of gaw-dem rascals these Baltimore fellers is; 'sif we hadn't enough of gaw-dem blackguards in Washinton without importing them. Tell you what I'd do—I'd shoot every one of them, as soon as he shewed a *weepn,*' &c. These seemed to be the general sentiments of the respectable portion of the community present, and were received with applause. The captain, for such he was, volunteered to do for one man if others would do the like. All professed their willingness to serve the cause of peace and justice.—No. 1 then continued his statement thus: 'The worst of it is, that they havn't shot one Baltimore feller. But there's an officer of the Land-office dead!'—No. 2: 'Ah, that's a pity.'—No. 5 (evidently a hanger-on of state): 'Never mind; some one else will get that: they'll fill up the appointment to-morrow.'—No. 1: 'There was a little girl shot, down an avenue, by mistake. She was dying.'—*Chorus:* 'Ah, that's the worst of these rows, they always shoot the wrong people.'—Citizen No. 6, rather a sententious, prosy old fellow, perceiving that I was a stranger, drew me aside and began: 'This is a bad time to be here. We never have any fights here *mostly,* except at the general elections; but these Baltimore fellows will come down here. This is a free country, you know, and every man goes where he likes—that is, he is at liberty to do as he pleases—that is a—— Yes, at the Baltimore election there were 160 killed—that is, shot each other—died, you know. Now, there was that young man in the Land-office—I knew him quite well—that is, I was acquainted with his appearance. I was aware he was a most respectable character—no one more so, as far as I know; at least, I may say he was as respectable as any one almost. Well, he was shot—fired at, *wownded* in the stomach, abdomen—just here, you know—and death came on, happened, occurred, *supervened.* Well, perhaps, he was only looking on; but I daresay he was one of the leaders. But it's all over now—that is, finished, quite quiet again—put down, you know, quelled—that is a'—— Just then a buggy drove up, with a white-headed old man in it, wounded in the arm, not seriously, however, but covered with blood. He was looking out of his window when shot. His name was Colonel Williams, I believe.

I go up to my room and open the window. The heavens are one sheet of fire; sullen *soughs* of wind through the trees announce a storm; one mighty peal of thunder, and then the battle of the elements begins. Rain it is not to be called. Cataracts roaring, and lightning flashing, it seems as if the wrath of Heaven was aroused at this bloody scene. Half an hour, and all is still; faint gleams of lightning are dying in the west; but these demons are at work again, shouting and yelling, and piling up a great bonfire right in the middle of the street, opposite my window. Old tables, boxes, chests of drawers, are pressed into the service. A circular war-dance, a song with revolver accompaniment, finishes the proceeding; and all is still, with now and then an occasional shot or yell. It is impossible to say whether these shots are blank or not, but I suspect the real fighting is over for to-day. I enclose a newspaper account of the shooting, lest you should think I am *Arrowsmithing.* Now for an hour or two of sleep. Adieu!

OUR LIGHT CONTRIBUTOR UPON DEODORISATION.

I HAVE lately been staying with a friend who is what he calls a practical chemist. He has, indeed, none of those large globular bottles in his window—the red, white, and blue which are the insignia of the pharmaceutical craft—because he is a clergyman, and his bishop, very properly, would not permit such an illumination. He is also obliged to confine the public offer of his soothing mixtures to that one day of the week

whereon his pulpit opens; and if he were detected in issuing 'quietness' at any other time, he would be punished. But he is not the less a practical chemist for all that.

He knows what to avoid a great deal better than what to eat and to drink, for upon these two latter points he is a second Dr Hassell, and describes all food to be noxious that is not downright deadly. Breakfast, according to him, undermines the constitution, dinner shakes it to its foundations, and supper, with pickles, brings it down with a run. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the proverb; but with my friend the P. C., his meat and his poison are one and the same thing. When I took my bitter beer—which, by the by, was his—and which I, of course, imbibed very willingly as often as I could get it, he was wont to say that I reminded him for once of Socrates in the act of partaking of the hemlock, with the difference that it was my ignorance, but the philosopher's intrepidity, which made us both so careless of the result. He used to name that amber liquid in its tapering glass 'with beaded bubbles winking at its brim,' by some Latin name, as if in exorcism, and to ascribe to it 'a volatile odorous principle, a greenish fixed oil, a free organic acid, uncrystallised sugar, colouring matter and gum;' but a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, said I, and I called it 'Bass,' and drank it all the same; else if I had been less like Sancho Panza, he would have played the very Dr Pedro with me. His own house, which is much too good a one for such a purpose, he makes the theatre of all sorts of scientific experiments. Ventilation is there so perfected, that it seems to me the wind bloweth pretty much where it listeth, and drainage is in full flow. Above the drawing-room fireplace, just where one leans one's elbows upon the mantelpiece to enjoy one's self in the glass, and just where the unprotected small of one's back occurs when we stand with our coat-tails over our arms and our rear to the fire, there comes breeze enough, through a great iron mouth, to turn a mill. 'The principle of the thing, my dear sir,' he has said about a hundred times, 'is as follows . . . .' and then he is the encyclopædia vice the pharmacopœia, resigned for a little while. I think he wishes to persuade me that the air comes somehow through the fire, and so enters the room both fresh and warm; but if that is the case, why does it *feel* cold, and why do I get sore throat, or else lumbago, according as I present myself to the orifice frontways or the reverse? Sometimes a current of air would set in while we were at dinner—escaped from some north-pole contrivances of his down stairs—fit to carry our legs away, and then he would try to convince me it was all right, by reference to his thermometer; as if an instrument of that kind would ever persuade me out of a goosey sensation in the calves, and of a stagnation in my feet. But his strongest point, perhaps, is, or was, home-drainage. At one time, the great attraction he used to promise me, if I would only come and see him, was the perfection of his system of arterial domestic sewage: he said that it was positively beautiful; and, indeed, he was always pulling up the floors of his back kitchen and scullery, like some conscience-stricken Maria Manning, to investigate it. 'I would not mind going down into the coal-hole, would I? That's right; and I should be rewarded for it, that I might depend upon; the system was quite unique, and the principle was as follows . . . .' It was very cold work standing in the kitchen, on account of the proximity of the north-pole apparatus; and I really thought that the pretty waiting-maid would never have brought a light; neither she nor the cook could anyhow get the candle to burn; and if it kindled, it was at once put out again. At last we got our dip, and went down into the coal-cellar.

'The main pipe,' pursued the P. C., in a sort of high-pitched lecture-room voice, 'you will presently perceive to be rather more than six feet long, with a diameter of—— Bless my soul, what's this?' cried he, coming down suddenly to the tone of ordinary astonishment. 'What are you doing here, fellow?'—addressing himself to a very tall young man, who was vainly endeavouring to conceal himself upon an extremely limited space. 'Robbers! thieves! Who are you?'

'Please, sir, I'm only Mary's cousin; but she thought you might not like to see me in the kitchen, and so put me into this here coal-hole, out of the way.'

'The main pipe,' quoth I oratorically, as we went up stairs together after this, 'is, as you have just perceived, rather more than six feet long, with a diameter depending upon the amount of cold meat and vegetables bestowed on him by the cook;' and that was the first remark which I remember to have ever made to my friend the practical chemist which he was neither able nor willing to controvert.

There was nothing more said about domestic drainage from that period; but my scientific friend has since taken up the public health, with all his old enthusiasm, instead, and thrown himself, so to speak, into the local sewage of his town. It is needless to state that he has attempted to drag me in with him also, and indeed not without success. I agreed to accompany him in a visit to the works which have been established for deodorising the sewage of Jennyville—containing 65,000 inhabitants—including all the refuse from its manufactories, and for converting the same into dry and solid manure. A private company has undertaken this business; but if that were not the case, fair Jennyville would be now compelled by act of parliament to do this dirty work herself. Our path lay beside the river and canal, which I have always considered to be the very foulest in all England, and most certainly there was great improvement there. To say that they were clear and sparkling, would be an absurd compliment to waters upon which the sun but rarely shines, and over which the smoke-clouds hang like a perpetual pall; but I declare they were positively pellucid to what they had been wont to be; while the fishes—of which I had never before seen more than one solitary poisoned tadpole floating bottom upwards—crossed and recrossed one another in the wholesome depths like lightning; and the cattle on the banks, which had been used to prefer any turbid puddle to these their native streams, were drinking for drinking's sake like lords or aldermen. It had been my former custom when passing along this way to hold my nose; but there was no occasion for this now, and I confined myself to holding my tongue and listening to the practical chemist. 'The ordinary quantity of sewage,' said he, with the lecture-room voice again, 'that is collected, pumped, and deodorised per diem in these works, is about three millions of gallons, or thirteen thousand five hundred tons; and the dry solid manure extracted is about eleven tons daily, being at the rate of about one solid ton to every twelve hundred tons, or to two hundred and twenty-four thousand gallons of common liquid manure.'

Presently, we were inside the great gates, and heard them locked behind us. We entered a mighty room, beautifully clean, wherein two spotless engines were panting and toiling like mad, and two more very oily-looking ones, doing nothing, were regarding them with aristocratic contempt. These former were pumping up at one and the same time the town sewage, and a mixture of lime and water—the great deodoriser—into one common pipe. From that moment, there ceases to be any odour from the surface, and surprisingly little even from the deposit itself.

Another engine, elsewhere, was employed in turning sundry agitators—who must have had as dirty a job on their hands as any of their political brethren—which mingled still more completely this agreeable compound, that flowed afterwards into an enormous open tank with sloping sides, in an apartment resembling a large swimming-room. The liquid was not of a pleasant hue just then—although, from the various dyes in use at the Jennyville factories, it assumes, in turn, half the colours in the rainbow—but there was no perceptible smell whatever. These innumerable gallons of abomination, then, had been already rendered innocuous. Iron gratings, on the way between the works and the town, arrest the progress of all heavy substances, so that the engines may not be injured (in flood-time, after heavy rains, there is, for the same reason, an escape-pipe, through which the surplus sewage can be carried off), and the contents of this tank are liquid, except at the bottom; there, there is a sort of endless screw, which worms away the thick deposit into channels which are provided for it below. These, again, communicate with a quantity of double-wire cylinders, the inner ones of which, revolving at a speed of nearly 1200 revolutions a minute, expel, by the centrifugal force, the water from this wet, pulpy sewage, through sides of perforated zinc; out of these, the thick, rich mud is presently scooped, moulded into bricks, and set to dry. Each weighs about half as much as the common brick, and is sold to the farmer for manure, at twenty-five shillings a ton. Its appearance much resembles that of mortar, without any stronger smell; and it has a quantity of hair about it—from the wool-factories—which is said to be particularly fertilising.* So much, then, for the manufactured sewage, the part of the business which, it is to be hoped, will in time defray the expenses of the rest. The manure is found to be itself of great value, and to be of service beyond a single crop, but to be much improved by a slight mixture with something of a more exciting character, such as guano.

But there remains still a little to be said upon a subject of much greater importance than mere money gain—namely, upon the enormous advantage which these works have conferred upon the public health of Jennyville. A chamber adjoining the swimming-room before mentioned, receives in a second reservoir, through more perforated zinc, the filterings of the first tank; there is no screw required here, as the deposit is of course so much less solid; but every two or three months the place is emptied and scooped out by hand. From the upper part of this second tank, the sewage of Jennyville flows down, colourless, wholesome, deodorised, into the river beneath. I was so interested and so pleased, that I permitted my practical chemist to give me a little to drink out of a great glass which is placed for that purpose by the side of this eternal spring, and it really was not so bad; a slight flavour of tar in it, I don't know from what cause, was all that I was able to detect. Our toast—and water—was 'the Health of Jennyville.' The consequences of that draught being so palatable are at present—as the P. C. would say—'the following,' the proofs of which are exhibited in the returns of the Registrar-general. There have been 95 deaths per quarter in the town less than the average of the corresponding quarters in the two years previous to the establishment of the works, or 380 lives per annum saved. A distinguished sanitary authority has estimated the lost labour, cost of sickness, and funerals, &c., &c., consequent upon that sacrifice of life, as not less in money-value than sixty pounds a head; and he writes, 'apart from the consideration of humanity, and of the moral consequences of so great a saving of human life, I feel sure that the gain to the inhabitants of Jennyville, if the present conditions can be maintained—of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt—should not be estimated at less than L.20,000 per annum;' which, I think, for my part, is pretty well for deodorisation.

* There is, we ought perhaps to say, a recent mechanical invention adopted by this company, which will supersede entirely the application of the centrifugal force; but our light contributor is of opinion that he should only distract himself and confuse his readers by attempting to explain its principle.

HAUNTING SPIRITS.

It was an olden fancy, born
Of some delirium of the brain,
That parted spirits stray forlorn
Back to our earth again.
O fiction false!—O idle creed!
Theirs is the rest, and ours the need.

They walk in glory, God their guide;
We haunt them, but they dream it not:
Around their path our footsteps glide
Whose fall they have forgot.
The arch that spans their heavenly spheres
Is but the rainbow from our tears.

Thou who didst leave me in my youth,
They say thou comest back to me,
A phantom shape of love and truth
The gifted eye may see:
But well I deem this is not so,
Where thou hast gone, 'tis mine to go.

If mortals do in sooth behold
Such vision in my lonely land
Whose desolation is untold,
It must be that I stand
With mine own spirit face to face,
That quits this form to fill thy place.

So, parted from my grosser self,
'Tis easier to mount up to thee
O'er pine-topped crag, or rock-hewn shelf,
Or stretch of the blank sea;
And, soaring far from earth and night,
To follow to thy land of light!

And if I falter by the way
To kiss the dust where thou hast been;
Or if I weep—as well I may—
Still dost thou walk serene,
Thy spirit-eyes, that look not back,
Fixed, mute, upon God's shining track.

In yonder fields His hand hath sown
The beautiful doth stir thee still;
Undreamed by thee, unfelt, unknown
My quenchless human will:
Still wilt thou smile—and, smiling, pass,
Nor trace my shadow on the grass.

It may be that the soul of love
Shall smite thee with a tender sense
Of one who in thy light doth move,
Who may not yet go hence;
And shew thee, mid thine uncrushed flowers,
Light footprints such as once were ours.

So may I haunt thee—aye! till death
Crowns all: the spirit flies before.
The grave but claims the conquered breath;
Earth's empire is no more:
The soul of truth, unbarred by clay,
Leaps to the everlasting day!

E. L. H.

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THE DUBLIN MEETING.

It is a glowing day towards the close of August. We are in one of the quadrangles of an ancient university, which is shewing an unusual bustle for the season. Wheeled vehicles are driving out and in; ladies and gentlemen are moving about; things in general wear a holiday aspect. Yet there is something of thinking concerned also, for many of the gentlemen, as they move along, are perusing printed papers. It is the British Association for the Advancement of Science, met in Trinity College, Dublin. Here are scientific and literary men from England, from the continent, from America, assembled together in social congress, with a much larger number of the like sort of men belonging to Ireland, to read papers and hold discussions, and to indulge in the pleasure of seeing each other in the body. They meet under the temporary presidency of the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, and with the friendly countenance of the Queen's vicegerent, the Earl of Carlisle. The halls of a beautiful new building belonging to the College, are devoted to the seven or eight sections into which the Association is divided; and there will the sections meet accordingly each forenoon for a week to come. There is a lively foreconsciousness of the pleasant excitements of the week on almost every face one meets.

This said British Association must not be supposed to be one thing. It is many things put together. Going into the house of meeting, we see placards directing us to Section A, Astronomy and General Physics; Section B, Chemistry; Section C, Geology; Section D, Natural History; Section E, Geography and Ethnography; Section F, Statistics; and Section G, Mechanics; and we soon find how peculiar is each of these establishments. In Section A, you see a handful of hard-headed geometrical sort of men, entirely absorbed in co-ordinates and co-efficients, and who 'fit audience find, though few.' They might be plotting treason; for nobody ever heeds or hears a word of anything they do. Now and then, a couple of ladies may be seen in the benches in front, hypocritically looking as if they understood the problems sketched on the black boards; we shall charitably suppose them to be the wives or daughters of the hard-headed gentlemen on the platform. Section B is also a mysterious little-heard-of section, of small audience, and few ladies. The smallest rooms are always assigned to these two sciences. Section C, on the other hand, has always a large room, its science being at once intelligible and controversial — ergo, attractive for the multitude. Two-thirds of the audience are ladies. The leading men on the platform, the readers and commentators on papers, are a hearty kind of people, indulging much in beard and moustache, frank and loud of speech, roughly jocular, but good-humoured in discussion, and remarkable for never agreeing with one another about anything. A very strange science verily is theirs, for, while they are all the best friends in the world, it is evident that no one ever quite believes what another says, and that each man has to make up a system for himself. Section D is usually attended by a gentle innocent sort of men—rural clergymen of antique cut, young professors from new colleges, country gentlemen who take an interest in the wire-worm, along with a few anomalous enthusiasts from London; each deeply interested in something he has brought in a bottle, or which has been delineated in a large coloured drawing by one of his daughters, now hung on the walls. A dry generation on the whole is section D. In section E, you are apt to meet weather-beaten arctic voyagers, or desiccated eastern travellers, or odd, old-fashioned schoolmasters, with peculiar views as to the situation of the ancient Ecbatana and the route of the Ten Thousand Greeks; rather desperate, too, most of them, in controversy. Here also do the ladies much congregate, particularly when there is anything to be said about countries where missionaries are at work. In section F, you find the platform planted with political economists and actuaries, gentlemen deep in crime and sewage-water, promoters of philanthropic schemes for putting everybody under the care of somebody; not much believers in one another neither. They have usually a good audience, including a fair proportion of ladies, for they have the merit of never going beyond anybody's depth but their own. A good deal of wrangling amongst them occasionally, for, facts being the only thing they deal in, it follows that there is room for every imaginable conclusion. The men of section G are wholly engineers and machinists—it is not necessary to say any more about them. It is of some importance to remark that, apart from mere idle hangers-on, few men are ever seen in a section different from that which they usually haunt. Most people seem to marry their section at the beginning, and keep faithful to it.

During six days, for four hours each day, are papers read and discussed in these several sections; often on small matters and narrow questions, yet in general worthy both in subject and treatment, and really calculated to promote the several sciences concerned. It is true, nevertheless, to a certain extent, that the Association does not furnish a good opportunity for the bringing forward of papers of an elaborate nature. There is too much hurry and bustle to allow of the

required attention being given. A brief exposition of a subject, the more oral the better, and with illustrations hung on the wall, is what suits the occasion best. Let it not be supposed, however, that on this account the Association is a scene of trivialities. Even if we were to discount the proceedings of the sections altogether, we must remember there is a serious scientific work done by committees throughout the course of the year, and which, being reported to the general committee, takes its fitting place in the annual volume. There is certainly something interesting in the idea of so many little parliaments of the ingenious and thoughtful of the land sitting all at once under one roof, in deliberation on their several groups of subjects, trying to inform and to obtain information, and doing what in them lies to promote the apprehension of nature's truths by a community liable to be so much benefited by knowledge.

Such as it is, the Association furnishes the most delightful occupation for a week that any person of intelligent mind could anywhere obtain. As a mere holiday, it is unsurpassed. One rises in the morning with a pleasant curiosity about the proceedings of the day—to gratify which he must instantly walk to the Reception Room, where programmes are gratuitously distributed to all who list. Provided thus, and having also purchased the newspaper of the day, he hies home to breakfast. Or perhaps he attends one of the numberless morning-parties given by the gentlemen of the place, and there enjoys an hour of hurried but agreeable conversation among men whose acquaintance he is pleased to form. At ten, if he is an office-holder, it is time for him to go to the committee-room of his section, and assist in making needful arrangements. At the least, he is required at eleven to attend the meeting of the section. For several hours we shall suppose him enchained by the papers and discussions. About three, he is tolerably saturated with knowledge, and desires the relief of a pâté or a jelly, which the neighbouring confectioner affords. An hour of lounging, or making calls, or seeing the sights of the place, makes it time for him to dress for the evening. He dines at a table d'hôte, with forty or fifty savans of all nations, some of them men of the widest reputation. At half-past eight, there is an evening meeting of some sort, either a simple *conversazione*, or a lecture given by some eminent man on an interesting popular subject. So he is carried on to bedtime. So entirely is he thus engrossed, that, instead of there being time for ennui, one scarcely can snatch a moment to read newspapers or write a letter home. Thus it goes on day after day, till towards the close one rather wishes to be done with it and at rest.

At the Dublin meeting last month, where there were upwards of two thousand members, the liberal institutions of a large capital city insured that the evenings should be spent as agreeably as the mornings. There was first, on Wednesday, the general meeting in the Rotunda, to hear the president read his address. Then, on Thursday, there was a conversazione in the halls of the Royal Dublin Society, amidst beautiful objects of natural history, curious mechanical apparatus, and walls all eloquent with illustrations of science. In the same place, on Friday evening, Professor William Thomson of Glasgow, a young mathematician of distinguished attainments, gave an exposition of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, illustrating the subject with diagrams, apparatus, and experiments. The Royal Irish Academy—the chief scientific society in Ireland—gave a conversazione on Saturday, using for this purpose not only their own spacious museum rooms, but also the adjacent halls of the mayoral establishment, connected across a garden by canvas-covered passages. On Monday evening, there was another assemblage in the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, to hear Dr Livingstone give an account of his African travels. Being a long narrow room, it was remarkably ill adapted for the two lectures which were given in it; but this was an evil which there seemed to be no remedying, and we all felt that some disappointment might be put up with, where there was so much enjoyment. At all these conversaziones and lectures, there was a liberal provision of tea, coffee, and ices. There was not on this occasion a President's Dinner; but the want was more than supplied by the liberality of the lord-lieutenant, who on Tuesday evening entertained a hundred and forty select members, chiefly strangers, at dinner in Dublin Castle, and afterwards *received* the whole remainder of the Association—nineteen hundred ladies and gentlemen.

Dublin Castle! name associated with so many sad and strange affairs in our history—whence Elizabeth's officers went forth to meet the rebel O'Neills, whither the notices came of universal rebellion and massacre, making lords-justices look pale in their council-room—where James took his last leave of state and power in the dominions no longer to be called his—the fortress which poor Emmett dreamed he could take, and so lost his young life. This centre of a rule so long hated as alien and antagonistic, is now only the scene of those pleasant vice-regal pageants which soothe the spirit of Ireland as the sole memorial of her former individuality. It may be described as a set of state-apartments, associated with one or two ancient Norman towers, and surrounded by high walls. There were, nevertheless, a few things to remind us of what English government has till recent times been in Ireland. It was almost startling to drive up to a banquet-hall amidst lines of troops; to ascend a staircase furnished like an armoury; and to be ushered into a drawing-room through sentries and military bands playing martial music. These, however, were but shadows of the past. When we looked to the things of the present, all was peace, hope, and happiness. There were the men whose destiny and whose duty it is to try to make this world a scene of improved joy to all their fellow-beings. Here was high rank and official dignity coming gracefully forward to render these men an homage from which itself derived fresh lustre. It was fortunate that on this occasion the representative of Majesty in Ireland should himself be a man of literary and statesmanlike gifts, about whose ability to appreciate the character of his guests there could be no manner of doubt. It appeared as if, during the short interval before dinner, the amiable viceroy had come into personal converse with nearly the whole of the company. The scene in the banquet-hall was most magnificent and beautiful—a superbly decorated room, containing a horseshoe table, adorned with piles of flowers, statuettes, and towering silver candlesticks. Not a single dish of meat or decanter of wine ever appeared upon it: these requisites came before the guests by a silent unobtrusive process, which it required some effort to analyse and understand. The company, after all, was the most interesting part of the entertainment. I will take it upon me to say that nine-tenths of the men present had been elevated to the social level at which they were now arrived, solely by their intellectual and moral gifts. In the case of some whose origin was known, the contrast between the natal circumstances and the present position was calculated to raise some most gratifying reflections. There was Whately, the amiable though eccentric prelate—there was Whewell, with his wonderful head that seems to know everything—there was the accomplished Rogers of Boston, a man who has subdued wildernesses to science in his own country, and now come to be the instructor of another—there was Bianconi of the 'cars,' a singular genius in useful enterprise, and one whose name will be historical in Ireland—there were the Abbé Moigno of Paris, Professor Faye of Christiania, Schlagentweit the Oriental traveller, D'Abbadie

the last explorer of the Nile—all men of high attainments and remarkable history. One gratifying feature of the evening was the sight of a group of the clergy of the unestablished church—men of profound learning and esteemed character—most fit in all respects to be here, but who we know would a few years ago have been admitted to no such place. In such little facts one reads the coming of an improved social spirit in a country heretofore singular for its divisions. The cheerful urbanity of the host was conspicuous through the whole evening, but particularly shone out at the last, when he rose and expressed his gratification that this hall, which had heretofore been wont to receive the great, the brave, and the fair, should have been destined, under his presidency, to entertain a company distinguished by qualities more admirable still, the cultivators of the bright fields of learning and science.

About all such things as the British Association, there is necessarily a considerable amount of formal ceremony and speech-making—all very right and proper, but sometimes a little tiresome. It is perhaps from a sense of the need of some relief from such dull and stately work, that there has arisen, in connection with the Association, a secret society of the most outrageously buffo character, which holds one meeting during the week under the name of the Red Lions. A new member of the Association, who hitherto has never dreamed of it as anything but a fraternity of calm-blooded philosophers, is taken to the large back-room of some hotel, and there ushered into a society who proceed to dine together on fare more substantial than elegant; after which there breaks out a tempest of drollery, in the form of enigmatical speeches and merry songs, such as makes his senses reel. The president is Lion-in-chief; all the company regard themselves as brother-lions, and whenever a toast has been drunk, the whole company fall a roaring and growling in the manner of the feline compartment of a menagerie. There is nothing more in the whole matter than this; yet it is surprising through what a variety of quaint metaphor and joke the Red Lion idea can be carried in the course of an evening among men, nearly all of whom are possessed of lively and versatile talents. There are of course a few who greatly outshine the rest in the power of turning out this idea in new and comic shapes; such become presidents and croupiers. But the serviceableness of even those whose part, like Bottom's, is nothing but roaring, is not to be despised. It is perhaps the greatest fun of all to see a quiet member of section F brought into such a scene, and gradually wakening to a sense of its pleasant absurdity—beginning towards the end actually to make jokes himself, and even perhaps to sing a song! The origin of all this is said to have been the accidental grouping of a set of men round the late Edward Forbes in a hotel styled the Red Lion, when the Association met at Birmingham in 1839. They found themselves so happy there, that they resolved to keep together as much as possible in subsequent meetings, thus forming a kind of club, though one of very loose texture, and adopting a name from their first place of meeting. While Edward Forbes lived, the fraternity had the benefit of his singular powers of pleasantry. He never failed at each meeting to bring from his pocket a set of droll verses turning upon some reigning scientific idea of the day, and which was sure to throw the whole party into convulsions of merriment. Alas, how much of innocent comicality, as well as graver talent and accomplishment, has been interred with the amiable, inimitable Edward Forbes!

Jocose hæc, as Logan of Restalrig said in his treasonous letters. Let us, before concluding this very superficial glance at the Dublin meeting, advert in a few words to a serious matter—the great improvement which our visit has shewn to us as distinguishing the Ireland of the present day. The people are now, to all outward appearance, an industrious, well-clothed people, like their neighbours. Their towns wear an air of commercial activity; their fields exhibit an immensely advanced culture. The language of complaint has died down. Instead of that constant reference to something wanting on the part of England towards Ireland, which was formerly so conspicuous, one hears men congratulating themselves on the prosperity arising from its only true source, a self-relying spirit. It was particularly gratifying to visit the model national schools, and learn how triumphant a non-sectarian system of education has been over all its difficulties. It is now giving instruction to six hundred thousand scholars—a tenth of the whole community—while eighty thousand more are educated by a Protestant society. It will sound strange to English ears, but there is ample reason to believe that there is now less crime in Ireland than on the other side of the Channel. Mercantile morality has of late exhibited fewer blots. May we not, in part, ascribe this good result to the operation of the superior schooling which the Irish people have had during the last twenty-four years?

THE BENEFICENCE OF PAIN?

The fidelity with which a favourite opinion may be maintained, or a favourite pursuit followed, quite irrespective of its importance, or of the disparaging estimate of others, has been too frequently illustrated for a fresh example to occasion much surprise. Numerous instances will readily occur to every reader's recollection of the zeal displayed by even men of acknowledged abilities in urging views that to their contemporaries or successors appeared whimsical or erroneous. Newton believed his theological speculations were of superior importance to the sublimest of his discoveries. Frederick the Great held the production of a certain number of insipid verses more satisfactory indications of genius than the ablest measure of diplomacy, or the glory of a hard-won battle. Goethe imagined that he had a better chance of future remembrance through his theory of colours, than from *Faust* or *Wilhelm Meister*. Political hobby-riders seem at all times to have abounded; and that the order is still in full vigour, fashionable clubs and pot-house parlours alike bear witness. In letters, we not unfrequently encounter a writer whose sole aim is to exalt an age or a character that mankind have hitherto been unanimous in regarding as base or cowardly. Hobby-riding, contrary to what we might perhaps at first sight expect, prevails extensively among the cultivators of science. The vastness and diversity of the study, the facility with which individual facts may be collected, and the natural bias of each observer towards independent generalisation, are among the causes that contribute to this result. Geology has often been taken advantage of as a favourite field for developing the crotchets of such timid observers as were alarmed at its progress. In astronomy, we need not seek a better example than that afforded by the recent controversy concerning the moon's rotation.

From the great degree in which a certain theory possesses the characteristics of its class,* we should have hesitated to notice it, had the author not informed his readers that the sole exception to its favourable reception, when first announced, appeared in the pages of this Journal.† We are, in consequence, induced to inquire whether, during the intervening ten years, such fresh light may have been

* *An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society, &c. Oxford. 1857.

† *Vide* New Series of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, vol. viii. (1847).

thrown upon the subject as ought to affect our former verdict. We trust that we hardly need to express our perfect readiness should such be the case to retract any depreciatory criticism. To determine this matter with due impartiality, we shall consider our author's views in greater detail than before; and hope in doing so to preserve that becoming air of judicial gravity which some of his illustrations are occasionally calculated to upset.

Mr Rowell contends for the existence of a special sense of pain, just as there is a special sense of sight or hearing, which, 'instead of being an infliction, is one of the most important senses we possess.' He further asserts that man is above all other beings most largely endowed with this sense; the lower animals having it in a less degree, and that only in its protective character: indeed, many of them do not possess it at all. The higher susceptibility of man is ascribed to his peculiar liability to injury from those various destructive agents which his superior intelligence has enabled him to discover. Without such protection as a sense of pain affords, our author assures us that our life would be constantly endangered. There are undoubtedly certain conditions of life during which such an apprehension may with justice be entertained, but men are not all either children or fools. On this reasoning, we presume we should be always pulling out our teeth, getting rid of our eyes, amputating our limbs—all considerations of utility in these organs being insufficient to insure their safety. Moreover, continues Mr Rowell, since nature has not provided man with any covering, he would inevitably perish from exposure in cold, or from heat in warm climates, unless the sense of pain forced him to the use of clothing. We certainly agree with our author in thinking that 'no instrument would suffice for this purpose,' and believe that even 'the thermometer would be comparatively useless.'

Mr Rowell urges that pain is beneficial as an indication of disease. It is by no means a sure indication, however, as might be proved in a variety of ways. Let us take an example from the familiar instance of hysterical pain. Patients thus affected may for many years complain of excessive pain, which is in truth nothing more than disordered sensation in the part, and unattended with the slightest vestige of disease. Again, considerable pain may be present without its directly indicating the seat of disease; thus, in spinal affections, patients invariably refer to some other part, while in inflammation of certain joints, the surgeon's attention is not drawn to the one affected, but to its neighbour. When Mr Rowell declares that the sensibility of certain internal structures is less acute than that of the skin, he is quite correct; but he errs in overlooking the important difference which exists between the slender capacity for sensation of an organ in health, and its extreme sensitiveness in disease. No pain is more intense than that attending inflammatory action in the eye, and other deep-seated textures. Indeed, according to so excellent a pathological authority as Dr Alison, the pain of certain internal diseases is of itself frequently fatal. Further proof of the correctness of our proposition is afforded in the fact that, in the severest surgical operations, the mortality, which, previous to the introduction of chloroform, was as high as one in two, is now reduced to one in four.

We shall next consider Mr Rowell's view of pain in the lower animals, among whom, it will be borne in mind, the sense, according to him, is only partially developed; and here we must notice an ingenious peculiarity in his reasoning, very favourable to an evasion of troublesome facts. He has a special test, as well as a special sense, the application of both being almost universal. The special test is that of beneficence; through it every fact in the economy of life is viewed and arranged. He informs us, that appalled with the amount of destruction incessantly occurring in the different departments of animated nature, he was forced to assume that the process was painless; hence his sensitiveness is never uncomfortably agitated upon seeing a horse flogged, a hare shot, or an ox felled. This agreeable theory is supported by several plausible illustrations, one of which is as follows: 'Frogs appear to have but little sense of pain, and it is in accordance with the merciful designs of Providence that this should be the case; for of all deaths, that of the frog, when swallowed by a snake, seems the most horrible, if these creatures are susceptible of pain.' This insensibility is assumed from the fact that their cries cease after capture by their formidable foes; but surely the state of intense terror into which they must be thrown, affords a natural and simple explanation of this silence. The following view regarding the fate and sufferings of pigs is too original to be omitted. 'Pigs,' says Mr Rowell, 'make a sad outcry when being killed; but I believe it is caused by fear, and the uncomfortable way in which they are held, rather than by pain.' A little further on, we are assured that, 'if stuck skilfully, without taking hold of them, there is no more noise than a mere grunt or squeak, about the same as there would be if the pig had a slight blow with the end of a stick.' Horses that have been seen to eat heartily after severe accidents, rabbits and hares that exhibited after being shot no more remarkable sign of pain than running away at their greatest speed, are not to us very striking proofs of what Mr Rowell wishes to establish. Nor is our faith in his opinions much fortified by introducing in their support that instinct whereby certain animals are led to destroy such of their number as are disabled from illness or old age. This instinct, he argues, would not exist, as contrary to the beneficent arrangement of things, unless its fulfilment were a perfectly painless process; indeed, regarding it from any point of view, our author holds it a merciful provision for alleviating by a speedy death the wretched condition of animals unable to assist themselves. This reasoning strikes us as marvellously similar to that pursued by those African tribes who habitually destroy their infirm or imbecile relatives.

The comprehensive adaptation of his theory which Mr Rowell attempts, leads him occasionally to suggest opinions regarding animals that give a humour to his essay, not the less appreciable from its complete unconsciousness. Besides including such animals as shrimps, oysters, prawns, whose utility, apart from any special beneficence they represent, admits of demonstration, he claims a special function for a class of animals that have never before been held elegant or useful. What purpose does the reader suppose bugs were created for? Mr Rowell assures us that a bug contributes more to the general health of the community than all the sanitary measures ever devised by parliamentary wisdom. And how? Just because an apprehension of the presence of the insect causes thousands of bedsteads to be taken down, that would otherwise—repudiate the ungenerous insinuation, all good housewives!—be allowed to harbour dust the whole year round. We are also told to regard the presence of fleas on dogs in a similar light, since dogs would otherwise be sure to neglect the scratching and biting necessary for their soundness of health. There is a little animal even more offensive than a flea which obtains honourable mention on like grounds. We must give one more illustration of the importance of parasites, and we shall take it from the occupant of another element. We believe that the following allusion to a whale represents the mighty animal in a position that will be novel to the most imaginative reader. The whale is introduced to us at 'its toilet, scraping itself clean against the edge of a rock or

iceberg,' to get rid of its tiny attendants. Mr Rowell does not scruple to insinuate that the monster, if let alone, would remain shamefully indifferent to those sanitary measures so much talked of above water. We are not to suppose, however, that our author's opinions all at once attained to their present stability; for he acknowledges to have been, at the commencement of his inquiries, occasionally puzzled to explain the benevolent purpose which the creation of certain animals was intended to serve. The use of venomous serpents was for a long time very perplexing; but at length it occurred to him that their function might be to arrest the increase of the larger carnivora (a view unsupported, so far as we know, by naturalists), and since, of course, the victims encountered their fate without pain, the view was accepted.

Our readers will have gathered by this time that we find no reason to modify our former estimate of Mr Rowell's theory, and are rather inclined to class the latter among the hobbies. Although he protests against any such inference, we believe the result of its adoption would be to increase the already too great amount of cruelty in the world, make hackney-coachmen more hard-hearted, encourage wicked boys given to plunder nests, and generally justify other unmanly pursuits. As for the *proof* that animals feel pain, we advise Mr Rowell to look out for that himself. Let him only tread on the cat's tail, and inquire whether the startling scream with which she bursts away is in commendation of his pleasantry; let him watch the proceedings of a dog whose leg has been hurt by a missile, and try to ascertain whether the wild yells of the creature as he limps off are expressive of self-gratulation. It is not impossible that the lower we descend in the scale of animal organism, the less sensitiveness we may find either to pain or pleasure; but wherever we meet with a nervous system like our own, we are bound, by all the analogies of life, to ascribe to it the same uses. As to the religious part of the question, there are, of course, difficulties, but none that are insuperable to *humility*. We prefer viewing the operations of divine beneficence, as they are actually represented, rather than through such vague theories as Mr Rowell's.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER IX.

'MONSIEUR SICARD is an original,' I remarked, as the sounds of struggle and expostulation died away in the distance; 'but he appears to be thoroughly in earnest. If, moreover, he speaks sooth, your model maiden would seem to be little better than a capricious flirt.'

'Jacques Sicard is certainly in most profound earnest,' said Webbe; 'but being in both love and liquor, can scarcely be expected to speak sooth, as you phrase it. Supposing, however, that he has by accident told the exact truth, it just amounts to this —that, coerced by Madame de Bonneville, of whom, as I have informed you, she stands in extreme awe, Clémence has been civil to the enamoured bootmaker.'

'And that you have filled her young head with dreams of riches and grandeur, with visions of *châteaux en Espagne*, that have no better foundation than vague surmise, the evanishing whereof may, nevertheless, darken her future life.'

'If you go on in that spooney, sentimental fashion, Linwood, I shall begin to think Sicard must have bitten you unawares. I have suggested no dream to Clémence that may not be realised, including the sublime one of becoming in the fulness of time Mrs William Linwood—a magnificent possibility, which, by the by, I have never more than incidentally glanced at, when conversing with her. It is, besides, consoling to reflect that, failing that, which I can't believe she will, there are lesser heavens that may suffice for the modest felicity of Mrs Waller's recovered daughter—of Anthony Waller of Cavendish Square's assured heiress.'

'A few grains of common-sense would be an improvement to that heap of chaff, Mr Webbe.'

'That which you are pleased to call chaff *is* common-sense, my dear fellow, if somewhat chaffingly expressed. A more acceptable variety of the article to your taste may, however, be set forth in the printed handbill to which I was calling your attention when that boot-making buzzard broke in upon us. Mrs Waller, you must understand, would persist, spite of all evidence to the contrary, in believing that her child might have been stolen, abducted, instead of drowned, and this was one of the advertisements issued to humour her fancy. I found it, by mere chance, the other day, amongst some old papers. It offers, you observe, five hundred pounds' reward for the recovery of the child, and contains a description of the little Lucy's person, and the dress and ornaments she wore on the day of her disappearance.'

'This is indeed a valuable document,' I exclaimed, after glancing over the handbill; 'not on account of its description of the child's person—"fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair"—which would apply to thousands of children, but for the list of articles worn by the little girl, and which, as you suggest, may have been preserved by Louise Féron for an ulterior, if now abandoned purpose. "A necklace composed of five rows of seed-pearls; attached thereto a gold Maltese cross, set with pearls, and having the letter L engraved on the back. Two sleeve-loops of seed-pearls; pale-blue silk frock—morocco shoes of the same colour"—— Ha! here also the indelible mark you have spoken of is alluded to—not described: "The child has a natural mark difficult to discover if sought for, which will always be decisive of her identity, and may at any moment bring about the detection and punishment of the person or persons who, after this notice, shall conceal or assist in concealing and withholding the child from her parents."'

'You informed me, Captain Webbe,' I remarked, 'that Louise Féron had charge of Mrs Waller's child for several months: she must, therefore, one would suppose, be cognizant of this mysterious mark—a knowledge which, it occurs to me, would do away with any motive she would otherwise have had to preserve proofs of the child's identity—especially proofs which, traced to her possession, would fatally compromise herself.'

'One would, as you say,' replied Webbe, 'suppose that Louise Féron must be cognizant of the said indelible mark; and yet, I am confident, from the covert inquiries she, to my knowledge, set on foot relative thereto, previous to her safer course of action being finally resolved upon, that she is as ignorant in the matter as you or I. I repeat that I am morally certain some, at least, of the articles enumerated in the handbill have been preserved, and may be obtained possession of by Clémence, with the connivance of Fanchette—a purchasable connivance, as I have before intimated, provided always that no harm shall possibly accrue therefrom to her darling Clémence.'

'What harm could therefrom possibly accrue to her darling Clémence?'

'Ruinous harm—harm without remedy would befall Clémence, should you refuse to carry out the honourable understanding, by means of which can alone be accomplished the great object we have both in view. And now, young man,' continued Webbe, with assumed sternness, 'let us, once for all, thoroughly comprehend each other. We are on the immediate threshold of an undertaking for the success of which I have ventured much, and resolutely. One false step now would be

fatal, irremediable. We must walk, therefore, warily, as well as boldly; with a clear perception of the course to be taken, and whither that course will lead. I have apprised you that Clémence is under the absolute domination of her supposed mother: I mean, that Lucy Hamblin has been drilled, disciplined, into habitual fear of Louise Féron; and nothing, be sure of it, but a sentiment stronger than that habitual fear will enable her, when the decisive moment comes, to do that which will give Louise Féron mortal offence. Clémence, you must be aware, cannot remain in St Malo after placing in your hands the proofs of her supposed mother's crime, and of your father's innocence. If she did remain here, what do you suppose would follow the discovery of the poor girl's treachery, as Louise Féron would call it? Simply the immediate disappearance of the so-called mother and daughter; and of what value, let me ask, would your dearly obtained proofs then be? It would, of course, be said that your father had placed them in your hands; and a very silly, transparent trick on his part the wise world would pronounce it to be. Yes, Clémence—no relative of yours, remember—must flee with you; but no assurance, however solemn, that she would be welcomed with joy by a parent she has never seen—whom she does not remember, I mean, to have ever seen—will induce her to take that decisive, compromising step: of that be perfectly assured. The prospect before her would be too vague, too undefined, too shadowy. It would, however, be quite another affair to elope with a betrothed lover, or as she, I have little doubt, will peremptorily insist, with a husband, and the ceremony can be quite as easily managed here as in Jersey. I have, as Jacques Sicard's ravings prove, successfully prepared the way for that consummation. Clémence—than whom a more charming, amiable girl does not exist—knows who you are; has heard the story, with variations, of your *Scout* Quixotism; knows and honours the motives that have prompted the noble temerity of your present enterprise; believes also that a portrait of her sweet self, missed by Madame de Bonneville soon after I left St Malo's, and which I have unfortunately lost or mislaid, has in some degree influenced your adventurous'——

The entrance of a waiter interrupted Mr Webbe. 'A note,' said the grizzled garçon, 'for Monsieur Jacques Le Gros, from the Sieur Delisle, *courtier maritime*, whose messenger waits for the answer.'

'Very well. Tell him he will not have to wait long.'

The note appeared to both disconcert and excite Captain Webbe. A brief one—not more than a dozen lines, I could not help observing, as he threw it upon the table with an affectation somewhat overdone, it seemed to me, of ill-humour.

'I cannot yet,' he exclaimed, 'wash my hands, as I hoped to do, of these rascally dodges. Pope was right: the devil, taught wisdom by his failure with the man of Uz, tempts now by enriching, instead of ruining men: by lying promises to enrich, more properly—judging from my own experience hitherto—fiend, like fairy money, having, I have found, an uncontrollable propensity to make unto itself wings and flee away. My return to Virtue must, it is evident, be postponed for a while; and it *may* be that this positively the last infraction, on my part, of the laws of national morality, will enable one of the most interesting, in my poor judgment, of Virtue's vagrant sons to take something home with him that will considerably enhance the warmth of his welcome.'

'All that is Greek to me, Mr Webbe, except that it has the sound of a swaggering defence of something you are really very much ashamed of.'

'A wiser man might have made a sillier guess,' retorted Webbe. 'I must forego the pleasure of your company for the remainder of the evening,' he added, as he buttoned up his coat and put on his hat and gloves. 'Delisle, the ship-broker, is anxious to introduce his friend Captain Renaudin to one Mr Tyler, an American gentleman and shipowner, who is desirous of ascertaining the course a richly laden bark, hailing from New Orleans, should steer in order to safely reach one of the French northern ports—Havre de Grace, if possible; and it is said Delisle's opinion, which I freely endorse, that Captain Renaudin can insure the arrival of Mr Tyler's ship at her destination with greater certainty than any other man he is acquainted with.'

'Monsieur Delisle is, then, one of the few persons in St Malo who knows you as Captain Renaudin, of *L'Espiègle*.'

'Yes. *L'Espiègle* has never been at St Malo, and Captain Renaudin only once before; when he came on a business visit to Monsieur Delisle, and chanced to run against, and find his disguise pierced through by the spitfire eyes of that Jezebel, Louise Féron. Good-night. I shall see you early in the morning.'

So saying, the privateer captain left me to the society of my own thoughts. I might have had pleasanter company. Whatever else appeared doubtful, it was abundantly manifest that I was a mere puppet in the hands of a reckless, unprincipled man, who, avowedly for his own interested purposes, had led me into dark and tangled paths whence there might be no issue, save through the portals of disgrace, of ruin, of death quite possibly! His insistance that I must, and forthwith, marry Lucy Hamblin—if Lucy Hamblin, Mademoiselle Clémence proved to be—at once perplexed and irritated me. What could be his motive for persisting in that outrageous proposition? The bare idea of marriage with a girl I had not seen, and who, it seemed, was so eager to unite herself with an utter stranger, revolted, disgusted me! Maria Wilson's romantic notion of the heroic qualities desirable in a husband, which to me, familiar with the seamy side of the heroism that had caught her fancy, appeared so extravagantly absurd, contrasted brilliantly with the sordid marrying motives of this much vaunted demoiselle Clémence. Attractive—handsome she might be—her eyes, hair, complexion required, I was told, the same adjectives to describe them as did Miss Wilson's; but the pure soul-light which diffused so inexpressibly pensive a charm over the countenance of the Jersey maiden, must, I was sure, be utterly wanting to the feature-comeliness of a damsel who could coquet with a conceited, vulgar snob; and, a supposedly favourable chance occurring, throw herself at the head of a wealthier swain, not at all covetous of, or flattered by her preference! Perhaps, however, Webbe had misrepresented her sentiments, as he did most things. I should see and judge for myself before condemning her. That were but equitable, more especially if she really was the long-lost Lucy Hamblin. My doubts upon that all-important point had not been vanquished by Webbe's hectoring assertion that such doubts were absurd, ridiculous—very far, indeed, from being vanquished by that bold talk. My grandame, Mrs Margaret Linwood, a shrewd observer, had suspected Webbe to have been all along confederate with Louise Féron. If that conjecture was well founded, the proofs indicated by the printed handbill, which had turned up at so remarkably opportune a moment, and alleged to be only obtainable by such preposterous expedients, might be mere devices for imposing a supposititious daughter upon rich Mrs Waller—a wife, who certainly would not be supposititious, upon William Linwood, the heir to at least his grandmother's wealth!

The indelible natural mark—that ineffaceable clue which was to guide us safely through any labyrinth of deceit that cupidity and imposture could invent, I strongly suspected to be a myth. Mrs Margaret

Linwood had, however, promised, that if she could, without danger of exciting chimerical hopes in the shaken mind of Mrs Waller, arrive at a knowledge of what that mysterious mark might be, she would forward me the important information without delay, through Mrs Webbe, under cover to that lady's husband, as arranged by the captain before he left the Wight. Should she do so in time, and Mademoiselle Clémence be thereby identified, beyond cavil, as Lucy Hamblin, what insuperable difficulty could there be in persuading the aspiring damsel to forsake a mean dwelling in the Rue Dupetit Thouars, St Malo—and the vile woman that had stolen her—for a wealthy home in Cavendish Square, London, and her own true, unforgetting, loving mother, without encumbering herself with a hobble-de-hoy husband, tricked off in bright yellow pants, puce-red redingote, blue vest, round earrings, and hair *à la Brutus*. Hair à la Brutus, by the way, was hair tortured to stand upward and outward, so as to form a rim for the hat to rest upon; and nicely graduated downward to the nape of the neck. I remember à la Brutus well; and the nervous shudder—as from a paroxysm of hydrophobia—which ran through me whenever I encountered my variegated image in the pellucid surface of a mirror. It was, at all events, impossible that the harlequin figure reflected there could excite an interest in the young lady's mind subversive of her future peace. I might be civil to the most susceptible of maidens without the remotest danger of acquiring an embarrassing hold of her affections. That was something—nay, it was much! Clémence would repudiate marriage as determinedly as myself——

At about this point of the maundering soliloquy, which might else have droned on till daylight, I discovered that the fire and decanter were both out; and forthwith crept, cold and comfortless, to bed.

I did not see Webbe till near noon on the following day. He came direct from Madame de Bonneville's, and invited me to immediately accompany him thither.

'The bootmaker's bristles,' said Webbe, 'have, I find, been smoothed down by Fanchette's assurance that Messieurs Le Gros will remain but a very short time in St Malo, and that the refusal of Mademoiselle Clémence to accompany him to the theatre, was solely prompted by a suddenly recovering sense of the impropriety of accepting his escort to a place of public entertainment during Madame de Bonneville's absence from home. We are consequently safe from the shoemaker, which is as well, inasmuch, that albeit a goose's cackle saved the Roman Capitol, it might exert a less salutary action anent the safety of Captain Jules Renaudin, and aliases too numerous to mention. The feeling of decorum, intimated to Jacques Sicard, will also cause the ceremonious dinner, to which we were invited, to be dispensed with, and we shall drop in at the magasin for a gossip now and then, *par hasard*, as it were.'

'That will be quite as well. Your pattern protégée is, it seems, apt at expedients.'

'The desirableness of pacifying Jacques Sicard was my suggestion; the manner thereof, Fanchette's. But come; Mademoiselle Clémence awaits with natural impatience her introduction to the chivalrous knight who comes to rescue her from Madame de Bonneville and the bootmaker.'

'Well, my ingenuous young friend,' exclaimed Captain Webbe on the evening of the same day, as he drew his chair towards the roaring wood-fire before which I was seated. He had left me, I should explain, with Clémence and Fanchette, after a few formal words of introduction, and had been since engaged on business matters with his friend Delisle and the American shipowner. 'Well, my ingenuous young friend, what think you now of my pattern protégée? I hardly need ask,' he added. 'There is a flush on William Linwood's cheek, a light in his eye, that are not, I dare wager large odds, caused by the fire-blaze, or by the wine he has drunk.'

'Mademoiselle Clémence is a charming girl,' I replied. 'Honest, truthful too, or I strangely deceive myself.'

'Whoever has looked upon her, or heard her speak,' said Webbe, 'must unhesitatingly endorse that eulogium. And her person—what is your opinion of that; of the characteristics of her person, I mean? English, Saxon, you cannot doubt?'

'I should altogether doubt it, were it not evident from a few words that escaped her, that she believes herself to be an English girl, and the daughter of Mrs Waller. True, the young lady has blue eyes, a fair skin, brown hair; but, for all that, a more thoroughly French, or at least foreign, maiden I cannot imagine. An English girl of her age and class in society, introduced to a stranger under such peculiar, and, it must be admitted, embarrassing circumstances, would have been all bashfulness and blushes; whereas Clémence was impassive as a statue, comported herself with the most perfect propriety, and an *aplomb*, a *savoir-faire*, that in an English maiden would be effrontery, brazen-facedness—simply, I imagine, because in her case it would be assumed, and awkwardly, for an evident purpose.'

'*Mauvaise honte*, which you call bashfulness, is not tolerated in any class of French society.'

'So I comprehend. Her French education has, at all events, thoroughly Frenchified Lucy Hamblin, as I verily believe her to be, so deeply has the truthfulness of Mademoiselle Clémence impressed me. Fancy, now,' I added, 'as I could not help fancying all the time our interview lasted, Maria Wilson in the same position as Clémence; fancy the changing colour—the downcast, suffused eyes—the tremulous speech of that genuine English girl, and'——

'Fudge about fancy and Maria Wilson!' interrupted Webbe. 'What just comparison can be instituted between that namby-pamby wench and a girl of sense and spirit like Clémence?'

'A very curious comparison, Mr Webbe; or, more correctly, a strikingly illustrative contrast is suggested by'——

'Fudge! Twaddle!' again broke in Webbe, with marked asperity. 'Let us, in the name of all saints, talk of something more interesting than Maria Wilsons. You, Linwood,' he added, with quick transition to a more *suave* tone—'you, Linwood, have seen and conversed with Clémence. You admire—you believe in her! That is sufficient. The rest will come as surely as shadow follows substance. When shall you see her again?'

'To-morrow afternoon, when we shall exchange confidences. I am already "*mon ami*" with the frank-spoken, and, I have no manner of doubt, frank-hearted damsel.'

'Excellent! Still, be on your guard, Linwood: we must have evidence clear as proof from holy writ that your wife is the true Lucy Hamblin.'

'Fudge about wife, say I, in humble imitation of Mr Webbe, who'——

'You will find marriage to be an indispensable element of success,' interrupted Webbe, with renewed asperity. 'In fact, it is only on that condition that I will render any further aid in the business. Unscrupulous as I may be in many respects, I will not have the ruin of that young girl's character and peace of mind upon my conscience.'

'Character! Conscience!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Strange words from the lips of Mr Webbe; not meaningless, however, I am quite sure. Significant, too—though of what I cannot as yet comprehend—must be the privateer captain's querulous insistance upon

marrying me, out of hand, to Mademoiselle Clémence! I must quietly, dissemblingly, await the solution of that riddle.'

'Well, well,' I said aloud, 'your conscience will not, I dare say, have to bear any very heavy load of my laying on. And there is one thing, Mr Webbe,' I added with vehemence, 'which *I* will not bear for another hour of daylight, and that is, these abominable Pas de Calais pantaloons. If hair à la Brutus, earrings, and a puce-red redingote are not sufficient disguise for an Englishman, Auguste Le Moine must do his best and worst, for draw on again these yellow inexpressibles, I will not, come what come may.'

The captain's good-humour was restored at once; he laughed heartily, genially, and for the remainder of the evening, overflowed with jocund spirits. I silently scored myself a chalk, and had, I think, a right to do so.

The reader must not suppose, from my description of Mademoiselle Clémence, that she was a bold or forward maiden; on the contrary, she was a remarkably modest-mannered damsel; but it was the modesty of principle, of education, rather than that of nature or instinct, so to speak. In other words, she was a well-bred French girl; modest, but by no means bashful; self-possessed, not shy. Very pretty, too, was Mademoiselle Clémence; of most winning, graceful manners; and there was a caressing tenderness in her gentle, truthful voice, that was inexpressibly attractive. I was greatly taken with her, though not at all in the sense which Webbe supposed. In truth, much as I soon came to admire, esteem, ay, and to love Clémence, she was about the last person in the world I should have sought for a wife. I felt towards her as a brother would for an endearing, pure-hearted sister; and I often caught myself mentally comparing the calm, tranquil affection which so grew upon me for the gentle, confiding Clémence, with the passionate emotion that, circumstances favouring, would be inspired by such a person as Maria Wilson, to whom, oddly enough—as I had seen her but once—my thoughts, when engaged by such reflections, persistently reverted.

Clémence was alone, as she had promised to be, when I called according to appointment; and entering at once with the most perfect frankness upon the subject uppermost in both our minds, I was dismayed to find that the only proofs she could afford me of being the child of Madame Waller were a dim, fading recollection that she had once lived in a strange country, amongst strange people—some fragmentary hints, that had fallen from Madame de Bonneville, and Captain Webbe's confident and confidential assertions, upon which Mademoiselle Clémence placed implicit reliance.

Nothing, positively nothing more in the way of evidence, could I elicit; and I was fast making up my mind that Webbe had bamboozled himself as well as others, when it occurred to me that it would be well to shew Clémence the printed bill given me by the captain: I did so, and doubt, uncertainty was at an end.

'O, mon Dieu!' exclaimed Clémence, who read English very well, 'I have seen these things, and lately too.'

'How—when—where?'

'In the *armoire* up stairs, about a month since, when mamma'—a very imperfect rendering of *maman*—'when mamma was absent in the island of Guernsey.'

'Tell me about it, dear Clémence—all about it, to the minutest detail.'

'It is very simple, mon ami. Mamma is, you know, very strict, severe even, with me; and yet I love her!' exclaimed Clémence, impulsively diverging from the all-important topic; 'and it will be a bitter grief for me if—if—— Ah,' she continued disjointedly, 'I remember how kind, loving she was when fever attacked me, and I should, but for her, have died. It would be ungrateful of me, then—nay, unnatural, even supposing she is not my own real mother—if I did not love her—would it not?'

'Yes, yes. But pray, speak of your finding the articles mentioned in this printed bill.'

'Willingly, mon ami. When mamma was absent in Guernsey, as I said, Fanchette asked me one day what had become of my turquoise brooch—this which I now wear. I said mamma had not given it to me when she left; but Fanchette was certain she had seen me wear it twice since then; and where, therefore, could it be? We were both terribly frightened, for mamma attached a great value to the brooch, and if it had been lost, would have punished me severely. Well, we searched everywhere for the brooch—vainly searched: it could not be found. Poor Fanchette was greatly distressed, and tried to believe I was right in thinking mamma had not given it me when she left St Malo. Could we only be sure of that, our minds would of course be at rest. But how make sure of it? The armoire where mamma kept all her valuables was locked, there was no key that would fit it, and we were in despair, for mamma was expected every day. Suddenly, Fanchette rushed into my chamber one morning before I was up. She had found a key that would fit the armoire lock, and directly I was dressed, we would make a search, and satisfy ourselves. We did so, carefully replacing each article as we found it. Presently, we came to a neatly folded and tied-up parcel, which I opened, and found therein not only the missing brooch, but a necklace made of rows of seed-pearls, with a gold pearl-set cross attached; other twisted rows of seed-pearls, which, no doubt, were the sleeve-loops mentioned here; a faded blue silk frock, shoes of the same colour, and a child's tiny underclothing. My heart swelled with emotion as I gazed,' continued Clémence; 'for it occurred to me that those were precious memorials of a sister who died young, and whom mamma often said, when she was angry, she had loved much better than she did me. But the brooch was found,' she added, hastily brushing away her fast-falling tears, 'and we, Fanchette and I, were happy.'

'And those precious proofs are still, you say, locked up in an armoire of which Fanchette has a key?'

'O yes, I am quite sure of that. But how pale you look, and you tremble as with ague!'

'With joy, rapture, ecstasy, Clémence! Listen to me, dear girl, and you will comprehend why it is that this discovery, to which the finger of an overruling Providence guided you, so agitates, bewilders, well-nigh overpowers me.'

Clémence listened whilst I told her all—told her of the mother's maddening agony at the loss of her only child, of my hapless father's persecution, with the correlative circumstances already known to the reader. The narrative, as it proceeded, cruelly agitated the gentle maiden, her head sank upon my shoulder, and she wept aloud in the fulness of her pity, her grief, her love, her indignation, as these passions of the soul ruled her by turns.

Fanchette had helped the weeping girl to her chamber, and returned to where I sat, when I bethought me of the indelible mark hinted at in the advertisement. Fanchette was in our interest—heavily bribed to be so; and although I did not like the woman, I could speak to her with perfect confidence.

'Clémence has no natural mark that I know of,' said Fanchette in reply to my question.

'No mole or moles?'

'None—certainly none.'

'No stain of blood—no malformation of limb—no peculiar scar?'

'Nothing of the kind that I am aware of; and I should know if any such existed.'

'That is perplexing. You will tell Mademoiselle Clémence that I shall see her early to-morrow,' I added, as I rose to leave.

'I will, monsieur. Attendez,' added the woman, as if with sudden recollection. 'Yet no—that cannot be called a mark.'

'What do you speak of?'

'Nothing, I fear, monsieur, of any importance, though I may as well mention it. Clémence, some years ago, was reduced to a skeleton by fever, from which it was for a long time thought she would never recover. She was attended by Dr Poitevin, who, I heard one day tell Madame de Bonneville, that, by a curious freak of nature, her daughter Clémence had been born with one rib less on her right than on her left side. Surely that cannot be'——

'It *can* surely be,' I interrupted with a burst—'it *must* be the natural mark spoken of. Hurrah! Do not forget to tell dear Clémence that I shall call early to-morrow. Adieu.'

Singular coincidence of discovery and its confirmation! Webbe awaited my return to the Hôtel de l'Empire with a letter in his hand from Mrs Margaret Linwood; hastily opening which, I read: 'The indelible mark of Mrs Waller's child I have ascertained to be, that, by a strange caprice of nature, it was born with one rib less on the right than on the left side!'

THE DYAKS.

BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE OF THEIRS.

THE Dyaks live in communities of from ten or twenty to forty families, all of them residing in one house under the headship of one *tuah*, or elder, whose influence among them depends very much on his personal qualifications. The house in which each community lives is an edifice of from fifty to a hundred yards in length, and raised on posts eight or ten feet high. Its framework is constructed of posts lashed together with split rattans; while the roof and partitions are composed of *attaps*, a kind of thatch, so simple and useful as to merit a distinct description. It is made of the leaves of the Nipu, a palm which grows in the mud on the banks of the rivers, and differs from most other palms in having no trunk, being merely a collection of fronds proceeding from one root. Each frond consists of a stem or mid-rib, about twenty or thirty feet in length, on each side of which grow a series of leaves, two or three feet long, and two or three inches broad. To form attaps, the Dyaks cut off these leaves, and wind them over a stick a yard long, making them overlap each other, so as to become impervious to rain. They then sew or interlace them all firmly with split rattans; thus forming a sort of leaf-tile, at once strong and light, and well adapted for excluding both sun and rain. The house is divided longitudinally in the middle by a partition, on one side of which is a series of rooms, and on the other a kind of gallery or hall upon which the rooms open. In these rooms, each of which is inhabited by a distinct family, the married couples and children sleep; the young unmarried women sleep in an apartment over the room of their parents, and the young men in the gallery outside. In this gallery likewise, which serves as a common hall, their principal occupations are carried on; and here the planks of their war-boats, their large mats, and all their more bulky articles, are kept; and the grim trophies of their wars, the scorched and blackened heads of their enemies, are suspended in bundles. The floor is a kind of spar-work, composed of split palm-trunks, and raised ten or twelve feet from the ground, access being given to it by a ladder, or more frequently by a log of wood cut into the form of steps. Connected with the gallery, and running along the whole length of the house, there is a broad platform on the level of the floor, upon which the Dyaks spread out their rice after harvest, and other articles they wish to be dried in the sun.

Thus, a Dyak house is rather a singular structure; and when imbosomed, as it often is, among cocoa-nut, plantain, and other fruit-trees, forms a quietly pleasing and picturesque object, suggestive of much social happiness enjoyed in a simple state of society. It awakens, moreover, ideas of a higher kind, for it is a sign of the presence of all-subduing man on the confines of the jungle that is yet to fall before his axe.

The materials of which these edifices are constructed are so fragile that they require to be rebuilt every five or six years, and when this necessity occurs, the Dyaks, instead of erecting the new house in the immediate vicinity of the old one, generally remove to a considerable distance.

From the above description, it will be seen that a Dyak house may with more propriety be called a village, as it is the residence of a score or two of families who live in a series of rooms under one roof, and all of whom look up to one tuah, or elder, as their head. These houses are sometimes in groups of two or three, but more frequently they stand alone; and thus it happens that if the tribe is populous, it may be scattered over a very great extent of country.

Besides the tuahs, there is another and superior class of chiefs called *orang kaya* (rich men), grave steady old men of good family, who, when young, have distinguished themselves by their courage; and who, in their riper years, are regarded as discreet judges in weighty matters of the law. Even the power of an orang kaya, however, is extremely limited. He has no actual authority over his followers, so as to compel them to do anything against their will; his superiority is shewn only in leading them to battle, and acting as a judge in conjunction with other chiefs. In other respects, the chiefs have scarcely any distinction. They work at their farms and their boats as hard as their own slaves; they wear the same dress, and live in the same manner as the rest of the community; their only token of chieftainship being the respect which is voluntarily accorded to their personal qualities, and the deference paid to their opinion. To an assembly of chiefs, all disputes are referred, and their decisions are given in accordance with their own customs, which, besides guiding the verdict, generally settle the penalty which shall be inflicted on the aggressor. Cases which, from want of evidence or from uncertainty of any kind, cannot be thus decided, are settled by an appeal to superior powers in an ordeal by diving.

When both parties in a dispute have agreed that it should be referred to the diving ordeal, preliminary meetings are held to determine the time, place, and circumstances of the match. On the evening of the day previous to that on which it is to be decided, each party stakes in the following manner a certain amount of property, which, in case of defeat, shall come into the possession of the victor. The various articles of the stake are brought out of the litigant's room, placed in the verandah of the house in which he lives, and are there covered up and secured. One man who acts as a kind of herald then rises, and in a long speech, asks the litigant whether he is conscious he is in the right, and trusts in the justice of his cause; to which the latter replies at equal length in the affirmative, and refers the matter to the decision of the spirits. Several more speeches and replies follow, and the ceremony concludes by an invocation of justice. In the meantime, the respondent deposits and secures his stake with like ceremonial in the verandah of his own house; and early in the morning, both parties, accompanied by their respective friends, repair to the bank of the river to decide the contest. Either party may appear by deputy, a privilege which is always taken advantage of by women, and often even by men, for there are many professional divers who, for a trifling sum, are willing to undergo the stifling contest.

Preparations are now made: the articles staked are brought down and placed on the bank; each party lights a fire, at which to recover their champion, should he be nearly drowned; and each provides a roughly constructed grating for him to stand on, and a pole to be thrust into the mud for him to hold by. The gratings are then placed in the river within a few yards of each other, where the water is deep enough to reach to the middle; the poles are thrust firmly into the mud; and the champions, each on his own grating grasping his pole, and surrounded by his friends, plunge their heads simultaneously under water. Immediately the spectators chant aloud at the top of their voices the mystic, and perhaps once intelligible word *lobōn-lobōn*, which they continue repeating during the whole contest. When at length one of the champions shews signs of yielding, his friends, with the laudable desire of preventing his being worsted, hold his head forcibly under water. The excitement is now great; lobōn-lobōn increases in intensity, and redoubles in rapidity; the shouts become yells, and the struggles of the unhappy victim, who is fast becoming asphyxied, are painful to witness. At length, nature can endure no more; he drops senseless in the water, and is dragged ashore, apparently lifeless, by his companions; while the friends of his opponent, raising one loud and prolonged note of triumph, hurry to the bank, and seize and carry off the stakes. All this, however, is unknown to the unhappy vanquished, who, pallid and senseless, hangs in the arms of his friends, by whom his face is plastered with mud, in order to restore animation. In a few minutes, respiration returns; he opens his eyes, gazes wildly around, and in a short time is perhaps able to walk home. Next day, he is in a high state of fever, and has all the other symptoms of a man recovering from apparent death by drowning. The result of the trial, whatever it be, is regarded as the verdict of a higher power, and is never questioned. Even in cases where the loser knows he is right—when, for example, a man is unjustly accused of theft, and conscious of innocence, appeals to the ordeal, and loses his cause—he never thinks of blaming the decision, but attributes his defeat to some sin, for which the superior powers are now inflicting punishment.

I may here mention a method of divination employed by the *malos*, or tinkers, of Borneo, a race who, from their skill in working metals, travel and are welcomed almost everywhere, and by whom—for they are the most superstitious race with whom we have come in contact—are told stories wild as any in the *Arabian Nights*. In a case of theft which happened at Banting, suspicion was divided among three persons, and the principal malo man of the place, by name Ramba, undertook to discover which of them was the culprit. For this purpose, he took three bamboos, partially filled with water, and, assigning one to each of the suspected persons, arranged them round a fire with mystic rites and barbaric spells, in the full belief that the bamboo assigned to the culprit would be the first to eject a portion of its contents by ebullition. One of them at length did so, and it so happened that it was the bamboo assigned to him against whom the little evidence that could be collected bore hardest. Shortly afterwards, another also boiled over, while the third would not do so at all. The possessor of the first was accordingly declared by Ramba to be the culprit, while the possessor of the last was declared to be certainly innocent. Fortunately for the credit of the Dyaks, they would not act upon the information thus obtained; and unfortunately for the credit of the diviner, it was afterwards discovered that he whose bamboo would not boil over was the thief.

Next to the chiefs, the most important class among the Dyaks are the *mannangs*, who combine the functions of doctor and priest, and who are in great request in all cases of public or private calamity or rejoicing. They are composed of both sexes, some of the males being dressed as women—an innocent relic of some forgotten custom. Mannangs marry and work at their boats, houses, and farms, in all respects like other Dyaks, from whom they would be undistinguishable, except when employed on important occasions for their services, for which they are paid. Many of the candidates for admission into the fraternity are blind, and choose it as a profession; while others are tempted by ambition. Mannangs, however, are not held in much respect; they are looked upon in a great measure as a set of pretenders, whose principal object is to extract money from those who employ them; and are regarded as the degenerate descendants of a former race of powerful ghost-expellers, soul-compellers, prophets, priests, and healers of bodily ailments, whose mantles have not fallen upon their successors.

I cannot describe from my own knowledge the manner of making a mannang, as I purposely avoided witnessing it, but I believe the ceremony to be as follows: A number of mannangs assemble at the house of the candidate's father, and seating themselves in a circle, with the candidate in the centre, one of them begins a low monotonous and dreary chant, which it is most dismal and irritating to be compelled to listen to, while the rest at stated intervals join in chorus. This portion of the ceremony takes place in the presence of a large number of spectators, who on its conclusion are excluded from the room, and the subsequent initiatory rites are performed in private. The door is shut, the apartment is darkened, and a solemn silence prevails; a fowl is sacrificed, and its blood sprinkled around the room. The head of the candidate is 'split open' with a sword, in order that his brain may be cleansed from that obtuseness which, in the generality of mankind, precludes the knowledge of future events. Gold is placed in his eyes, to enable him to see the spirits; hooks are inserted into his fingers, to enable him to extract, from the bodies of the sick, fish-bones, stones, and other foreign substances; and his senses generally are in like manner supernaturally strengthened. He then emerges a perfect mannang; and in order to complete his education, requires only to be taught the tricks and chants of the brotherhood.

The custom the Dyaks have of head-hunting has been frequently mentioned; but I am not aware that any account has as yet been given of the ceremonial attending the capture and storing up of the trophy. When a head has been taken, the brains are removed, and the eyeballs punctured with a parang, so as to allow their fluid contents to escape. If the boat in which the fortunate captor sails is one of a large fleet, no demonstrations of success are made, lest it should excite the cupidity of some chief; but if she has gone out alone, or accompanied only by a few others, she is decorated with the young leaves of the nipu palm. These leaves, when unopened, are of a pale straw colour, and, when cut, their leaflets are separated and tied in bunches on numerous poles, which are stuck up all over the boat. At a little distance, they present the appearance of gigantic heads of corn projecting above the awning of the boat, and amongst them numerous gay-coloured flags and streamers wave in the breeze. Thus adorned, the boat returns in triumph; and the yells of her crew, and the beating of their gongs, inform each friendly house they pass of the successful result of their foray. The din is redoubled as they approach their own house. The shouts are taken up and repeated on shore. The excitement spreads: the shrill yells of the women mingle with the hoarser cries of the men, the gongs in the house respond to those in the boat, and all hurry to the wharf to greet the victors. Then there is the buzz of meeting, the eager question,

the boastful answer, the shout, the laugh, the pride of triumph; and the gallant warriors become the cynosure of every eye—the envy of their equals, the admiration of the fair. When the excitement has in some degree subsided, the crew, leaving some of their number in the boat, go up to the house, where a plentiful supply of siri, pinang, and tobacco are produced, and over these Dyak cheerers of the social hour, the event is related and discussed in all its breadth and bearings. At length they prepare to bring the trophy to the house. A long bamboo is procured, and its lower joint split into several pieces, which are then opened out and wrought by means of rattans into a sort of basket. Into this basket the head is put, and is carried by the chief man in the boat from the wharf to the house, in the doorway of which, and at the head of the ladder, the principal woman of the house stands to receive it. The bearer, standing below, presents it to her, and as she endeavours to take it, withdraws it: he again presents, and again withdraws it, till, at the seventh time, he allows her to obtain it. Thence she carries it to the bundle of skulls which hang in the open gallery, and it is there deposited along with the rest. As night approaches, preparations are made for drying, or rather roasting it. A fire is lighted in a little shed outside the house; the head is suspended close above the flames; and when it has been dried to satisfaction—that is, well smoked and partially scorched—it is taken back and redeposited in the bundle, to remain there till it is feasted. 'And what becomes of the flesh?' I asked of an old warrior, who was displaying to me a recently captured head, to which the scorched and shrivelled integuments still adhered, while from the earlier skulls all trace of flesh had long since disappeared. With the utmost nonchalance the savage replied: 'The rats eat it.'

In the meantime, friends, chiefly the young of both sexes, resort to the house to congratulate the successful warriors. Siri and pinang, the never-failing accompaniments of a Dyak meeting, are produced in great quantities; the gongs and drums are beaten throughout the whole night; and the victors, amid scenes of gaiety and sport, rejoice in the admiring envy of the youths, and bask in the smiles of the fair. During the few succeeding days, feasting proceeds to a certain extent, and a basket of offerings to the spirits is suspended on the top of the house; but the grand entertainment is delayed till an abundant harvest should enable them to celebrate the head-feast in a manner suited to the dignity of the occasion.

For this important event, which frequently does not take place for two or three years after the head has been taken, preparations are made some weeks previously. Large stores of cakes and sweetmeats are provided, and many jars of tuak, or native beer, are prepared; much siri, pinang, and tobacco collected, and every preparation made for an extensive display of hospitality. On the morning of the appointed day, the guests, dressed in their best, and ornamented with all their barbaric finery, begin to assemble, and rarely, except on such occasions as these, are their savage ornaments seen. Such, at least, is the case among the Balos, a tribe who are in a sort of transition state between ancient barbarism and modern civilisation, and whose young men would now on ordinary occasions be ashamed to appear in those fantastic ornaments, which a few years ago were the delight of their hearts. I cannot say they have gained much in appearance by the change. A handsome savage, in his embroidered chawat, and pure white armlets shining on his dusky arms with his brass-wire bracelets, his variegated head-dress of blue, white, and red, hung with shells, or adorned with the crimsoned hair of his enemies, and surmounted by the feathers of the argus pheasant, or by some artificial plume of his own invention, girt with his ornamented sword, and bearing in his hand a tall spear, as with free step he treads his native wilds, is a sight worthy of a painter. The same individual, clothed in a pair of dirty ragged trousers, with perhaps a venerable and well-worn shooting-jacket, the gift of some liberal European, suggests ideas of anything but the picturesque or the beautiful. Many of them, however, have adopted the Malay costume, which is both civilised and becoming.

But whatever costume they adopt, whether Dyak, Malay, or pseudo-European, all are clothed in the best garments they can procure; and they come in troops from the neighbouring houses to that in which the feast is to be held. As they arrive, eight or ten young men, each with a cup and a vessel of tuak, place themselves in a line inwards from the doorway, and as the company enter, they are presented by each of the tuak-bearers with a cup of the liquid. To drink is compulsory, and thus they all run the gauntlet of all the cups. As tuak is not a pleasant liquor to take in excess—the headache from it is tremendous—it is to the majority of them a penance rather than a pleasure, and many attempt, but in vain, to escape the infliction. In this manner the male guests assemble and seat themselves in the gallery, the chiefs being conducted to the place of honour in the middle of the building, and beneath the bundle of skulls. All the rooms are at the same time thrown open, and each family keeps free house for the entertainment of the female guests. These, as they arrive, enter and partake of the dainties that are provided for them; and many of the men being likewise invited to join them, the feast of reason and the flow of soul proceed as triumphantly as in similar cases in Europe. Cakes, sweetmeats, eggs, and fruit are produced, discussed, and washed down with tuak, and occasionally with a little arrack; while siri, pinang, gambier, and tobacco serve the purpose of devilled biscuits, to give zest and pungency to the substantial dessert. Conversation never for an instant flags; the laugh, the joke, the endless chatter, the broad banter, and the quick reply, pass unceasingly round the circle, and a glorious Babel of tongues astounds the visitor. Outside, in the gallery, the same scene is enacted, but with less animation than in the rooms, for, as there, the ladies form no part of the company—the assembly wants all its soul, and much of its life. The girls of the house, however, dressed in their gayest, and looking their best—'beautiful as stars,' a Dyak once told me—have formed themselves into a corps of waitresses, and hand round the viands to the assembled guests. As it is not according to Dyak etiquette to take a thing when first offered, the young ladies have it very much in their own power as to who shall be helped, and to what extent—a privilege which, I have been told, they are inclined to exercise with great partiality.

The mannangs, male and female, next take part in the ceremony. They congregate in the gallery, and seating themselves in a circle, one of them begins his dreary and monotonous chant, while the rest at stated intervals join in the chorus. They occasionally intermit their rhyme, in order to take a little refreshment; after which, another of the brotherhood takes the lead, and they continue their dismal monotone as before. After some time, each of them is furnished with a small plate of raw rice, dyed a bright saffron colour, holding which in their hands, they perambulate the crowded gallery, and, still continuing their chant, scatter the yellow grains over the seated multitude, 'for luck.'

In the meantime, the object of all this rejoicing, the captured head, hangs along with its fellows in the bundle almost unnoticed. In the morning, before any of the guests have assembled, some one has stuffed a half-rotten plantain into one eye, and fastened a piece

of cake and a little siri and pinang near (not into) its mouth. It is then replaced in the bundle, and no more notice taken of it throughout the whole feast, unless a few boys, warriors in embryo, occasionally advance to inspect it. It has been said by former writers that it is stuck upon a pole, and its mouth filled with choice morsels of food, but I never saw this done, nor did any Dyak whom I have questioned know anything of such a custom. As to the opinion that they endeavour to propitiate the souls of the slain, and get them to persuade their relatives to be killed also, or that the courage of the slain is transferred to the slayer—I am inclined to think that these are ideas devised by Malays, for the satisfaction of inquiring whites, who, as they would not be satisfied till they had reasons for everything they saw, got them specially invented for their own use.

Offerings, however, are made to the superior powers. A pig has been killed early in the morning, and its entrails inspected to furnish omens, while its carcass afterwards serves as materials for a feast. Baskets of food and siri are hung up as offerings to the spirits and to the birds of omen; among which latter, the burong *Penyala*, or rhinoceros hornbill, is reckoned especially the bird of the spirits. The grand event of the day, however, is the erection of lofty poles, each surmounted by a wooden figure of the burong Penyala, which is placed there 'to peck at their foes.' These figures are rather conventional representations than imitations of nature, and do not convey a very exact idea of the bird they are intended to represent. Eight or ten such posts are erected, a fowl being sacrificed upon each; and about half-way up the largest, which is erected first, a basket of fruit, cakes, and siri is suspended, as an offering to the spirits.

Meanwhile, those who remain in the house still continue the feast, and those who have been engaged in erecting the posts, return to it as soon as their labour is finished. The festivities are prolonged far on into the night, and they are resumed and continued, though with abated vigour, during the two following days.

The Dyaks are a comparatively sober people; they spend neither money nor goods upon the indulgence of drinking; and now, that their constant fighting is put a stop to, and the destruction of each other's property thus prevented, I think it very likely that many of them may rise to considerable wealth; and that they may ultimately become a more important social body even than the Malays. The life of a Malay is a succession of expedients. If he can meet a temporary want by a temporary contrivance, he is satisfied, and contentedly allows each day to bring its own necessities and its own supplies. But it is not so with the Dyaks; they are much more provident, and seldom hesitate to undertake a little present trouble for the sake of a future reward.

SWISS RIFLES.

'Book you a place to Soleure, sir?' said the waiter of the *Sauvage* at Basle; 'you had better see the Grand Federal Shooting-match, sir.' 'I haven't time,' I replied; 'I'm going to Bienne by the Munsterthal.'

And so, early the next morning, I set off. Of all the pleasant things in the world, commend me to the beginning of a pedestrian tour. Alone and unencumbered, with the unknown land gleaming in front, how thoroughly you enjoy everything!—how you revel in sights and sounds that have no power to charm the luggage-depressed or bore-companioned man!—how you pity the individual whom yonder dust-storm with a post-chaise inside is sweeping along!—and what a reef is taken in at once in the sails of your spirits, if you find you have lost the way!

Such a discovery did I make when I sat down at a doubtful point and consulted 'Keller,' that faithful map and friend, with whom then first began an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy—whose back is somewhat bent with toil now, and whose colour has somewhat deepened as time has passed, but with whom I would not part for many times his intrinsic value. How many associations are there connected with every line in his features!—that thumb-mark on the Bernese Oberland is the only relic I have of my old companion Gramper; and I never look at that smudge in the middle of the Lake of Geneva, without having recalled to me—at second-hand, as it were, through the remembrance of a picnic—that dark-eyed English girl, whose grave I went to see this year at Lausanne.

I had gone out of Basle by the wrong gate, and as I could not think of returning, there was nothing for it but to walk on to Balsthal, and next day proceed to Soleure. This I did accordingly; taking advantage of the diligence to forward my at first loved, then disliked, and finally detested knapsack. Carrying one's luggage in Switzerland is a great mistake; a small parcel goes all over the country for threepence, and a moderate carpet-bag for about as many francs. And it is wonderful what a difference in one's happiness a few pounds-weight will make; an additional coat will often veil the whole beauty of a mountain-range, and an extra pair of shoes walk off with one's good-humour for a week. It is just the same with one's bill, the items of which all day dog the traveller's steps: the monstrosity of last night's charges dwarfs the magnitude of this morning's mountains; that everlasting wax-candle fills up the yawning defile, and the clamour of the waiter silences the thunders of the avalanche.

With the early morning I leave Balsthal for Soleure. The road soon becomes enlivened with groups of holiday-makers bound for the shooting. Everything and everybody speaks of the festivities ahead. Every village has erected a triumphal arch, gay with banners, ribbons, and flowers. Here, arriving travellers are greeted by inscriptions of welcome; on the other side, the departing guest is wished a happy journey, and a joyful return home. Everywhere shine the great words 'Brotherhood' and 'Fatherland.' They serve as an overture to the coming drama; suggestive of old Swiss history, and old songs of the people.

As we draw nearer to the town, the road becomes gayer and gayer. Every one is in good-humour; the sun shines brightly; the sky is cloudless: there is no fear of the 'Sundayrie' being spoiled to-day. Here goes a troop of walkers, a score or so keeping company—the sum-total of the inhabitants of that cluster of cottages up yonder, at the end of the car-way from which our friends have just issued on the road. How the full white sleeves of the women shine, in contrast with their short black bodices! At a distance, they look for all the world like great cabbage butterflies—white wings and black bodies. And how strange a fat little old woman appears when got up in this style! Now dashes by a troop of riders, mounted on rough little ponies, strong and lively; and every now and then there rattles past a singular conveyance, made to all appearance by setting a plank on wheels; forming sides out of a couple of ladders, and filling their interstices with small trees, foliage, and flowers. This rustic kind of open omnibus conveys a dozen Bernese maidens, escorted by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, perched upon the shafts. It has a very pretty effect, looking something like an elongated fire-engine, womaned by ballet-dancers, and conducted by William Tell. Now one after another jog a dozen of the regular country gigs, steady-going vehicles; so English farmer-like is a man driving, that you expect to see Mrs Farmer by his side, and are almost shocked when you do see him accompanied by a lady in an all-round straw hat, coquettishly adorned with flowers, a black velvet pair of stays laden with silver chains, short

skirts, and any amount of linen-drapery. He really would look as if he were running away with an opera-dancer, if he would only go a little quicker.

The sun has climbed high up in the sky; there was not a breath of wind, and the few clouds within sight appeared to be too lazy to move. The far-off hills became indistinct, and down in the valley the air grew hotter and hotter, and the dark firs and the gray castle-walls, and the green fields and the long white stripe of road, appeared to swim and dance to and fro. The dust was all but intolerable; irritated by the perpetual assaults on its repose, it revenged itself on the innocent pedestrian—filled up his eyes, tickled his nostrils, and rushed into his throat. Every other minute, a gigantic horsefly settled on his hand or face, or thinly protected leg: in an instant, he felt as if a pitchfork had been stuck into him, and perceived his best blood rushing into the animated cupping-glass. The assassin was slain on the spot; but that was little consolation.

Fortunately, there was no lack of water, or the heat would have been unendurable; every hamlet had its fountain—clear, cold water purling out of the long metal spout into a trough of wood or stone, splashing away on these broiling days with a most grateful music, ever seeming to say: 'It is so hot, so hot! and I am so cool, so cool, so cool!'

Here we are at length in the town. The streets swarm with people; the space outside the walls accommodates a fair. Here are the dear old yellow houses on wheels so familiar to our infancy—here, as at home, the abodes of nomade giants, and peripatetic dwarfs, and circulating monsters, each a sort of fairy domain or unknown Nile-watered region. Trumpets are blowing, drums are beating, Columbine is dancing, and Jack-pudding is playing tricks exactly as they do in England. Fairs all over civilised Europe seem to be pretty much the same. You recognise here at Soleure the pig-faced lady whose horrors froze your blood at Greenwich; that forty-six inch Polish count has not altered a bit since you saw him at Paris; but his friend, the tall Goliath von Gadabout, is perceptibly weaker in the knees. Alas! the showman's wife looks sadder than ever: poor thing! even the constant society of a giant and a nobleman will not render life utterly destitute of cares.

But let us proceed. Shall we revolve on that merry-go-round, or witness the siege of Sebastopol? or indulge in the recreation of having a tooth drawn by that sharp-eyed Italian? Why is it that people so much enjoy a joke connected with that most abominable of operations? Every visitor to Paris has seen the polite gentleman who migrates from place to place in a vehicle half-way between the lord-mayor's coach and a fire-engine—locates himself for a time in a favourable neighbourhood—plays a tune on the piano, calls on his gorgeous footman to sound a trumpet, and then displays to the crowd a series of odontological pictures, gravely, much with the air of the P. R. A. conducting august visitors on the private view-day—pictures representing the agonies of a patient in the hands of a bungling dentist, who tugs and tugs—now in front, now behind—now above, now below: now they are both on tiptoe, now they writhe in close embrace, now they are down together. Last scene in this eventful history—the patient's head comes off, and the extractor is hauled to instant execution by the hands of indignant justice. Something of this kind was exhibited at Soleure, but it did not produce much effect. Except on canvas, there were no drawings of teeth.

But if the Swiss have good jaws, they must surely have very bad eyes. Spectacles here, spectacles there, spectacles everywhere—white, blue, green; glass, pebble, wire. Intelligent traveller, jot down this fact in your note-book; it will afford a subject for an inquiry into the effect of mountain air and snow-water on the sight. Not being familiar with any but your native tongue, you will probably not discover that the glasses are for the marksmen, who may now be heard thundering away incessantly. Let us go and see them. Come this way, up this road, under this arch, and we are in the precinct sacred to the rifle.

A piece of ground, about as large as a good cricket-field, was surrounded by a low wall. On entering, you saw before you two wooden buildings, something like the stands on a race-course. The left-hand one is the shooting-station; that on the right hand is devoted to the purposes of conviviality. The clock is just striking half-past twelve, and dinner is on the point of commencing. Two rows of plain deal-tables, with benches to match, run the whole length of the building; each table has a board affixed to it, on which is displayed the name of one of the cantons: each district having a space reserved for its representatives at dinner, as well as in the shooting-house.

Now came the diners—men and women all in holiday array and high spirits; specimens of Swiss nationality from every part of the republic. Every valley and lake and mountain was represented here; and as we roamed from table to table, we noted the characteristics of each locality, not only the varieties of costume, though these are never seen elsewhere to such advantage, but also those of feature, speech, and custom. Here were semi-Parisian Swiss from Geneva, voluble talkers of doubtful French, and much more fashionably got-up than their comrades; slow, round-faced Teutonic Swiss from the banks of the Rhine; and dark-eyed, lithe Italian Swiss, whose homes look down upon the Lago Maggiore: men of different races, of different creeds, of different tongues, but all united in the love of freedom and the fatherland.

Many travellers, or rather tourists, passing hastily through Switzerland on their way to Italy, or saunter-ing wearily from sight to sight, speak scornful words of the Swiss, and set them down as a nation of grasping, unpatriotic extortioners. They compare the men with the mountains, greatly to the disadvantage of the former; and declare that the race of other days is extinct, and that an invader of the country would no longer meet with any opposition worth speaking of. The affair of Neufchâtel has afforded the best contradiction to these charges. No one can any longer affirm that the Swiss love their money dearer than their country. The call to arms has again, as in olden times, resounded along the rushing Rhine, across the dark waters of the lake of the forest cantons, and amidst the icy peaks of the Oberland, and the reply has been as hearty as ever it was. While such is the spirit of the people, the liberties of the country rest secure, and our children's children may be able 'to see the cantons dine together.'

Shooting recommenced at two o'clock. The tide of life ebbed from the dinner-table, and flowed into the 'grand stand.' The lower part of this building was divided into a series of compartments—one to each canton. Others were appropriated to the use of members of the great Swiss Shooting Society. The chief division bore the title, 'Vaterland,' and was generally the centre of attraction. The targets were placed in a row parallel to the stand, about two hundred yards distant from it, and about five yards apart one from another. Wooden screens were so arranged that each shooter could see only the target at which he aimed, while the whole row was visible to the spectators in the gallery that formed the upper story of the building. Whenever a 'palpable hit' was made, the target sunk into the depths of the earth, where the marker examined the wound, and telegraphed to the umpire the numerical value of the shot. The shooter received a ticket bearing the number, which he straightway stuck in his hat.

The practised shots bring their own rifles, and as they are sure to be members of the society, they usually prefer the large compartment. Any one is at liberty to shoot, but only members can carry off the prizes. The rules allow any foreigner who has resided six months in Switzerland to join the society, and Lord Vernon not long ago won the chief prize. There is no lack of rifles for those who wish to shoot; the charge is threepence a shot, and a trifle at the end to the loader. It is no easy matter, however, to use these Swiss rifles; they weigh about sixteen pounds, their barrels being about half an inch thick at the muzzle, and they have such hair-triggers that, as their owners themselves say, a wink will set them off.

Here are a couple of tourists, evidently Cockneys, about to shew off. The English have a reputation abroad as sportsmen, so our two compatriots soon become 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' Young Geneva pauses in its career to watch the proceedings of the islanders who have invaded its domain. 'Genf,' remarks one of these gentlemen to the other; 'Arry, what's the meaning of Genf?' 'Don't know, I'm sure,' replies his friend. 'Never mind. Quel est le dommage pour un—— What's the French for shot? Combien chargez vous?' Fortunately an interpreter arrives, and the Briton relapses into his vernacular. 'Careful, eh!—d'ye suppose I can't shoot. Give us hold.' The muzzle of the rifle rises slowly from the ground, wavering on its course in such an uncomfortable way, that the bystanders beat a precipitate retreat, and before 'Arry' has brought the sight to bear on the target, an unlucky touch on the trigger lets the gun off. The tourist is almost knocked down by the recoil, the bullet flies singing cheerily over the field, and the reputation of the English as good shots suffers an eclipse. 'They may well call them air-triggers; a puff of wind would set them going any day,' says the discomfited 'Arry,' as he quits the spot with his friend. 'I vote this precious dull sport; let's cut it, say I.' And they retire, much to the relief of their neighbours, who are able to recommence operations in safety.

Presently the storm of popping lulled, and a procession formed to the sound of martial music. First came a fantastic individual, clad in a gold-laced scarlet coat, and wearing a sort of huntsman's cap. He led the way with wild gestures, bounds, and exclamations, much with the air of a cannibal conducting victims to the stake. Behind him marched the musicians; then came the markers from their posts in the trenches, one from each canton. Behind them went the winners of prizes, walking two and two; mostly mountaineers—steady-looking, gamekeeper-like, middle-aged men—after them flocked the populace. We were carried away in the stream, and after a while came to a stand-still in front of a pagoda-like building at the summit of a gentle slope. Here the prizes were on view. There were plenty of them, and of all kinds, from a five-franc powder-horn to the gem of the present meeting, which was a present from the Swiss in California. It was simple and valuable, consisting of a number of twenty-franc pieces formed of Californian gold, and arranged in the figure of the letter S. It is very pleasant to see so many presents from the Swiss in foreign lands; however distant they may be, they take an honest pride in contributing some token of their affection. The procession returned to the stand, and the shooting recommenced. For three days, it will continue with little variation, ceasing only at meal-times and at the approach of night. So far as I am concerned, I begin to feel somewhat wearied of the din, and am glad to retire for a while to the hospitable *Couronne*. The house is gay with decorations, and full of guests; the peasantry and *voituriers* throng the lower rooms; the aristocracy of the cantons dine up stairs; the streets are more full than ever; and the scene is so gay, so romantic, the costumes so strange, the deep-eaved, flower-wreathed houses so picturesque, that the weary traveller, half-dozing in the comfortable bow-window of the inn, may easily fancy himself at the opera, and expect every moment to hear the entire band join in a grand chorus.

The day is drawing to a close; the sunlight deserts the plashing fountains in front of the church, through whose open doors one can see the lights twinkling at the end of the cool and shadowy aisles. A parting glow suffuses the old Roman clock-tower, and gilds the leaves of the trees which overhang the ramparts. The visitors begin to depart. Gig after gig rattles out of the courtyard; carts full of merry girls jolt away over the rough pavement, amidst a storm of adieux. Here and there towers the elephantine bulk of an omnibus bound for Bern; I bargain for a lift with a voiturier, and away we go. At first, the road is all alive with walkers, riders, and drivers, but they gradually fall off, and at last we are alone. The sun has set, and the evening-star trembles in the sky as we reach the summit of a hill; the voiturier points with his whip far away over the plain; and there at last are the Alps! like faint rose-coloured stains on the pale-green sky; a little further, and there lies Bern beneath us in the embrace of the Aar. So ends a pleasant day: one may often gain a good deal by judiciously losing his way.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

For a time the eager anticipations of success in laying the telegraph-cable across the Atlantic have been disappointed; not by any hinderance which amounts to impossibility, but by an accident which we are assured may be avoided on a future occasion. The experience, however, is costly. We have heard that the breaking of the cable may in part be attributed to the haste with which it was manufactured. Be this as it may, the projectors look on ultimate success as certain; and have—if we are not misinformed—made up their minds to try again in October. The Atlantic is said to be tolerably complacent during that month, after getting rid of its ill-humour in the gales of the equinox. We sincerely hope that Neptune and all his blusterers will be content to lie quiet for about a fortnight. We hear, however, at the last moment, that the cable will be used for a line to India, and a new one made for the Atlantic, to be laid next year.

The meeting of the British Association at Dublin has gone off satisfactorily, having attracted thither no small number of savans, British and foreign. The reports made on the subjects specially selected for investigation testify to the fact of advancement in science. As the president, Dr Lloyd, remarked, in his opening address, the progress made since the Association met in the Irish metropolis twenty-two years ago, is such as would at that time have been judged impossible. Himself a first-rate cultivator of several branches of physical science, he sketched ably and clearly the advances of astronomy from the discovery of the little planet *Atalanta*, four miles in diameter, to the researches into the physical constitution of the sun, and its sources of light and heat. He mentioned the important and highly refined discoveries by which the undulatory theory of light has been confirmed; and those which shew that heat is convertible into mechanical power, and *vice versâ*. The latter question is one involving applications and consequences of which it is as yet impossible to foresee all the value; but it exceeds all others in richness of promise for mechanical science. Geology, chemistry, and terrestrial magnetism were also noticed; and the reports and papers read in the subsequent business of the

meeting fully maintained the spirit inspired by the excellent president's address.

Bad news again from Africa. Dr Barth lived to come home and write three large volumes about his travels and adventures; but Dr Vogel, who followed him, and whose progress we have from time to time noticed, was beheaded at Wara by order of the sultan of the country. By this deplorable murder, the hopes of science and commerce are alike frustrated; and the doctor was not the only victim; for his companion, Corporal Maguire, while returning to the north with the papers and instruments, was murdered near Kuka by the Tuaricks. These calamities make Dr Livingstone's adventures appear still more remarkable, and help to confirm the notion, that by the great rivers the interior of Africa may be most safely explored. Apropos of Dr Livingstone, his book is not to be published till November.

An answer to the cotton question has come from Mexico, where, it appears, the cotton-plant grows wild and of excellent quality. With cultivation, says the report, any quantity may be produced, for the climate is favourable. If the unlucky Mexican bondholders would bestir themselves in the matter, they might perhaps get their long-standing claims satisfied in cotton.—Concerning the silk question, M. Guérin Meneville shews that the disease among silk-worms is caused by a disease to which, as he has now ascertained, mulberry-trees are periodically liable. Cure one and you cure the other.

M. Mathieu de la Drôme has published a scientific report, in which he states that careful study of the sixty years' observations made at Geneva and the Great St Bernard, has rendered him weather-wise, and that he can tell beforehand what the weather will be. We have not yet seen his data or the conclusions drawn from them; but when they come before us, our readers shall have the benefit of the information.—One fact is certain: the weather this summer has puzzled and astonished meteorologists: so high a degree of heat with so long a continuance of dry weather has not been known for nearly half a century. And the rain, when it did come, was attended by phenomena much more common in the tropics than in our temperate zone. Sudden floods of unusual height rushed through some of the northern counties. At several places, more than three inches of rain fell in three hours! a quantity most extraordinary. The average rain-fall for the whole year is about twenty-four inches; and here we have one-eighth of that quantity in one hundred and eighty minutes! In Devonshire, on the contrary, scarcely a shower fell for three months, and the landscapes of that usually green county looked all brown and scorched. An observer in the camp at Aldershot noted a thousand flashes of lightning in an hour; in Ireland, seven persons lost their lives by thunder-storms in one day; and in Germany, the season has been marked by the appearance of numerous blue, crimson, and yellow meteors. In the United States, also, fearful storms have prevailed, attended by fatal consequences. Fifteen persons were killed by lightning in one week in Ohio. With such weather in Europe and America, it is the more remarkable to hear that at Bombay they are 'alarmingly short of rain.' In all respects, the summer of 1857 will be an interesting study for the Meteorological Society.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Toulouse offer a prize—a gold medal—for *Researches on Atmospheric Electricity*, in which are to be embodied a discussion of the observations from which the existence of atmospheric electricity is deduced; to determine the sources of this electricity; to shew what influences are produced thereby on the physical constitution of clouds, particularly as regards the formation of hail. Here is an interesting inquiry: if trustworthy answer can be given, the advantages will be manifold.

The Board of Trade have published a quarto of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *First Number of Meteorological Papers*, which, as one of the earliest instalments from the great oceanic survey, must be regarded as a highly promising commencement. It contains reports and tables of weather from various parts of the world, besides wind-charts for the great oceans, among which is a large one called a 'first approximation' towards illustrating that disastrous storm in the Black Sea in November 1854. The volume is to be freely distributed. Admiral Fitz Roy, under whose superintendence it has been brought out, says: 'Numerous scientific journals and registers kept on board her Majesty's surveying and exploring ships contain information in manuscript well worth circulating among those to whom it is of value. Scarcely a log-book has been examined in this office in which remarkable occurrences have not been noted for extraction with a view to publication . . . and some are rendered interesting as well as valuable, independently of statistical details, by remarks which recall to mind the writings of Dampier, Cook, or Flinders. It would indeed be ill-judged economy to consign such observations to the shelf, instead of placing them speedily within the reach of inexperienced men just commencing their sea responsibilities.' We publish this statement because the survey is a work in which the nation at large is interested, seeing that its main object is to facilitate navigation and lessen its dangers.

The last *Proceedings of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society* contains certain communications worth making known to other than professional readers. In one, Dr H. Bence Jones gives an account of a lady, who, while walking across her bedroom, felt a sudden pain in her great toe, which was supposed to be caused by the penetration of a broken needle. The pain was great, but nothing could be seen, and an attempt at discovery was made. A small piece broken from a fine sewing-needle magnetised was attached to the end of a filament of cocoon silk, and with this the toe was explored. The signs of a needle buried in the flesh were, however, not very positive, and recourse was had to a bar horseshoe magnet for the purpose of inducing magnetism in the piece within the toe. Now, the indications of the feeler, as it may be called, shewed plainly that such a piece was buried, its position, and gave also a notion of its length. Once informed on these points, the operator had no difficulty in extracting the hurtful fragment of steel. By exploration, a needle might be discovered in any other part of the limbs or body; but great care and knowledge of magnetic phenomena are essential to success.

Dr Pidduck, in a communication *On Dietetic Medicine*, shews that the vital principle, if proper means are supplied, is safer to rely on than mechanical appliances. The weakly and undersized growth of many who live in large towns, arises from improper diet. Other things being equal, a growing child fed on brown bread will have larger and stronger bones than one fed on white bread. The insufficiency of white bread, moreover, becomes prejudicial when alum is an ingredient. Here we let the doctor speak for himself:

'Acting upon the design,' he says, 'of supplying the vital principle with the materials to *strengthen*, and, as a consequence, to *straighten* the bones, I procured a large quantity of ivory turnings, and had them deprived of gelatine by long boiling, and dried, that the bone-earth phosphate set at liberty might be more easily acted upon and readily dissolved by the acid in the stomach. To this bone-earth phosphate was added a fourth part of the saccharine carbonate of iron, and flour, butter, ginger, and treacle in proper proportions to form gingerbread-nuts; each nut, containing twenty grains of the bone-earth phosphate, and five grains of the saccharine carbonate of iron, was a dose, of which one was given twice a day.'

The doctor administered these nuts to girls afflicted with curvature of the spine in a 'school for servants,' and with the happiest effects; and has treated a sufficient number of cases satisfactorily 'by this alimentary method, to justify the conclusion, that the vital principle, duly supplied with the proper materials, is able to cure all cases of laterad, sternad, and dorsad curvature in growing children—not arising from caries of the vertebræ—without mechanical appliances; and that those appliances are a hinderance rather than a help, by diminishing muscular exertion, and, as a consequence, weakening muscular power.'

The doctor brings forward the case of a young lady of sixteen, who, after three months' treatment, had almost lost her 'spinal deviations,' and pursues: 'I am extremely desirous of directing the attention of orthopædic surgeons to this mode of treatment, because into their hands the greater number of cases of spinal curvature fall; assured that if *medicinal* were entirely to supersede *mechanical* means, the result, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory. In cases of delayed dentition, the growth of the teeth is promoted, and they are speedily protruded through the gum, under a course of the bone-earth phosphate. It might very probably be administered with success in cases of false joint from un-united fracture of the long bones, and in cases of rickets.'

It will surprise some readers to hear of iron in Ireland, but there, nevertheless, the mineral exists, in the mountains near Lough Allen, and with coal in the same range. The returns have of late been so encouraging, that the works at Arigna and Creevelea are increasing in activity. The ore contains sixty per cent. of iron, and the proprietors are exerting themselves to produce iron from their furnaces which shall equal the best qualities of English. Sir Robert Kane spoke truly when he shewed that the mineral deposits of Ireland had been too long neglected among her *industrial resources*.—But for long years to come, Cleveland—the north-eastern corner of Yorkshire—will yield more ironstone than any other part of the kingdom. The results there are already astonishing.

Mr Horner is still working at that important geological inquiry—the rate at which the valley of the Nile has been filled up by the annual inundations. The excavations and borings, specimens of which have been regularly forwarded to England, have brought to light some very remarkable facts, which will be made known in Mr Horner's next report. One of his objects is to ascertain whether the French geologists, in their scientific survey of Egypt, were correct in their conclusions as to the age of the alluvial deposits in the valley of the Nile, and the rate of their deposition. Abstruse as this inquiry may seem, it is intimately connected with the questions most interesting to all who think, as will by and by appear.

The *Curaçoa* has arrived at Woolwich, having on board some ten or twelve tons of mosaics, sculptures, architectural remains, and such like, collected by the Rev. N. Davis, near Tunis, all of which are supposed to be relics of ancient Carthage. More specimens for our museums and schools of art.—The Admiralty have sent out a circular, requiring all commanders on service in the royal navy to make periodical returns of all the merchant-ships they speak at sea; giving the names, port of departure and destination, and the tonnage. These particulars can be communicated by means of four signal-flags, with which British registered vessels are provided, and foreigners may have them by applying at the Board of Trade. By this means the shipping-lists published at our various ports will be much more complete and trustworthy than at present, and every communication from a Queen's ship will increase the number, with benefit to merchants, and often with pleasure to those who have friends on the deep.

The material progress of the nation, as shewn by the reports of trade, is little less than amazing. The number of steamers in course of building at the principal yards in the kingdom is so great, that some of the chief builders have orders three years in advance. Our exports for the month of July amounted to L.12,201,532; in the same month of last year they were L.9,968,226. We find from a recently published blue-book that the total imports in 1856 were valued at L.127,917,561; and the total of exports, L.291,867,388. In the same year, 1855 ships—422,359 tons—were built; and the total number of registered vessels was 36,106, or 5,316,736 tons, employing 267,759 seamen.

Since the new reading-room was opened at the British Museum, the number of readers has doubled.—The South Kensington Museum continues to attract numerous visitors.—A project is now on foot for a great West-end railway-terminus, which when completed will be five times larger than that of the Great Western at Paddington. The basin of the Grosvenor Canal is to be the site: the canal is to be drained, and four lines of rails are to be laid down to connect all the metropolitan railways north and south of the Thames with the grand terminus. We only hope the scheme will be carried out by honest people.

MUSIC.

Music floating from the waters, ebbing through the valley slowly,
Music where the shattered torrent rises in a surge of hail,
Music where the bee returning cleaves some silent aisle-glade holy,
Music where a maiden wanders singing softly through the vale.

Music in a roadside cottage, from the evening group assembled,
Children gathered round their elders, manhood, age, and lisping child,
And the willing breeze, that near the door with wavering tone has trembled,
Bears away the psalm's last accents up the mountain pathway wild.

Music in the stately mansion, where the banquet proud is given,
Midst the portraits of ancestors, armour grim, and sword and shield,
And the music seems to wake to life foes that long since have striven,
And the prancing charger champs his rein across the conquered field.

Music where the blooming maiden, with sweet hope of summer standing,
Hears the minstrel of the village piping forth his native glee,
And the youth who meet together, in light groups of laughter standing,
Join the maidens dancing with them round the Fathers' old oak-tree.

Music where the child is asking its first accents of its mother,
Music where the mother stoopeth softly o'er the cradle dear;
Sweeter songs are on her lips than can be sung by any other,
Who hath also not been gladdened by a mother's sacred tear?

Music where the spirit only thinketh what it would to heaven,
Music in the student's labours, in the poet's early dream,
Music even in those sorrows unto which by nature given,
With the darkest currents mingling, flow sweet voices of life's stream.

E. F.

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THE OLD COMMENTATOR.

To see the old commentator *in situ*, we must go back a good way. He is sitting in his high-backed oaken arm-chair; the table before him is a low one, that the pile of books which he is in the habit of placing on it may not absolutely bury him; besides which, he has a fancy for stooping at his work. He has an old fur-cap upon his head, and an old fur-coat upon his shoulders. Both are dusty and worn; but both the dust and wearing have something great and venerable about them, like those upon an old well-read classic of the sixteenth century. His brow is brought down far over his eyes by constant study, and his face is full of lines; but they are the lines of toil, not of care or thought. Care he has scarcely known; and he has had too much to do with the thoughts of others, to have much call for thoughts of his own: hence his cheeks retain their plumpness, and his features and limbs their power and elasticity. His look is fixed and steady, but not bright. The natural good-humour of his mouth has been twisted into a kind of fierce doctorial defiance, arising from the perpetual warfare in which he passes his life. As he looks up from the ponderous old folio, of which he appears to have mastered six pages in as many minutes, he presents to you one of those rude massive magisterial faces which Rembrandt loved to paint, and even Vandyck, that artist of kings and senators, could transfer to canvas, with an energy which he did not always exercise in the case of more dignified personages.

I must confess a peculiar fancy for the works of the old commentator, all the more that he is so utterly gone out of fashion. I am told that his observations on the classics are not what literary slang chooses to call 'critical,' which means, being interpreted, that they did not refer to metrical canons, nor trouble themselves about the niceties of moods and tenses: nor do I, for that matter. So far, we are sympathetic. I am still more sympathetic with the dry old sage in the second reproach brought against him—namely, that he twaddles—that his gossiping meanderings round and about the regions of ancient history and mythology are puerile and inane—that he cannot meet with a sentence about a god or a hero, but he must needs launch out into a lengthy prattle about all sorts of incongruous circumstances pertaining to such god or hero. Whether these things are puerile or inane, whether they are mere gossip or not, detracts not from a peculiar interest that they possess. It is the spirit of one great past age illustrated by the spirit of another. The Greek and Roman are dressed up in the professional cloak and cap of a Dutch scholar of the sixteenth century. The effect may be somewhat incongruous, but it is at least more piquant than dressing the said Greek and Roman up in the white waistcoat and kerseymere trousers of a modern literary magnate of the university of Cambridge.

Our commentator has just laid down the seventeenth folio, which he has opened within the last hour, and taken up the eighteenth. It is wonderful how the man matches with his folio. The same massiveness, the same intensity, the same dusty respectability and uncompromising fixity of form; both of them look as if they could never shut when they were once open, and never open when they were once shut. The ancients had their golden, their silver, and their iron age; with still more justice, the moderns might have their folio, their quarto, and their octavo age. The present is eminently an octavo case—octavo in its habits, forms, and fashions. Our successors will very probably be duodecimos. But the old commentator is eminently a folio: he looks as if anything smaller would be crushed under his ponderous fingers—as if it would be lost in the immensity of matter, physical and intellectual, which he is gathering around him.

Our scholar, once seated amongst his folios, looks as if he never could rise again; but he looks round with an unexpected vivacity at the tall stalwart form which has just entered the room. It is a man richly dressed, yet with a sober hue about his somewhat solemn attire. Neither lace nor ruffles appear on his velvet doublet. You look at him, and at the first glance you set him down for a statesman; at the second, for a rich merchant, who had that day been made provost. He places himself at the table, takes up one of the books with the air of a man who is used to them, and proceeds to converse about them with such a strange mixture of the scholar, the gentleman, and the man of commerce, that you are fairly at fault to find out what he is. He is one of those chieftains of the literary class—a publisher of the seventeenth century. He takes up the manuscript on which our commentator has been engaged with the air of a man who knows all about the matter, and is quite as capable of sustaining a contest as to the real nature of the Pyrrhic dance or the Eleusinian mysteries as his learned friend. He has just come from a visit to the pope or the king of France; he has been exhibiting to them specimens of his types, and has talked with them for an hour about the details of the edition which he is about to publish after the labour of our commentator. He has read to them the dedication which he intends to prefix—one addressed to no less a personage than themselves—but in which he has addressed them with perfect freedom, not to say indifference. They

have been jesting with him about the Latinity of his phrases, a point upon which he is extremely tender, and on that account his magnificent patrons make sport with him occasionally. The pope has given him the exclusive privilege of printing his proposed great book, 'under pain of excommunication to all those who shall infringe it.' The sacred arms of the Roman hierarchy have been employed in less noble causes; but, in these degenerate days, we might perhaps smile at the publisher who guarded his copyright by an excommunication. Such, however, were in those days the usual mode of supplying the constitutional guardianship of an act of parliament; and, to say the truth, it was more picturesque, and quite as effectual.

Our visitor has brought him a pamphlet, which he presents to our commentator; the writer of which has treated the said commentator's opinion of the form of the acropolis at Athens as 'the squalling nonsense of some effete baby.' The learned man looks at the book with perfect placidity, talks about it with unconcern, and lays it down; but as soon as his visitor is gone, he instantly seizes his pen, and adds to his notes something in this strain: 'A certain grunting pig has found fault with what we have here advanced. This intolerable cow, this essence of all that is most asinine in asses, not content with living in his own filth, which so well suits him, thinks proper to bring his messes into our garden. A kick or two will send the brute howling into his own sty.' This same 'brute' is, nevertheless, like himself, one of the great men of the age—a friend of popes and princes—their superior, in his own estimation, and one who has deserved as well of the world, in the opinion of posterity.

This tendency to furiousness of abuse is wonderfully facilitated by the enormous command which learned men of those days had of the language in which they all wrote—the Latin. Were vile words wanted, they had them without stopping, like Falstaff, 'for breath to utter.' The torrents of abuse they could pour out are perfect marvels of Latinity. Their mode of proceeding on this, as on every other occasion, is simply that of a child. The old scholar, in his business matters and in his religious matters, is just as mere a baby as he is in his controversial. In the latter, he scatters epithets as they rush into his mind, just as a child in the nursery would, if it had the same command of language. For his religion, he is pretty sure to have changed it two or three times over, without any reason which would avail with anybody but himself. It is a fact, that of the old scholars more than half changed their religion with perfect indifference, and apparently from mere whim, for they shewed none of a convert's zeal about their new creed, and in very few instances seem to have understood it. The rival opinions of Papist and Protestant are shared out among them with tolerable evenness; and the only evidence any of them shew that they ever thought on the subject, is their proneness to do what every one else is so slow to do—namely, to forsake the creed which they sucked in with their mother's milk. It would seem that their conduct was a mere childish way of proving their independence; and we really believe that, in most instances, it was nothing more.

There is another mania which has taken possession of our commentator, besides that of changing his religion: nothing will serve him but a descent from a crowned head. We remember one of his fraternity, who, not contented with claiming his descent from a sovereign prince of Italy, actually took his name—a whim which, by the way, has alone preserved that of the sovereign prince in the recollection of the world. But for the learned man, no one would ever have heard of the prince. Another declared himself an offshoot of a house which founded the imperial dynasty of Austria, and rivalled the kingly dynasty of France—namely, the House of Burgundy. Nothing less than this will satisfy the ambition of our learned man. Why should it? Nothing less would add to his dignity. He has been accustomed to play the great man so long, that his dreams of greatness extend.

Our learned man, amongst other honours, receives a royal invitation to repair to one of the principal courts in Christendom. The invitation he receives with his wonted sense of his own dignity: he sees nothing extraordinary in the fact that kings or queens should desire to know one of the greatest men on earth. Anybody, he declares, may be a general or minister of state; but it is not given to every one to be a great commentator. If left to himself, he might very probably refuse the invitation. But his wife interferes; she has a woman's ideas about appearing at court, and is resolved to make a figure. After some hesitation whether her husband shall make his appearance in Greek pallium or a Roman toga, she cuts the knot by deciding that he shall exhibit himself in complete armour. By this means, he is the representative of all the old nations of antiquity at once; besides which, he is assuming the right to which his descent from princely lineage entitles him. The limbs, therefore, of the old scholar, stiff with long sitting, are cased in greaves and targets; his venerable head, too, for so many years cognizant of the old fur-cap, is surmounted with a brass helmet, new polished for the occasion. It was in this attire that one of the most awkward and learned of the old scholars actually appeared at the court of Christina of Sweden. If that curious personage had seen in the learned man's whim a satire on her own proceedings with learned men in general, it would have been no more than she deserved. But the learned man is guiltless of satire; nothing could make him conscious that he was playing anything but a dignified part, peculiarly becoming his position and circumstances.

In money-matters, our learned man is a perfect baby. When he first began to teach, many of his scholars, who soon found out the weak side of learning, not only omitted to pay him, but borrowed his money into the bargain, perfectly certain that he would never ask for it again. This went on till the matter became notorious; some one interfered, and the pupils were prohibited from obtaining any further supplies for their follies from this quarter. The professor finding his money accumulate, and not knowing what to do with it, took it to the gaming-table, partly to get rid of the burden, and partly from a vague idea of gaining a philosophical insight into the human character, which would enable him better to understand the Epicurean philosophy, upon which he was then writing a treatise. He got his ideas, but with them so much loss and ill fame, that he was forced to leave the town, where, said one of his admirers, he was worshipped like a god.

The *ménage* of our commentator is a curious one. Lion as he is amongst his own race, fiercely as he can repel any attack upon his theories respecting the Greek phalanx or his version of a Latin ode, he is a mere house-lamb in his own family. Socrates was not the only sage that had a Xantippe. His learned labours are carried on in the midst of a host of squalling children, whose clatter is not at all improved by the sharp tone of the mother, who is scolding and belabouring them by turns. In the first years of his union, the hapless scholar, who found more than one of his best ideas spoiled by the noise, actually did venture on a mild remonstrance, but it was received in such a manner that he never ventured upon it again. His only resource has been in his notes, wherein he pours out his whole soul to his intimate friend, the reader, to tell the said intimate friend how his lucubrations have in some instances fallen short of the mark, 'because his affectionate child would insist upon playing about his knees.' 'If I had been in his place,' observes a

learned modern upon the note, 'I should have sent young master out of the room.' Alas, how little did the modern understand the position of his renowned predecessor!

In a corner of the room are stowed away a mass of letters, of which many men might well be proud, but which our professor looks upon as a mere matter of course, and a simple tribute to his deserts. Half of them are from royal or princely personages, who have just established a new university or remodelled an old one. They write to our professor in Latin; it is a shame they do not write to him in Greek. They—the royal and princely personages—are just as fulsome in their expressions of adulation as their own flatterers; one would think that they were parodying the follies daily addressed to themselves, or that they were poking fun at the learned man. They are doing neither; they are only conforming to the general style, with a secret feeling that the learned man is more necessary to them than they are to the learned man. Princes can adopt just as mean a style as other people, when they have similar reasons for it.

In truth, our commentator cares much more about dead kings and princes than he does about live ones. He lives and breathes with the ancients; he has no other models to admire, no other authorities to quote. No specimens of good histories, of fine poetry, even of accounts of ordinary facts, existed in his day from recent pens. If a farmer talked to him about one of his sheep, his mind would instantly revert to a Greek naturalist; if his wife talked to him about a dinner —there was no *Almanach des Gourmands* in his days— all that would occur to him would be the feats of some Roman epicure in the devouring days of the first emperors. Who can complain of his taste, if in philosophy or poetry he preferred Plato and Homer to the writings of the schoolmen or the rhyming legends of the monks! All that was worth having, knowing, or thinking about, came from antiquity. The modern scholar has a thousand things of his own day to master: there is, in the first place, the literature of modern times, which now stands in fair competition with those of the ancients; but besides this, there is a vast quantum of science, politics, philosophy, and theology which your modern professor must know, if he would not be the laughing-stock of decent society. All this was quite out of the way of our commentator. Talk to him about politics in his day, and all you would get would be a goodly shower of those epithets of 'ass, cow, swine, hedgehog,' of which he had so vast a profusion in his linguistic quiver. Modern science, to him, was made up of the freaks and follies of the alchemists—no wonder he preferred Aristotle.

He was once told that the remains of Petronius were to be found entire at Bologna. Petronius was a Latin author whom he especially admired: the old scholar had something of a hankering after loose morality. The idea of finding the entire works of an old author hitherto found only in part, put him instantly in a fever; it was one of those prizes which are rarely drawn in the literary lottery. He scarcely stayed to pack up his clothes, and journeyed day and night in winter, from the north of Germany to Bologna, where was the treasure in question. On his arrival, his first demand is if the remains of Petronius are not to be found in the city? 'Certainly: they are the glory of the place. Go to the sacristan of the church of St John.' He goes, and requests to be shewn the remains of Petronius. The sacristan takes him into the vault. 'What!' says the scholar, 'do you keep your manuscripts in the vault?' 'I don't know what manuscripts mean,' replies the sacristan; 'but here lies the body of St Petronius, our guardian saint.'

Homer says that it would take nine men of his degenerate day to lift a stone thrown by a single warrior of the heroic ages. We know not how many men of our own time it would take to equal the labour of our commentator—certainly not less than a dozen. In truth, his were the heroic days of literature. See how the pile of manuscript grows under his indefatigable fingers! If he has sat at work less than sixteen hours in the twenty-four, he considers, like Titus, that he has lost a day. 'Fits,' says Bernard Lintot in Pope's squib against Dennis—'a man may well have fits and swollen legs who sits writing fourteen hours a day.' Alas! the degenerate days had already set in; in the time of Bernard Lintot, our commentator sat writing for sixteen hours, for six months in succession, without having fits or swollen legs. There was a time when he allowed himself only one night's rest out of three. He was warm with youth in those days, and found that he had gone too far: there are stones too heavy even for Homeric heroes. No wonder that piles of folios grow up out of his labours. No wonder that authors in those days did not print in duodecimo. Why, a single work would have required a long travel to get from one end to the other of the series; and as for the entire works of our author, it would only have been possible to reach the last volumes on horseback.

The humour of the learned man would be just as antique and dusty as everything else about him. If he goes to supper, and gets lively, he will pour out Greek epigrams by the dozen; and on going home, he will exhort his feet, in an extempore Latin distich, to keep steady under him. He has often stopped in the middle of his lecture to cook an ancient dish, by way of illustrating the meaning of his author. If he meditates a gay book, as some relief to his heavier labour, he writes the lives of the ancient cooks, illustrated by an essay on the action of the stomach on the mind, and a dissertation on the Epicurean philosophy.

Such were a race of beings more completely passed away than the high-priest of Baal in the Nineveh marbles. The last has perhaps a representative in some of the far corners of the globe; but the learned man of the sixteenth century has no representative upon the face of the earth. He has left his works as memorials of his existence, which hand him down to posterity by their weight, if by nothing else—ponderous folios, that once startled society, but are now selling for waste paper from the groaning shelves of the booksellers. If he does meet with the classical poets and historians in the Elysian fields, how he will wrangle with them over the construction of their sentences! A meeting of the commentator and his author in the next world will certainly be a curious one. We will let this transient glimpse of the old worthy pass from us, hoping that the earth lies more lightly upon him than his own works upon *it*.

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE MAIN.

Out in the Arctic Sea, somewhat more than 400 miles to the north-east of Iceland, there rises, apparently projected by volcanic agency, the mountain-island of Jan Mayen. It shoots straight up out of the sea to the height of nearly 7000 feet, having from certain points of view the appearance of a peak, not unlike the enormous spire of a church. As seen from a distance, it seems impossible to land upon it, yet, on approaching nearer, there is found to be a narrow line of coast, and several small harbours, which offer a tolerable anchorage when the state of the surrounding ice admits of entrance. The island was originally discovered by Captain Fotherby, who stumbled upon it through a fog in the year 1614. Sailing southward in a mist so thick that he could not see to the length of his ship, he suddenly heard the noise of waters as if breaking on a great shore, and getting a glimpse shortly afterwards of the gigantic bases of Mount Beerenberg, which is the name given to the eminence, he thought he had discovered some new continent.

Since then, it has been frequently sighted by homeward-bound whalers, though, on account of its ordinary inaccessibility, it has rarely been landed upon. Once, however, shortly after its discovery, an attempt was made to inhabit it, that was attended by tragic consequences; the particulars of which, till recently, have been very little known.*

About the year 1635, the Dutch government, wishing to establish a settlement in the actual neighbourhood of the fishing-grounds, where the blubber might be boiled down, and the spoils of each season transported home in the smallest bulk, prevailed on seven seamen to remain the whole winter on the island. Huts were built for them, and they were liberally supplied with salt provisions, and there left to resolve the problem as to whether or not human beings could support the severities of the climate. Standing on the shore, these seven men saw their comrades' parting sails sink down beneath the sun; then watched the sun sink as had sunk the sails; and as the long arctic night set in, must have felt themselves left to a perilous and questionable fate. As is the manner of seamen, they kept a log or diary of their proceedings, noting down from day to day what seemed most worthy or desirable to be recorded. 'The 26th of August,' they wrote, 'our fleet set sail for Holland with a strong north-east wind and a hollow sea, which continued all that night. The 28th, the wind the same; it began to snow very hard; we then shared half a pound of tobacco betwixt us, which was to be our allowance for a week. Towards evening, we went about together, to see whether we could discover anything worth our observation, but met with nothing.' To the like effect is their experience for many a weary day—cold dreary days of sleet and storm, which differ little one day from another.

On the 8th of September, they were 'frightened by a noise of something falling to the ground'—probably some volcanic disturbance, or descent of a loosened glacier. A month later, it becomes so cold that their linen, after a moment's exposure to the air, is frozen like a board. Huge fleets of ice beleaguered the island, the sun disappears, and they spend most of their time in 'rehearsing to one another the adventures that had befallen them by sea and land.' Ere long, this resource of story-telling fails, or the relation becomes bald by repetition. On the 12th of December, they have the fortune to kill a bear, having by this time begun to feel the effects of a salt diet. Slowly, drearily, the time goes by, and every day 'most weary seems the sea'—

> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

At last comes New-year's Day, 1636. 'After having wished each other a happy new year, and success in our enterprise, we went to prayers,' say they, 'to disburden our hearts before God.' They had yet two months to wait before the reappearance of the sun. It was some slight relief to the prolonged dulness when, on the 25th of February, they once more saw him rise. But now to dulness and the pains of cold succeed sickness and debility. By the 22d of March, they were suffering from the scourge of scurvy: 'For want of refreshments we began to be very heartless, and so afflicted that our legs are scarce able to bear us.' Alone on that dismal rock, they were 'out of humanity's reach;' slowly, miserably perishing, and in conscious dread of perishing, before help could come. On the 3d of April, there being no more than two of them in health, they killed for the others the only two pullets they had left; the sick men feeding 'pretty heartily upon them, in hopes it might prove a means to recover part of their strength.' 'We were sorry,' says the record, 'we had not a dozen more for their sake.' On Easter-day, Adrian Carman, of Schiedam, their clerk, dies. 'The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all, we being very sick,' is the entry on this sad occasion. During the next few days, they seem all to have got rapidly worse, only one being strong enough to move about. He had learned writing from his comrades since coming to the island, and it is he who concludes the melancholy story. 'The 23d (April), the wind blew from the same corner, with small rain. We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all, except myself, that were able to help themselves, much less one another, so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders; and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now a going to help our commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain, he then struggling with death.' For seven days this gallant fellow goes on 'striving to do his duty'—attending on his helpless comrades till they were all past help, and making entries in the journal as to the state of the weather, that being the principal object they were charged with when left upon the island; but on the 30th of April his strength too gave way, and his failing hand could do no more than trace an incompleted sentence on the page.

So, sinking one after another, the forlorn band had all fallen. As the season advanced, however, ships were getting ready; and on the 4th of June, up again above the horizon rose the sails of the Zealand fleet; but when search is made for those who it was hoped would have been found alive and well, lo! each lies dead in his own hut; one with an open prayer-book by his side; another with his hand stretched out towards the ointment he had used for his stiffened joints; and the last survivor with the unfinished journal still lying by his side.

Since this grim tragedy, Jan Mayen has had no inhabitants. Mount Beerenberg raises his head with an awful majesty above the storms, but looks down on voyaging adventurers who pass his borders with too inhospitable a frown to induce them to tarry long within his presence. Nevertheless, the island has been occasionally visited by enterprising navigators, some of whom appear to have explored it more completely than its early Dutch discoverers. Twenty-two years ago, the late Dr Scoresby effected a landing there, on his return from a whaling cruise. He had seen the mountain a hundred miles off, and, on approaching, found the coast quite free from ice; and, by a subsequent survey, ascertained that the island is about sixteen miles long by four wide. The last and most complete account of this singular sea-mountain is given us by Lord Dufferin, who went in search of it in his yacht, in the summer of 1856. The particulars are given in his recently published voyage-narrative, entitled *Letters from High Latitudes;* from which very interesting work we select such passages as may serve to complete the picture of Jan Mayen, and to shew the difficulties and dangers of approaching it.

Lord Dufferin sailed from Iceland in his schooner-yacht, the *Foam*, a little vessel of about eighty tons burden, being accompanied in his expedition by a French steamer of 1100 tons, the *Reine Hortense*, on board of which was his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon. The prince suggested that the *Reine Hortense* should take the *Foam* in tow; and in this way upwards of 300 miles of the voyage to Jan Mayen was performed. At this point, however, the French vessel, falling short of coal, was obliged to return, leaving Lord Dufferin, who was unwilling to go back, to buffet his way forward amidst fog and ice, as well as the skill and hardihood of himself and crew, and the sailing powers of his little schooner, might enable him. 'I confess,' says he, 'our situation, too, was not altogether without causing me a little anxiety. We had not seen

* *Letters from High Latitudes.*

the sun for two days; it was very thick, with a heavy sea, and dodging about as we had been among the ice, at the heels of the steamer, our dead reckoning was not very much to be depended upon. The best plan, I thought, would be to stretch away at once clear of the ice, then run up into the latitude of Jan Mayen, and, as soon as we should have reached the parallel of its northern extremity, bear down on the land.'

The ship's course was shaped in accordance with this view, and as about mid-day the weather began to moderate, there appeared a prospect of getting on for some time favourably. By four o'clock in the afternoon, they were skimming along on a smooth sea with all sails set; and this state of prosperity continued for the next twenty-four hours. 'We had made,' says his lordship, 'about eighty knots since parting company with the Frenchman, and it was now time to run down west and pick up the land. Luckily, the sky was pretty clear, and as we sailed on through open water, I really began to think our prospects very brilliant. But about three o'clock on the second day, specks of ice began to flicker here and there on the horizon, then large bulks came floating by in forms as picturesque as ever—one, I particularly remember, a human hand thrust out of the water with outstretched forefinger, as if to warn us against proceeding further—until at last the whole sea became clouded with hummocks, that seemed to gather on our path in magical multiplicity.

'Up to this time, we had seen nothing of the island, yet I knew we must be within a very few miles of it; and now, to make things quite pleasant, there descended upon us a thicker fog than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining: it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say that you could not see your hand, ceased almost to be any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. The perfect stillness of the sea and sky added very much to the solemnity of the scene; almost every breath of wind had fallen; scarcely a ripple tinkled against the copper sheathing as the solitary little schooner glided along at the rate of half a knot or so an hour, and the only sound we heard was a distant wash of waters; but whether on a great shore, or along a belt of solid ice, it was impossible to say. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was going to take place; the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of gray suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky—a cone of illuminated snow.

'You can imagine my delight. It was really that of an anchorite catching a glimpse of the seventh heaven. There at last was the long-sought-for mountain actually tumbling down upon our heads. Columbus could not have been more pleased when, after nights of watching, he saw the first fires of a new hemisphere dance upon the water; nor, indeed, scarcely less disappointed at their sudden disappearance than I was, when, after having gone below to wake Sigudr, and tell him we had seen bonâ-fide terra firma, I found, on returning upon deck, that the roof of mist had closed again, and shut out all trace of the transient vision. At last the hour of liberation came: a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere; brown turned to gray, and gray to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable veil of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that veil I knew must lie Jan Mayen.

'A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem first deepened to a violet tinge, then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapped its summit standing in all the magnificence of his 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed.

'Although—by reason of our having hit upon its side instead of its narrow end—the outline of Mount Beerenberg appeared to us more like a sugar-loaf than a spire—broader at the base and rounder at the top than I had imagined—in size, colour, and effect it far surpassed anything I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames, started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded, subsequently, in approaching the spot—where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel.'

As soon as they had got a little over their first feelings of astonishment at the panorama thus suddenly revealed by the lifting of the fog, Lord Dufferin and his companions began to consider what would be the best way of getting to the anchorage on the west side of the island. They were still seven or eight miles from the shore, and the northern extremity of the island, round which they would have to pass, lay about five leagues off, bearing west by north, while between them and the land stretched a continuous breadth of floating ice. We need not detail all the elaborate manœuvrings by which they worked the vessel among the hummocks; finding, more than once, after making some little progress by arduous efforts, that there was 'no thoroughfare' in the direction chosen, and nothing was left them but to return back, and try their fortune through some other passage. They could effect no landing on the western coast; they put about and tried the eastern, and had no better success. Worse than this, on attempting to retrace their course, they found themselves in danger of being ice-locked. The wind having shifted, it was now blowing right down the path along which they had picked their way; and in order to return, it would be necessary to work the ship to windward 'through a sea as thickly crammed with ice as a lady's boudoir is with furniture.' 'Moreover,' says the noble navigator, 'it had become evident, from the obvious closing of the open spaces, that some considerable pressure was acting upon the outside of the field; but whether originating in a current or the change of wind, or another field being driven down upon it, I could not tell. Be that as it might, out we must get, unless we wanted to be cracked like a walnut-shell between the drifting ice and the solid belt to leeward; so, sending a steady hand to the helm—for these unusual phenomena

had begun to make some of my people lose their heads a little, no one on board having ever seen a bit of ice before—I stationed myself in the bows, while Mr Wyse [the sailing-master] conned the vessel from the square-yard. Then there began one of the prettiest and most exciting pieces of nautical manœuvring that can be imagined. Every single soul on board was summoned upon deck; to all, their several stations and duties were assigned, always excepting the cook, who was merely directed to make himself generally useful. As soon as everybody was ready, down went the helm, about came the ship, and the critical part of the business commenced. Of course, in order to wind and twist the schooner in and out among the devious channels left between the hummocks, it was necessary she should have considerable way on her; at the same time, so narrow were some of the passages, and so sharp their turnings, that unless she had been the most handy vessel in the world, she would have had a very narrow squeak for it. I never saw anything so beautiful as her behaviour. Had she been a living creature, she could not have dodged, and wound, and doubled with more conscious cunning and dexterity; and it was quite amusing to hear the endearing way in which the people spoke to her, each time the nimble creature contrived to elude some more than usually threatening tongue of ice.

'It had become very cold; so cold, indeed, that Mr Wyse—no longer able to keep a clutch of the rigging—had a severe tumble from the yard on which he was standing. The wind was freshening, and the ice was evidently still in motion; but although very anxious to get back again into open water, we thought it would not do to go away without landing, even if it were only for an hour. So having laid the schooner right under the cliff, and putting in the gig our old discarded figure-head, a white ensign, a flag-staff, and a tin biscuit-box, containing a paper on which I had hastily written the schooner's name, the date of her arrival, and the names of all those who sailed on board, we pulled ashore. A ribbon of beach, not more than fifteen yards wide, composed of iron sand, augite, and pyroxene, running along under the basaltic precipice—upwards of a thousand feet high—which serves as a kind of plinth to the mountain, was the only standing-room this part of the island afforded. With considerable difficulty, and after a good hour's climb, we succeeded in dragging the figure-head we had brought on shore with us, up a sloping patch of snow, which lay in a crevice of the cliff, and thence a little higher, to a natural pedestal formed by a broken shaft of rock; where, after having tied the tin box round her neck, and duly planted the white ensign of St George beside her, we left the superseded damsel, somewhat grimly smiling across the frozen ocean at her feet, until some Bacchus of a bear shall come to relieve the loneliness of my wooden Ariadne.'

Meeting with nothing of interest, they soon determined to return to the vessel; 'but—so rapidly was the ice drifting down upon the island—we found it had already become doubtful whether we should not have to carry the boat over the patch which, during the couple of hours we had spent on shore, had almost cut her off from access to the water. If this was the case with the gig, it was very evident the quicker we got the schooner out to sea again the better. So immediately we returned on board, having first fired a gun in token of adieu to the desolate land we should never again set foot on, the ship was put about, and our task of working out towards the open water recommenced.' It was a difficult matter to get extricated from the ice; but after many hours' struggling, the little *Foam* got free from it, and went spanking away at the rate of eight knots an hour in a direct line for Hammerfest—a port which was gained after eight days' sailing, at the rate of 100 miles a day.

The reader who has followed us thus far will know as much of Jan Mayen and its history as is known by anybody who has not visited the island. As Lord Dufferin himself only knew of its existence four years before he went in search of it, there can be no reason why anybody should blush for the deficiency of his geographical knowledge, should this be the first time he may have heard of it. Though one of the curiosities of the world, Jan Mayen has been so rarely visited, that few persons, even among arctic mariners, could render any account of it; and the belief has been current in some quarters that for many years it has been wholly inaccessible. M. Babinet, of the French Institute, made a statement to this effect in the *Journal des Débats*, as lately as the 30th of December 1856—he, apparently, having not then received intelligence of Lord Dufferin's exploit in the previous summer. It is now, however, an established fact that the island can be reached; and it is not unlikely that other spirited yachtsmen, emulating his lordship's bold example, will seek a new excitement in making it the object of some of their seafaring excursions.

A CHEAP TRAIN.

'WELL, Fred., and where are you going to? You're never very locomotive, I know; but you're surely never intending to run yourself to seed here all the autumn, browsing, Nebuchadnezzarlike, among the grass crops of modern Babylon, in September.'

The speaker was my friend Mr Spooner; the occasion, an evening visit with which he favoured me, in Pumphandle Court, in the early part of the present month. The air of quiet self-complacency with which this rather flippant address was associated, induced me to surmise that its object was rather to elicit some evidence of curiosity on my part as to his own plans, than to obtain information in regard to mine; and I rejoined, therefore, in the true spirit of friendship, by a similar inquiry.

'Well, do you know, I rather think of cutting over to Paris by "the cheap train,"' was the reply, enunciated with a glibness which agreeably confirmed my impression of my own sagacity. 'It's too late for Scotland'—this was a piece of gentle swagger, Mr Spooner's foot never having pressed the 'native hills' of the grouse in his life, and his acquaintance with that bird being exclusively a dinner-table one—'and too early for Brighton; and I've got an odd ten-pound note, with which I calculate—with management and economy, and that's the true secret of enjoyment, mind you—I shall be able to knock out a fortnight very jolly.'

Never having had the good-fortune to perceive in my acquaintance with my friend, any particular evidence that management and economy were his peculiar forte, my curiosity as to his plans was rather awakened.

'Yes, I've got a return-ticket—two pound there and back, or something of that sort; third class and a carpet-bag, you know. Nobody knows me; and I'm not proud,' he continued—rather defiantly, it struck me, for so true a philosopher. 'Bedroom in the marais. Breakfast, a cup of coffee and some fried potatoes. Palais Royal dinner, two francs fifty, with half a bottle of "Macon *vieux*," eh! and the thing's done, you know. As for amusement, bless you, I shan't want any knocking about. They translate so close up in England now-a-days, that there 'll be nothing at the theatres I shan't be able to see here between now and January, with the advantage of understanding it; and there's the Louvre and the singing cafés, and lots of fun to be had in Paris for nothing.'

A recollection of an amiable weakness on my friend's part for little dinners, and the relaxations, not always inexpensive, of Cremorne and M. Laurent's

conversazioni, induced me the more highly to appreciate the self-denial with which he proposed to associate the enjoyment of foreign travel; and after I had inspected his passport, which, embellished and ratified as it was by two engraved coats of arms, and the signature of Lord Clarendon's private secretary, he appeared to regard as a sort of pocket palladium—our colloquy terminated.

A few days ago, I chanced to encounter Mr Spooner at a popular dining establishment on the confines of Westendia, and was gratified to observe, from a downy moustache, and a new scarf-pin of unmistakably Parisian origin, that the proposed trip had been duly accomplished.

'Ah, Fred.,' he observed, when he saw me, 'shady place this, after Vefour's and the Café de Paris. Pretty notions we have of dining in England. Waiter! look here—get me some more saddle of mutton, and the currant jelly, and a pint of Bordeaux.'

'It 's ill talking,' says the proverb, 'between a full man and a fasting;' so having completed my own modest two shillings' worth, I proposed hearing the details of my friend's excursion when he had completed his, and adjourned to the smoking-room, whither he soon followed me.

'By Jove, Fred., this won't do, mind ye, after Philippe's: I can't stand this two-shilling business now; as for the Bordeaux, it 's not drinkable. Bonaparte, Hannibal, or whoever it was, might have cut through Mont St Bernard with it. It 's as sour as vinegar, I give you my honour; it 's only fit to make salad dressing or sauce piquante.'

I hinted that the choice vintages of France, of which he seemed to have acquired so keen an appreciation, were not as yet attainable in this country at three shillings a bottle; and then inquired the particulars of his trip, the economy of which impressed me the more from the valuable experiences *in re prandiariâ* which, notwithstanding, he appeared to have derived from it. I give them, to do him justice, in his own words.

'Well, sir, I started the morning after I saw you, and got down to Boulogne very jolly by the middle of the day.'

I had thought the 'cheap train' went by the Dieppe or Newhaven route.

'Well, yes. But you see, when it came to the point, I thought, you know, that what with the time it would take on the journey, and the additional eating and drinking—we must consider all these things—I shouldn't save much; so I sold my ticket to Tom Wye or Wake for a pound, and concluded to go down comfortable.'

'I see. First class—express.'

'Yes. I wanted, besides, to see Amiens cathedral, which I should have missed by the other routes.'

Mr Spooner, I feel bound to remark, had never before evinced, to my knowledge, the most remote interest in or desire to make himself acquainted with the mysteries of church architecture.

'Well,' he continued, 'I got down very well, and, mind you, it 's much the pleasantest way of doing the thing, put up at the Hôtel des Bains, and had a stunning fricandeau and a bottle of Burgundy. Better for a fellow to begin with Burgundy before he gets on to claret; and Beaune 's a good half-way house between sherry and Château Lafitte.'

I admired my friend's perspicacity; told him so, and he continued.

'Well, sir, I started for Paris the next morning.'

'Third class?'

'Why, no. I had fully intended now to have begun economising; but the fact is, I travelled from London with some remarkably nice people, who were going to winter at Rome; and after passing one day with the family, I couldn't make up my mind to the society for the next of the courier and lady's-maid. Besides, upon consideration, I thought it better not to fatigue myself. There's no economy, you know, in a fellow fatiguing himself; and as they charge extra for luggage, and allow you precious little in the third class, that, you see, would have made a difference.'

'To the family who were going to winter at Rome, I dare say; but you were only going to take a carpet-bag, weren't you?'

'Well, I was; but I thought, upon consideration, I had better go comfortable, and a fellow must have clothes wherever he is; so I got some new toggery, and a box or two of cigars—for there 's no standing those five sous weeds in Paris—so that what with one thing and what with another, I had rather more luggage than I had intended.'

'And Amiens cathedral?'

'Oh! I was obliged to cut that, and got into Paris about six o'clock, after a remarkably pleasant day with the remarkably pleasant family. *Pater familias* very civil, and said they should be happy to renew the acquaintance. Uncommon nice connection, mind you, and worth the difference between first and third class fare any day.'

'Perhaps so, if the family had been going to winter in London instead of Rome. As it was, the investment was perhaps hardly so good. However, get on.'

'When I got to Paris, I cut 'em, and determined then to begin doing the economical. By the way, they were no end of civil at Boulogne about the cigars. Depend upon it, if I had not been travelling like a gentleman, I should have had nobody knows what duty to pay for 'em at the custom-house, and there would have been a further expense. True economy, my dear Fred., must be discriminating.'

I yielded my fullest concurrence to this proposition.

'Well, sir, I soon routed out a cheap hotel; and thus ended my second day.'

Mr Spooner now fell to his Bordeaux, the demerits of which he had apparently forgotten, and then continued:

'I was up pretty early the next morning, and paid my hotel bill.'

'Cheap?'

'Well, to say the truth, it wasn't. I suspect, if you are vagabondising for only a night at an hotel, the best *is* the best; but one must carry out one's principles.'

'With discrimination,' I ventured to suggest.

'Quite so. With discrimination, of course. Well, the next day I devoted to lodging-hunting, and a pretty turn I had of it, for I was resolved now to begin to economise, and secure the right thing cheap, you know. At length, I hit upon it; and after nearly losing the thing by sticking out for attendance included, found myself the proprietor of an apartment with a sloping roof, a cracked glass over the chimney-piece, a cracked marble table, a cracked marble washing-stand, a bed with a game leg, and a *chiffonnier* that wouldn't shut—for seven francs a week. Not bad that, I think.'

'Economical enough, in all conscience. What then?'

'Why, then, I went off to the Palais Royal to get some dinner.'

'I see: two francs fifty!'

'Well, I had intended; but it was rather late for Richard's, and having unluckily to pass the Trois Frères Provençaux'——

'You very naturally turned in there.'

'Why, to confess the truth, I did, for having, you see, made such a cheap arrangement for my lodging, I thought I might indulge a little.'

'Exactly: *bisque* and a cutlet *à la Provençale*.'

'Well, something of the kind, I must admit.'

'And a *plomberie*, perhaps, with a little dry *Silleri*.'

'Well, I had a little ice-pudding and some champagne, certainly.'

'To be sure. And then?'

'Nothing else, upon my honour, except a little Chambertin to top up with, and some black coffee and maraschino. Home to bed, and spoiled a new hat, by the way, against the ceiling going in.'

'So much for the economy of a *mansarde* at seven francs a week; but the principle is the thing.'

The further detail of Mr Spooner's experiences, though interesting to me, might scarcely prove as entertaining to the world at large. Suffice it to say, that they all exhibited more or less the same disproportionate mixture of the mean and the magnificent; the same 'cheap train' of idea, and profusion in practice, with which he seemed to have initiated them. His home for the day had cost him a *franc;* his dinner, ten! He had economised, by avoiding the Italian Opera, to spend twice the saving in bouquets and pistol-shots at the Salle Valentino! He had expended as much in overproof brandy, which made him ill, to see nothing of life, at a dingy wine-shop in the Rue Traversine, as would have given him a very fair glimpse of its reality at the Variétés! He had not been able to join three English friends at an excursion to Versailles, because he had treated as many Frenchmen, whom he knew and cared nothing about, to supper and rum-punch the night before at the Bal Bullien.

How Mr Spooner wrote home for some more money on the Friday of his first week, fasting that day, and indeed the following, with a severity which would doubtless have infinitely gratified the ecclesiastical authorities of the district, it is painful to me to record; how, upon his 'resumption of cash-payments,' he revelled afterwards, I need not detail. Suffice it to say, that he arrived at London Bridge on the tenth day from that on which he had taken leave of it, with only a twenty *centime* piece in his pocket, and disturbed the parental home ungracefully at two o'clock in the morning for the payment of his cab.

'And what's the dreariest part of the whole thing, Fred.,' my friend concluded, 'I don't think somehow, upon my honour, that I really enjoyed myself. I don't know how it was, but I suspect that I got wrong at the beginning, and was never able somehow to work round again. It's a bad plan, mark ye, for a fellow to alter his arrangements when he has once made them. I do believe—I give you my word—that if it hadn't been for the going down first class, in the first instance, I should have done the thing as I told you with the ten pounds, and jolly too!'

During the enjoyment of the solitary half hour which succeeded the conversation I have detailed, I endeavoured to reduce Mr Spooner's experiences to something like a principle, which resolved itself finally into this: that nothing in life is easier than a 'cheap train' of ideas, but that its development into the desirable results which are its ultimate object, can only be secured by as much careful forethought and practical self-denial as are required for other things. Sure it seemed to me that the best designs for economy on the occasion of an autumn tour or any other, if not carried out practically *ab initio*, are scarcely likely to develop themselves subsequently, such operations of nature, like most others, bearing fruit of the seed originally sown 'after its kind.'

Mr Spooner, though not wiser than his neighbours—and there was probably no reason why he should be so—was perhaps, after all, not much less wise than many of them. Half the world of us who do claim to see a little beyond our noses, are as prolific in 'cheap trains' of idea born to die, as that honest but unsuccessful young philosopher. Edwin and Angelina, for instance, agreeing that it is not worth while to wait any longer—and quite right too—make their start in life with 'cheap trains' illimitable of ideal economy; commencing with a wedding which, for luxury of detail, might serve as a prelude to L.3000 a year instead of L.300; and appliances for the adornment and glorification of 'The Hermitage, Kensington Gravel Pits,' which would not discredit the 'splendid family mansion, adapted to a nobleman or gentleman,' in Palace Gardens, to which they are not without hopes—for these are days of ambition—of some day attaining, and which they are inaugurating a system of life so ingeniously calculated to secure. Alas! the twelvemonth is not over before Angelina, with *modes* enough in her *trousseau* to furnish a shop, is sighing over the labours of a home-made *bassinet;* and Edwin, regardless of the delight of the Hermitage, is converting that bower of bliss into a pandemonium to himself and everybody else, because butcher's meat is ninepence a pound instead of sevenpence. With ten years more experience, we shall find the gentle pair developing the more matured views of the same system of domestic economy, by giving careful dinners, which you and I who eat them know they cannot afford, and saving to make up for them by the educational establishments of Monsieur Patois and Madame Paillon, Rue des Enfants Trouvés, Boulogne-sur-Mer, where there are no extras, few holidays, and the living is as light as the terms, for Frank and Fanny. While further still, could we penetrate the mists of half a century, we might see them, though

> Soon that year maun come
> Will bring 'em to their last,

developing further fruits of the seed originally sown 'after its kind,' as full of project for the little time remaining for practice, as when they were 'first acquent'—just beginning to suspect, perhaps, like Mr Spooner, when the mischief is done, that they had 'got wrong at the beginning, and were unable somehow to work round again;' surmising their want of wisdom; resolving and re-resolving to end as they commenced.

Here I was awakened from my day-dreaming by the waiter putting the gas out; and upon calling for my bill, discovered that while moralising upon the fallibility of resolution of Mr Spooner and humanity in general, I had extended the single cigar, to which I had vowed to confine myself, into a plurality, upon the precise extent of which, as I am giving up smoking, I refrain from expatiating; and my modest cup of coffee into more of the agreeable summer beverage which my friend had so emphatically denounced, than, unless I develop my own 'cheap trains' of idea a little more practically, the wisdom arising from them is ever likely to pay for.

ALEXANDER SMITH'S 'CITY POEMS.'*

When a poet's first book has been very successful, his second is hardly likely to get justice done to it. He is held responsible for all the exaggeration of enthusiastic admirers, who inevitably lead the way for disappointed purchasers. His claims are sternly challenged by all those whose dissenting voices were drowned in the general applause, and who have been lying in wait for any turn of the tide. Then, each of the various sections of the public, who supported the new author for the promise they found in his book, expects as a matter of course that he will fulfil his promise in their special direction, and according to their personal choice; whereas he must go his own way, and if he has made progress, and does not repeat himself, it will be in a new direction. The result is certain; his new strain will be responded to by a chorus of disappointment, and the author will be abused for not doing what he was expected to do, rather than fairly judged by what

* *City Poems.* By Alexander Smith. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1857.

he has done. Mr Smith's second venture was especially perilous, he had so large an amount of success to answer for. A poet whose first volume sold 10,000 copies at home, and 30,000 abroad, is not likely to come off scot-free a second time. Nevertheless, we believe that in the minds of all calm judges and fair dealers, these *City Poems* will be considered far superior to the *Life Drama*, and will win for their author more real honour. The detraction they have drawn down upon him will work less harm than did the loud folly of the injudicious and unskilled critics of his earlier effort.

The vagueness of the *Life Drama* became in the minds of many synonymous with vastness, and with such the present poems will appear poor in comparison, precisely because they are more within bounds. Those who overrated the one, will underrate the other.

But vagueness is not necessarily vastness, and law is a far higher thing than lawlessness. Similes, images, and jewels might have been gathered from the *Life Drama* as the Carthaginians gathered rings from the battle-field of Cannæ, by the bushelful, so great was their profusion. These are used more sparingly in the *City Poems*, but with a far truer effect. The manner of the writer is much less spasmodic, by which we mean less sudden in transition from thought to thought, and from thing to thing. There is more homogeneity of style; greater mastery has rendered it malleable. And instead of our being so often blinded with a whirlwind of gold-dust, we see the gold flowing into form, calm, and sometimes strong, and often splendid. The author comes nigher to the business and the bosoms of men who think and suffer. The heat of passion is more covered in, and breaks out less in fancies of fire. Throughout, the poems impress us as being the work of a man who is honestly trying to do his best in all matters wherein he has any choice. He has pruned his lavish leafage and rank overgrowth, checked many extravagant tendencies, curbed his Pegasus when wantonly wayward or in a voluptuous vein; and for these things he is to be commended and encouraged. Many of his earlier admirers will desert him because he has not out-heroded Herod in the spasmodic sublime. They have yet to learn what Mr Smith appears to have learned, that the subtlest and deepest things in poetry do not leave us blinded, but illumined—not breathlessly startled so much as quietly content. He can afford to forego their cheers, having chosen the worthier way to fame, to be followed by the approbation of the wiser few. The great want of the new book is the want of new and varied experience of life. This is unfortunate, but no personal fault. A man who is not yet twenty-seven, and who is only just married, is not expected to reproduce the whole round of human experience. What we urge is, that he has done the best he could do for the time being, acquired more knowledge, purified his thinking, chastened his expression, and altogether improved his art; so that, when the new experience comes, as come it will with coming years, he can transmute it into song with a perfecter freedom, and a larger power.

With regard to the cry of plagiarism which has been raised, we have only to say, that it might be raised against the most original poet that ever lived. All young poets reproduce, more or less, the thoughts and images of others. Mr Smith has done this not more than many others, only his 'private eating' has been obvious. The young writer does not consciously take possession of the thoughts of others, so much as they unconsciously take possession of him, and compel him to reproduce them, in the faith that they are his own. He has so thoroughly felt them that they become, in fact, his own. Still, many of the thoughts and images in the *Life Drama*, which have been attributed to Wordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson, do not specially belong to those poets, having been used by others before them, and become a sort of common property of thought, a portion of that stock which, when we meet with it, we recognise it as being somewhat the worse for wear; but we do not call in a detective, or start on any Quixotic crusade in search of the original possessor. Of course, we are now speaking only of that which has been ground down into the undistinguishable diamond-dust of thought, and not of those gems which every poet perfects as his own, and which will be identified as his wherever they are found. If a writer reproduce these, so much the worse for him, for they will tend to throw suspicion on whatsoever is really his own. Young authors whose memory is apt to play false, cannot be too jealously watchful in scrutinising whatever arises in their mind, and canvassing its claims to originality. Mr Smith's second book is far more original than was the first; and it would be a cruel discouragement if full credit were not given to him for an effort so entirely right. There are fewer startlingly fine things, but this we do not regret, the finest things are so apt not to be original. Generally, fine things only arrive at their perfection by passing through many minds, being touched by each; and when these come very thickly, they have more the look of being gathered than of being grown. Instead of these, there is more maturity, and often a quiet continuity of thought, and one or two touches of pathos, which give more certain sign of power than anything in the previous work. For example:

> *The past is very tender at my heart;*
> Full, as the memory of an ancient friend
> When once again we stand beside his grave.
> Raking amongst old papers thrown in haste
> 'Mid useless lumber, unawares I came
> On a forgotten poem of my youth.
> I went aside and read each faded page
> Warm with dead passion, sweet with buried Junes,
> *Filled with the light of suns that are no more.*
> I stood like one who finds a golden tress
> Given by loving hands no more on earth,
> And starts, beholding how the dust of years,
> Which dims all else, has never touched its light.

Then, again, we are reminded that few things can be finer than the conclusion of the following lines, although it does not startle us with surprise, but satisfies us with its sweetness:

> Love, unreturned,
> Hath gracious uses; the keen pang departs,
> The sweetness never. Sorrow's touch doth ope
> A mingled fount of sweet and bitter tears,
> No summer's heat can dry, no winter's cold
> Lock up in ice. *When music grieves, the past*
> *Returns in tears.*

And surely the author sounds the deeps of feeling when he describes the mother, who in her mortal agony presses her dead child with more than the living love—

> *And pours more passionate kisses on the lips*
> *Than when they kissed again.*

Here is true thought admirably expressed; musical in its movement, and beautiful in its repose:

> We sit together at a rich man's feast,
> When, as if beckoned by an unseen hand,
> The man whose laugh is loudest in his cups
> Rises with a wild face, and goes away
> From mirth into a shroud without a word.
> With what pale faces, and how still they go!
> What visions see they, and what voices hear?
> *We* only know this buried root of life
> Holds still, it knows not why, within its heart
> A vague tradition of an upper light,
> To which it strives, and, dying, spent and foiled,
> It feebly feels it should have borne a flower
> 'Neath some propitious heaven.

And while upon the subject of 'thought,' we may instance the following as an insight far beyond the raptures of the *Life Drama*, at once truthful, manly, and necessary, seeing that first love is not the only love with common flesh-and-blood humanity in this everyday world of ours:

Is this Love
An unseen god, whose voice is heard but once
In youth's green valleys, ever dead and mute
'Mong manhood's iron hills? A power that comes
On the instant, whelming like the light that smote
Saul from his horse; never a thing that draws
Its exquisite being from the light of smiles,
And low sweet tones, and fond companionship?
Brothers and sisters grow up at our sides,
Unfelt and silently are knit to us.
Would love not grow
In the communion of long-wedded years?
Would not an infant be the marriage priest
To stand between us and unite our hands,
And bid us love?

Such lines as these also shew that his Muse can walk with firmer feet:

With the invariable and dread advance
Of midnight's starry armies, must we set
Our foolish wandering hours.

And here is steadier grasp and subtler perception:

The right hand learns its cunning, and the feet
That tread upon the rough ways of the world
Grow mercifully callous.

Mr Smith is admirable in description; his pictures are often full of power and beauty, and equally felicitous, whether done at a stroke or two of broad-handling, or finished with delicate touches. We might fill a page or two with such as these:

A wide gray windy sea bespecked with foam.

A LANDSCAPE.

He lay upon a tower in leafy Kent
Watching a lazy river; glorious leagues
Of woods yet gleaming with a falling shower,
O'er which a rainbow strode; a red-tiled town
Set in a tender film of azure smoke,
And here and there upon the little heights
A wind-mill turning its preposterous arms.

FIRE.

That maniac, Fire, is loose; who was so tame,
When little children looked into his face,
He laughed and blinked within his *prison-grate.*
His fit is on; the *merry winking elf*
Has rushed into a *hungry crimson fiend:*
Now he will seize a house, crush in the roof,
And leap and dance above his prey.

ARRAN.

Change melts in finer change from clear green light
To purple thunder-gloom.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

O'er rude unthrifty wastes we held our way
Whence never lark rose upward with a song,
Where no flower lit the marsh: the only sights,
The passage of a cloud—a thin blue smoke
Far on the idle heath—now caught, now lost,
The pink road wavering to the distant sky.
At noon we rested near a mighty hill,
That from our morning hut slept far away
Azure and soft as air. Upon its sides
The shepherds shouted 'mid a noise of dogs:
A stream of sheep came slowly trickling down,
Spread to a pool, then poured itself in haste.
The sun sunk o'er a crimson fringe of hills:
The violet evening filled the lower plain,
From which it upward crept and quenched the lights—
A while the *last peak burned in lingering rose,*
And then went out. We toiled at dead of night
Through a deep glen, the while the lonely stars
Trembled above the ridges of the hills;
And in the utter hush the ear was filled
With low sweet voices of a thousand streams,
Some near, some far remote—*faint trickling sounds*
That dwelt in the great solitude of night
Upon the edge of silence. A sinking moon
Hung on one side and filled the shattered place
With gulfs of gloom, with floating shades, and threw
A ghostly glimmer on wet rock and pool.

EYES LIGHTED WITH GENIUS.

That with their brightness held you from his face:
The thought stood in them ere 'twas spoken; *Wit*
Laughed on you from the windows ere she danced
Out on you from the door.

THE FLOWER-POT ON THE WINDOW-SILL.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill,
Spring lighted like a bird.

Tennyson has a very lovely image of the water-lily folding itself with the closing day:

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

But we cannot afford to forego this simile of Mr Smith's because the image has been used before:

By sweet degrees
My slumberous being closed its weary leaves
In drowsy bliss, and slowly sank in dream,
As sinks the water-lily 'neath the wave.

If the author should think we have interpreted his book with sufficient sympathy to permit us to give a word or two of counsel for the future, we should say, let him write nothing until he is absolutely impelled—his mind '*being of child with glorious great intent*'—and the subject within him, having been fed with the sunshine of spirit, and watered with the dews of the heart, is ripe for poetry. Then let him shape it as much as possible lyrically. We say this, because the most sustained, effective, and satisfactory things in the *City Poems* are the lyrics 'Barbara,' 'Glasgow,' and the 'Night before the Wedding.' These shew the afflatus, and ring with the certainty of true inspiration; they are more congruous, coherent, and concrete than the poems in blank verse. And for these reasons we think—blank verse offers fatal facilities for piecemeal work; it can be wrought like mosaic; but the lyric requires a more mounting and continuous impulse, a more lifted mood of mind, so that thought and feeling must flow in music; beside which, the restraints of rhyme, and varied verse, help to hold the poetic substance as in a crucible, until it is fused down to flowing-point in the opposing heat of the impelling power. Let him be on his guard against a vague generalisation, which sometimes nullifies the special truth previously uttered. For instance, after bewailing his lot in being shut up in a city far away from the mornings of spring in the country and the coloured glory of its summer world, in a sweeping generalisation at the end of the poem, he tells us that in the City's noise alone dwell

All raptures of this mortal breath.

If so, what becomes of the meaning of the poem, which is a sigh for raptures that do not dwell there?

He must also endeavour to check a tendency he has of flying off into space for reference to external nature, at the very moment that we require the culminating human interest. This is shewn in the last stanza of 'Barbara,' where the writer avoids the real difficulty, loses the crowning success, by reeling off into the air when near the top of the hill, and never touching it. He begins talking about the 'dreary hills,' 'fringe of rain,' and '*hurt* and *wounded* sea'—the last being a vile tautological specimen of the 'pathetic fallacy,' where he ought to have given us the pathetic truth.

Our author has an evident personal predilection for the dramatic form; but we do not think he proves himself to be in possession of the dramatic faculty. He does not disguise himself behind the dramatic mask, and we easily recognise the exalted stature to be made up of him and the stilts; therefore, we should say, fling aside both mask and stilts, and do not trouble yourself about *dramatis personæ*, but utter what you have to say straight out in your own personal presence. And, lastly, when you have written your next book, before going to press, send the manuscript to your critic of the *Athenæum*, if you have any misgivings on the score of originality, and so make use of his detective talent by turning it to better account than he has done himself.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER X.

NOTHING but the perfect guilelessness and candour of Clémence de Bonneville, associated in my illogical appreciation with the circumstances which appeared to place her claim to be the daughter of Mrs Waller beyond controversy, could have rendered me disregardful of the surprising *aptness* of discoveries or revelations following each other in such dramatic sequence. The seed-pearl necklace and other of the stolen child's articles of dress, carefully concealed during fourteen years, had been found a few days previous to my arrival at St Malo, in an armoire, of which Fanchette, suddenly overtaken by anxiety to find a brooch that had not been lost, possessed, or easily procured, a key! Fanchette, Mr Webbe's well-fee'd confederate, moreover, relates—attaching, however, in her ingenuous simplicity, no importance to the statement—that she had once heard a Dr Poitevin mention the remarkable anatomical fact which, a letter from Mrs Linwood placed in my hands ten minutes afterwards by the privateer captain, apprises me is the infallible test by which the most cunningly concocted attempt at fraudulent personation would be exposed and defeated! Not, by the way, in my hands, and under the actual circumstances, could that test prove so instantly decisive. Dr Poitevin, I ascertained, had been dead some months; and it was out of the question that I should insist upon a young lady having her ribs scientifically counted for my especial satisfaction! I doubted that Clémence herself, being, if anything, the plumpest of us two, could do so with accuracy, for I certainly could not mine; and after many trials, was unable, for the life of me, to determine whether popular belief and Jeremy Taylor were correct or not, in insisting that, since Adam, every man was minus one, taken for the creation of his better-half, 'from nearest his heart that he may love, from under his arm that he may protect her.' Fanchette was, however, fully corroborated by Clémence, before whom, by way of proposing the question in as seemly a manner as possible, I placed Mrs Linwood's letter, with the passage I have quoted strongly underlined.

'Ah, it is very true!' exclaimed the sweet girl with a charming blush and smile, after glancing at the lines. 'Dr Poitevin declared so when I was ill of the fever.'

'Dr Poitevin declared so in your hearing, dear Clémence?'

'O yes!—or, stay; let me reflect a moment. Certainly,' she presently added, 'it seems to me that he must have done so; but it is a long time since, and having frequently heard Fanchette and maman mention the doctor's remark, I may, you know, have come to erroneously imagine that I heard it from his own lips.'

'Be that as it may, I have not the slightest doubt, believe me, of the fact,' was my reply. Nor had I; and it was that intimate conviction which rendered me contemptuously indifferent to the clumsily cunning artifices employed to confirm a truth, so manifest to my apprehension, that disbelief was impossible. Webbe had persuaded or terrified Louise Féron into restoring Lucy Hamblin to her mother, and he had adopted a deceptive, roundabout method of carrying their mutual purpose into effect, in order to enhance the value and consequent reward of his services—a reward which Féron was of course to share. To be sure, this hypothesis did not account for Webbe's unappeasable anxiety to have us married before leaving France; but he might be really afraid that Clémence—innocent as myself of all that underhand, behind-the-scenes work—would refuse to abandon her actual home except under the protection of a husband; in which case, Webbe would be under the disagreeable necessity of confessing that the difficulties and dangers attendant upon our enterprise were, primarily, of his own seeking. Subsequently, indeed, when summoning to the session of calmer thoughts, the mass of confused and contradictory statement with which my ears had been filled by Webbe, the fallacy of such reasoning appeared palpable enough; but at the time, the strong impression upon my mind must have been as stated—a density of apprehension, which the ascertainment beyond doubt that proofs of the abduction by Louise Féron of the child my father was accused of having drowned, were really extant, within reach, if I blundered not, of my eager, trembling hand, may, by monopolising all my perceptive and reasoning faculties, have considerably aggravated.

To the same absorbing pre-occupation of mind must also, in fairness, be attributed another manifestation of perceptive obtuseness, the recollection of which, though the frosts of three-and-forty winters have since then chastened my pulse and cooled my blood, causes me even now, as I write, to glow and redden to my fingers' ends; and which, but that its omission would obscure my narrative, should certainly remain untold.

It will be readily believed that I deeply sympathised with the gentle-hearted Clémence, not only because of the grievous, irreparable wrong she had sustained by being stolen in her infancy from a loving parent and wealthy home, and subjected during twice seven years to comparative indigence and stern control; but with her deep sorrow at discovering that the woman whom she had loved as a mother was wholly unworthy of an affection, which she could not, as her tears testified whenever the subject was touched upon, subdue at will, or readily transfer to another.

Well, I expressed that natural sympathy with a warmth which it never once occurred to me would be almost certainly misconstrued, coming from a young man to a still younger maiden, who, concurrently with that young man's appearance upon the scene, had discarded a former lover. The reader is already aware that I was mightily free with such expressions as 'Dear Clemence'—that my tears mingled with those of the sobbing girl whose drooping head rested upon my shoulder. Other endearing, innocent familiarities recur to memory as I write; of which the legitimate interpretation and tendency was all unperceived by me during the first intoxication of spirit excited by the achieved success, as I supposed, of the momentous mission with which I was intrusted.

The only excuse I could make to myself when Webbe, affecting to look as fierce as a dragon whose golden fruit had been filched whilst he slumbered over his charge, called my attention to the obvious result of my thoughtless conduct, was that I could not, under any circumstances, have imagined the possibility of such a catastrophe. My previous intercourse with the better sex afforded no warning of the peril I incurred of inadvertently awakening the susceptibilities of young and gentle hearts. The damsels of the Wight must have been strangely unimpressionable, seeing that, in the words of the old song,

> I had kissed and had prattled with fifty fair maids,
> And changed them as often, d'ye see—

and the deuce of one of them had, to my knowledge, cared a straw about the matter! There was, indeed, every excuse for my inconsiderate behaviour, for, good Heaven! who that saw me come shining forth in the trim previously described, save that pale blue replaced bright yellow pants, from the Hôtel de l'Empire upon those unfortunate visits, could have believed that such a Guy might, by possibility, agitate, except with laughter, the most sensitive of maiden's hearts!

Yet, I could not deny the flattering impeachment. It was only too true that the dear girl's charming spirits had wholly forsaken her—that her appetite was gone—that at the slightest hint of the peremptory necessity of flight from St Malo before Madame de Bonneville's return, her complexion was one moment celestial rosy red, the next, pale as the lily. Too true that her soft eyes were constantly suffused with tears, and that, when speaking to me, her voice was inexpressibly tender and caressive—her smile so sad, so pitiful, that it would have touched the heart of a tiger!

And this moral ruin was my unconscious work! So at least declared Webbe, who had frequent private interviews with her. The conflict between love and maidenly pride was destroying her, and, unless I soothed that wounded pride by feigning to reciprocate her love, I had discovered Mrs Waller's long-lost daughter only to consign her to an untimely grave!

This was a delightful dilemma to find one's self suddenly placed in; and how to act I knew not. I essayed what effect a total change of demeanour on my part might have; substituted, during two whole days, moroseness, gloom, fretfulness, for the winning ways which must—it could be nothing else—have led captive her too yielding soul. Bah! The infatuated girl was more tearful, tender, caressive than ever.

Meanwhile, time pressed. Madame de Bonneville would soon return; and Captain Webbe, who was getting perfectly ferocious, could not remain with safety to himself forty-eight hours longer in St Malo; whilst to every hint of flight, dear, susceptible Clémence replied by a burst of tears!

Now, what, in such a case, let me ask the candid reader, could I do? A young fellow may live over twenty years unscathed by the tender passion, and yet not have a heart of adamant. Mine, at all events, though not pierceable by any power of Cupid, as I believed—having in that regard all my troubles, like a young bear, to come—was not insensible to the pleadings of generosity and compassion; and after much woful cogitation, I made up my mind to capitulate—upon terms. As thus:

Having in the process spoiled about a quire of paper, I achieved a note, in which, after expressing the esteem and admiration I felt for the young lady, in terms sufficiently general to be literally true, but which Clémence would no doubt read and interpret by the fervid light of her own ardent feelings, I expressed a hope of being permitted to more formally declare how essential her favour was to my future happiness, when she, being restored to her true home, and having realised the vast change in social position that awaited her, I could do so without incurring the suspicion of attempting to surprise her into an acceptance of my suit before she had been able to appreciate that change of position, or take counsel of her parents.

This I thought very clever, inasmuch as it would leave her at liberty, after reaching London, to take a fancy to somebody else; and it would be odd indeed if she did not there meet with some one she would prefer to me! Hitherto, she had practically the choice only of Jacques Sicard and myself, which could not, of course, be doubtful; but Miss Hamblin, daughter and heiress of the Wallers of Cavendish Square, would have a wide circle of eligible admirers, in the blaze of whose adulation her slightly rooted liking for me would, I earnestly hoped, wither up and disappear.

I was myself the bearer of the note; and finding her at home, and disengaged, I placed it in the young lady's hands, with a whispered intimation that I would, with permission, see her again in the evening. She seemed to instinctively comprehend that I had brought her a declaration; and the dear, sensitive girl would, I feared, have fainted with the violence of an emotion that as often arises from sudden joy as grief. She, however, by a strong effort, mastered her feelings, and I took hasty leave.

This occurred at about one o'clock in the day; and as the dinner-hour was still three hours distant, and I felt extremely fidgety, ill at ease, dissatisfied with myself, I left the hotel for a stroll on the ramparts. The day was fine and mild, though we were but in the second week of March; and it being some imperial anniversary or other, soldiers were parading, and military bands playing there. Besides, I should be pretty sure to fall in with Webbe, whom I was particularly anxious to have a word with before he again saw Clémence, or, as I should say—Lucy.

Whom should I see upon the ramparts but Jacques Sicard, on duty as a lieutenant in the National Guard, and really a smart-looking officer! I should hardly have recognised him in such splendid guise, but for the glance he shot at me of dislike and disdain, fiercely expressive, moreover, of an inclination, restrained only by the bonds of military discipline, to then and there inflict exemplary chastisement upon the presumptuous rustic that had dared to thrust his insignificance between Mademoiselle de Bonneville and Monsieur Sicard, an established bottier, de Paris même! Poor fellow, thought I, if you knew but all!

I found Webbe with his old friend Delisle, and Mr Tyler, his recent acquaintance, to whom I was introduced as 'My nephew, Monsieur Jean Le Gros.' Webbe was in a jocular mood; he had just taken a rise out of the American shipowner, anent some foolish vapouring by that gentleman relative to a Yankee frigate-victory over the Britishers. Few could do that with more causticity than Webbe; and Mr Tyler, one could see at a glance, was dreadfully ryled and wrathy. Nevertheless, he and the privateer captain exchanged an apparently hearty *business* hand grasp, and Webbe returned with me to the Hôtel de l'Empire.

I told him that I had made Clémence a formal offer, and that I was to see her again in the evening, but without entering into particulars. He was hugely delighted at the news. 'Henceforth,' he said, 'all will be plain sailing, and the necessity I am under of leaving St Malo the day after to-morrow, can have no hurtful consequence.'

'But zounds, young man,' he exclaimed, 'you are strangely down in the mouth for a valiant hero and successful lover! I suppose, however, that Shakspeare's remark—

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream—

applies as forcibly to marriage as to murder. We

can't then, I think, do better than strive to solace the few hours we have yet to pass together, with brandy, cigars, and a fire; if a fire be obtainable at this hour of the day in a French hotel.'

Brandy, cigars, and a fire were supplied, and Mr Webbe favoured me with a programme of the arrangements that, in contemplation of my acquiescence before it was too late in the marital preliminary—failing which, nothing could be done—he had concerted with Fanchette. The essential points were, that the marriage was to be privately celebrated by a priest, spoken with or retained for that purpose; that on the evening of the bridal-day, I, the bride, and Fanchette, should set out by diligence for Granville, and on arriving there, lose not a moment in betaking ourselves to the dwelling of Baptiste, who had a lugger-boat in waiting to convey us to Jersey, where we should in all probability meet Captain Webbe himself.

Webbe's boisterous glee whilst running over these interesting details grated on my ear, like the exulting scoff of a victor. It was evident he knew that Clémence could not leave St Malo except as my wife, and after that clever note of mine, a refusal to marry her would be absurd. These comfortable reflections did anything but raise my spirits, which Webbe perceiving, he proposed to redeem his promise of placing me in possession of the how and why he became Captain Jules Renaudin.

'That will do,' I said; 'go on.'

'Of course, anything would *do* that promised to lighten the sadness which lengthens Romeo's hours'——

'Pish! Pray, let me have your story, Mr Webbe, without other frippery or garniture than is inseparably inwoven with the woof and warp of the story itself.'

'You are a trifle waspish, my young friend. But that, taking into account the afflictive tortures of suspense you are now of course suffering—— Don't, for Heaven's sake, jump up and jabber in that frantic fashion, Linwood. Really you are the most touchy popgun I ever handled. However, if a plain tale will put you down, be reseated at once, for here you have it, without further preface.

'Once upon a time,' proceeded Webbe, 'I was a strictly orthodox privateer. I slew and pillaged upon the high seas only those whom the *London Gazette* proclaimed to be natural enemies, and the articles of war, and thanksgiving-for-victory sermons, enjoined all loyal subjects and Christian men to sink, burn, or otherwise destroy to the extent of their ability. Days of innocence and virtue, whither have ye fled! Shall I never again feel the sweet serenity of soul which attended upon the consciousness of knowing that the fellows I blew to kingdom come were natural enemies; that the cargoes I made prize of only ruined rascals that had the impiety to be born out of God-fearing, orthodox England'——

'Mr Webbe, I am rather crabbed in temper just now, and mouthy attempts to confound legitimate, loyal war with piracy—your persiflage means that or nothing—will only increase that irritation. Either let me hear your "plain tale," or hold your peace: I am indifferent which, to be quite candid.'

'Your politeness, I have before observed, Master Linwood, is, for your years, surprising. Nevertheless, as *I* happen just now to be in quite a heavenly frame of mind, I readily excuse an infirmity which, judging from your very bilious aspect, must be more offensive to its owner than to any one else. Seriously, though, I can't believe you have reason to be so nervously apprehensive that Clémence will have the cruelty to refuse—— There, there, don't jump out of the window or into the fire, and I'll steer as steadily as a flat broad-bottomed Dutchman.

'Once upon a time, then, as before explained, I was a strictly orthodox privateer; and for several years orthodoxy and a full purse kept, as is their natural wont, each other company. But all that's bright must fade; and slowly but surely the blockade of continental ports, constantly increasing in rigour and effectiveness, by the British cruisers, frightfully diminished the profits of that respectable line of business. Things, however, were not come by a long way to their present miserable pass ten years ago, or thereabout, when the baptism of fire and flood by which I became a child of France and a sharer in the glory of "Les Victoires et Conquêtes des Français" took place. It was precisely at the time when Bonaparte, whose blazing star now seems so near its final setting, had assembled an immense army in the neighbourhood of Boulogne for the invasion of England. There is an old one-armed capitaine de corvette,' continued Webbe, with outlaughing gaiety of heart, 'living *en retraite* at Avranches, and who, by the by, was present at that blessed banquet, who has often explained to me how that little affair would, should, must, according to all scientific rules—but for one or two provoking illogical accidents—have come off. Had Villeneuve, he used to explain, persisted, in accordance with his bounden duty and positive instructions, in coaxing Nelson to continue seeking for him where he could not be found; and if Calder had not fallen in with and crippled a division of the French fleet, that fleet, favoured by a steady favourable breeze, would have safely convoyed the French troops across the unguarded Channel to the shores of Albion, and landed them quietly there, in excellent condition. Those soldiers, as definitively arranged in the imperial programme, would, on the following day, have beaten, pulverised the English army; London would have been sacked, the House of Guelph and the British constitution abolished; England, Scotland, Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed parcelled out into departments, and the great emperor and the grand army have got safely back to France, whilst the British fleets were nowhere! A humbling lesson to the sublimity of intellect,' added Mr Webbe, 'to reflect that one or two wretched accidents should have power to disconcert the most splendid conception of genius that has dazzled mankind since the days of that royal peer whose breeches cost him but a crown, which he held sixpence all too dear, and'——

'Confound your ceaseless nonsense! It is irritating enough at all times, but especially so when the mind, torn, lacerated by conflicting doubts and fears, is'——

'Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,' interjected Webbe. 'Just so. I remember that in the days of my youth, my own mind was in a similar condition, arising, in my case, from my being reduced for several weeks to a diet of weevily biscuits and foul cockroachy water, and not an over-supply of that—— I've done—I've done. Stay where you are, and I'll run the remainder of the story off the reel without a hitch.

'Once upon a time, I resume—that time, as aforesaid—I was unsuccessfully dodging about in the *Wasp*, privateer—a craft of about the same tonnage and armament as the *Scout*—off Ushant, till early one morning, it then blowing half a gale of wind, with every sign of more hands being clapped on to the bellows, when a large schooner hove in sight. We took her to be a French or Spanish merchantman—a mistake, as we too late discovered. The schooner was, in fact, the privateer *Passe-partout*—a queer name, given her by her somewhat famous captain, Jules Renaudin—an unconscionable individual, who, not content with the exalted glory of being blown up with the *Orient*, of which he was a petty officer, at the Nile, had got himself appointed commander of the said *Passe-partout*, not so much with a view to commercial profit, as for the ungrateful purpose of having a shy at the nation that had given him such a hoist in life.

'You may depend upon it,' continued Webbe, 'that if I had known my customer, I should have given the *Passe-partout* a very wide berth. Gain, not glory, is the object of every privateer captain that understands his business. Fighting is not our vocation, and should always be avoided, unless the prize is not only well worth the powder, but pretty sure to be won, at little cost. That was far from being the case with the *Passe-partout*, from which nothing but hard knocks was to be looked for. There was, however, no help for it, so at it we went ding-dong, and continued blazing away at each other for perhaps half an hour, when the *Passe-partout* caught fire—by what chance was never known—and ten minutes afterwards, blew up. There was so wild a sea running, that we could only pick up nine of the unfortunate Frenchmen, amongst whom was Captain Renaudin himself, dreadfully scorched and otherwise injured.

'Our own condition was a perilous one. The enemy's shot had told with terrible effect upon both the hull and spars of the *Wasp*. She made water fast; and during the following night, the gale having meanwhile increased to a hurricane, both the masts, which had been badly wounded, went by the board. We managed to rig up a jury-mast; the men worked bravely at the pumps; and by the middle of the third day after the fight, the *Wasp* had so far staggered—unguidedly staggered up Channel, that she was off Gris Nez, a point northward of Boulogne. By that time the pumps had become unserviceable; the jury-mast and a portion of the bulwarks had been swept away, and the raging sea made a clean breach over the struggling, straining ship, which no one but myself believed would float an hour longer. That was not my opinion, because I had noticed that for some time she had not sunk deeper in the water, whence I concluded that the leak was effectually choked by some substance, one of the sails probably, flung overboard for that purpose, having been sucked into the opening. No argument or persuasion could, however, persuade the men to remain; and as the *Wasp's* boats had sustained no material injury, the English crew, which, fortunately as it had turned out, were far short of the usual complement, took to them, happily without accident, though the operation was a very ticklish one, and pulled off, after vainly entreating me to accompany them, for the English coast. They were soon lost sight of; and next the French prisoners determined on trying their luck in a small boat, which had belonged to the unlucky *Passe-partout*. Renaudin was dying, and could not be removed. It was as well so, for the boat had not gone two hundred yards from the brig, when she capsized, and every man in her was swallowed up in the raging waters.

'The *Wasp*, though buried in the sea, still floated, and would no doubt continue to do so if she were not flung upon the shore, or bumped against one of the numerous rocks thereabout. During the night, Renaudin died; and when morning dawned, I was consequently the only living man on board. The tempest had meanwhile greatly abated; and as the day grew stronger and clearer, I saw that the brig had drifted considerably southward, was then off Boulogne, and that numerous telescopes were directed towards her from that place. Renewed hope—I may say renewed assurance of life, once more pulsated vigorously in my veins, and I began casting about as to how I could best turn to account the fortunate deliverance which seemed to be at hand. I soon made up my mind, and the more speedily from seeing that boats were preparing to put off from Boulogne for the dismasted brig. I stripped Renaudin, bundled the body overboard, arrayed myself in his clothes, managed to fasten a tricolor to the mizen-stump, and awaited my deliverance. It was not long delayed. The heroic Renaudin was safely conveyed on shore, and so sedulously ministered to, that on the following day he was able to favour his admiring auditors with the charming story published in *Les Victoires et Conquêtes*, under the head of "Le Passe-partout et Le Wasp."

'How he, Jules Renaudin, had engaged the British privateer off Ushant, in the *Passe-partout*, which, taking fire during the engagement, had left him and his gallant sailors no other chance of success other than that of taking to the boats and boarding the enemy. That was done; and victory, faithful to the glorious tricolor, crowned the audacious attempt. Then came the tempest; and Captain Renaudin related how it happened that the French and English crews persisting, spite of his commands and supplications, to quit the ship, had all miserably perished.

'This,' said Webbe, 'is a meagre outline of the precious plan which I, under stress of utter ruin and a French prison, extemporised, and, helped by my knowledge of poor Renaudin's antecedents, derived from broken conversations with him since he had been on board the *Wasp*, nicely filled up and rounded off with many interesting details, to the great satisfaction of an applauding auditory. Renaudin was, I knew, personally unknown in Northern France, or I might hardly have risked so audacious a ruse. It succeeded, fortunately, to admiration. I was flattered, fêted, a handsome subscription was raised for me, and the hull and stores of the *Wasp*, which was cast on shore during the night, were sold for my benefit. Admiral Ducos, the French minister of marine, visited, warmly complimented me, and in frank compliance with a suggestion of some of my new friends, penned a certificate—I will shew it you some day—which sets forth that the bearer, Jules Renaudin, formerly one of the équipage of *L'Orient*, is a gallant seaman, who has deserved well of France and of all Frenchmen. I went in,' added Webbe, 'for the cross of the Legion of Honour; but Napoleon happening to be extremely busy just then with his own pet make-believe, mine missed that distinguished recognition, which was a pity. Still, I had done pretty well under the very awkward circumstances; and I have since, off and on, played in the honoured name of Renaudin a fairly successful, but deucedly delicate game, which I am not at all sorry is fast drawing towards a close. And now, my dear Linwood, we will, with your permission, adjourn to the table d'hôte—— Ah! you have no appetite! The idea of dinner even disgusts a sensitive organisation, over which the divine passion exercises just now despotic influence.'

'Go to the devil!'

'All in good time. Meanwhile, may I ask the favour of being informed, as soon as you return from the charming, and, I *will* hope, not inexorably cruel Clémence, how—— Have a care, my dear fellow, homicide, even if effected with a decanter, is punishable in this country by the galleys! Good-bye. My compliments to dear Clémence.'

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

Last year, we introduced to our readers a simplified method of silvering, by the electric process, all articles of household use, now known as 'substitutes for silver,' and also of replating worn-out Sheffield ware, &c. We are gratified to know that attention has been extensively drawn to this subject in its domestic application; and we think it only due to our pupils to lay before them now some results of our further experience, and to lead them on to new applications of this attractive and really useful art. We shall, in as small a compass as possible, endeavour to render the present paper a manual for those who may be disposed, even now, to make a beginning, as

well as a useful supplement to what we have written before.

Our system is based upon the idea of employing only such *apparatus* as may be found in almost any inhabited house, as being both the safest and most economical; and of giving such plain directions for manipulation, as still further to remove the difficulties which would deter the domestic practitioner from applying to the art of silvering. We omit all scientific explanations here, and come at once to the practical details.

To prepare the silver bath, chloride of silver is necessary. The best general direction for obtaining this is to purchase the *crystallised nitrate* of silver, the price of which is now more moderate than formerly; dissolve it in water, just sufficient, in a decanter, and then fill up the decanter with strong salt and water. This will precipitate the chloride in a white sediment. Let it settle, and carefully pour off the water. The same result, so far, may be obtained a little cheaper, by dissolving bits of old silver, or small silver coins, in nitric acid, and precipitating the chloride from the solution as above. For this purpose, the acid must *not* be chemically pure; and it is best to dilute it with water—about 1 of water to 4 of acid—and put, say one ounce of silver to four ounces of the diluted acid in a large bottle or decanter; and apply a little heat by placing it in a sauce-pan of hot water. As a certain effervescence takes place at times, it is well to have good room in the bottle, to prevent loss by overflowing. Avoid the fumes which arise from it, and let it stand until all bubbling from the metal has ceased. If all the silver is not dissolved, add more acid, and so on until it is so; then fill up with salt and water, to obtain the chloride, which must be washed six or eight times with fresh water. We think, on the whole, that the former of these methods—that with the purchased nitrate—is, in general, preferable; but, being accustomed to it, we ourselves adopt the latter method. An ounce of silver dissolved, we consider about equivalent to one and a half ounce of bought nitrate; and the chloride from either will take twelve to sixteen ounces of yellow prussiate of potash, and about three or four common bottles of water. They should be put together as soon as possible, and boiled gently in a clean tin vessel, for about twenty minutes to half an hour. Extreme accuracy in these details is not important. The object is to get potash enough to dissolve the silver; but no harm is done by having more; and, when desired, an ounce of silver will make a gallon of bath, as well as a smaller quantity.

When the boiling is over, the liquid must be allowed to settle in pigs or bottles, and the clear liquor poured off for use. We recommend keeping it in bottles. The dregs must be put together, a little water added, allowed to settle again, and poured off; and a third washing of the dregs may be made in this way, to prevent loss of silver; and all articles should be carefully washed before being returned to domestic use.

In a former article, we entered slightly upon the important subject of the bath itself; we suggested a common delf foot-bath, such as are found in most houses; and since then, we have used one ourselves with great satisfaction. But we found that the liquid penetrated the delf, the salt rising in crystals on the outside; so that, while we know nothing better as a bath than delf, it must be prepared with a proper coating on the inside before using. Stoneware is not liable to this objection, not being porous; but it is very easy to prepare the foot-bath with a composition made as follows:

Take two parts—say ounces—of resin, one of yellow bees-wax, two of finely pulverised (washed) yellow ochre; beat these together in a pipkin; let your bath be quite dry, and give it several thin coats of the mixture with a brush. This will render also common crockery, and even wooden or tin vessels, as good for the purpose as delf; but care must be taken to renew the coating of tin vessels, if it should happen to be rubbed off. An ingenious person might make an excellent bath of sheet *gutta-percha*, but we have not tried it ourselves. Also our attention has lately been drawn to an array of earthenware vessels of the common glazed sort, which would answer admirably as baths, if properly prepared with the above composition. As this ware is very cheap, we should be disposed to recommend its use, so prepared, for all the purposes for which a bath is required on the large scale. It is best to have plenty of room for the complete immersion of large objects.

A practical difficulty is, how to suspend the articles in the liquid, when they are large; and we shall endeavour to describe a contrivance by which to overcome it.

Supposing the bath established on a shelf or table. Set up at each side of it an upright piece of board, secured to the table by an 'angle bit' of wood or tin, some inches higher than the bath itself. Each piece should have a hole, through which a strong iron or brass wire may be passed, so as to overhang the bath. From this wire, at one end, suspend the tube of the pile, either by cords or as follows: take a common lamp chimney-glass, and tie strongly a bit of wet bladder on one end of it; tie to the other end, *outside*, a strong slip of tin or zinc five or six inches long; bend this so as to hook on to the wire, and allow the bladder-end to be immersed, some inches at least, in the liquid bath. The zinc of the pile itself should be suspended, of course, in this glass tube, and should consist of strips of sheet zinc, so long as to go down *nearly* to the bottom of the tube, and to hook on also to the iron wire; or shorter bits may be hung from a brass or copper wire, which should itself be twisted round the principal wire. It may be well to add, that the glass tube should be nearly filled with salt and water.

It will be seen that the main wire is thus in connection with the pile; and that any object hung from it into the liquid bath will be so as well. It is only necessary, then, to suspend by wires *from it* whatever is to be plated; and for this its strength and position afford great facilities. It must be recollected that all the wires to be used should be kept free from rust, which may easily be done by using a little sand or emery paper.

It is important to understand the principle on which the regulation of the electricity depends.

The effect produced in a given time will depend upon the relations to each other of three different agencies: these are—the surface of zinc exposed in the pile, the strength of the saline solution in the tube, and the metallic strength of the bath.

By attending to *one* of these only, we can retain entire command over the whole process—that is, by exposing more or less zinc in the tube, we can regulate the electric current. Taking the slips of zinc at one inch wide, we should say that a slip of four inches, *immersed* in the tube, will suffice for a gallon of bath; and so on in proportion either way. One tube will do for several gallons, but it may be necessary to use several bits of zinc. The usual fault of

beginners is, that they go too fast, using too much electricity, when employing the simple pile. We have found, on further trials, that on the principle we are now explaining, the current may be so weakened that the work may be left for many hours without injury, with this as well as with Daniell's pile. Thus, we should expose, not *four*, but *one* inch of zinc per gallon in such a case; and if, after leaving it all night, there was much deadness in the plating done, we should expose less another time; but we should not venture to leave it so long without first ascertaining, by practice, what four, five, or six hours would effect. It must not be forgotten that, when a stronger current is used, the objects should be taken out frequently, and rubbed clean and bright. It is impossible to say beforehand how often; but it may easily be known by observing when the surface assumes the dead-white or frosted look.

A word about metals and their preparation. We gave, formerly, a mode of making the acidulated mercurial preparation. It may also be made by purchasing a little nitrate of mercury at the chemist's, and dissolving it in water, adding a few drops of nitric acid. When enough of acid is added, the liquid gives a bright silvery colour to any metal on which it is laid. It is the result of our experience, that, while the substitutes, known under various names, may be plated *thinly* without this preparation—and, of course, require renewal frequently—it would be impossible to lay on them a *strong* coat of silver without it. It is, therefore, in our opinion an invaluable substance in connection with our art, and its cost is quite inappreciable.

With this preparation, any one of the metals alluded to may be plated to any thickness desired; but we still object strongly to the use of albata and all the inferior sorts. Their points and edges will, sooner or later, come through even the thick and expensive coating given by the great houses, and then the contrast of colour spoils the whole. By using the best nickel silver or argentine, the goods will wear out evenly to the last; but for the benefit of those who possess albata—a veritable *lucus a non lucendo*—and do not wish to sell it as old metal, and purchase the better sorts for plating upon, we have recently experimented upon the subject of nickelisation, under the impression that if a *strong* coating of nickel itself is given in the first instance, it will, at small cost, add greatly to the durability of the plated goods afterwards. After various trials, we have succeeded in our object: our difficulty was to obtain a good adhesion, for the precipitation of nickel from a solution of one of its salts is easy enough. The salt employed is the 'ammoniacal sulphate of protoxide of nickel,' dissolved in water, to which we add about a tenth of silver bath. In this way, and by not using too strong a current, we have obtained a good and adhesive coating of the nickel. Its use, previously to plating, must remove, so far, the objection to the yellower metals. We use the above mercurial preparation even for brass and copper; not that it is necessary for adhesion, but we think that it preserves the purity of the bath, and prevents the metals being dissolved when first immersed. Of course, the nickelised goods must be prepared in the same way before plating.

We would remind our readers that vast quantities of handsome Sheffield ware are annually broken up for the sake of the metals it contains; the copper surfaces being quite exposed, while the silver edges are still perfect. We have at present a really beautiful cruet-stand in use, which we purchased some months ago, in that state, for the price of the bottles, the seller throwing in the frame as a *bonus*. It may have taken five or six shillings worth of silver to give it a very strong coating, as it is a large article; and, with fair usage, it will now last a very long time. Most of the Sheffield ware is of fine design and pattern, and it is a great pity to allow it to be lost. This may be a good place to observe that servants appear to be in the habit of grossly misusing plated ware. We have seen handsome ware, which looked as if all the silver had been rubbed off with sand or coal-ashes. Housekeepers should remember that it is not enough that plate-powders should not contain mercury; they should also be carefully prepared in impalpable powder—say, one part of tripoli to two of whiting—and very sparingly used. If plate is well washed with soap and water, and wiped dry, a very little cleaning with leather and powder will suffice. It may also be useful to observe that, in cases where a little copper appears on the angles of plated goods—and it may not be possible to replate them—they may be used by touching the coppery parts with a little of the mercurial liquid described above.

Such is the famous 'silver solution,' sold at about two shillings the ounce bottle by vendors in London and Paris, at a profit of about 500 per cent., if not more. Its effect is only for a day or two, but it can be laid on again in a few minutes; and when made at home, costs almost nothing, and so may have its place as an economic agent.

'IN REMEMBRANCE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.'

At the death of Mr Jerrold in June last, it was understood that his surviving family were left in a condition far short of penury, but which yet scarcely reached that pitch of comfort in which the friends and admirers of the deceased were anxious to see them placed. In these circumstances, Mr Charles Dickens came forward, and, with the assistance of a number of literary and other friends, gave a series of amateur theatrical performances, readings, and lectures, as he delicately said, 'in *remembrance* of Douglas Jerrold.' These were so heartily patronised by the public, that before the end of August two thousand pounds had been realised and expended in the purchase of a government annuity for Mrs Jerrold and her unmarried daughter.

Taking this pleasant little affair in connection with the similar exertions made by Mr Thackeray and others not long since in behalf of the widow of Angus B. Reach, we feel prompted to remark the increased power and influence of literary men in our day, and the greatly improved mutual feeling now existing amongst them. Forty years ago, there was neither this power for good, nor the inclination so to use it. In an earlier age, the descendants even of a Milton had to be sought for after a few years in the haunts of humble life. Now, a Dickens or a Thackeray comes in like an angelic messenger, and with the loving heart of one, to re-illume the desolated hearth of their less fortunate literary *confrères*. Nothing, we believe, could be further from the hearts of these men than the desire to see their acts of this kind noted; but it has appeared to us that the Jerrold Remembrance in particular was too remarkable a feature of literary life in our day to be passed over in silence. We, after all, use not a word of mere praise; we desire to raise no roll of applause. We only congratulate Mr Dickens, that, in addition to all the results of his well-earned literary fame, he can reckon on the power of effecting so much good to his fellow-creatures.

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IN THE NORTH AMONG THE HERRINGS.

THE herring-fishery of Scotland presents aspects so picturesque and exciting, that from our own personal observation and experience, we would cordially recommend a view of its doings to the used-up: to any Sir Charles Coldstream, dying for a new 'sensation,' we would at once say: 'Go to Wick!' Although there are other large fishing-stations both in Scotland and England, such as Dunbar and Yarmouth, Wick is the true herring metropolis, the place where this capital fish with its belongings is the one staple article of commerce, and where, during the season, a nightly fleet of about twelve hundred boats, upon which some ten thousand human beings are dependent, proceeds to sea to engage in the lottery of herring-fishing. Both at Dunbar and Yarmouth, there are large fleets engaged in the fishery; but these places having been caught in the network of our railways, the produce of their boats is rapidly whirled away, fresh from the bosom of the deep, to the mighty metropolis. It is at Wick alone we can see the process of the *cure* in all its completeness; and here we find other sights and sounds of interest and excitement besides the herring drave and the death-*cheep* of the fish.

On the sea-beaten cliffs that frame the coast, are traces of mighty convulsions of nature, and striking geological phenomena stud the shore. Further north, and easy of access from hence, there are the wonderful islands of Shetland, the primitive home of a primitive people, a hundred and fifty miles from the mainland, and nearly a thousand from London. And there, far away in the living waters of the North Atlantic, are to be seen men who perform wondrous feats on the face of the rocks—fowlers who peril their lives for the sake of a few eggs or a handful of feathers. Let the *blâsé* Sir Charles bowl over to Shetland, and view men hanging to the slippery and crumbling rocks by their toes and fingers, the ravening waters surging hundreds of feet below them, and the mighty eagle flapping his wings round their head: and then let him say, if he can, 'there is nothing in it.' Some gentlemen who possess yachts have the pluck to venture among the icebergs of the high latitudes; and there are hundreds who annually 'do' the fiords of Norway, the isles of Greece, the Mediterranean, and Mount Vesuvius; but there be few who know thoroughly our own land of the mountain and the flood, its scenery and employments; who have fished for piltachs in Shetland, or fowled on lone St Kilda, ay, or seen Wick in the herring-season.

Of the many chapters which compose the romance of natural history, there are none more interesting than those which treat of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the great deep. It was only the other day our *savans* decided the parr question, a well-known branch of the great salmon controversy; and now we are in the very midst of speculation as to the natural history and proper *habitat* of the principal member of the *clupea* family. Only a few years ago, we still believed in wonderful theories as to the sources whence we were supplied with this multitudinous fish. We took it for granted, that the herrings were natives of far-away seas, and generated amid the icebergs of Greenland; and that, leaving their frozen home, in one gigantic shoal of hundreds of millions of fish, they turned their snouts to the south, and reaching Britain, delivered themselves up for the benevolent purpose of feeding the people of these islands. Even now, we know little more than this: although we suspect the herring to be a native of our own seas—that it comes into shallow water at certain seasons to spawn; and, having fulfilled this great purpose of nature, that it again retires to the nearest deep water. It is at this period we commence our onset; the 'full fish' being the most esteemed in the market; and here we must notice the strange anomaly, that during the spawning season we protect our salmon, and avoid all kinds of white fish, which is precisely the period we choose for rushing upon the herrings, and destroying them in myriads.

As an instance of the very limited knowledge we possess of the natural history of even our most favourite fishes, we may state that at the recent meeting of the British Association, a member, who read an interesting paper 'On the Sea-fisheries of Ireland,' introduced specimens of a substance which the Irish fishermen considered to be the spawn of the turbot; stating that wherever this substance was found, trawling was forbidden; the supposed spawn being in reality a kind of sponge, with no other relation to fish except as being indicative of beds of mollusca, the abundance of which marks that fish is plentiful. It follows that the stoppage of the trawl on the grounds where this kind of squid is found, is the result of sheer ignorance, and causes the loss in all likelihood of great quantities of the best white fish.

We have called the herring-fishery a lottery, and it will presently appear how it deserves this character. Some years the take is very large, and at other times it does little more than pay expenses. The present season has been considerably under the usual average at all the stations in Scotland. This, coupled with the fact of many places being now barren of fish that in former times yielded a good supply, has given rise to an opinion that we are killing our goose with the

golden eggs. The originator and principal advocate of this view is Mr John Cleghorn, who, being resident in the place where our greatest fishing is carried on, has had the most ample opportunities for observation and research. The points of Mr Cleghorn's doctrine are the following: 1. That the herring is a native of the waters in which it is found, and never migrates. 2. That distinct races of it exist at different places. 3. That twenty-seven years ago, the extent of netting employed in the capture of the fish was much less than what is now used, while the quantity of fish caught was, generally speaking, much greater. 4. There were fishing-stations some years ago which are now exhausted; a steady increase having taken place in their produce up to a certain point, then violent fluctuations, then final extinction. 5. The races of herrings nearest our large cities have disappeared first; and in districts where the tides are rapid, as among islands, and in lochs where the fishing-grounds are circumscribed, the fishings are precarious and brief; while, on the other hand, extensive sea-boards having slack tides, with little accommodation for boats, are surer and of longer continuance as fishing-stations. 6. From these premises it follows that the extinction of districts, and the fluctuations in the fisheries generally, are attributable to overfishing. In 1818, with 2,000,000 square yards of netting, we caught 116,000 barrels; and this year in Wick, with nets to the amount of 22,000,000 square yards, we have only some 82,000 barrels. Upon the whole, Mr Cleghorn's statements deserve attention; and under present circumstances, the controversy may be expected to go on with warmth. 'Herrings,' says one of the belligerent journals, 'will very soon be as rare a fish as the salmon, and found only on the tables of the wealthy.'

The information which even our most intelligent fishermen can impart as to the natural history of the fish is so scanty, as to be of no practical value. They go out in their boats to catch them, not to observe and note their habits. Of course, they have in general acquired a certain knowledge of the places where their prey most do congregate; but even in this respect, the falling in with the shoal is quite a chance affair. The usual mode of determining the whereabouts of the fish is very primitive, consisting principally of observations as to where the gulls are roosting. If these are found high on the rocks, then the herrings are supposed to be out at sea; if, on the other hand, the birds are low down, or at the water's edge, then the shoal is thought to be close inshore. However, our business for the present is with the actual *modus operandi*, and a night or two at sea, and a long and interested gaze at the land operations, have made us somewhat familiar with the subject.

It was about half-past four when we left the harbour of Wick, a little speck upon the waves, dancing along with 1100 other little specks, all on the same errand. When we got fairly out of the harbour, the question was how to turn, to the east or the west; after a consultation, we bore away to the right hand —why I cannot tell—our brown sail well filled, and our boat in full career before the spanking breeze. Soon we passed the little harbour of Sarclet; and in about an hour and a half were off Lybster, streams of boats pouring like bees out of both of these places. Tacking about, we made a run back to what we thought a suitable place; and as the sun in gilded majesty was retiring into the bosom of the waters, we commenced preparations for the shooting of our nets. A few cautious persons were still rowing anxiously about, not inclined to be at the trouble of shooting till they saw whether or not their neighbours were rewarded with fish; but most of the others had taken up their stations, and their partially furled sails denoted that the great business of the night had commenced: in these the men having crept under the sail, were already comfortably asleep, their boats drifting with the tide, and their trains filling rapidly with the glittering treasures of the deep. Now it became our turn; and having selected a spot—a rather difficult task amid the crowd of boats—we commenced our labours. Away flew net after net, over the side, till a train was formed, like some great sea-serpent, floating in our wake—the corks and bladders dancing up and down almost as far as the eye could reach; in fact, our train must have been fully a mile long—and on that night there could not have been less than 1000 miles of netting floating around us. Having hauled down our sail, we waited patiently for some token of success; but wearied at last, after an interval of about four hours, we hauled our nets, and were rewarded with one solitary fish! Although much disheartened, we resolved to try again; but before doing so, we pulled up and down among our neighbours, peering into their nets, to ascertain whether they had been more fortunate. At last we found some with fish in them; and again we threw out our marking-buoy—over went the first sinker, and away flew the net, breadth after breadth, till again our whole train was floating far upon the sea. Fortunate neighbours were by this time hauling in and filling their boats with herrings. Hark! in the distance there is a mighty noise, as if ten thousand thunder-showers were rattling down on the ocean; and see, the distant flashing of the waters—they are bright with light, and vivid with life —for a 'spot' of the herring-shoal has risen to the surface, and the waves are flashing in their brilliant phosphorescence. A stone is thrown from a boat right into the centre of the fiery tumult, and in a moment the spot has disappeared; the light has vanished, and the waters are again dark and still. It was a brief but beautiful sight; an ample reward of itself for the night's labour.

Not one of us had spoken during this little scene, but at last one of the Harris people, taking the pipe from his mouth, exclaimed: 'Och, och, but she'll get plenty of fish the next haul!' And he proved to be a true prophet. At the next haul, we had great luck, and the fish came splashing over the side of the boat as thick as hailstones. It took us two good hours to haul in the nets, and then we had time to look round, and observe the operations of our neighbours. The sea for miles around was one mart of industry; and as the early village cock in distant barn-yards was proclaiming the advent of morn, the fleet was on the move, and all making harbourwards. Some, high out of the water, took the lead, and dashed gallantly home with great rapidity—empty. Others, deep sunk in the sea, heavy laden with their miraculous draughts, crept slowly along, joyously dipping an occasional oar to speed them on their way. Such were the results of the Lottery. The herrings, it would appear, do not swim in an unbroken mass, but in tribes or nations— or at least in regiments and divisions—and the luckless boat between any two of these aggregations, fishes only the empty waters. One of our neighbours had not even a single fish, whilst another, more fortunate, was laden to the gunwale. About six o'clock, we made the harbour, and found hundreds of boats already berthed, and commencing operations for landing their freight.

We are now at a point where the herring ceases to be an object of natural history, and becomes an article of commerce; and we must, as we have said, resort of necessity to Wick, in order to see all the business operations of the fishery brought into a focus. Here, during the heat of the season, that is, from the end of July to the first week in September, when the local fishermen

are assisted by hired hands, are congregated all who have an interest in the fishing; and the *coup d'œil* is full of animation. The herring fleet, when the weather is favourable, begins to move out of harbour about four o'clock, and, as it is some hours before the whole fleet are dispersed on the waters, before this is accomplished perhaps some are already returning laden with fish. And again, it sometimes happens, that as the last boats are coming in, those who like to start early are pushing away for a new campaign. From six o'clock A.M. till about three in the afternoon, the bustle is at the thickest; and strangers visiting the hillside which overlooks the harbour, will see the sight in all its glory.

Viewing the harbour and quays from this vantage-ground, which commands the greater portion of the scene, the spectacle is striking, as all the hurry and bustle incidental to the cure is here concentrated. Scores of boats are already in, and the various crews have begun the process of carrying ashore the fish. Men clad in picturesque oilskin leggings and original-looking overcoats, and boots that might be coffins to ordinary humanity, are busy with great wooden spades shovelling the herrings into the baskets, four of which make a cran. These are rapidly carried—for everything is done in a desperate hurry—by the gangs of hired men to the gutting-places, which are of the dimensions of an ordinary-sized room, but with low sides—and the glittering contents of the baskets poured in like a torrent; then a person who is on the watch to keep an account of what is brought, rushes like a madman to a barrel containing salt, and spreading out the herrings with a spade, scatters large handfuls over them. If the take has been large, this goes on for hours; the quay-roads then become ankle-deep in brine, the men are dripping herring-water all the way from the boats to the troughs; and the atmosphere is laden with the *wersh* perfume of the fresh fish. Upon the arrival of each boat, the same routine has to be gone through, till all the fish have been brought on shore. By this time, the operation of gutting and packing is in full force, and constitutes a highly curious element in the picture.

For some time before, we had seen lounging about the curing-yards, and wandering among the piles of empty barrels, a rather incongruous but not uninteresting portion of the assemblage: groups of Highland girls dressed in white short-gowns and black petticoats, and with uncovered hair in smooth and glittering braids. They had a bright independent look, which was very piquant, and seemed to observe, with a sort of careless curiosity, the coarse labours of the men. But where are they now? A sound as if of the slap of Harlequin's sword, and short-gowns, petticoats, and girls are suddenly transmogrified into veritable witches, 'so withered and so wild in their attire,' that we start almost in terror, wondering what part they are to play in the drama. We have not long to wait, however, for they are at once seized with the tarentular phrensy of the men, and fling themselves headlong into their business. The operations performed by them are indeed carried on with singular speed and dexterity. Yonder woman with the blood-bespattered visage, a very fiend incarnadined, guts a herring every two seconds; and her neighbour at the barrel, when kept well supplied with fish, packs it in the regulation style in eleven minutes: that is, she rouses the fish in a large tub, takes them out in handfuls, and then arranges them in mathematical order in the barrel, sprinkling a portion of salt on each layer. And so they proceed till the trough is at last emptied; and then they forthwith resume their natural shape and costume; and with their white short-gowns, black petticoats, and braided hair, and with the flush of exercise and triumph on their cheeks and in their eyes, turn their backs upon the scene and return to their homes. This occupation being of the nature of piece-work, is very lucrative, and these nymphs of the herring-trough, being able to realise considerable sums of money, are among the gayest belles of the town; but when posted round the trough, dipping their brawny arms deep among the scaly treasures, seizing each a fish, ripping it up, heaving it into a basket, and throwing the viscera into a box, at the rate of thirty a minute, they form a group easier to imagine than describe. It is Saturday, and the quays are thronged with carts, busy carrying away the nets to be spread out and dried on the neighbouring fields, and there they remain till Monday, there being no fishing either on Saturday or Sunday nights. During the season, the brae of Pulteneytown, which adjoins Wick, is crowded with spectators looking down on the animated scene below, and in the afternoon, watching the going out of the fleet to sea.

The commerce in herring is different from most other kinds of trading, inasmuch as the whole of the goods are bought months before they are brought to market. In some of the German or Prussian ports, there lives a merchant whose business consists in sending salted herrings into the far interior of the continent, where they are luxuries which sometimes only the rich are able to purchase: he knows the markets which are open to him, and the number of barrels he can readily dispose of. He is generally a person of some capital, and able to advance money to the curers when required. He corresponds with them, and bargains for a certain number of barrels at a certain price; and it is these curers who come in between the merchant and the fisherman to deal for the 'green fish.' Then the fisherman, having made his bargain, which is generally so much per cran, and a bounty to each boat in addition, proceeds to supplement his regular crew, which may consist only of himself and his two sons, by hiring two or three of the sturdy men who annually visit Wick from the islands for the purpose of assisting in the fishery. These 'hired men' receive perhaps L.5 or L.6 for the season, besides lodging and food; and as to bounties and prices, they vary considerably. Thus one of the local papers informs us, that 'the bounties paid last year ranged from L.20 to L.30 and upwards, besides perquisites. Those given for the present season's fishing, we were told, varied from L.30 to L.50, in addition to 14s. and upwards, per cran. The complement of fish agreed to be delivered to the curer, provided they are caught, is 200 crans. All beyond that quantity is at the fisherman's disposal, and the curer generally enters into a new contract for the surplus.' There is generally an influx of about five or six thousand of the hardy islanders of Skye, or the Lewis, accompanied by numerous female relations, who find employment at the troughs. The bargains with curers are made, perhaps, at the close of one season for the next. The curer has to bring home the billet-wood, get it sawn up into staves—for which purpose there are several water and steam mills at Wick—and then have it converted into barrels, of which many hundreds have to be kept in stock. Then he is obliged to have on hand a large stock of salt. A staff of coopers is also necessary to make up the barrels, and to head and hoop them when they are filled with fish, and have the various parcels ready to be examined and branded by the officer of the Board of Fisheries; after which they are ready for shipment to the various home and continental markets.

The scenes presented, even at our smaller fishing-stations in the herring-season, are well worth seeing; but to view the great picture in perfection, requires a visit to Wick, or a tour of the Moray Firth, where there are also a great number of harbours for the fisheries. Let tourists take our advice, and spend a

fortnight at Wick, making a run to John o' Groat's, or a visit to Shetland, to diversify the scene a little. We offer this as a prescription that will kill one year's ennui as dead as a cured herring.

ANATOMY OF A LITERARY FORGERY.

ALTHOUGH, doubtless, all the world, or at least all the reading part of it, has heard of that most audacious of literary forgeries, *Vortigern, a Tragedy*, yet, as we suspect that very few even of *the* few who have seen it have ever read it, and that only a small minority of our readers generally is at all likely to be acquainted with its history, we purpose to avail ourselves of the recent acquisition of a copy of the rare reprint of 1832,* to supply—in many places in the forger's own words—such an account of the circumstances which led to the perpetration of the fraud as shall be wanting, we fully hope, neither in interest nor instruction.

Samuel Ireland, the father of the unhappy lad whose career we are about to trace, was emphatically one of those madmen who make men mad—one of those idolaters who esteem the book above the life, and who, without an eye to see or a heart to understand wherein lies the greatness of him whom they adore, prefer some filthy, worm-eaten, useless relic of their deified mortal to the body of genius and wisdom, which is in the better testament of his works. Even such a divinity, according to the testimony of the son, was Shakspeare to Samuel Ireland. 'Four days at least out of the seven' were his writings made the after-dinner theme of the old man's conversation; while in the evening, still further to impress the subject upon the minds of his son and his visitors, certain plays were selected, and a part allotted to each, in order that they might read aloud and—commune, doubtless, with the soul of their divinity, and extract the heart of the mystery? no—but in order that they might 'thereby acquire a knowledge of the delivery of blank verse articulately and with proper emphasis!' 'The comments to which these rehearsals, if I may be permitted so to call them, gave rise, were of a nature to elicit, in all its bearings, the enthusiasm entertained by my father for the bard of Avon. With him, Shakspeare was no mortal, but a divinity; and frequently, while expatiating on this subject, impregnated with all the fervour of Garrick, with whom he had been on intimate terms, my father would declare that *to possess a single vestige of the poet's handwriting, would be esteemed a gem beyond all price*, and far dearer to him than his whole collection.' At these conversations, young Ireland was always present, 'swallowing with avidity the honeyed poison; when, by way,' he says, 'of completing this infatuation, my father, who had already produced picturesque tours of some of the British rivers, determined on commencing that of the Avon, and I was selected as the companion of his journey. Of course,' he adds, 'no inquiries were spared, either at Stratford or in the neighbourhood, respecting the mighty poet. Every legendary tale, vended anecdote, or traditionary account, was treasured up. In short, the name of Shakspeare ushered in the dawn, and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed our weary eyelids to repose.'

Induced by the reiterated eulogies rung in his ears respecting Shakspeare, by his father's enthusiasm, and, above all, by the incessant remark on the old man's part, 'that to possess even a signature of the bard would make him the happiest of human beings,' it occurred to young Ireland to take advantage of his residence in a conveyancer's office, environed by old deeds, to produce a spurious imitation of Shakspeare's autograph. Having supplied himself with a tracing of the poet's signature, he wrote a mortgage-deed, imitating the law-hand of the time of James I., and affixed thereto Shakspeare's sign-manual. This mortgage-deed, purporting to be between Shakspeare and one Michael Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, not only transported the sage elder into the seventh heaven of felicity, but attracted crowds of other connoisseurs and antiquaries. To the question where the deed was found, Ireland the younger replied, that 'he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of ancient family, possessed of a mass of deeds and papers relating to his ancestors, who, finding him very partial to the examination of old documents, had permitted him to inspect them; that, shortly after commencing his search, the mortgage-deed in question had fallen into his hands, and had been presented to him by the proprietor.' He added, 'that the personage alluded to, well aware that the name of Shakspeare must create a considerable sensation, and being a very retiring and diffident man, had bound him by a solemn engagement never to divulge his name.' Whereupon—so completely had this young rogue's skill and plausibility produced the effect he wished—Mr Byng, afterwards Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Eden, and many others, gave it as their decided opinion that, wheresoever he found the deed, there, no doubt, the mass of papers existed which had been so long and vainly sought after by the numerous commentators on Shakspeare!

Thus urged to make 'further searches,' as he modestly called them, the young scapegrace proceeded to pen a few letters and 'The Profession of Faith of William Shakspear,'* the whole of which passed muster, although, in many instances, the documents produced as two hundred years old had not been fabricated many hours previous to their production. On the pretended 'Profession of Faith,' particularly, Dr Warton, after having twice perused the important document, pronounced a pompous eulogy in the presence of Dr Parr: 'Sir, we have many fine things in our church-service, and our liturgy abounds in beauties; but here, sir, is a man who has distanced us all!'

Well might the precocious lad be excited by these old ass-heads to more ambitious efforts! Anon, he announced the existence of a drama—the *Vortigern* we have already referred to—although, if he is to be believed, he had never essayed a pen at poetical composition, and had not at the time written a single line of the play which he purposed producing. Prior to its completion, the fame of his discoveries had resounded from one extremity of the country to the other; and on the completion of the drama, strenuous applications were made by the lessee of

* *The Shakspeare Forgeries. Vortigern, a Tragedy.* Reprinted from the edition of 1796, with an Introduction. By W. H. Ireland. London. 1832.

* It is curious enough that a somewhat similar fraud had, a quarter of a century before, been played off by Steevens upon Malone. Thomas Hart, a descendant of Shakspeare's sister, Joan, employed, in the year 1770, a bricklayer of the name of Mosely to new-tile his house—the same house in Henley Street, Stratford, bequeathed by the poet to his sister 'for the term of her natural life, at the yearly rent of twelve pence;' and here, between the rafters and the tiling, he discovered, or is said to have discovered, a manuscript of six leaves, purporting to be 'The Confession of Faith of John Shakspear (the poet's father), an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion.' Mosely gave his prize to Mr Peyton, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Malone, through the Rev. Mr Davenport, as a curiosity of great importance. Malone was completely deceived. 'I have taken some pains,' he says, in 1790, 'to ascertain the authenticity of this document, and am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine.' But the paper, as we have said, was a fabrication, and a clumsy one—a trick of Steevens to mislead his rival editor. Malone, however, discovered his error at last. 'I have since obtained documents,' he says in a subsequent publication, 'that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any of our poet's family.' Boswell quietly and judiciously dropped the document from his edition, treating it as a paper that had never existed. Malone himself was not guiltless of like unseemly frauds. The drawing of Shakspeare's house of New Place, which figures in his edition of 1790 as taken 'from the margin of an ancient survey,' is, by his own confession, a forgery.

Covent Garden Theatre to secure it; but the elder Ireland, from his long intimacy with the Sheridan and Linley families, preferred Drury Lane, where the play was subsequently represented.

Malone, whose experience of deception had given him some caution, now stood forward as 'generalissimo of the unbelievers.' 'Some pamphlets *pro* and *con.* had also issued from the press, while the newspapers incessantly teemed with paragraphs written on the spur of the moment, and dictated by the particular sentiments entertained as to the papers by their authors. Malone having, in the interim, collected his mass of documents intended to prove the whole a forgery, committed them to the press, under a hope that he should be able to publish his volume before the representation of *Vortigern*. The bulkiness of his production, however, having defeated that object, he, the day the piece was to be performed, issued a notice, to the effect that he had a work on the eve of publication which would infallibly prove the manuscripts in Mr Ireland's possession mere fabrications, and warning the people not to be imposed upon by the play advertised for that night's representation, as being from the pen of Shakspeare. 'My father'—it is young Ireland who writes—'having procured a copy of this notice, though late in the day, instantly forwarded to the press the following handbill, and distributed an immense number amongst the assembled multitudes, then choking up every avenue to Drury Lane Theatre: "VORTIGERN.—A *malevolent* and *impotent* attack on the Shakspeare MSS. having appeared on the *eve* of representation of the play of *Vortigern*, evidently intended to injure the interests of the proprietor of the MSS., Mr Ireland feels it impossible, within the short space of time that intervenes between the publishing and the representation, to produce an answer to the most illiberal and unfounded assertions in Mr Malone's *Inquiry*: he is therefore induced to request that the play of *Vortigern* may be heard with that *candour* that has ever distinguished a *British audience.*"'

John Philip Kemble, who was then stage-manager at Drury Lane, and had had the hero's part in the tragedy assigned to him, saw at a glance that such rubbish as composes *Vortigern* could never have emanated from the mind of Shakspeare, even in his babyhood, and passed that sentence upon it which he felt the public ought, and did afterwards most effectually pronounce. He therefore did his best to procure its representation on the *first*, instead of the *second*, of April 1796, 'in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of *fools all.*' Foiled in this by the interposition of old Ireland and Mr Sheridan, Kemble, however, so managed that the farce of *My Grandmother* should follow the tragedy, 'intending that all the bearings of that production should be applied by the audience to the subject of the Shakspearian papers.' He is also charged by the younger Ireland with having preconcerted a signal when the opponents of the papers were to manifest their disapprobation. For this purpose, the following line in the fifth act was selected:

> And when this solemn mockery is o'er.

However this may be, no sooner had he arrived at this line, which he delivered in an exceedingly pointed manner, than 'a deafening clamour reigned throughout one of the most crowded houses ever recollected in theatrical history, which lasted several minutes. Upon a hearing being at length obtained, instead of taking up the following line of the speech in rotation, Mr Kemble reiterated the above line with an expression the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive. Added to this, the late Mr Dignum was purposely placed by Mr Kemble in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sounding of trumpets, he had to exclaim: "*Let them bellow on!*" which words were uttered with such a nasal and tinkettle twang, that no muscles save those of adamant [*sic*] could have resisted the powerful incentive to laughter.'

So far the Irelands and their adherents were scotched, but not slain. Malone's *Investigation* was at length published, and was answered by George Chalmers, first in his *Apology for the Believers*, and next in his *Supplemental Apology*, wherein he refuted, to young Ireland's satisfaction, every position laid down by Malone. After the avowal of the forgery, the author of *Vortigern* forwarded two very humble letters to Mr Chalmers, who, maintaining a prudent silence, never answered them.

This avowal was made from a stroke of conscience. The forgery had been charged upon the elder Ireland instead of the younger. It was argued that the latter's youth—he was but nineteen—precluding all possibility of the papers being his, the whole must have been fabricated by his father, who had made the son the vehicle of introducing them to the public. It seems, however, that the former was a total stranger to every proceeding in the composition of the papers; and George Steevens, who had been also suspected of participation in the fraud, is stated by Ireland to have been equally innocent. Urged by the imperious motive of rescuing his father's character from unmerited obloquy, he came forward with the truth, having first abandoned the paternal roof, and relinquished a profession for which he was studying. 'With the wide world before me,' he says, 'and a host of the most implacable enemies at my back, ere my twentieth year, I entered upon the eventful pilgrimage of life, without a guide to direct my steps, or any means of existence save those which might result from my own industry and perseverance.' Of his after-career we know nothing.

INDIAN SERVANTS.

THERE has been an occasional gleam of sunshine in the lurid horror of the terrible revolt of the sepoys. Many instances have occurred of fidelity and humanity amongst a people whose prejudices and devotional feelings are all against their alien rulers. These have chiefly been found amongst domestic servants—the men who have been brought into close home contact with the English. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, just at this moment, to hear something of the habits and offices of this race, to gaze upon a rude sketch of our Indian servants; and we can best draw it by recalling our first impressions and observations concerning them. Two days after our landing, a feverish attack confined me to my chamber and the adjoining sitting-room. As yet, I had only seen the servants *en masse*, as it were, without absolutely distinguishing one from the other. Now, as it was not clear whether my illness was infectious or not, I was left to the care of the native ayah and a European maid. After sunset, thinking they would both be glad of a little cool air, I told them they might leave me, and go on the house-top or into the garden for a change. They accepted the offer gladly, and I soon after fell asleep on the sofa of the sitting-room. I awoke with eager thirst; and as I slowly opened my eyes, beheld what appeared to me, at first, a strange vision. On a mat on the ground, at the foot of the sofa, sat the tall figure of a very handsome native, his arms crossed on his bosom, and his large black eyes fixed earnestly on my face. He was dressed in a peon's attire—that is, a sort of short white blouse girt round the waist by a sash; a turban on his head, and a sword beside him. That he was devout, a short strip of paint between his eyebrows testified. I felt at first a little uneasy at finding myself the object of that fixed stare; but it was only significant of the watchfulness of a

careful attendant. The moment I stirred, the dark eyes fell, and the lithe form rose with noiseless grace. He went outside the crimson silk screen which stood at the door, and returned with a glass of toast and water, which he held kindly, but very respectfully, to my lips. When I had finished drinking, he replaced the tumbler, and again seated himself, this time with *drooping* eyes and folded arms, for I was awake, and could speak if I needed anything. Still not a movement escaped him. I was restless, and he smoothed and arranged my pillows; I dropped my handkerchief —it was restored instantly; I looked flushed, and he brought a punkah of painted feathers, and fanned me. A kinder nurse than this poor peon I never saw.

He was, I found, the sepoy who waited in the young ladies' apartments; and at night, with his drawn sword beside him, slept at our open chamber-doors, ever ready, if called on, to destroy an insect or bring a cup of tea. A civil, quiet, amiable man was Juan the sepoy—a Mohammedan, we believe, though, as we were not allowed to talk on religious subjects with the servants of the palace, we could not be sure.

His service was a gentle one. He was always—except at his hours for eating, &c.—to be found seated near the sitting-room door, ready to go errands, pull the punkah or fan which hangs across the room, pick up a handkerchief, wipe our pens, and render every sort of miscellaneous service which English languor or luxury might exact. And his 'spiriting' was done in a style worthy of Ariel, so graceful was it, and noiseless, and calm.

There were two hundred servants altogether in and about Parell. The head domestics were Parsees. The major-domo, a fat, portly personage, ruled all the others. He was a good-looking man, with a very intelligent countenance, handsome, though disfigured by the high purple cotton Guebre cap. All the men who waited at table, or brought food, when at any time required, were Parsees. I found, when we travelled, that I had to commit the custody of my rupees, in their heavy bag, to Cursetjee, the *under* butler, or major-domo's assistant, who doled my money out to me when required, and was treasurer in like manner to the whole family. These servants were very superior to all the other domestics. Handsome, active, intelligent, and kindly, they shew superiority of race in a very extraordinary degree. One of them was called the 'Count d'Orsay' of the establishment, on account of his studied elegance of manner, which was at times very entertaining. He went to the governor one day, and with profound humility requested 'a letter of introduction' to the staff-surgeon, the talented and excellent Dr M'Lennan. The governor, amused at the request, asked why he wished to have it. 'To ask for some pills,' was the reply. *N.B.*—The pills were of course supplied to all of the household who asked for them. Another time, when we were travelling, and I had unwittingly rested my feet on a covered basket at the bottom of the carriage, an act which caused him, as *provedditore*, some uneasiness, he came up to the door, bowed profoundly, and observed 'that *it was not good for missee's health* to sit with her feet in the butter!' Our own especial Parsee, however, the 'ladies' favourite,' was superior to all the others. His name was Arjesia; he was active in fulfilling the slightest request; honest, kind, and intelligent, and took apparently a greater interest in us than the other servants did. He liked to explain customs, to teach us Hindostanee words, to inform us about his own faith. Once, on occasion of a total eclipse which took place during our stay in India, we asked him why the people of the adjoining village were tam-taming and making such a noise. He replied: 'Ignorant people think that great serpent come to eat up sun, so they beat tam-tam to frighten him away.'

'And what do *you* think the darkness is, Arjesia?'

'Parsee know, Ma'am Sahib. Sun angry 'cos men wicked; he *hide him face*.'

Once a European maid-servant asked him why he sighed so deeply, as he came out of the lady's room.

'Ah, because me like Ma'am Sahib, and she so wicked; I know God be angry with her.'

'Why, what has she done wicked?'

'She blow out candle, like nothin' 't all. Oh!'

This lamentation of poor Arjesia reminds me that it is—at least on the Bombay side of India—the peculiar office of a separate servant to light and extinguish the candles and lamps. This man is called a massall; and it was his office I thoughtlessly usurped when I blew out the taper, and shocked my kind Parsee friend. It is this man, the massall, who steals noiselessly through the chambers at nightfall, and lights the wicks floating in a tumbler of cocoa-nut oil, which stand on the floor of every bedroom. If a light is required at any other hour in the twenty-four, it is the massall who is sought to light it. I once nearly lost an English mail by requiring a taper to seal my letter. The massall had to be found before light could be obtained at all; and when the taper was lighted, it was stopped by every Parsee it met on its road to me, that the *first* kindled fire might be duly reverenced.

Parsees, peons, massalls. Who come next? Oh, the ayah! In order of precedence, she should have been first. We can see that important personage even now, in our mind's eye—a small woman, rather old too, gaily dressed in a yellow satin jacket, and a voluminous veil falling all round her, of white muslin edged with gold. Her office was to attend her young ladies after the bath, braid hair, which she did to perfection, and otherwise attire them; but she could not work as an English lady's-maid does, and therefore an essential member of the feminine staff was a *dirgee* or tailor.

Our dirgee, hired at fifteen rupees (L.1, 10s.) per month, was a Portuguese half-caste, rejoicing in the name of Giuseppe Maria Emanuele da Silva. Seated on a sheet in one corner of our bedroom, he waited quietly for anything to mend or make, and did his work beautifully. His genius was, however, rather imitative than creative. He always made dresses by a European pattern, save in one instance, when, to please him, we allowed him to make up an India muslin just as he chose. It was, when finished, of a pretty fancy, though very singular, being trimmed all over with small fans of muslin, fastened with bows of ribbon. He worked beautifully, his stitches being nearly invisible. When he left me for another place, he brought a certificate for my signature; this paper, evidently written by some professional scribe or letter-writer, stated that the said Giuseppe Maria Emanuele da Silva was 'honourable, discreet, honest, clever—an unequalled dirgee,' and, in fact, possessed of every virtue under heaven. I demurred a little at having to make, or rather sign, such assertions; but I was told the certificate would only be taken at its real value, as it was a mere form; so I added thereto my name.

'Ayah' proved to be the least trustworthy of our Indian servants. Having taken offence at one of her 'young ladies,' she changed a bottle of red lavender for one of laudanum; and but for a mistake of the hakim or native doctor, who dispensed medicines in the house, the dose thus taken might have been fatal, and a very charming young lady have been lost to English society; but the laudanum had by accident been mixed with tincture of rhubarb.

Our 'housemaids' were men—hamals, as they are called (an Arabic name) in Bombay. Their office was to make beds, clean the rooms, &c. It was strange to see them at their feminine tasks, some few of which only appeared worthy of their strength; and when their work of this kind was finished, stranger still to

behold them seated on the ground making, perhaps, a satin jacket for their wives! They filled the baths. A low-caste woman, born to her office, which is hereditary, emptied all slops from the basin and bath. In fact, the division of labour was absolutely intricate.

Our washerman or dobee was also a constant servant. No change of laundresses in India! Your dobee goes where you go, taking his train of *employés* with him, and washing your scarcely tumbled garments in the tank, with such energy, that their beatings on the stones cause the dirgee's services to be very frequently in request.

Then come the mollies—an appellation which would better suit the masculine housemaids than the caste to which it belongs—that is, the gardeners. Low-caste they are, and very poor, as may be seen by their slight figures and scanty garments, for your 'native,' as he rises in the scale of rupees, waxes ponderous as well as prosperous, and wears clothing in accordance with his estate. We saw but little of our poor molly; only once a day, in fact, when we left our bedrooms, and found him waiting outside with the pretty morning-offering of a bouquet of large roses, full blown, tied round a stick in the form of a large plate, and well sprinkled with rose-water.

They rank as outdoor servants with gorawallahs (grooms), &c., and perhaps should scarcely be included amongst household servants; but that graceful little morning visit has given them, in our mind, a place within the threshold.

All other domestics are almost constantly within sight and hearing; for as there are no bells to summon them, their attendance is nearer and more personal than that of European attendants. One or two are constantly in the apartment, or just outside it, like the 'confidants' of an old French comedy; and must thus become more intimate with the feelings, habits, and interests of the family than our English servants do. It is amongst this class that much faith, kindness, and gratitude have been displayed in the late dreadful revolt; as indeed might naturally have been expected. But for their habitual timidity, they would probably have done much more. We remember the only instance in which the question of whose place it was to do a thing, occurred in an establishment where every man was born to his work, and did it. This was an *embarras* proceeding wholly from want of courage. I was reading in the young ladies' parlour in our Deccan bungalow, when a voice from the next room called me. I obeyed the summons, which came from a brave-hearted lady who was on a sofa, and unable to move from indisposition.

'I think,' she said softly, 'there is a tiger in my bedroom; I have seen a shadow like one through the open door. Will you shut it, and call the chobdhar?'—her 'silver-stick.'

I complied, not without a little trepidation, and then called to her attendant: 'Chobdhar! a tiger in lady's room; come and shoot him!'

'Eh, me! missee—no, not my place; I call sepoy.'

Sepoy made the same objection; Parsee ditto: at length a large party, armed with guns, assembled, and in great force entered the sitting-room. Then came the tug of war: it was nobody's place to open the door, and I was finally compelled to do the deed with my own hand, which, after all, required no great valour, as it opened towards me, and was in itself a cover. No rush of a tiger followed. There was a pause, and then slowly, with guns levelled, they advanced and discovered—not a tiger, but a large cat, whose magnified shadow had thus betrayed to English eyes their want of pluck.

Our servants slept on mats outside our rooms, in case of nightly service being required, well wrapped from mosquitoes in veils of different degrees of smartness. We used to walk through a gallery of sleeping attendants on our way to our own rooms every night, and slept ourselves with open doors, confident in their protection and good faith. We trust this confidence will still continue, and that when we think of the Bengal sepoy's cruelty and treachery, we may at the same moment recollect how kind, how gentle, and, in most instances, how faithful have been our Indian servants.

OUR CURATES.

We have had a great number of these in our parish, and from my position as churchwarden, I am tolerably well fitted to speak upon the subject. Under 'Preferments and Appointments,' in the church newspapers, you may have seen, about once in every six months or so, 'the Rev. Somebody Something to the curacy of Little Biddlebrigham, Devon,' and have been under the mistaken impression that the young man had got a good thing; but this is far from being the case. 'A title given' and 'a sole charge' are the baits with which we allure juvenile divines into our parish, and we have found them very killing—the baits, I mean, not the divines; but since we are upon that subject, I may state at once that the word might have been not seldom applied to our curates themselves.

Perceval Smarte, B.A., of the university of Oxford, was a great example amongst us of this sort. It was almost a pity that a gentleman with so accurate an eye for colour, and with so chaste a notion of costume, should have been restricted in the choice of vestments by the nature of his profession. The canon relating to ecclesiastical attire might have been suspended in his particular case with the greatest safety, and without risk of the case so carefully guarded against, of a scarlet clergyman with yellow stripes. He once shewed me a whole drawerful of lemon-coloured kid-gloves, almost all new, which he had amassed during his lay career, and which he had no intention whatever of wearing again.

'It seems hard, does it not?' sighed Perceval Smarte—and I think there was a dewiness in his large blue eyes when he said it—'but we must all make our little sacrifices.' What, however, the strict letter of the highest church-discipline did permit him in garments, he took the fullest advantage of. I never yet saw a curate in canonicals who had such an exceeding resemblance to a bishop. Upon one occasion, when the clerk was indisposed, I went into the vestry with our curate to assist him in attiring himself, and I shall not easily forget it. I only wish I knew the technical names for half the things—the under-garments—in which I invested him. A certain black silk waistcoat, which reached down to his hips, was fastened—I remember *that*—at the back of his right shoulder; and there was an enormous agate brooch, with a black cross upon it, the pin of which, in my clumsy attempts to fasten it, I ran into his neck. His surplice was, I suppose, lawn of a dazzling whiteness, made to stick out in all directions, as though inflated: this, while he remained at Little Biddlebrigham, was washed every week. His immediate predecessor had not been so particular in this matter, and wore one of a very different material. Perceval Smarte, who assisted him upon the last Sunday of his stay with us, is said to have observed to him sarcastically: 'I think, my friend, if I did borrow a table-cloth to read prayers in, I would try to procure a clean one.' Besides attending to his duties in the parish very assiduously, Mr Smarte took the taste of our young ladies under his entire control; not a gown was chosen without an eye to his

approbation, not a bonnet selected without the inward reflection: 'Now, I wonder what will our curate say to this!' I must confess that I think he abused his elevated position in the pulpit to scrutinise, before the service commenced, the 'novelties' recently imported by his fair parishioners, for I always noticed that he was most severe upon them on Monday mornings. He was not a poor man—or he could not have stopped so long as he did at Little Biddlebrigham, where a non-resident rector offers the hope of 'a recompense far higher than any mere pecuniary reward,' and indeed does not, I believe, ever insult our curates by the proffer of a stipend. He had a very comfortable little bachelor establishment; and his sister sometimes came and stayed with him, who was the superior of some sort of amateur convent in the north, and wore a very becoming dress, which distinguished, as she loved to call it, her 'order.' While she remained, there was a series of festivities given by Mr Perceval Smarte: such snowy napkins, such glistening plate, ay, and wine, too, of such first-rate excellence, as was not to be surpassed at the squire's (Mr Broadland's) own table at the hall. I remember but one mischance at these entertainments of our curate, and that, I think, happened the winter before last. Mr Smarte had an infinite deal of trouble in getting men-servants to his liking out of our parish, and the one he had then, a certain Samuel Scroggin, was only upon trial. This poor fellow had never seen such things as hot-water plates before, nor did he at all imagine that their duty was to keep our food warm: he opined, indeed, from their form and character, that they were intended for quite another purpose; and when we trooped down into the dining-room, we found them garnishing each individual chair—Samuel had thought they were to sit upon in that cold weather. That was the only occasion upon which the Rev. Perceval was ever known to use a naughty expression, and the lady-superior strove in vain to drown it by a cough.

He was a very good man, and a very kind man, I do believe, although he had not much judgment in managing the vestry, and made a great deal of fuss about a parcel of saints and martyrs, whom nobody at Little Biddlebrigham had ever so much as heard the names of. I, for one, was very sorry when that tremendous disturbance took place about the wax-candles, with which the whole world is now sufficiently acquainted, and our parish in particular was convulsed. He was a better man, I believe, after all, than the Rev. Curte Sharpely who succeeded him.

Mr Sharpely was a scholar of that magnitude, that one could never understand above half his sermons, and the other half was devoted to personalities. Upon the very second Sunday of his preaching, he flew at the poor squire for having a guest in his house who had peculiar opinions, and did not come to church. He asked us all what was our opinion of that man who could take tea with a deist; and the squire and his family walked straight out of their pew at once, followed by all their servants, and by the sexton, who is also the squire's gardener. The clerk himself was seen to vacillate at his desk, doubtful whether his allegiance was most due to his temporal or spiritual head. Altogether, the scene was of a character not easily to be erased from the mind of a Little Biddlebrighamer. Mr Curte Sharpely had a great deal to contend against in our parish after this; and it was wonderful that he effected so much good as he really did. He had, however, a very strong will, and frightened our village schoolmaster a great deal more than the schoolmaster could ever frighten the boys; the mistress alone stood up against him womanfully, declining to work his somewhat exacting behests, upon the ground that she 'was not a clergyman, nor able to perform impossibilities.' He made himself acquainted with the weak points of everybody's character, with the skeleton in everybody's house, with the unpleasantnesses that had taken place in every family in Little Biddlebrigham, and by these means attained considerable power, without making a single friend. The neighbouring clergy disliked our little curate; but at their district theological meetings he took the lead, and was by no means to be put down. The bishop, it was rumoured, had asked his opinion upon a Hebrew passage, when he came down hither to confirm; the archdeacon did not venture to patronise him; the rural dean desisted from his usual rubber upon the night when our curate dined with him. Nobody dined with Mr Curte Sharpely; he had cold meat at his meals in preference to hot, and drank with them some peculiar effervescent mixture of his own contriving, which, I believe, turned acid upon his stomach, and in some degree accounted for his disposition. His study and accurate knowledge of the classics and divinity did not soften his manners, nor indeed prevent them from being absolutely ferocious. People sometimes never spoke to him more than once; nobody ever differed from him after the first time. He had a rug at his front-door with *Cave canem* stamped upon it, and Mr Broadland used to say it meant, 'Beware of the curate;' most of the Little Biddlebrighamers adopted a still freer translation, and held it to signify, 'Please to wipe your shoes.' When Mr Curte Sharpely left us, we were certainly most of us pleased, but were yet obliged to confess that he had taken the parish by the shoulders, and shoved it along the roads to health and education further than any curate who had come before him.

A very horrible thing happened in our parish after his departure. A young gentleman, the Rev. Julian Montacute, tutor in the squire's family, consented to take the services for a few weeks, until we got a minister to suit us, for our non-resident rector had been too terrified by the letters of Curte Sharpely ever to appoint another man without some trial. Mr Montacute was handsome, elegant, and had attained high honours at the universities; but he was of very tender years. We doubted whether, transferred as he was about to be from private to public life, he would muster courage enough to read and preach before Little Biddlebrigham; it was agreed among the most influential families that it would be quite excusable if he declined preaching a sermon at all. We need not, however, have given ourselves any concern about this matter, as Mr Julian Montacute not only read with great judgment and perfect nerve, but also astonished us with one of the most beautiful flights of extempore pulpit oratory with which our parish has been favoured. As learned as Curte Sharpely, as dignified as Perceval Smarte, this young man had, besides, a store of pathos and a charm of delivery that were peculiarly his own. There was scarcely a lady without a pocket-handkerchief; and in the squire's pew, Miss Eleanor—— But there, I will repeat no domestic scandal; the misadventure of our whole parish with Mr Julian Montacute is surely of itself sufficiently interesting. The whole congregation, in short, was delighted; nor was there a tea-party in Little Biddlebrigham for weeks where the eloquence of our young divine was not the unfailing theme of praise.

On the next Sunday, the Wesleyan chapel was deserted; and the Ranter at the slate-quarry on the hill preached to empty air. The church was filled to its porch with a crowd of eager listeners, and again the Rev. Julian Montacute won every ear and moistened every eye. Two young ladies, who were about to be married in our parish, entreated as a particular favour that they should be united by his graceful hands; but he delicately declined to perform this ceremony for them. Several young ladies *not* about to be married—— But again, let me confine myself to our public misfortune—in a word, our minister was the

idol of Little Biddlebrigham, and the epithets applied to him ranged through the whole pet-curate scale, from 'so unaffectedly devout,' down to 'such a dear darling duck of a man.' What need for any more advertisements? Was there any man, whether 'strictly Anglican' or 'purely evangelical,' for whom we would exchange the Rev. Julian Montacute? Most certainly not; but as he still refused either to marry, to bury, or to christen, upon the alleged ground of his mere temporary appointment, and as self-willed persons went on marrying, and dying, and being born in the parish just as usual, it became necessary to look out for another curate. Our secret design, indeed, was to restrict the new man to the performance of these routine duties, and to keep our cherished Montacute on, if it were possible, for preaching purposes. Upon the very day, however, that the Rev. Decimus Green and his mother—who was almost another curate, dear good soul, as it turned out afterwards—came down to Little Biddlebrigham, Mr Montacute fled. He left a letter upon the squire's breakfast-table to say he was very sorry, but that he had never been ordained at all, and was not a clergyman; and the squire brought it down to the vestry, and almost turned us into stone with the news. The two young brides congratulated themselves very considerably that 'the wicked wretch, about whom, to say truth, they had always had their suspicions,' had not performed that ceremony about which they had been so anxious. The Wesleyan minister remarked with a chuckle that he had always understood that clergymen of the Church of England were recognisable to the faithful by some infallible sign; while the Ranter assured his again overflowing audiences the whole affair was a judgment upon Little Biddlebrigham. Nobody else, I hope, was pleased in our parish.

Poor Mr Decimus Green, than whom no mortal was ever simpler or more truthful, was pestered to death about his credentials after this, and our theological stable-door most carefully locked after the stealing of the steed. He had not the eloquence of the late usurper of our pulpit, and we were inclined to be dissatisfied with him just at first; but when we got to know his earnestness and intrinsic merit, we somehow learned to like his discourses too: they were good, indeed, of themselves, only he could not preach them, on account of his being so shy and nervous. It was one of the pleasantest sights in the world to look at dear Mrs Green while her son was delivering his sermons; her pride in them and him was so entirely unaffected and undisguised, and, at the same time, as it seemed, so right and agreeable.

'What did you think of my son Mus, this morning?' was what she would say to me every Sunday while we waited for him to come out of the vestry, after service, in order that we three might walk home together, for we lived in the same quarter of the little town, quite in the midst of it, and away from the sea: or 'Mus is rather long at times; don't you find him so?' she would now and then observe; and when you said, 'No, certainly not,' as of course you did, she would smile as only mothers can when their boys are praised. In the summer-time, when little Biddlebrigham was rather fashionable, and strangers came down to bathe and enjoy the sands, she was doubly interested in what the congregations thought about him; and it was our delight to represent them as being enthusiastically admiring; for we all loved Mrs Green, I think, and the poor most of all. While Decimus went out among them with his supply of spiritual comforts, his mother made her regular rounds with a great basketful of temporal ones, and she was certainly not less welcome than her son. Of all the curates which Little Biddlebrigham ever had, indeed, these two, who worked so well together, were certainly the best. The old lady had no fault—or at least, now that she is gone, we will not confess that much—the young man had but one. Mus or Decimus Green was obstinate—obstinate as a pig, as a jackass, as a man with a scientific theory; in fact, despite his modesty, no man who did not know him could tell how obstinate Decimus Green was. Last summer, our town became so fashionable, that its ordinary accommodations proved insufficient for its throng of visitors. The gentlemen, therefore, gave up the use of our half-dozen bathing-machines entirely to the ladies, while they themselves migrated into a neighbouring bay, taking their own towels with them, and keeping their sixpences in their pockets: among them, of course, was the Rev. Decimus Green. Being somewhat delicate, and having a good deal of indoor work to do, he had lately possessed himself of a horse, in which he took much pride and pleasure. It was a handsome, well-bred mare, but exceedingly self-willed; and our curate, although a tolerable rider, was not quite the man to subdue her. She was somewhat tender in the legs, and salt-water had been recommended for them daily by the equine faculty. 'You may bring a horse to water,' says the proverb, 'but you can't make him drink;' and you may also bring one to the sea-beach, without getting it into the sea. Mr Green's man had been thrown in pretty deep places more than once already, and had given it as his opinion that he was engaged to be a groom, and not to be a merman. The mare, he said, was quite unmanageable in the water; and our curate, of course, said she was nothing of the kind. To prove this, moreover, he determined to ride the mare in himself. She was to be brought to him while he was bathing, which was not very early in the morning; and then, whether he stuck on her or not in the sea, it would be but of little consequence. Myself and several other friends were present upon the first occasion, curious to see whether the trial or the curate would come off. The animal was led willingly enough to the sands, and suffered her master—who, however, had to swim in and land for that purpose—to mount her unresistingly; but her complaisance extended no further. Now with her fore-feet planted resolutely on the beach, she protested with her hind-legs against moving seaward, and now rampant upon these hind-legs, she sparred furiously at ocean with her remaining two; but the Rev. Decimus Green sat her like a centaur, or as if he had been fastened on Mazeppawise with cords or cobbler's wax. At length, putting her head right for the waves, he called out to the groom to give her the whip; the order was obeyed by a most tremendous cut with a hunting-thong. Griselda—that was the docile creature's name—gave one terrific bound into the air, turned short about almost before she touched ground again, and flew, with the unfortunate unclothed Decimus upon her, straight back for her stable in the High Street. The poor fellow had no time to throw himself off: past the beach where the ladies were sitting and knitting; by the post-office, where the mail had just come in, and the crowd were inquiring for letters; through the little square, where the market-women were bargaining with the fashionables; by the squire's lawn, where Mrs Broadland and the Miss Broadlands were gardening after breakfast; by the National School, just emptying its throng of pupils and amateur teachers; and so to his own stable-door, where the sagacious Griselda stopped. This is what I hear from other sources. I never saw Decimus Green from that hour to this, nor has he since then been seen by mortal Little Biddlebrighamer. For the remainder of that day, he shut himself up in his own house, and departed from us, with his mother, under cover of the ensuing night, for ever. He derived, or seemed to derive, no comfort from my written suggestion that the thing was, after all, not so unusual, or had been done before at least, for a good purpose, by Lady Godiva. 'Never,' he writes, 'never can I look that congregation in the face again.'

This was the last but one of our curates at Little Biddlebrigham; and a delicacy, which I trust will be appreciated, causes me to postpone for a while any description of our present one.

A GLANCE AT THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Taking the distinguished botanist Schleiden for our guide, we will make a hasty survey of the world of plants, and note a few of the wonders to be found there.

Since the microscope has revealed the intimate structure of flower and leaf, of root and stem, which without it was as impenetrably veiled from our eyes as a remote star in the Milky-way without the telescope; and chemistry, analysing, weighing, measuring, has lent its aid to investigate the substance out of which these are formed, botany has taken a stride upwards in the scale of the sciences—has become, in fact, physiological instead of merely systematic.

On old damp walls and palings, and stagnant water, we often find a delicate bright green velvety coat. 'This is the first beginning of vegetation. It is composed of small spherical cells filled with sap, colourless granules, and chlorophyle or leaf-green.' The noble forest tree, the delicately shaped and tinted flower, is but an assemblage of such cells: each cell complete in all its functions, a little independent organism, imbibing and assimilating nutriment—absorbing and excreting; the vitality of the whole plant being only the sum of all these minute vitalities. Fresh layers are continually deposited on the cell-walls, but 'the new layer is never a similar entire membrane.' Sometimes it is perforated all over with little chinks, or with long slits; sometimes it is a network, or winds round in a spiral band, or forms distinct rings. Some cells have the power of forming new cells within them, when the nutrient matter accumulates up to a certain point, and then the mother-cell gradually disappears. How the endless variety of form, and texture, and colour are produced by means apparently so simple and monotonous, we shall better understand if we consider that the shape and grouping of the cells is modified in a thousand different ways: sometimes elongated and pressed close together laterally, so as to form fibres, as in the wood and bass-cells—the latter being those flexible threads we weave into textile fabrics; sometimes they become cylindrical, or star-shaped, or prisms. Add to this, the varying of the minute particles and fluids deposited within the cells, colouring matter of every hue, all the nutritious substances the vegetable kingdom yields to man—the caseine, gluten, fibrine, starch, sugar—all are manufactured in these wondrous little cells. And out of what?

Mediately or immediately, man is wholly dependent on vegetable products; his mutton and beef are made of the sweet grass, the turnip, the mangel. His bread, his sugar, all his drinks, the plant furnishes him with. Out of what does it make so bountiful a provision? Out of earth, air, and water; but chiefly out of air.

Our atmosphere is composed of about four-fifths of nitrogen, one-fifth of oxygen, $\frac{4}{10000}$ of carbonic acid, and a small but at present unknown proportion of ammonia. Besides this, it takes up variable quantities of foreign matter; watery vapours, large additions to its stock of carbonic acid, and ammonia, emitted by soils redolent with decaying organic substances, &c. When we say that the plant derives its chief nourishment from the air, it is natural to conclude that the process is a direct one; that those parts, leaf, stem, flowers, which come in contact with the air, are furnished with the means of appropriating the supplies deposited there. But this is by no means the case; all, or at least 99 per cent. of all the plant assimilates reaches it through the roots; evaporation and excretion are carried on by means of leaf and stem, but through the root alone it is fed. The soil absorbs the gases and vapours of the air, and conveys them to the roots of the plant; and one of the main differences between a productive and a barren soil, is the degree in which it possesses this absorbent and assimilative nature. Humus, which is decayed organic matter, or, as we commonly call it, manure, possesses it in the highest degree of all; it incessantly imbibes the watery vapours and ammonia out of the atmosphere. Clay comes next. Science says, therefore, a soil liberally supplied with these two substances ought to be especially fertile. Practical experience says it is so.

Very curious and difficult calculations have been made to ascertain what portion of all the water supplied to the soil by atmospheric precipitation—rain, snow, hail, and dew—is left to vegetation, after the streams, springs, and rivers have taken their share. The result of these experiments and calculations is to prove that at least one-third is carried by the great rivers to the sea, and the residue is further diminished by the evaporation from the ground heat causes. Another series of careful experiments has been instituted to discover what quantity of water a plant consumes. A sunflower absorbs 22 ounces of water daily; an acre of them, therefore, allowing each plant four square feet of ground, would require 1,826,706 pounds in the four summer months; an acre of cabbages, more than 5,000,000; and of hops, 7,000,000 pounds. In England, the average amount of rain that falls on an acre in summer does not much exceed 2,000,000 pounds, and of this vegetation does not get perhaps a quarter. Now, we see why the capacity of a soil for absorbing watery vapour is one of its most important characteristics.

Does it occur to the reader as an anomalous thing that bog-soil, which abounds both in humus and in water, produces only the most useless formless plants: sedges, rushes, rank grasses, to which the farmer gives the opprobrious name of sour pasture? The explanation of this phenomenon compels us to take account of what earth, as well as air and water, yields for vegetable sustenance. When fire consumes a thing, its organic constituents return into the atmosphere, whence they were originally drawn. The residue, the ashes, are the inorganic constituents—that which mother Earth has supplied. Combustion dissolves their union, and enables the chemist to analyse. The ashes of plants consist of lime, phosphorus, magnesia, silex, alkaline salts, in varying proportions. These are conveyed into the little cells of the living plant in the water it takes up. Deposited in the cell-walls, they cause endless modifications of hardness, brittleness, tenuity, &c. 'The slender stalk of the wheat could not lift itself to ripen its grain in the sun's rays unless the soil furnished it with silex, through which its cells acquire that solidity necessary to enable it to maintain an erect position.' The deficiency in bog-soil is occasioned by the redundancy of water dissolving and carrying off these invaluable salts and earths; while, on the other hand, it is beginning to be believed that the chief developments and transformations which culture effects—varieties that become stable in the course of time, gradually passing into sub-species—are due to these inorganic elements. Wherever a soil is rich in the peculiar salts or earths prevailing in the ashes of any given plant, that plant will gradually alter its nature and aspect. The little dry woody stem of the wild carrot will turn into a sweet juicy vegetable, weighing five or six pounds. The thin-branched flowering stem, with green bitter buds of the wild cauliflower, become the soft, succulent, snow-white head that makes its appearance upon our tables. The dry stony nature of the soil—looking as if it were only fit to mend the roads—that produces the fine Burgundian grape, is a strong instance of the fertilising power possessed by certain earths.

Botany yields a liberal quota to 'the fairy tales of science'—true 'tales,' that make the wildest or the most grotesque creations of fancy look timid and commonplace.

The traveller in South America is haunted at every turn with some one or other of the four hundred species of the cactus tribe. Sporting with ugliness, delighting in the quaintest variations of it, they constantly arrest his attention by their entire unlikeness to all other vegetable forms. Without leaves, mostly without branches, their dull green, dropsical-looking stems, pinched in here, bulging out there, yet bedecked with glorious flowers, rise often to the height of thirty or forty feet. There is the hedgehog cactus, a small round prickly ball; and the old-man cactus, with tufts of venerable-looking gray hair. There is the thin, whip-like serpent cactus, a parasite which climbs from bough to bough; and the torch-thistle cactus, rising in a round column, mostly branchless, but occasionally ramified in the strangest way, just like a clumsy gigantic candelabra, forty feet high. Sometimes the old dead stems remain standing erect, white and ghostly among the living stems, after the green fleshy rind is decayed. The benighted traveller thankfully avails himself of them, in that scantily wooded region, to make a fire or burn as a torch—hence the name—in the dark tropical nights. There are melon-shaped cacti, and some that look in the distance like reposing Indians, but on near inspection prove low shapeless heaps of a cactus that is thickly set with yellowish red spines. Though growing for the most part under the burning rays of a vertical sun, on dry sand nearly devoid of vegetable mould, and beneath a sky that for three-quarters of the year yields them not one drop of rain, they are tumid with a watery acid juice of inestimable value to the parched traveller. Even the wild ass, cautiously stripping off the dangerous spines with his hoof, knows how to help himself to a delicious draught when traversing the desolate steppes. The physicians of America make use of it in various ways. The thick leathery cuticle with which the cactus is covered prevents evaporation, and enables them to hoard the scantily supplied moisture; and they are further assisted in this by that absence of leaves which characterises nearly all the species; for it is through the leaves that plants chiefly evaporate their surplus moisture. Another peculiarity is the abundance of beautiful little crystals of oxalate of lime deposited in the cells of all the cactaceæ. Some species contain no less than 85 per cent. of it. Nearly all produce small but palatable fruits—a sort of tropical gooseberries and currants. The wood of the torch-thistle is so firm, though light, as to be available for beams and posts; and if we add that the invaluable little cochineal insect inhabits and feeds upon the cactus only, and that the spines of one kind are so dangerous that even buffaloes are killed by the inflammation following a wound from one, we shall have enumerated all that is most important concerning them.

There is a little plant with which every school-boy is familiar, the spurge or wolf's-milk, in the efficacy of whose milky juice to cure warts he has great faith. This juice, or milk-sap, as it is called, occurs in many different families of plants, increasing in number as we approach the tropics. Its properties vary from the most useful and nutritious down to the deadliest poison. All the plants possessing it are distinguished by a peculiar anatomical structure. In the bark and in the pith are long, curved, and branched tubes, not unlike the veins of animals containing this thick juice, which is generally milk-white; but there are yellow, red, and even blue milk-saps. It consists, like animal milk, of an albuminous fluid with small globules floating in it. All milk-saps contain more or less caoutchouc, but only beneath a tropical sun do those qualities that make it so invaluable to man perfect themselves. Here, even in hot-houses, it more resembles the birdlime obtained from our misletoes. If the sap is left to stand, the caoutchouc globules rise to the top and coalesce exactly in the same way the butter globules (or cream) do in milk. The list is a long and interesting one both of useful and of noxious milk-saps. The cow-tree furnishes the Cingalese with a sweet and pleasant drink, which he uses exactly as we do milk. In Brazil there is a spurge whose milk, when flowing forth from the stem in the dark hot summer nights, emits a bright phosphoric light. The root of the yucca or mandioc plant blends in close union the most wholesome nourishment and potent poison; and the process of dissolving this union and turning each to its appropriate purpose, is a very curious one. The Indian pounds the roots to a thick pulp with a wooden club in the hollowed trunk of a tree, ties it up in a tight bundle with a stone attached to the bottom, and hangs it up so that the weight of the stone squeezes out the milk-sap. The pulp is further freed from the volatile poison contained in it by exposure to heat, then powdered between two stones. And this is the celebrated cassava meal, so important an article of diet in South America. After the Indian has poisoned his arrows with the sap thus pressed out, it is set to stand for a considerable time; and the fine white powder deposited by it is—tapioca.

Strychnine and brucine, two of the most active vegetable poisons, occur in other milk-saps; and there is a tree—the manchineel—which infects with poison the very rain-drops that pass over its leaves, to such a degree, that the luckless traveller who takes shelter beneath, speedily finds himself covered with blisters and ulcers. The natives avoid it with as superstitious an awe as if it were the fabled upas-tree of Java; and apropos of the upas-tree, that venerable tale which blends three real but separate things into one fictitious whole, it comes in our way to be explained here, because one of the three facts jumbled up together, is the existence of a tree from the milk-sap of the roots of which the upas radia or sovereign poison is concocted. A tiny arrow dipped in this, and blown through a hollow reed, 'makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions.' In that island of beauty, fertility, and horror, grow gorgeous flowers whose dimensions are reckoned by feet instead of fractions of an inch—the Lianes, Paullinias, and Rafflesian lilies. True, primeval forests open in majestic aisles, and the bare hundred-feet-long stems of the lianes coil about and stretch from tree to tree like the rigging of a ship. The antiar, with tall, smooth, slender stem, sixty or eighty feet high, crowned by a circlet of glossy leaves, pours forth from its easily wounded bark, like the manchineel, a sap that causes blisters and ulcers to him who heedlessly touches it. Apes chatter among the boughs, and pelt the traveller with fruit. The melancholy orang-outang wanders gravely about leaning on his staff. The awful mountains send out a fiery molten flood; and lower down, mud-volcanoes break out suddenly without fire or light, swallowing up in filth fertile valleys with all their men and oxen. There are streams that petrify the neighbouring trees; springs white with sulphur; little cones of gypsum spouting unceasingly hot or cold water; and, above all, there is a narrow flat valley, nearly bare of vegetation, where the ground is strewn with the skeletons of all kinds of animals: the tiger and his prey side by side, overtaken by their common foe, death; the vulture in search of carrion, turned to carrion himself; dead beetles, dead ants lying in heaps. Man only can traverse unharmed this valley of the shadow of death, because his erect posture raises him above the fatal exhalations of carbonic acid gas, which, being heavy,

diffuse themselves slowly, and cause death by asphyxia to all near the surface of the soil. It is the same gas as in the celebrated Grotto del Cane at Naples, and in the vapour caverns of Prymont. And now we have the three terrible phenomena which led to the belief in a tree whose very shadow was deadly, and from its boughs the birds that settled dropped down dead. No wonder the natives, and the equally credulous, though brave and enterprising travellers of the seventeenth century, should attribute to a tree yielding so virulent a poison—the slightest particle of it introduced into the blood by a mere scratch caused instant death—the destructive action of the intangible, and, to them, quite undiscoverable carbonic acid gas emitted from the soil. No wonder they thought it a vapour issuing from the deadly poison-tree; and to complete the wonder and terror of their tale, further endowed it with the noxious milk-sap of the tall slender antiar.

But we need not travel so far from home for examples of plants yielding milk-sap of a noxious kind; our own ugly nettle is possessed of as marvellous a little apparatus for mischief as the serpent's tooth, and so similar to it in structure, that it might almost be called the vegetable serpent. A snake has in the front part of its jaw two long thin curved teeth, movable like the claws of a cat, and perforated lengthways by a minute canal, which terminates in an aperture at the point, and in a little gland containing poison at the root. When the animal bites, the resistance of the thing bitten pushes back the tooth, so that it presses into the gland, and squeezes out the venomous fluid, which runs along the little duct into the wound. The hairs on the leaf of the nettle are *its* teeth; each hair consists of a single cell, with a small knob at the tip, and expanded at the other end into a sac containing the irritating milk-juice. The slightest touch breaks off the brittle knob, and, as with the serpent's tooth, the pressure of the cell-canal in puncturing the hand that has rashly touched it, forces up the juice out of the sac, and discharges it into the tiny wound. The injury is but slight from our nettles; but the burning sun of the tropics, which matures the venom of the snake into a weapon of death, ripens too the poisonous sap of the nettle: the suffering from the slightest touch of one lasts many weeks, causing the arm to swell; and there is one species by which acute pain, lasting for years, is caused, and death itself often can only be avoided by amputation.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

It was less from lack of appetite, than as affording a respite from Webbe's blistering banter, that I declined accompanying him to the table d'hôte. I dined alone; not very heartily, to be sure; a depressing sense of helpless involvement prevented that. I was perplexed in the extreme, but it would be scarcely worth while to recite the moony meditations in which I remained plunged till evening had for some time set in, seeing that they resulted in the forlorn conviction that to boldly repudiate the absurd marriage urged by Webbe's overbearing insistance, and the tears and tenderness of Clémence, would not only break the heart of a gentle girl, whose only fault, within my knowledge, was loving too well and most unwisely, but might be in effect to pass sentence of death upon my father. My only hope, therefore, was in the girl's concurrence with the delaying suggestion embodied in my note, the answer to which it was full time I should seek.

Voices in loud altercation caused me to pause as I was passing forth, and I looked in for a moment at the guests assembled round the table d'hôte. There were several officers of the line and national guard there; amongst them the warlike bootmaker. The company appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement. Sicard was upon his legs, nearly opposite Webbe, declaiming with lively gesticulation upon Bonapartist and Bourbon politics in general, as well as I could make out, and with especial and malignant reference, it seemed, by the fixed direction of his flaming face and eyes, to M. Jacques Le Gros. The privateer captain, whose back was towards me, had, I supposed, presumed to differ in opinion from the shop-keeping warrior; but feeling quite satisfied that Webbe was able to hold his own against a regiment of wordy assailants, I went on my dismal way to the Rue Dupetit Thouars.

Truly a dismal way! A cold, driving rain was falling; and dirty, dingy St Malo, darkly visible by the dull light of lanterns swung on ropes across the narrow streets, looked dirtier and dingier than ever. I had no umbrella, and as the distance was not very great, preferred hastening on to returning for one. It thus happened, that butting blindly ahead against the wind and rain with my hat pulled down over my eyes, I missed the right turning; and after splashing along for more than the time that should have brought me near Madame de Bonneville's magasin, I found myself nowhere that I knew of, or could immediately ascertain, the streets being completely deserted. I made several starts in directions which I fancied should lead to the Rue Dupetit Thouars, without result, till I ran against an *autorité*, as he came sharply round a corner. The collision was violent, and a little irritated the gendarme.

'Sacre bleu!' he exclaimed; 'who is this?' To which I replied by asking him how far off and where the Rue Dupetit Thouars might be.

'How far off? Where? At least a quarter of an hour off, if you walk fast. Go to the top of this alley; then turn to the right, traverse the *Place*, ascend the Rue St Jean, and inquire again.'

The cocked-hatted functionary, who was apparently bound upon pressing business, stayed no further parley. I went off, as directed, at the top of my speed, and was traversing the Place, when I was suddenly brought to a stand-still by a glimpse of two women as they rapidly crossed over at some distance from me, and disappeared up a narrow street. One of them, there could be no doubt, was Fanchette: the face of the other, as I for a moment caught it by the light of a lamp close to which she passed, seemed to be that of the fierce Frenchwoman I had once seen in the Isle of Wight—of Louise Féron, *alias* Madame de Bonneville!

So sure was I of this, that I impulsively called out and ran towards the women; with what intent, had I come up with them, would have puzzled me to say; when, having lost sight of the chase, and hot, steaming with excitement and exertion, I stopped to take breath and consider what I was to do, or had purposed doing. I didn't know at all. Probably a vague desire to cut in some way or other the Gordian-knot by which I was enmeshed and hampered, had caused the inconsiderate pursuit. As the reader already knows, I was ever rash and headlong. Should I meet and be recognised by Madame de Bonneville, our fine scheme would of course fall to pieces at once, not to speak or think of other correlative possibilities. And might not her inopportune return to St Malo have the same result? Certainly it might, and it behoved me therefore to be trebly wary and circumspect; and first of all, to ascertain beyond doubt that I had not been mistaken—that Fanchette's woman-companion was really Louise Féron.

This step in mental demonstration was nearly *pari passu* with that, I having quickly resumed walking, which brought me to the corner of a street I knew, by

the *épicier's* shop on the opposite side, to be the Rue Dupetit Thouars. Fanchette and Madame de Bonneville—if Madame de Bonneville it was that I had seen—did not, it instantly occurred to me, turn down, or, more properly, up that street. They had gone on in a straight direction. Most likely, then, fancy *had* fooled me. Besides, when one came to think of it seriously, was it likely that a person just arrived at home after a long, fatiguing journey by Diligence, would go owling about the town at such a time and in such weather? The notion was absurd. I might therefore venture, at all events, to call at the magasin, and end all misgivings upon the subject. I saw by the faint light cast into the dark street from the window, that it was still open, and in a few minutes, after peering in, and seeing only the two workwomen sewing away as usual at the further end, I opened the door and walked in.

'Is Madame de Bonneville within?' I asked.

'*Madame* de Bonneville!' was the reply in a tone of surprise. '*Mademoiselle*, no doubt, monsieur means,' added the woman with a smile. 'Yes.'

'Madame is not then returned from Paris, as I thought she might have been?'

'No, monsieur. I do not think she is expected for several days.'

I *had* been mistaken. There could be no longer question of it, and I passed on with a more assured step.

Clémence received me with a kind of gracious, pensive ceremony. She was alone, nicely dressed, and there was positive enchantment in her blushing smile, and the trembling tears which, as seen by the lamp-light, kindled her sweet blue eyes with a penetrating, softened lustre. 'After all,' thought I, as I raised the tips of her fingers to my lips and returned her low-toned, agitated greeting—'After all, since it is my destiny to be wedded in my own despite, Fate might have served me a scurvier trick—have mated me with a much less agreeable partner. I shall console myself after a while; never fear. Time will do more than reconcile me to a young and charming wife, whose disinterested devotedness would excite a grateful tenderness in the coldest, most obdurate of human hearts.'

'You are wet, mon ami,' said Clémence, without withdrawing her hand, which trembled very much, from mine. 'Shall you not take cold?'

'O, dear no, mademoiselle. Water to us amphibious islanders is a kind of second atmosphere.'

The girl sighed, blushed, drooped her sad eyes, and reseated herself upon the *canapé*. Evidently her thoughts were painfully preoccupied. Female instinct had, it was plain, detected the false pretence of my note, and she felt, sweet, sensitive child, that I did not love, though I might esteem, respect, even admire her. I would have given much to have been able to chase away that green and yellow melancholy by fervid words—*true* words I doubted not in a future though not present sense—that might deceive her into happiness. Just then, however, I could not, had my life depended upon doing so, I felt so down-in-the-mouth, so altogether damp, limpid, uncomfortable.

I broke an embarrassing pause by asking if Fanchette was at home.

'No, mon ami: she wished to go out, rude as the night is; I also,' added the maiden looking up and regarding me with a penetrating, puzzling look—'I also was desirous she should be away, in order that at this decisive epoch in our lives we might be secure from interruption.'

'You reason with judgment, with delicacy, mademoiselle, under all circumstances,' said I, hardly knowing in truth what I did say, so much had the young woman's peculiar look disconcerted me. I recognised in it a world of tenderness and purity; but, as it seemed to me, a compassionate tenderness, such as I, under the circumstances, had I been savage enough, might have expressed towards her.

Again a most embarrassing silence, which I put an end to by plunging desperately *in media res*.

'You have read the note, mademoiselle, which I had the honour of placing in your hands to-day?'

'O yes, many times over, and believe me, mon ami, with many bitter, bitter tears! I am very young; entirely without experience of the world; still I feel, acutely feel the cruel grief which must ever wring the heart of one whose devotion is met with the chilling repulse of at best a sorrowing, sympathising compassion—a regretful pity, which'——

'Dear Clémence!' I exclaimed, starting up, and taking her passive hand in both mine. 'Be assured that'——

'Do not persist, mon ami,' interrupted the sobbing girl. 'Captain Webbe has been your faithful, eloquent interpreter. Me, with all his practised acuteness, he has not so well understood. It is true, however, that I agree with him in his appreciation of the manifold advantages that will be derived from our marriage. May I not, dear friend, cast aside at this supreme moment the affectations of girlhood, and speak out frankly, honestly, as all honest human souls should to each other? Yes, I fully appreciate the desirableness, the indispensability of this marriage: that it will not only insure justice, but temper that justice with mercy. I yield to that paramount consideration; and to-morrow, since it must be so, I will pledge you my faith at the altar of God—a faith, mon ami, which you need not doubt will be kept as sacred as if our hearts beat perfectly in unison with each other. To-morrow be it then, monsieur; and if'——

'Permettez, mademoiselle,' I exclaimed, bewilderedly interrupting a proposal, equivalent, as interpreted by the young lady's look and tone of heroic self-sacrifice, to an offer on her part to be chopped into little bits at the command of cruel, imperious duty—'Permit me, mademoiselle, to say that I would not for the wealth of worlds take advantage of the peculiar, the extremely delicate circumstances in which you are now placed, and which cannot but influence a decision of lifelong consequences. It would be unpardonable to do so. Once restored to your true home—able to appreciate the vast change in your social position—within reach of maternal counsels, you will better'——

'Ah, my poor friend,' interrupted Clémence, with perplexing graciousness; 'Captain Webbe has revealed to me that generous nature; shewn how fully capable you are of concealing, for my sake, the wound, which would nevertheless continue to bleed and fester inwardly. I may not selfishly accept that sacrifice. The brilliant future of which you speak, would not, if this moment realised, change or colour my sentiments in the faintest degree. It is true that, at first, I did not, as it were, feel the beatings of my own simple girl's heart amidst the throbbings of anticipative pride and exultation; and this is a remorse to me, since, had it not been so, the fancy excited by my portrait would not probably have grown to a passion which, be assured, though I will not pretend I can at present return, commands my liveliest sympathy, and will hereafter, I do not doubt—neither must you, dear friend—compel my warmest affections.'

'Plait-il?' said I, using a French idiom which it is impossible to precisely translate, but expressive, in this instance, of unbounded mystification and astonishment. 'Plait-il?'

Another explanatory word or two will be necessary before proceeding further with this confounding colloquy. I had risen, as previously stated, and taken the soft little hand of Mademoiselle Clémence in both mine. I continued so to hold it, and being a tall fellow benignly bending over a disconsolate damsel seated upon a French canapé or sofa, very low upon the feet,

the musical low murmur, moreover, of the stream of eloquence with which I was favoured, obliging me to place my ear as close as politeness permitted to the sweet lips through which it welled, my upright legs and sharply inclined body formed two sides of an irregular square, of which the salient angle was towards the door leading from the magasin. The reader will now have realised my position *vis-à-vis* the amiable Clémence and the door opening into the shop, when uttering the interrogative exclamation of 'Plait-il?'

'True,' resumed the damsel, in continuation rather than reply—'true, you have a right to be surprised that one so inferior in position and other social advantages, should have forestalled you in the affections of one whom a combination of romantic circumstances has invested, in your partial eyes, with imaginary charms; but in excuse, remember, dear William, how true, how devoted he was to me when I was in reality but little better than a poor *ouvrière*, with no prospect beyond —— Ha! Ciel!'

Simultaneous, and mingling with the young lady's abrupt exclamation, was a sudden rush of feet, furious cries of 'Scélérat!' 'Coquin!' 'Sacré Tonnerre!' and the application of the toe of a boot to the seat of my pale-blue pants—the before-mentioned salient angle—so vigorously administered, as to pitch me into the arms of the screaming girl in the most indecorous manner.

My comprehension of it all was as instantaneous as the uproar and assault. I recognised by a flash of thought that it was the 'true,' 'devoted' Jacques Sicard who had 'forestalled' me in the affections, and kicked me into the lap of a damsel, who, I had been gulled into believing, was pining to death with unrequited love for my precious, booby self. All this, I say, with the correlatives, rushed in a moment with my flaming blood to the tips of my ears and fingers, and I sprang round with the rage and yell of a tiger.

The white wrath, under such circumstances, of an athletic young man, must have had a somewhat terrifying aspect; certainly it at once took the bounce out of Master Sicard, who was, I saw, accompanied by a 'National' officer, with whom I had a slight speaking acquaintance. The bootmaker leaped backwards with a cry of alarm, and whipping out his sword, poked at, whilst he dodged me round a table. I had no weapon, not even a stick, nothing but my bare hands, with which I could not reach him; no missile, but the brass lamp, was available, and seizing that, I hurled it, after one whirl round my own head, with all the strength that rage supplied, at Sicard's cranium. The fellow turned away his face avoidingly, and the blow, which must else have descended upon his brow or temple, struck the back part of his skull, and he fell upon the floor as if struck down by a pole-axe.

A torrent of blood gushed from the wound, and I thought I had killed the unfortunate bootmaker. So did Clémence, whose agonising grief as she clasped the insensible Jacques in her arms, and called upon all the saints in heaven to save him, was decisive of the hold he had obtained upon her heart; and although I had not felt, did not feel, the slightest love, in its conventional meaning, for the girl, I could at that moment have torn him to pieces—so fierce, so demon-like, under certain conditions, is outraged personal vanity.

'Monsieur cannot go away for the present,' said my acquaintance, the officer of the national guard, mistaking a movement of irritability excited by the girl's wild ravings.

'I have no desire to go away,' I replied. 'The insolent fool, as you cannot but bear witness, brought the misfortune upon himself.'

'I do not say the contrary,' said the officer. 'Still, monsieur, justice must take legal cognizance of the affair before you can be free to depart.'

'That is but reasonable,' I said; and seating myself, I moodily awaited the termination of the unfortunate business.

The shopwomen had run in with lights, lifted Sicard from the floor, placed him upon the canapé, and sent off immediately for a surgeon. The coming of that gentleman was not long delayed; and after carefully examining and probing the wound, he exclaimed:

'Reassure yourselves, my friends; the wound is nothing—that is to say, it is not in the least dangerous. Maître Sicard is only stunned, and will be well as ever to-morrow, I answer for it.'

This was an immense relief to me—infinitely more so to Clémence, as her rapturous sobs abundantly testified. 'Upon my word,' thought I, 'the favour that magnanimous damsel proposed conferring upon me to-morrow morning—her hand, whilst her heart was that blustering bootmaker's—was a highly flattering one. By —— But swearing is of no use. Yet that ever Mrs Waller's daughter should be enamoured of a vulgar cordwainer! Still, what can be said? It is proverbial that misfortune brings strange bedfellows together.'

'There is nothing, then, to detain me here any longer,' said I.

'Nothing whatever, monsieur, that I am aware of,' replied the surgeon.

'Maître Sicard,' observed the officer, who left the house with me, 'is a really good fellow at bottom, but at the same time, it must be admitted, rash in temper, which has also been unusually tried this evening. He had already crossed swords with your relative, Monsieur Jacques Le Gros, before leaving the Hôtel de l'Empire.'

'Indeed! Pray, how happened that?'

'They had a dispute at the table d'hôte, and Sicard, who had been drinking freely, insulted and challenged your uncle. Bah! It was over in a twinkling. Monsieur Le Gros, a *lapin*, as one can easily see, borrowed my sword, and that of poor Sicard was sent flying out of his hand the instant the blades touched each other. Your relative,' added the officer, 'has, it must be confessed, a tongue which stabs like a poniard, and I was not surprised at poor Sicard's rage at finding himself not only so easily disarmed, but mocked at over the market.'

'He should bear himself more discreetly, if he would avoid such hazards.'

'It is true. Cupid, at all events, favours him, if Mars does not. The sentiments of Mademoiselle Clémence towards him are no longer doubtful.'

'Possibly. I think my road lies in this direction, does it not?'

'To the Hôtel de l'Empire?—Yes; but the distance is considerable, and I have thoughtlessly brought you out of your way.'

'I do not mind that, now that the rain has ceased. Good-night, monsieur.'

'Au plaisir, Monsieur Jean Le Gros.'

I walked hastily on, but, absorbed in thought, missed the right direction for the second time that evening. Providentially so, a superstitious person would say, for again I caught sight of Fanchette with her strapping woman-companion—and—yes—my eyes did not deceive me, Captain Webbe had joined them! They crossed the street a considerable way ahead, and walked swiftly *from* me; I followed with eager yet cautious steps; it was, I felt forebodingly, to be a night of strange revelations.

Captain Webbe and his two associates stopped before a respectable *cabaret*, and presently went in. I crossed to the opposite side for the purpose of reconnoitring before attempting a closer approach. In a few minutes there was a light in one of the rooms on the first floor, into which the three new-comers, as I could see by

their shadows on the blinds, were presently ushered. They took seats close to each other, and were about, I doubted not, to enter upon a conference, at which it was highly desirable I should make one, unseen by the speakers.

It might be managed, I thought; and crossing over, I entered the lower, or, as we should say, the bar-room of the cabaret, and called for a glass of liqueur.

'Can I speak privately with you for a minute?' said I, addressing the garçon, who brought an order for wine and oysters from the party in the first floor.

'Certainly, monsieur,' replied the man readily, though with some surprise. 'This way, if you please.'

The negotiation, marvellously quickened by the transfer of two Napoleons from my purse to that of the garçon's, resulted favourably, and I was placed without loss of time in a dark closet close to the part of the room where he proposed laying the supper; and the partition between being of thin wood-panelling, I could hear pretty distinctly for a time all that passed, subdued as was the tone in which Webbe and his companions conversed.

First, I discovered that Madame de Bonneville had been no further off than Dol all the while, there awaiting in ambush, as it were, the fruition of the plot concocted by her and the privateer captain, with the active connivance of Fanchette. The precise bearing or purpose of that plot was not so easily gathered from the scraps of discourse relating thereto. Madame's sudden arrival at St Malo was, I also found, prompted by a misgiving as to Webbe's fidelity, of which she thought to more thoroughly assure herself by a personal interview before he went away.

'So many promising schemes,' said Louisa Féron, in English—Fanchette having, I supposed, been only partially admitted to the conspirators' confidence—'So many promising schemes for utilising the bold deed you and I carried through fifteen years ago, have been wrecked almost as soon as launched, that my anxiety—my suspicious anxiety, if you will—for the success of this last one, is quite excusable. It is full time, too, that the business should be brought to a conclusion. The state of my affairs, and of yours too, captain, demand its speedy settlement.'

'That settlement—a marriage-settlement,' replied Webbe, 'will, I repeat to you for the hundredth time, come off before forty-eight hours have passed away.'

'That is everything. If Clémence be once married to young Linwood, I shall have taken hostages of fortune.'

'No doubt of it: and Clémence will be a fortunate girl too. Linwood, though easily led by the nose as asses are, is a trump of a young fellow, as young fellows go.'

'He will be rich—that is the main consideration. And, dites-donc, Monsieur le Capitaine,' added the woman in French, 'what is all that I read in the newspapers of your son, who had slain one Le Moine, being detected in the disguise of an American naval officer at a banquet given at Avranches in honour of Captain Jules Renaudin?'

'That is a droll story,' said Webbe, 'which I will relate to you after we have finished the oysters.'

Their conversation during the consumption of the said oysters referred to matters of no interest to me; and supper done, they removed further off, so that I could only hear what was said when their voices were unusually raised. I knew by the frequent occurrence of the names of Linwood, Le Moine, Harry, and, as I fancied more than once, that of Maria Wilson, that Webbe was relating my adventures, no doubt with his usual ad libitum variations. The narrative greatly amused his auditors, and the *entente cordiale* appeared to be re-established between the mutually mistrustful confederates.

Webbe rose to go, and then madame, who intended sleeping at the cabaret and returning to Dol on the following morning, said with absolute tone and emphasis:

'Remember, Captain Webbe, that I will not be juggled with; that you cannot play your own game out successfully without first *winning* mine. This marriage *first*, or, by all that is sacred or infernal, I'——

'Madame, your suspicions are absurd, childish,' interrupted Webbe. 'Do you suppose I need to be reminded that we are both embarked in the same boat, and must float or founder together?'

'Well, I merely remind you that I will not be fooled, happen what may. And now, before you go, as to'——

I did not catch the remainder of the sentence; and at the end of another ten minutes' low-toned dialogue, of which I could hear a confused murmur only, Webbe and Fanchette left the house: I did the same soon afterwards, reaching the Hôtel de l'Empire a few minutes before Webbe.

'THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.'

This is almost a proverb, and applicable to many things on this side of the Channel: in none is it more true than in that of the Nail-manufacture.

As long as nails and tacks were made by hammers alone, things were pretty much on an equality. Thousands of anvils resounded night and day in smoky Brummagem, at which men, women, and boys toiled with large hammers, or with small, producing every variety of work, from the tiny 'twenty penny' and upwards, down to the little 'saddler's tack,' so minute and beautifully finished that it was a real marvel of female handicraft. Now, nearly all this is the work of the steam-engine; and in both countries, the anvil with its clinking sound is, so far as nails are concerned, silent for ever.

It is true that so much of our work here in England is performed with soft wood, in which it makes but little difference which end of the nail goes foremost, that the bits of sheet-iron cut off from the edge of a sheet by machinery, and which have no points, and often no heads, may answer the purpose well enough. Thus, in nailing down the floor of a room to the joists, and in similar rough work, these clumsy nails may answer the purpose; but if it be desired to clench such nails, or to use them in putting together anything of hard wood, or of slender dimensions, it will be found that they are vastly inferior to the old sorts, or to the wire-nails so extensively used on the continent. The great fault of all nails cut by machines from sheet-iron, is this one of extreme brittleness; but it is also greatly against making neat work when the bluntness of the point, if it comes through the timber, breaks away a large splinter of the wood, just as a bullet would do.

The foreign nails, on the contrary, are beautiful specimens of their kind. Being made of bright wire, cut into lengths, pointed, and headed in the same machine, they can be had of any length or thickness desired.

Every one at all accustomed, even as an amateur, like myself, to the workshop, will easily know that the varieties of nail required for different work and different woods are almost endless. Thus, the 'pointes de Paris' may be had of a given thickness, and four or five various lengths: the same wire will be seen as a short *stump*, or as a long 'brad,' requiring a nice hand to guide it straight to its resting-place. The chief advantage of these 'wire-brads' is, that they hardly ever split even the most difficult sorts of wood. Avoiding altogether the wedge shape of the

other nails, except within the narrow limits of the actual *point*, they confine the space within which the wood might be disposed to give way, to a length represented by that of the point itself. This, in a nail an inch long, would not exceed, probably, a twentieth part of the whole, while the remaining nineteen parts are exerting their natural tenacity in resistance. It seems puzzling why they have not been adopted in England. The principle of the machinery employed in manufacturing them is the same as that used for the solid-headed pins, which have so completely superseded the old form; but to which of the two nations the honour of the discovery belongs, is a question I am not competent to decide.

It may interest some of my brother amateur-mechanics to hear that these wire-brads may be manufactured at home, and at a very cheap rate, quite sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes. The mode of doing this is to take a coil of wire of the proper thickness, and let an assistant supply it as required to a small iron anvil set on a block or bench. Suppose nails an inch long are needed, I take a very cheap 'cold chisel'—that is, a steel chisel of hard temper—and cut the wire with it at an inch from the end, but holding the chisel as much as possible in a slanting direction. This forms two sloping points, and a cut straight across being given at the proper distance, two nails are thus formed. They sometimes require to be gone over with the hammer afterwards, and the points arranged a little; but in rough work, I have used vast quantities of them just as they were after the chisel. As they have no heads, I always turn down a small portion of the nail upon the wood. This makes an excellent bond for boxes, packing-cases, and all sorts of ordinary work, where the absence of a sightly head to the nail is of no consequence. So superior, in point of convenience, are these nails, that some friends of mine actually purchase all the fig-boxes they can lay their hands on, quite as much, or very nearly so, for the sake of the wire-brads they contain, as for the wood.

The change of system, so general now throughout Europe, from hand-made to machine-made nails, must have created quite a revolution in the trade, and displaced thousands of industrious hands; but I have as yet met with no statistical information on that subject.

A WET DAY AT BRIGHTON.

When London's growing dark and dull, the atmosphere with vapour rife,
So heavily consistent you might cut it with a paper knife;
When the mental air 's so thick it sinks the spirits down to noodledom;
And Rotten Row is a morass, Belgravia a Boodledom;
When the head is heavy, the pulse is low, and at 'muggy' the thermometer;
And the only thing that 's lively is the hand of the barometer:
When for ball or dinner, vainly, your acquaintances you beat about;
And the lamplighter and linkman are the only men you meet about;
Defiantly you rush away, and take the train to Brighton, in
The hope, by change of scene and air, the intellects of lightening!

Bow! wow! wow!

At first, you vote the place a bore, because you haven't got about
Your room a hundred useless things you do not care a jot about;
And it isn't for a day or two you manage to think of it less;
You want the bustle of the town you had pronounced so profitless,
Till, ceasing, by degrees, to miss each habit, aim, and haunt of you,
You give up wondering how the world at home gets on for want of you;
And, imitating folks around, resolve to make the best of 'em,
Become soon as industriously idle as the rest of 'em;
And to one thought devote yourself—you 'll scarcely be too bright for it—
What you 'll have for dinner, and, how best, to get an appetite for it!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then out you 'll stroll to see if there is any one you know, about—
You don't care who—you only want some one with whom to go about;
And chat with those amphibious men who want to go to sea with you—
A proposal you dissent from, for you know it won't agree with you;
You get your toes run over by Bath chairs, until you frown again,
And wish that man you owe a bill to would go back to town again;
On the tailors of the men you meet enjoy a quiet criticis--m; Or listen to the nursemaids' objurgations of their *missises;*
And conclude with a conclusion, that you won't be long a coming to,
That Ladies' faces *do* exist that Hats are *not* becoming to!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then you fancy that at breakfast you 're beginning to be great, to-day;
And ask the waiter why on earth the *Times* should be so late to-day;
Then take a canter on the Downs, on horseback if so be you dare—
You may do it, for there 's room enough for nobody to see you there—
Then shudder at the gale, at night, that makes some sad hearts weep again,
And sympathetically sigh—and turn—and go to sleep again!
All these are merely things of course! In these, there 's nothing new to us;
It 's merely change of scene and life; and much good may it do to us!
But there 's something else, I think, that we must all agree together to,
Although we bring our weeds from town, we needn't bring its weather too.

Bow! wow! wow!

ALFRED WATTS.

HONOUR TO SUICIDES.

The frequency of self-murder in China is to be explained in part from the fact, that it is generally considered either as expiatory or meritorious. We find that the Censorate has lately recommended to the emperor the Memorial of a family residing in one of the metropolitan districts, praying for the bestowal of posthumous honours on a female member whose husband, a literary graduate, fell fighting against the rebels in Hupeh. Her claim to distinction consists in her inconsolable grief, as manifested by suicide (apparently by opium), for her deceased husband. The emperor expresses pity and commendation, and directs the Board of Rites to deliberate on the proper designation for the heroine. The object of the petitioners in this case is either to get authority for the erection of an honorary portal, or to procure for her tablet a place in the Hall of Worthy Women in her district, where she will be sacrificed to semi-annually by the magistrates.—*North-China Herald.*

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MILLINERY FOR THE MILLION.

'WELL, Charles,' said my dear Kate to me the other evening, when our parlour-maid had brought in the tea-tray—'well, Charles, I should hope that even you, in spite of your ridiculous ideas on such subjects, will think *that* going a little too far.'

'Upon my word, my love,' replied I, looking up from my newspaper, 'I really don't know what the "that" is at which, it seems, I ought to be so indignant; and, to say the truth, I would rather not know, for strong emotions, with the thermometer somewhere near eighty degrees, are not to be indulged in with impunity. I am quite disagreeably warm at the very thought of being indignant about anything. Don't tell me—there's a good girl—till the weather becomes cooler, and—— But since you look so angry, what is the matter?'

'Matter indeed! That's right, Charles; pretend, as you always do, not to see, and you'll soon find what will be the consequences. There are none so blind as those who won't see, Charles; and that is your case whenever I am in trouble with my servants. I am sure that no woman in the world has more to contend with than I have in that respect; and as you never interfere to support my authority, it is wonderful, as my dear mamma says'——

At the mention of 'my dear mamma,' I at once saw the necessity of treating the matter, whatever it might be, seriously. Whenever my wife begins quoting 'dear mamma' in our little domestic differences, I know that she is in earnest; so, adopting a conciliatory tone, I replied:

'Really, my dear, I was so much interested in what I was reading when you first spoke, that I did not observe what was passing in the room. In fact, how could I do so? Look here—when I am lying on my back, with the newspaper held up so, I cannot even see so far as where you sit. But tell me what has occurred to displease you.'

'If you had been sitting up like a Christian, Charles, instead of lolling on the sofa like a Turk, and dirtying it with your nasty boots, you would have seen better, I daresay; but you *must* have seen Caroline bring in the tea.'

'On my honour, my dear Kate, I did not. I was certainly aware that the tea was brought in by somebody, but I did not see by whom—I presume, however, by Caroline, as that, I believe, is part of her work.'

'How provoking you are, Charles. Surely you must have observed'——

'No, indeed, I observed nothing; and I assure you that I have not the remotest notion of what you mean.'

'Why, what should I mean, but that this is a striking instance of what your dreadfully lax notions must inevitably lead to. Now, you may see that *we* were right when we said that it would go on from bad to worse, although you laughed at us in your sneering, contemptuous way. *We* always said how it would end. *We* always knew that you were in the wrong; and now you may be convinced of it if you will only take the trouble to open your eyes, and not hide yourself behind that horrid newspaper.'

'Why, what can have happened, my dear?' said I, now really anxious to know. 'I hope that nothing'——

'O no; nothing at all, Charles; only that that creature, Caroline, wears a hoop!'

'Is that all, my love?' said I, quite relieved. 'I certainly did not observe *that;* and as for my horrid paper, if you had been reading this splendid article about Palm'——

'And, pray, what more would you have?' said my wife, remorselessly cutting the premier in two. 'It would be very much better, Charles, if, instead of thinking so much about those stupid politics, you would learn to think a little reasonably on matters which interest us all much more nearly, and have much greater influence on our comfort.'

'I wish, my dear Kate, that you would learn to take trifles like these a little more quietly. We cannot alter them, if we would—of that I am persuaded, and I really don't think we ought to try.'

'Of course not, Charles, let the creatures go on until they dress as fine or finer than their mistresses. Perhaps you, with your horrid liberalism—vulgarity, dear mamma calls it—would like to see your servants dressed out in the latest fashion, while your wife looks like a provincial dowdy. But I won't permit it. Dear mamma says, that when she began housekeeping such things would not have been tolerated for a moment. Caroline, I am determined, shall go this day month, for I will no longer be subject to such humiliation in my own house.'

'Come, come, my love,' replied I, 'don't allow your temper to be ruffled by a matter of so little importance. You would be much more comfortably situated with regard to your servants, if you would shut your eyes to what is inevitable now, whether we like it or not; and would look on such changes in our manners a little more philosophically.'

'I have no patience with you, Charles. What in the world, I should like to know, has philosophy to do with my parlour-maid's sticking out her petticoats with a hoop?'

'It has very much to do with it, my dear. Parlour-maids didn't follow the fashions fifty years ago, and now they do. That is a fact which none can deny; and it is a phenomenon which undoubtedly marks a very considerable change in the social conditions affecting large masses of the people. In this view of the matter, then, the change, whether we like it or not, ought to be looked at in a philosophical spirit, and not summarily condemned, as if the cause of it and the thing itself were wholly evil. A little rational inquiry won't be thrown away on the subject, take my word for it.'

'I am sure, Charles, I always endeavour to do my duty by my servants, and to make them happy and comfortable, and no one can say with truth that I am a harsh mistress. But, as dear mamma said only the last time she was here, this kind of thing I neither can nor ought to put up with.'

'Who denies, Kate, that you are a kind mistress? I am sure I should be the last to do so; but, I must say, that on the subject of servants' dress, you are often, like most ladies, both unjust and unreasonable. How is it that you can't see that it is most unwise to attempt enforcing the discipline of your mother's youthful days upon the domestics of our own? If my good mother-in-law had to deal with young women instead of with those veterans, Jane and "Old Hannah," who have lived with her these five-and-twenty years, she would soon find how impossible it would be to carry out her ideas. The ideas of the maids having undergone a great change in the matter of dress, the ideas of the mistresses must adapt themselves somewhat to the new state of things, or perpetual changes and collisions will be the result. This anti-stiff-petticoat feeling of yours is pure Toryism, an unphilosophical reluctance to *marcher avec le siècle*.'

'For goodness' sake, Charles, don't give me any scraps of French. Your accent, you know, is not good; and if there is one thing I detest beyond all others, it is to hear a man eking out his poverty of words with the odds and ends of another language. In spite of your philosophy, I still say that servants ought not to dress as they do. To see a girl like Caroline, with a tray in her hand, and her skirt sticking out like a balloon, is utterly absurd and very improper—very improper indeed.'

'But you know the old saying, my dear Kate: "What can't be cured must be endured;" and unless, in these days when everything is made for the million, we can bring ourselves to look calmly on fashionably dressed domestics, we must always expect to be in hot water. As for the humiliation you were talking about just now, if you mean that you will be eclipsed by your servants, I don't think you need feel much alarm on that score. I will not be so rude as to say that you ever appear absurd, but I do say that, although you have no tea-tray in your hands, your dress sticks out like a very large balloon indeed.'

'How can you talk so, Charles? Why, the last dress I had made, that French *foulard* you admire so, had only nine breadths in it, and'——

'I don't care how many breadths it had, my love. I only know that the bill tells me that you cram as much material into one dress as would have sufficed to clothe your paternal and maternal grandmothers both together, and have made your two grandfathers a waistcoat apiece into the bargain. While, as to crinoline and things of that nature, there is no end to them.'

'I am sure,' said Kate, quite in a miff, 'you cannot call me extravagant. I only have my dresses made in the fashion, and surely you would not have me look particular.'

'I would have you continue to do, my love, what you have always done—that is, please yourself. I would have you remember, however, that poor Caroline, the "creature," and her class, are women like yourself; that they, too, have the love of dress, so strong in your sex; and that so long as they only spend the wages they fairly earn, you have no more right to despise them and call them "creatures," than they have to despise you and your mamma for studying as you do the *Magasin des Modes*.'

'But, Charles, you surely don't mean to compare Caroline's station with mine? Things which are harmless in my station of life, may be very unbecoming in hers.'

'A sensible remark, Kate, but it won't do to construe that principle too strictly—an error of which I think you are guilty. Now, when you call Caroline a "creature," you don't say whether you think that the wrong she has done consists in the desire she has to stick her petticoats out with that strange machine of wadding and tape, or whether it lies in her doing so in your august presence. Which is it?'

'Don't sneer, Charles. It is a bad habit you have, particularly when you know you are wrong. I mean, of course, that a creature like that has no business to wear it.'

'Just so, my love. Another cup of tea, if you please. Our little dispute has made my throat quite dry, I declare. Just so. You say that she has no business to wear a hoop. But why? Unless we are a little more precise, we may talk till midnight without getting any further.'

'Well, then, Charles, since I must be so very careful of my words, I say that such things are ridiculous for one in her station of life.'

'I see, my love,' said I, 'that you know how to make use of the ladies' favourite argument, that a thing *is* because it is; but answer me this: do you mean to imply some moral turpitude on the part of Caroline, when you call her a "creature;" or do you mean to imply merely that her crime consists in wearing a hoop in your augu—— Ahem! before her mistress?'

'Why, Charles, how absurd you are. I mean of course that she ought to be ashamed of herself to come into the drawing-room with that thing on; and I also mean, as dear mamma says, that for girls in her rank of life to fill their heads with such things is perfectly ridiculous.'

'And why, pray, is a love of dress more ridiculous in them than in you? I fear, Kate, that you ladies want to keep all the finery to yourselves, and that a feeling of jealousy is at the bottom of your hostility to smart maid-servants. Ducks of collars, loves of bonnets, darling mantles, sweet little caps, gay dresses, and bright ribbons, you would monopolise as luxuries to be enjoyed by your class only; and if you could, you would even forbid those beneath you to admire these things, much more to wear them. But what, I ask you, is there in domestic service which should so change a woman's nature that she should be insensible to dress?'

'A sense of propriety, Charles—of what is becoming in her station, and of what is due to those above her.'

'A sense of fiddlestick, Kate! Your idea of the connection existing between you and your servants appears to be the feudal notion of dependence, whereas that connection is a purely commercial one. Kindly feeling and good offices, not bargained for, are not excluded on either side—God forbid that they ever should be; but L. s. d. is your bond of union; and unless at the hiring you stipulate for a particular style of dress, paying accordingly, you cannot reasonably expect that, out of mere awe of our aug—that is, of us—our servants should forego their own tastes and inclinations.'

'I'm sure I don't know, Charles. Why should not women dress in a sort of livery like men? I think it would be a very good plan.'

'It is true, my dear, that men-servants do consent to wear the badge of servitude; but would they consent to do so if the practice had been until now that they should wear plain clothes? I think not. Your idea of putting female servants into a kind of livery would certainly be quite impracticable.'

'Fifty years ago, female servants dressed quietly and becomingly at any rate, and that is what I would enforce now. Our grandmothers' maids didn't strive to imitate their mistresses.'

'They did not; that is, not to the extent well-paid servants do now; but the cause of the change is plain enough. The class from which servants are drawn have acquired tastes and ideas very different from those which satisfied them a generation or two back, and of course those tastes and ideas will shew themselves even in domestic service. Education, imperfect and partial as it is, has certainly somewhat refined the tastes of the lower classes, and the "Betty" who would have been enraptured with a cherry-coloured cap ribbon, has given place to the "Miss Elizabeth" who cuts her dresses out by the prints in the *Illustrated London News*. In short, as education advances, the tastes of all classes will more nearly assimilate. The age is a levelling one; but one in which, happily for all, the level is produced rather by raising the low, than by pulling down the high.'

'Really, Charles, I had no notion that you would run on so merely because I object to the width of Caroline's dresses; but this, I suppose, is what you call treating the subject philosophically?'

'Certainly, my dear, I wish to discuss this question with you calmly and without prejudice. I am anxious to convince you that your determined hostility to the taste for dress which now exhibits itself in the class of domestic servants, is unwise and inexpedient; and I am desirous that you should reconsider your determination to part with a servant against whom, as you freely declare, you have no other fault to allege than this—if fault it be.'

'It certainly is a fault, Charles; and if education tends to awaken in the lower orders a taste for fine dressing, it seems to me that they won't gain much by it, and I am sure that we shall not.'

'I can't agree with you there, Kate. Education, undoubtedly, has this tendency in many ways, and the result was not difficult to be foreseen. We must expect that the refinements of manners and ideas consequent on the spread of education, will shew itself most distinctly in those things which commend themselves most readily to ordinary minds, and which find the most favourable soil prepared for them. It would be most unphilosophical to expect that when refinement penetrates the masses, it will shew itself only in their virtues, and not in their vices. This would be to expect to create a class beneath us having all our good qualities, and none of our failings—a most chimerical notion truly, and one arguing, in the person entertaining it, great ignorance of human nature. Now, love of personal adornment is universal; and Caroline's taste being more refined than that of her class half a century back, instead of buying a dress of a flaming pattern and half-a-dozen yards of blue ribbon, she aspires to petticoats as wide as her mistress's. If that were the only evil inseparable from education, it would surely be but a very small drawback on its immense benefits.'

'Well, Charles, a poor ignorant woman can't be expected to be a match for such a philosopher as you pretend to be; but I do say that what with one thing and what with another, it seems to me, as dear mamma says, that the world is turned upside down.'

'I presume, my dear, that your mamma means that other classes are treading on the heels of our class rather too closely. Well, there is no denying that we must go ahead ourselves, if we wish to keep ahead. The advantages we have hitherto enjoyed exclusively are being largely shared in by others. There is no longer a monopoly of education, nor a monopoly of communication, for example; and we must keep our position by extra exertion, if we keep it at all. The locomotive plunges through the land at forty miles an hour, and drags behind it both peer and peasant; the penny-stamp franks the letter of "Jeames" as well as that of "my lord;" and soon we may hope that a more or less liberal education will be within reach of all but the lowest. We must progress ourselves, and not attempt to keep down those beneath us, even in such a thing as dress—an attempt which will certainly fail, and deservedly so. How should we of the middle class like to be told that we ought to confine our tastes to the standard which prevailed in the middle class in the days of our grandfathers?'

'I don't know, Charles, why you should call *us* of the middle class. You know that dear mamma's maternal grandmother was descended from a younger branch of'——

'I know all about that, my dear; indeed, your mother takes care I shan't forget that fact, if I forget everything else; but we are of the middle class, nevertheless; and a few years since, even so simple a luxury as muslin window-curtains was thought too good for us. My grandmother's first pair of muslin curtains were considered quite as absurd in one of her station as you consider Caroline's hoop is in hers.'

'Nonsense, Charles. How you run on!'

'Run on, my love. I was never more serious in my life. My grandfather rented a large farm under a wealthy peer; and on one of her excursions to the market town, my grandmother purchased some muslin window-curtains. My grandfather, good man, thought they were almost too grand for such folk, but they were forthwith put up in the best parlour—middle-class people had no "drawing-rooms" then—to the great admiration of the whole house. Now, it chanced that "my lady," in taking her airing on horseback, rode past my grandfather's farmhouse that very day, and being struck with astonishment at the sight of the white drapery at the windows, at once galloped back to the hall, and thus addressed her lord, who came forth, wondering at her sudden return: "Wail, my lord, what *do* you think I've seen? Haw! haw! why, muslin curta-i-ns at Fawmer Bra-w-ns, my lord. Pawsitively! fawmers with muslin curta-i-ns. Haw! haw! haw! It's almost as absurd as their asking last year for bells—pawsitively."'

'Very funny indeed, Charles,' said my dear Kate, with rather a forced laugh, as if not quite relishing the application of my anecdote; 'and I suppose I ought to give up opposition to hoops for my servants, and agree to'——

'That's a good little Kitty,' said I. 'I knew you were too reasonable a girl not to see the thing in a proper light, when it was once set before you. Nobody thinks muslin curtains a luxury only fit for the rich and great now; and so it will be, nay, *is*, with the dress of our female servants. All classes are now clothed much more alike—a change not without advantage even to the most elevated. When gentlefolks were broadly distinguished from their inferiors by their dress, they could afford to be coarse in manners and vulgar in mind. Now, they must *be* superior in order to look so. But I won't moralise any more; I think I have said enough to convince my dear Kate that she has been somewhat hasty in her determination with regard to the dismissal of a servant who has no other fault than a little natural love of dress.'

'Upon my word,' replied my wife, 'you assume very coolly that you have the best of the argument; but now, that you have done philosophising, I should like to ask you a question, to which I must have a plain answer. We poor women, you know, can't argue a

bit, and always go round in a circle, as you call it; so I will only ask you a plain question. Will you answer it?'

'I'll do my best, my dear,' said I, as cheerfully as I could; for I did not quite like the triumphant look Kate had suddenly assumed, and I began to have some misgivings as to the security of my victory.

'Now, then, Charles,' said my wife, 'you have proved entirely to your own satisfaction, if not exactly to mine, that a taste for personal adornment being common to all my sex, it is neither just nor expedient to oppose that taste, now that it shews itself so strongly in our household servants. I believe I have stated your argument fairly; have I not?'

'You have put it very broadly, Kate; but that most certainly is the substance of what I maintained. Taking, you see, a philosophical view of'——

'Of my parlour-maid's dress,' interrupted Kate, laughing heartily, for she thought she was getting the better of me, 'we ought to say nothing about it. But now for my question. You are, of course, quite prepared to carry out your own doctrine to its legitimate consequences. Having come to a most philosophical conclusion, you are prepared to abide by it. I ask you, then—Will you permit your servants to indulge their taste for dress to any extent they please; and if not, why not? If not, why not? Tell me that, Charles.'

'My dear,' I began, 'I don't—that is, if I am to'——

'No, Charles, no ifs, if you please. As you remarked just now, let us be precise in our language, or we shall talk till midnight without getting any further. I have asked a plain question, and I want a plain answer to it. Why do you hesitate to give it me?'

'But, my love'——

'No buts, Charles; I want neither ifs nor buts. I want you to tell me where you would stop, and why you would stop, without any ifs or buts whatever. Surely a philosopher cannot be at a loss to answer a poor simpleton like me.'

'Why, my dear, you will admit that the best rules of conduct may be pushed to absurd extremities; and when I said that servants should not be scolded because they indulge in a taste common to all womankind, of course I did not mean that their taste should be carried to an outrageous excess. In that case, I should remonstrate kindly with the offender on the impropriety of her conduct.'

'Impropriety! Gracious me, Charles, why, you seem to have come quite round to my side of the question. At last, then, even you will admit that there is a point beyond which a servant cannot be suffered to indulge a love of dress. You see, I am not so illogical and absurd, after all, and have already reduced the question between us to one of degree. Pray, now, at what point will the philosopher stop? Your point is not at skirts eight-breadths wide—at jackets, at tucks, at flounces—dear mamma hates those flounces!—at smart little caps, at lace sleeves, at silks, at muslins, at parasols'——

'For Heaven's sake, my love!' cried I, 'don't talk so fast; you fairly take away my breath. Do let me get a word in edgewise.'

'No, Charles—not a word till you tell me where you will stop. What do *you* consider going too far?'

'Well, my dear,' said I desperately, 'I would stop when the dress is not—I *must* use a French word, I can't think of any English word which will express my meaning so accurately—when, then, the dress is not *convenable*. Yes, that's the word. When a servant's dress does not appear to me to be convenable, I should interpose with my authority, not before. For example, I should interpose at —e, at —e-e-e. Dear me, how very absurd I am—at —e-e.'

'Short sleeves and low dresses,' said my wife maliciously.

'Well—yes,' I replied, somewhat relieved even by such a suggestion as that, for I began to feel considerable embarrassment in defining the exact point at which I should consider the convenable to have been disregarded. 'Yes, at short sleeves and low dresses, as you say, or at anything of that kind.'

'You will excuse my laughing, Charles'—and the little minx did laugh most provokingly—'but really it is amusing to see the philosopher obliged to adopt a plain common-sense view of this weighty matter, after all. However, I don't complain. Why should I? We are getting nearer every minute. I agree to the word convenable, and it only remains for you to strike out a few of the articles you include under that word, and for me to admit—you see how reasonable I am—a few to which I object; and we shall be able to come to some ground of common action.'

'My dear Kitty,' said I, 'you really would make an excellent man of business. Nothing can be fairer than your proposition; and precedent, perhaps, will be our safest guide as to what we ought to allow, and what to forbid. What other people's servants wear, let ours wear.'

'No, Charles, I can't agree to that, and I wonder you should propose it. You must think me very stupid, for it is you that are arguing in a circle now. I maintain that certain articles of dress are not proper for my servants to wear, and thereupon you protest that they are proper, because the same things are worn by others in the same rank of life. No, no. It is easy to find a precedent for anything, however disgusting. Didn't your brother tell us the other day, that in the far west of America the servants at the inns waited on him with bare arms, and low, *very* low dresses? What others do, therefore, will be no guide for me. We ought to decide on principle, Charles, not on precedent.'

'My dear girl,' said I, in a mild way—for I perceived that I should have to make very important concessions—'I must own, that, in the heat of argument, I have not been careful to limit the principle for which I have contended within practical bounds. No doubt there is a point at which we should be justified in remonstrating with a servant who indulged a taste for dress; but you cannot deny that mistresses are apt to be somewhat unreasonably severe. If, therefore, I am prepared to concede the existence of a point, dividing that which is, from that which is not, *convenable* in the dress of our female servants, you must be prepared to allow of a wider latitude to Caroline and her class than you have hitherto consented to do. I have taken what may be called the philosophical view of a by no means unimportant question, and you have regarded it from what may be said to be the practical side of it. But is there not some truth in both? Between—I won't say the short sleeves and low bodies of the "helps" in Wisconsin—but between very dressy dressing, and the notions of your mother, there is a very wide range; and surely it will never be difficult for a mistress, possessing only half as much kindly feeling and good sense as you do, to find the means, without giving offence, of keeping a good servant within the bounds of moderation.'

'But, Charles,' said my wife, when I had concluded what I flattered myself was a speech calculated, by its moderation and the little compliments it contained, to bring me respectably, if not triumphantly out of the contest; 'but, Charles dear, what do you say to that creat—— to Caroline's hoop?'

'Now, really, my good Kate, you are enough to provoke a saint. I thought the hoop-question was amicably settled at any rate.'

'Perhaps it is, my dear,' replied Kate with pro-

voking *sang-froid*. 'But in that case, you consent to put the obnoxious article into our common *index expurgatorius*.'

'Consent! Not I, indeed. Why, all my argument went to shew that such trifles ought not to be interfered with.'

'I know it did, Charles; but to my mind it *didn't* shew anything of the kind; and as dear mamma says'——

'Oh con'——

'Charles!'

MY EXTINCT GARDEN.

I LIVE a thousand feet above the sea, perched up on a hill, shut in on every side by dark mountains and dreary moors, the prevailing aspect of which is decidedly black. Black roads, black houses, black faces shew pretty plainly what a black inside the world has. Being fond of gardening, I determined to have such a garden as should outshine all the surrounding blackness; but after a desperate contest with the wind and weather, I gave it up in despair. The frost killed the rhododendra, while the east wind nipped the roses; so I turfed up my beds, and sulkily took to planting potatoes instead; when a happy accident diverted my horticultural exertions into a new channel, and with better effect. My new garden had some decided advantages over the old one. It is unchanged by weather; summer's heat and winter's snow have no effect on its contents; and yet, strange to say, at Kew or the Crystal Palace, they require the most careful tending and the most uniform temperature. My garden is not so neatly kept as some tidy people might like, but yet there is order amidst the rubbish. Instead of walks neatly gravelled and turf-trimmed, we use iron rails, and in lieu of spades and such-like tools, ponderous pickaxes and shovels; yet notwithstanding these formidable weapons, and the stalwart appearance of my numerous gardeners, the flowers themselves are of the most delicate description; even so fine as to require the aid of a microscope to develop their minuter characters. What is, then, the real state of affairs? In the number of *Chambers's Journal* for April is an interesting paper, 'A Day with the Woolhope Field-club.' Now, such a garden as mine comes most particularly under the notice of both botanists and geologists of a naturalist's club, so I will describe as briefly as I can a most interesting spot in the earth's past life, without, I hope, tiring the reader's patience overmuch with geological technicalities.

Low down, then, in the earth's crust, we arrive at the carboniferous formation, whose hidden treasures have contributed so materially to England's greatness. The reader may learn from the paper to which I have referred, that it is divided into three important groups of strata, of which the lowest—that of the mountain limestone, with its numerous characteristic shells and corals—is succeeded by the millstone grit, which is rather barren as regards fossils—although some are to be found—and the latter, in its turn, is overlaid by the coal-measures. The way in which these respective divisions lie in or upon one another, may be exemplified by three basins, placed inside each other, each of which is smaller than the one beneath it, and therefore allowing a belt or rim of the lower one to be visible. These groups are of variable thickness, but always preserve their relative positions. Thus, though one or both may be absent, yet the grit is never found above the coal, or the limestone above the grit; and, as an example of this absence, we may mention the Dudley coal-field in Staffordshire, where the coal-measures rest immediately upon limestone of a Silurian character. As in everything else of nature's handiwork, we are struck with the utility of this arrangement to man; since without limestone, the iron manufacture would probably come to a stand-still, because to extract and melt the iron-ore—which is usually found in veins parallel to the coal—a *flux* or mixture is needed, composed of the ore, coal (or coke), and limestone.

The millstone grit is of the least commercial consequence in the whole series. It generally consists of a very hard gritty stone, filled with quartz pebbles, and is looked on with a good deal of disgust, both by the colliers below ground and the farmers above ground—the former, because they know that when they arrive at it, they will get no more coal; and the latter, because the sterile character of the stone seems to communicate a similar effect to the soil above, which, as a general rule, only supports a dry, heathery pasturage for sheep. In the north of England especially, there are large districts composed of millstone grit—in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Northumberland, as may be seen on reference to the colouring of a geological map. In the South Wales basin, the thickness averages about 200 feet, and it goes by the expressive name of Farewell Rock, indicating to the colliers that they have come to the end of their tether; though, as there are exceptions to every rule, there are sometimes thin beds, called, in Wales, *Rosser veins*, found interspersed in the grit. Finally, above these groups, we arrive at the coal-measures, which are of very variable thickness; in the vale of Neath, no less than 8000 feet; although this calculation must not be understood to mean the amount of thickness of coal only, but is inclusive of the beds of sandstone and shale which intervene.

The coal-measures are again subdivided into the upper and lower groups by a thick set of beds, called the Pennant grit, a coarse sandstone, filled with carbonaceous specks, and much used for roofing purposes. Amongst these grits are some coal-beds, in most places scarcely worth the working; in the neighbourhood of Swansea, however, they assume a more important character, being 2125 feet in thickness, and possessing a dozen valuable seams. The South Wales coal-measures all belong to the lower group; hence, throughout the district, long ridges of Pennant grit are seen running from north to south, towards the Bristol Channel, dividing the country into narrow parallel valleys, which teem with their hundreds and thousands of population, brought hither by the riches beneath.

As regards my garden, then, we will dismiss the upper coal-measures, which are principally to be seen in the north of England. The number and thickness of the workable seams differ in many parts of the basin, ranging in number from ten to twenty, and in thickness from 2 to 8 feet. The same seam of coal, too, will be of varying thickness at different works: thus, the Bydellog vein is, at Beaufort, in Monmouthshire, 3 feet thick; at Ebbwvale, 3 feet 9 inches; at Nantyglo, 4 feet; at Clydach, 2 feet 3 inches; at Blaina, 5 feet 6 inches; and at Cwm-telery, 5 feet. The seams are separated from each other by layers of shale, iron-ore, or hard rock, also of different degrees of thickness, which are all gifted with some familiar name, according to the locality. Finally, access may be had to the different seams vertically or horizontally—by pit or level. Everybody knows what a pit or shaft is; but a level is not so common. When a country is very hilly, a way can be pierced through the hill to reach the seam of coal, which has the advantage of not requiring the costly apparatus of shaft, engines, or pumping-gear, and which, in fact, is nothing more than a long tunnel. Hundreds of miles are thus scooped out in level, making an easy and inexpensive way of reaching the coal. But when a vein runs very near the surface, as, for instance, round the shoulder of a hill—then the coal and iron-ore are reached *from* the surface—the rock is excavated, leaving, as the work goes on,

precipitous escarpments, from which the ore, or, as they are generally called, 'balls of mine,' are extracted; while lower still, the collier is hewing away at the coal, a sort of work which is called patch-working. Here is then a fine opportunity for the geologist to see, by the light of heaven, how the strata run; and here it was—in the highest seam, called the Ellid Vein—that I found my garden.

The coal-measures have long been favourably known to geologists for the abundance and beauty of the fossils contained in them; indeed, as early as 1697, we hear of a geological Welshman, Llwyd by name, who made an excursion into Breconshire, and remarked on the singular construction of the levels, 'wherebie two horsemen could ride abreaste;' but what puzzled him most was meeting with a large mass of shale, fluted regularly, and marked all over with little pits or depressions. He referred to what is now called a stigmaria, a fossil which has only of late years found its proper place in natural history. Every seam of coal may be seen to possess three distinct divisions; of which the uppermost, the roof, is a mass of slaty clay or shale, often the most prolific portion as regards vegetable remains in good preservation; in the middle is the veritable coal, which in itself is nothing less than the carbonised remains of trees and plants, of which only the external structure remains. Lastly, underneath it all is a stratum of thick clay, technically termed 'underclay,' which is invariably present in a true coal-seam, and always contains the stigmariæ, which are the roots and bases of the gigantic trees which afterwards composed the coal. Many of these trees have been found *in situ*, in Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Northumberland, where, within half a mile, twenty upright stems were discovered on the coast, proving in reality their vegetable nature, and that the underclay was the soil in which they grew.

The number of species of coal-plants is about a thousand, of which the greater part belong to the fern class. Of this number, about two hundred have been found in Great Britain; and, singularly enough, species identical with these have been discovered in America, Australia, and Greenland; shewing how great a change has taken place in the temperature of these regions since the carboniferous epoch. From the slabs of shale, which lie about in my garden in such utter confusion, I have obtained above fifty different forms of fruit, flower, and fern, of the utmost delicacy of form. Most abundantly appear the sigillaria, carved in such regular and quaint rows, each little depression marking the place from whence fell off the petiole or leaf-stalk. These are the trees of which the stigmariæ, before mentioned, are considered to be the roots, and of which I have five or six varieties—the *oculata*, or eyed sigillaria, the reniform or kidney-shaped, the tesselated, and others, named according to the notions of the discoverers. Next comes the lepidodendron, or scaled tree, a gigantic member of the lycopodiaceæ or club-moss family, which reached the height of sixty feet or more, gradually diminishing, until it finished off with a small tuft or plume. If well examined, each of the innumerable lozenge-shaped hieroglyphics will be seen to be full of a yet more delicate sculpture. Associated with these are numbers of cones or lepidostrobi, the fruits of the lepidodendron. Very frequent also are the calamites, or reed-plants, allied to the marestail, which, unlike the degenerate reeds of the present day, were upwards of 40 feet high, and 3 feet thick. 'There were giants in those days.' More numerous than all these are the specimens of the fern tribe, of which there are 150 species known, not one of them identical with existing ferns. The neuropteris, with its finely veined leaves; the delicate sphenopteris, or wedge-shaped fern; the pecopteris; the glossopteris, or tongue-shaped; and many, many others, which it would be tedious for the general reader to enumerate. The perfect preservation of this ancient flora could not fail to interest the observer, whether geologically inclined or not.

Before we close this subject, let us take a glance at the state of the earth in which they flourished. We behold, in our mind's eye, huge forests, growing in rank luxuriance under a tropical atmosphere. Every tree strikes us as being vast in size and strange in form. We see strange and wondrous forms of fish peopling the waters which surround this primeval jungle; almost the only signs of animal life visible—the mailed holoptychius, the fine-toothed cœlacanthus, and the huge megalichthys. But a change at length takes place. There is a fearful convulsion of nature, the consequence of which is a subsidence of the forest, which is covered by the waters of a fresh sea. Ages roll on, and a new forest takes its place, and flourishes like its predecessor, only to be engulfed in its turn. This goes on until a new geological system arrives, and the world puts on a new aspect, with new inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. The result of these repeated subsidences is, that each fresh forest has been compressed by an enormous weight, and at an enormous heat, causing the carbonisation of all its contents, and giving us in after-ages a seam of coal for every time the process was repeated.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XII.

PASSION had not entirely swamped the slight stock of common-sense I was possessed of; and restraining myself by a strong effort from forthwith denouncing Webbe's treacherous villainy to his face, I hurried off to bed, there to reflect quietly upon the course I ought to adopt. But quiet reflection was no more possible than sleep, till the wordless rage of mortified self-love, aggravated by the savage consciousness of what an egregious booby my own absurd conceit had helped to make me, had in some degree exhausted itself, partly, as I remember, by furiously punching the pillows, as imaginary substitutes for the privateer captain's head, and, but less frequently and fiercely, that of M. Sicard. 'As easily led by the nose as asses are,' was I! Why, ay, hitherto; but not *quite* so easily for the future, he shall find, now that I thoroughly know the gentleman who fancies he has got that prominent feature of mine so securely betwixt his finger and thumb. It strikes me very forcibly, noble captain, do you know, that, clever and cunning as you are, and close upon the winning-post as you and that Jezebel Féron believe yourselves to be, it will not be impossible to trip up the heels of both, for all that's come and gone yet. Very far from impossible; though assuredly whoever would successfully contend with such wily, practised devils, should maturely meditate his plan of battle.

I anxiously sought to do so. One considerable advantage that partially overheard conference certainly gave me: I now knew that Webbe and the woman Féron were not only confederate with each other in the abduction of Mrs Waller's child, but sworn accomplices in the scheme which was 'to utilise' that atrocious deed. I was no longer in the dark, then, as to the sinister complicity of the privateer captain with the pretended mother of Clémence; and I comprehended that, whilst playing into each other's hands

up to a certain point, they had individually a separate game to bring to a triumphant issue. 'Remember, Webbe, that you cannot play your own game out successfully without first winning mine. This marriage *first*, or, by all that's sacred or infernal'——, quoth the woman, the unspoken threat evidently implying that she would at all hazards mar *his* particular project, should he prove false to her. Yes, but what could be the particular project contemplated by Webbe, to which my marriage with Clémence was the enforced, indispensable preliminary? There I was at sea again, without rudder or compass. The obtainment of the reward promised by my mother, and largely augmented as well as guaranteed by Mrs Linwood! What else could it be? But how, on the other hand, would that marriage, simply because I should be tolerably rich, 'utilise' her crime to the woman-conspirator's so complete satisfaction? She might, it was true, count safely enough that in that case the affection, mingled with fear, with which she had inspired the stolen child, would stand between her and the legal vengeance of the Linwoods; but that, it was now apparent, she had boldly challenged by disclosing, through Webbe, the secret of her pretended daughter's birth. The realisation of the reward, which there could be no doubt she would share, was again the only rational solution I could arrive at; and tiring at length of a barren cogitation in which I only slipped from one untenable hypothesis to another, I bent my mind to the elaboration of a counter-plot, which, if carried out successfully, would effectually confound their knavish tricks, of whatever nature or design those tricks might be.

I must make a confidante of Clémence, to begin with. She would, of course, have already comprehended that, after her impassioned apostrophe, in my hearing, to the wounded bootmaker, marriage with me, were she still herself disposed to acquiesce in that dreadful martyrdom, was quite out of the question. Then Madame de Bonneville's conversation with Webbe would prove to her that that lady was on the verge of ruin, only to be averted by that impossible marriage, *or*, as I should put it, by her, Clémence's, flight with me to England, under the protection of some respectable female, whose services a handsome *douceur* would easily secure, taking with us the necklace, armlets, and other *pièces d'accusation;* I, on my part, solemnly pledging myself for Mrs Waller and my father, that not only no legal prosecution of Madame de Bonneville should be instituted, but that half the reward, at least, promised to Webbe should be given to her upon the simple condition, that she made a formal declaration, upon oath, of all the circumstances attending the carrying off the child Lucy Hamblin. I could further represent that if she, Clémence, should remain obstinately constant to the cordwainer, the Wallers might, possibly, be brought to acquiesce in her wishes; whereas it was plain that Madame de Bonneville would, for obvious reasons, remain inexorably adverse to such a connection. Finally, I resolved that, should all other inducements fail in determining Clémence to take wing at once from France, I would propose that she and Sicard should be forthwith united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and that he should accompany us to England. I would not, however, have recourse to that temptation except in the last resort, and after all less potent persuasives had been tried and failed. The rescue of my father's name from ignominy was the great end I was bound to keep in view; and if that could only be gained by forwarding a *mésalliance* between Lucy Hamblin and Jacques Sicard, the distasteful condition must e'en be complied with. Sicard bore a fair character. Mrs Waller's daughter did not need to marry a rich husband, and the young people were strongly attached to each other: so that, positively, unless all novel-writers were arrant blockheads—a notion not to be entertained for a moment—I should be doing a highly meritorious act in assisting to legally unite two loving, ardent hearts, which must else be cruelly sundered—broken, perhaps, who knew! Still, in deference to an absurd social prejudice which I could not quite away with, the *bonne bouche* of the bootmaker should, I re-determined, be the last bait with which I would tempt the timid maiden to break the strong fetters of habitual fear and subjection, and boldly seize the fortunate opportunity, which missed, might never again court her acceptance.

A good plot—an excellent plot; one that, unless I blundered grossly, could hardly fail of success; and who then would have been led by the nose?—William Linwood or the valiant captain who arranged the private marriage, bridegroom personally unknown to the retained priest, settled the scheme of flight, and kept Baptiste in readiness to ferry over the happy pair to the British shore and safety!

Really, for a while, I could scarcely credit my own cleverness in devising so glorious a turning of the tables—so delicious a hoist of the engineer with his own petard! Modest misgivings as to the perfect soundness of my calculations did not long disturb or keep me wake; and after a comfortable snooze, I leaped out of bed in a state of entire self-satisfaction, and with a confidence in my own sagacity as cool and clear as the bright wintry morning streaming in broad daylight through the chamber-windows.

If Vanity, O paradise of fools, so frequently leads otherwise sufficiently sensible men into thy dream-domain, it not the less delights to plunge them, while they sleep, into the real and fatalest quagmires which lurk beneath thy cloud-like, illusive surface! As thus with me:

My haste in dressing was arrested by the discovery, that the puce-red redingote and blue silk vest were irretrievably ruined by large patches of lamp-oil. In whirling the lamp round my head on the previous evening, I had managed to plentifully besprinkle those garments with the inodorous liquid, and to wear them again was impossible. I was consequently obliged to have recourse to my original wardrobe; and as the pale-blue pants contrasted abominably with a decent English black coat and waistcoat, they also were exchanged for less gay integuments. The transformation thus effected in my personality mightily pleased me; and necessity having compelled me to so far cast off the piebald costume of the Pas de Calais, and as I was, besides, to leave France in a day or two at furthest, it seemed to me that I might e'en venture to complete the operation. I did so: discarded the atrocious ear-rings, and not without considerable labour and expenditure of soap and water, dis-Brutusised my hair. The change was really marvellous: I was myself again; and having always piqued myself upon being a well-dressed young fellow, the thought flashed through me with a glow of exultation as I surveyed myself to as great an extent as possible in the diminutive dressing-glass, that Mademoiselle Clémence would now see to somewhat better advantage the individual, to accept whom as a husband had involved, on her part, so distressing a sacrifice. There was certainly no accounting for taste; still, as between me and that bullet-headed bootmaker, there could, I flattered myself, be no——

Quick footsteps outside, and a sharp knocking at the chamber-door, suddenly challenged my attention to an

announcement in the voice of the *femme de chambre* that 'une jeune personne' below desired to see M. Jean Le Gros immediately.

'Une jeune personne' desirous of seeing me immediately! Who, in wonder's name, could it be? Mademoiselle Clémence? Hastening to obey the surprising summons, I was met, upon emerging from the chamber, by a little scream from the femme de chambre, who started back, exclaiming: 'My God! who is that?'

'Me, assuredly—Monsieur Jean Le Gros.'

'My faith, it *is* the voice and droll accent, but'——

I was quickly out of hearing, but looking back as I turned down stairs, at the further end of the corridor, I saw the woman staring after me with wide-opened eyes and mouth—a pantomimic continuation, as it were, of her amazed, doubtful 'but.'

The 'jeune personne' waiting in the hall was one of Madame de Bonneville's workwomen, and she too was apparently only convinced by the voice and droll accent that I was really the M. Jean Le Gros to whom she had brought a letter from Mademoiselle Clémence, with strict injunctions to deliver it into his own hands. At the moment she was doing so, and saying: 'Monsieur Le Gros will then have the goodness to read it at once,' a gentleman came out of one of the lower rooms, and was leaving the hotel, but turned sharply round, and looked keenly at the individual addressed by that name. It was Mr Tyler the American. I had seen him but once, and that but for a few moments on the ramparts the day before, and as he, though with somewhat of a puzzled, mystified air, passed on his way without speaking, I concluded that he had not recognised me; and that, it vaguely occurred to me, was as well.

The note from Mademoiselle Clémence ran thus: 'Cher Ami—I pray of you not to speak of yesterevening's sad occurrences to any one, especially not to Captain Webbe, till you have seen me. I begin to understand that we have both, to a certain extent, been the dupes of that man's cunning roguery. Please to send word by bearer—simply yes or no—if I may expect to see you at about eleven o'clock this forenoon. C.'

'Say "Yes" to Mademoiselle de Bonneville from me,' said I.

'I shall do so,' replied the woman. 'Good-day, monsieur.'

I had hardly regained my chamber, when the femme de chambre again tapped at the door, and opening it, I saw she was accompanied by one of the waiters.

'Monsieur, your uncle,' said the woman, with a peculiarity of tone that jarred disagreeably upon my ear, 'desires me to say that he waits breakfast for you.'

'Very well. And pray, what message do you bring?' said I, somewhat fiercely addressing the waiter, who, whilst the woman was speaking, eyed me with insolent inquisition.

'None,' he replied, turning carelessly upon his heel; 'none at present, Monsieur *Le Gros*.'

I was a good deal startled by the man's manner, instantly suggesting as it did, that with my usual propensity for running my heedless head against a post, I had done a very rash and foolish thing in resuming the precise dress I had worn at the Avranches banquet, and likely enough described in the newspaper paragraph Madame de Bonneville had spoken of. Webbe would know if I had thereby incurred any real danger, and I hastened to join him.

He was reading a newspaper when I entered the breakfast-room, and seemed to be struck with astonishment and dismay at my appearance.

'What, rash boy,' he angrily exclaimed, 'is the meaning of this fool's trick? Are you tired of your life?'

I explained why I could not wear the puce-coloured redingote and blue vest, but of course without mentioning *how* the accident occurred. The explanation or apology seemed to mollify Webbe's wrath, but not in the least to diminish his alarm.

'Read this,' he exclaimed, handing me the newspaper.

I ran over the paragraph to which his finger pointed. It was a pompous version of the Avranches affair, copied from a Havre journal, and therefore supplied, it might be taken for granted, by Auguste Le Moine. My person and dress, to the very cross-barred satin waistcoat I had on, the fashion in which I wore my hair, as well as *l'accent guttural* of my French, were carefully described; and I blushed with shame for the inexcusable folly I had committed in taking pains to realise to the most cursory observer the portrait drawn of the 'infamous spy' by the newspaper. The article concluded by impressing upon all patriotic Frenchmen the duty of assisting to apprehend the said 'infamous spy,' and deliver him into the hands of justice.

'You can now appreciate the extent of your insane rashness,' said Webbe, as the paper dropped from my hands. 'Who has seen you in that dress?' he added with peremptory sternness.

'The garçon Edouard, the femme de chambre whose face is pitted with the small-pox, and one of Madame de Bonneville's workwomen, who brought me a note from Mademoiselle Clémence.' I did not think it necessary to mention Mr Tyler, my impression being that he had not recognised me.

A bitter oath broke from Webbe's ashy, quivering lips. It was plain that he thought the peril deadly, imminent, and of a kind which no courage or readiness of resource on his part might avail to turn aside or elude. Deadly, imminent peril to me only it at first appeared, not to himself.

'As if your position,' he went on to say, 'was not already, after the publication of this accursed paragraph in a St Malo journal, sufficiently critical! Come, however, what may, I am guiltless of your blood: you cannot but admit that. But it is madness to stand idly babbling here. I must see that sly knave Edouard at once. He was reading the newspaper when I came into the room, and you may be arrested, walked off, and done for, before the day is two hours older. Do not stir from this till I return.'

The privateer captain was soon back again, and appeared to be even more excited and perturbed than when he left the room.

'It is as I feared,' he said. 'Edouard has identified you, as he could hardly help doing, with the newspaper portrait. A considerable bribe, coupled with an indirect threat and promise, pointing to the future—he believing, as the newspaper intimates, that you are a confidential agent of the Bourbons, whose restoration is now only a question of a few days or weeks, more or less—has perhaps secured his and Marguerite's silence. *Perhaps*, I say; for there was a knavish glimmer in the fellow's eyes when I placed the rouleau of Napoleons in his hand, which forbids trust in his purchased promises. Upon my soul, Linwood,' added Webbe, 'I cannot at all understand you. Ten minutes ago, you were as alarmed as I am; and now your cheek has regained its colour, and you listen to what I say with the coolness of an iceberg. Is this a sign of calm determination or of mere doltishness?'

'I am not going to be scared away from St Malo, Mr Webbe, till the purpose that brought me here has been accomplished; of that be quite assured. And reflection tells me it is preposterous to argue that I have made myself amenable as a spy to the sentence of a court-martial, able as I am to prove the entirely pacific nature of the errand that brought me to France.'

'You talk of you know not what,' rejoined Webbe,

with increasing heat. 'Whether shooting you by sentence of a court-martial would be strictly legal or not, will not weigh a scruple in the matter. The practical consideration is, that Schwartzenberg's irresistible march upon Paris, and Wellington's triumphant progress in the south of France, have so exasperated, maddened the French soldiery, that they would sacrifice a hecatomb of Englishmen upon much slighter evidence than that adduced by young Le Moine against you. In this very paper there is an account of the shooting of a French *émigré*, caught, poor devil! at Rouen, and suspected only, the proofs being far from conclusive, of being a secret agent of the Bourbons. The inflammable soil of France is on fire,' continued Webbe, 'and had already become much too hot, I must tell you, for the soles of *my* feet: I am therefore off at once; and unless you are resolved to court destruction, you will follow my example. Of course, you and Mademoiselle Clémence,' he added sharply, 'have come to an understanding?'

'Mademoiselle Clémence and I *have* come to an understanding.'

'What, then, do you mean by saying you will not be scared out of St Malo till the purpose that brought you here has been accomplished?'

'Can I ask a young girl to take flight with me to England at an hour's notice?'

'I should think so, when her consent has been obtained; the priest is ready at five minutes' notice to do his office, and the life of her beloved *futur* is at stake. It is your modest diffidence, Linwood,' added Webbe, with fast recovering calmness and good-humour, as he reseated himself at the breakfast-table—'It is your modest diffidence, Linwood, which suggests that difficulty. That is an amiable quality of mind, I admit, but not without its inconveniences, and, as I was remarking the other day to my American friend, Mr Tyler, especially so in regard of his countrymen, of whom it is so prominent a characteristic, causing them to so strictly respect the school-copy maxim, of self-praise being no recommendation, as to, possibly, hinder them from obtaining that paramount position in the universal earth which they could, would, should, might, or ought but for that to achieve.'

'Richard's himself again!' said I; 'his appetite for breakfast and banter quite restored, I am glad to see. He has been frightening himself and me with shadows.'

'*Warning* shadows, my boy, of terrible realities, which we must avoid or perish: still, having ascertained and demonstrated the nature and bearings of the coming danger, and the likeliest mode of avoiding it, there is not the slightest use in whimpering about the matter; and a hearty breakfast is, I assure you, a capital preparation for a day of peril and brave exertion. Let me help you to a slice of this excellent ham; and a cup of hot coffee, a fresh supply of which, if you will ring the *sonnette*, will, I daresay, be brought in by Master Edouard, whose equivocal phiz I should like to catch another and clearer glimpse of.'

'Replenish the *cafetière*, Edouard,' said Webbe, when that worthy answered the bell. 'Whilst we have been idly discussing the awkward little affair you know of, our coffee has cooled to the temperature of the weather outside. And be sure to bring it yourself, *mon brave*, as I have another little word or two to read to you out of the same book that we opened together a few minutes ago.'

'That fellow's grinning, sheepish face,' resumed Webbe, when the door had closed after Edouard—'that fellow's grinning, sheepish face being interpreted, means that a struggle is going on in his brain-pan between the honour-amongst-rogues principle of fairly earning the bribe he has pocketed, and an inclination to secure the favour, and, possibly, a few more Napoleons, of *Messieurs les Autorités*, by our betrayal. And if honour,' added the privateer captain, drawing forth his gold watch, and transferring the long hand to his waistcoat-pocket—'and if honour is not strengthened, honour will, I plainly perceive, go to the wall —— Hush!'

'That will do, Edouard; we require nothing more, with the exception of a few last and most interesting words with you. Listen, *mon garçon*,' continued Webbe: 'I am about to place entire confidence in you; at the same time telling you frankly that it greatly annoys me to be obliged to do so.'

'I can easily believe that, monsieur.'

'To be sure you can. You must know, then, that my young friend here, being naturally desirous of living all the days of his life, deems it expedient to quit *la belle France* with as little delay as possible. To do so without incurring the risk of successful pursuit, he will require, or rather, as I shall accompany him, *we* shall require your assistance.'

'My assistance, monsieur!'

'Your well-paid assistance, Edouard. I propose managing the affair in this way. Both of us have little matters to arrange, which will detain us till late in the evening, and we have settled to start at ten o'clock in a *chaise de poste*, which you will have ready, and have placed our luggage in, by that hour.'

'But, messieurs, it is impossible! Such an act would'——

'Make you a richer man by fifty Napoleons,' interrupted Webbe—'fifty gold Napoleons, mon brave, for a trifling service which *cannot* by possibility compromise you.'

'Fifty Napoleons, monsieur, of course, means in addition to—to'——

'In addition to those you have already received?—Certainly. It is understood, then. You are sure of Marguerite?'

'Perfectly sure, monsieur.'

'That will do, then. Stay; I have lost one of the hands of my watch; and as a correct knowledge of time will be essential just now, I will thank you to get a new one fitted, and if it can be done by the hour we purpose leaving, have it cleaned.'

'It shall be done, monsieur, without fail,' replied Edouard, taking the watch. 'It will be well, too, that no one should have an opportunity of reading this newspaper,' he added, as he thrust the *Journal de St Malo* into his pocket.

'A good thought, Edouard; and now bring us pens, ink, and paper.'

'We shall lose the watch,' said Webbe as soon as we were again alone, 'as well as our portmanteaus and clothes. But nothing less would, I feared, satisfy him, upon reflection, that we should be here this evening at ten o'clock, to present him with fifty Napoleons.'

'You do not then intend to do so?'

Webbe laughed out as merrily as if enjoying an excellent joke in the safe security of the *Scout's* cabin. 'Once upon a time you know,' said he presently, 'there was a gentleman, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay; and now I have so thickly buttered the promised provender of the greedy *ass* we have to deal with, that the bare imagination of such a feast will seal his lips till you, I trust, are far beyond the range of a French firing-party. Why, man alive, what are you dreaming of? Once permitted to leave this hotel, we should be simply mad to return! In one hour from this, or less if possible, I shall have left St Malo; in three, at furthest, you, your wife, and Fanchette, will, I hope, be on the road to Granville—— Ah! here is our friend Edouard with pens, ink, paper, and sealing-wax. All right, Edouard; you will not forget ten precisely, and—the fifty Napoleons.'

The man grinned, bowed, and left the room, fully intending, I was sure, to fulfil his part in the bargain.

'And now, Linwood, my brave lad,' said Webbe, 'I have to make a request which may carry an ominous

sound with it, but is in reality only a matter of common precaution. I go overland to Cherbourg; thence probably, if Auguste Le Moine is not in the way, to Havre de Grace. You with your charming bride proceed to England, *viâ* Jersey. Now, distressing as the possibility of being cut down like the grass on one's wedding-day must be to the sensitive mind of a youthful bridegroom, it is useless endeavouring to conceal from ourselves that you *may* be overtaken and summarily shot; in which case you will experience whatever consolation or the reverse may be derived from the fact, that you brought the catastrophe upon yourself. In justice to me, I therefore presume you will not refuse to state that fact in a letter addressed to your mother and intrusted to me, but not of course to be delivered should you safely reach Jersey.'

'I understand. If I lose my life, that is no reason, Captain Webbe thinks, that he should lose the reward he has been promised. Give me a sheet of paper.'

My pen scoured over the paper as I related Webbe's confederacy from the first with Louise Féron, and I should have poured forth all the bitter thoughts that were seething in my brain, had it not suddenly struck me that the letter might be a trick of wily Webbe's to make himself sure of my secret thoughts and plans. He might open it directly he left the hotel, and I should then be effectually baffled as to the scheme which I still hoped to carry through. I tore the betraying scrawl to shreds, and indited a letter which, should he read, would but the more completely mislead the privateer captain as to my real thoughts and purposes; and having sealed, I handed it to him.

He had meanwhile written three letters, two of which he enclosed in a cover addressed to the seaman Baptiste; the other was for Fanchette.

'You will give this to Baptiste,' said Webbe; 'it contains letters for persons in Jersey, and intelligible only to them, which he will deliver. This, as I shall not find it convenient to call at Madame de Bonneville's, you will place in the hands of Fanchette. It instructs her to go immediately after the celebration of the marriage—with respect to which there will be no difficulty or hinderance—to Monsieur Delisle, the *courtier-maritime*, who by that time will have provided a swift conveyance, in which you must all three take your departure from St Malo without the loss of one precious moment. And now I am off; all my papers are fortunately in this coat-pocket, and I will not even go up stairs. You, however, must get the cloak I have seen you occasionally wear; and mind you keep the collar well up as you pass along the streets. Good-bye, my lad; keep your spirits up, and your weather-eye well open, and I shall stand godfather to your first boy yet. By the way, Linwood,' added Webbe, pausing with the handle of the door in his hand, 'a thought strikes me: the wreck of empires and the crush of crowns just now in progress—videlicet, the downfall of Bonaparte and restoration of the Bourbons, will at least have one important and beneficial result—that of recovering my watch and our portmanteaus when you revisit St Malo with your wife. Good-bye once more.'

It then wanted about three-quarters of an hour to eleven; upon the stroke of which I arrived at the magasin in the Rue Dupetit Thouars, and found Clémence anxiously expecting me. To her, I at once opened my whole heart; confided to her its hopes and fears, its wishes, apprehensions; and she, sweet, guileless maiden, with her head resting, after the old fashion, upon my shoulder, and sobbing with almost convulsive agitation, was hearkening, yieldingly as I thought, to my advice and entreaties, when the door was suddenly flung open, and Jacques Sicard, with his head bound up, and his face white as the paper upon which I am writing, presented himself.

'Monsieur Linwood,' he hurriedly exclaimed, 'you have been betrayed by a femme de chambre of the Hôtel de l'Empire, and gendarmes are already on your track!'

THE OMNIBUS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It will perhaps surprise our readers to learn that the omnibus is no new discovery of the nineteenth century, but rather the development of a seed sown in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.; that is, nearly two hundred years ago, when the Parisians actually enjoyed for a time this cheap and popular mode of conveyance.

Carriages on hire had already been long known in Paris; Nicolas Sauvage, in the Rue St Martin, at the sign of St Fiacre, let out coaches by the hour or the day; but these conveyances, which were soon distinguished by the name of the saint, were expensive, and quite beyond the means of the middle class. In the year 1657, a Monsieur de Givry obtained letters-patent 'to establish in the crossways and public places of the city and suburbs of Paris such a number of coaches, calèches, &c., drawn by two horses each, as he should judge proper; to be exposed there from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, at the hire of those who had need of them, whether by the hour, the half-hour, day, or otherwise, at the pleasure of those who wished to make use of them, to be carried from one place to another, wherever their affairs called them, either in the city and suburbs of Paris, or as far as four or five leagues in the environs,' &c. This was an improvement on the system of M. Sauvage; but the prices still continued too high for the multitude, and accordingly we find, in 1662, the Duke of Roanès, the Marquis of Sourches, and the Marquis of Crenan, soliciting and obtaining letters-patent for a great speculation—carriages to contain eight persons at five sous the seat, and running in stated routes, at fixed hours—the omnibus, in short.

The first omnibus journey was made on the 18th of March 1662: on that day, seven cheap coaches were driven for the first time through the streets that lead from the Porte St Antoine to the Luxembourg Palace. According to Sauval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, they were pursued by the stones and hisses of the populace. The truth of this assertion is, however, much to be doubted; and we are far more inclined to believe Madame Perier, the sister of the great Pascal, who, in a letter to Arnould de Pomponne, describes the public joy caused by the appearance of these low-priced carriages. She writes as follows:

'Paris, *March* 21, 1662.

'As every one has obtained some particular office in the affair of the coaches, I have solicited with eagerness that of announcing to you its success, and I have been so fortunate as to obtain it; therefore, sir, each time you see my writing, be assured of good news. The establishment commenced last Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, with wonderful pomp and splendour. The seven carriages provided for this route were first distributed. Three were sent to the Porte St Antoine, and four were placed before the Luxembourg, where at the same time were stationed two commissaries of the Chatelet* in their robes, four guards of the high-provost, ten or twelve of the city archers, and as many men on horseback. When everything was ready, the commissaries proclaimed the establishment, explained its usefulness, exhorted the citizens to sustain it, and declared to the lower class that the slightest insult would be severely punished; and all this was said in the king's name. Afterwards, they gave the coach-

* The great Chatelet, a court of justice.

men their coats, which are blue—the colour of the king and of the city—with the arms of the king and of the city embroidered on the bosom, and then they ordered the departure.

'Immediately one of the coaches started, carrying inside one of the high-provost's guards. Half a quarter of an hour after, another one set off, and then the two others at the same intervals of time, each carrying a guard, who was to remain therein the whole day. At the same time, the city archers and the men on horseback dispersed themselves on the route.

'At the Porte St Antoine the same ceremonies took place, at the same hour, with the three carriages that had been sent there, and the same arrangements were made with respect to the guards, the archers, and the men on horseback. In short, the affair was so well managed, that not the slightest confusion arose, and those carriages were started as peaceably as the others.

'The thing, indeed, has succeeded perfectly: the very first morning the coaches were filled, and even several women were among the passengers; but in the afternoon, the crowd was so great, that one could not get near them, and every day since it has been the same; so that we see by experience that the greatest inconvenience is the one you apprehended—people wait in the street for the arrival of one of these coaches to get into it, and when it comes, it is full. This is vexatious, but there is consolation, for it is known that another will arrive in half a quarter of an hour; however, this other comes, and it also is full; and after this has been repeated several times, people are obliged to continue their way on foot. In short, that you may not think I exaggerate, I tell you this because it happened to myself. I was waiting at the door of St Merry's Church, in the Rue de la Verrerie, having a great desire to return home in a coach—for it is pretty far from there to my brother's house—but I had the vexation to see five coaches pass without being able to get a seat; all were full; and during all this time I heard blessings bestowed on the authors of an establishment so advantageous and useful to the public: as every one spoke his thought, some said that all this affair was perfectly well invented, but that it was a great fault to have put only seven coaches on one route; that they were not sufficient for half the people who had need of them, and that there ought to have been at least twenty. I listened to all this, and I was in so bad a temper from having missed five coaches, that at the moment I was quite of their opinion. In short, the applause is universal, and one may say that nothing was ever better begun.

'The first and second days there was a crowd on the Pont Neuf, and in all the streets to see them pass, and it was very amusing to observe the workmen cease their labour to look at them, so that no more work was done all Saturday throughout the whole route than if it had been a holiday. Smiling faces were seen everywhere—not smiles of mockery, but of content and joy; and this convenience is found so great that every one desires it for his own quarter.

'The shopkeepers of the Rue St Denis demand a route with so much importunity, that they even speak of presenting a petition. Preparations were being made to give them one next week, but yesterday morning M. de Roanès, M. de Crenan, and M. the High Provost (M. de Sourches), being all three at the Louvre, the king talked very pleasantly about this novelty, and addressing those gentlemen, said: "And *our* route, will you not soon establish it?"

'These words of the king oblige them to think of the Rue St Honoré, and to defer for some days the Rue St Denis. Besides this, the king, speaking on the same subject, said that he wished those who were guilty of the slightest insolence to be severely punished, and that he would not permit this establishment to be disturbed.

'This is the present position of the undertaking. I am sure you will not be less surprised than we are at its great success, which has far surpassed all our hopes. I shall not fail to send you exact word of every pleasant thing that happens, according to the office conferred on me, and to supply the place of my brother, who would have undertaken the duty with joy if he could write.

'I wish with all my heart to have matter to write you every week, both for your satisfaction, and for other reasons that you can well guess.—I am, your obedient servant, G. PASCAL.'

Postscriptum in the writing of Pascal, and probably the last lines he ever penned—he died August 1662:

'I will add to the above, that the day before yesterday, at the king's *petit-coucher* (evening reception), a dangerous assault was made against us by two courtiers most distinguished in rank and wit, which would have ruined us by turning us into ridicule, and would have given room to all sorts of attacks, but the king answered so obligingly and so drily with respect to the excellence of the affair, and for us, that they quickly put up their weapons. I have no more paper; adieu, entirely yours.'

It has been said that Pascal was the inventor of the omnibus. Sauval affirms it distinctly in his *Antiquities*, and Madame de Sévigné seems to allude to it in a passage of one of her letters, where she says: 'Apropos of Pascal, I am in the humour to admire the honesty of *messieurs les postillons*, who are incessantly on the road carrying our letters.'

It is certain that he and his sister were pecuniarily interested in the affair, and it is possible that it was at his suggestion that his rich friend the Duke of Roanès became one of the principal leaders of the undertaking; but we must not consider Pascal in the light of a vulgar speculator, for earthly interests affected him personally but slightly: he saw in this invention an advantage for the public at large; and if any profits were to accrue, his share was intended for the relief of the poor, as is evident in the following extract from the little work Madame Perier has dedicated to the memory of her brother:

'As soon as the affair of the coaches was settled, he told me that he wished to ask the farmers of it for an advance of a thousand francs, to send to the poor at Blois. When I remarked that the success of the enterprise was not sufficiently assured for him to make this request, he replied that he saw no inconvenience in it, because, if the affair did not prosper, he would repay the money from his estate, and he did not wish to wait until the year was ended, because the necessities of the poor were too urgent to defer charity. As no arrangement could be made with the farmers, he was not able to satisfy his desire. On this occasion, we perceived the truth of what he had so often told me, that he wished for riches only to be able to help the poor: the moment God gave him the hope of possessing wealth, even before he was assured of it, he began to distribute it.'

By an extract taken from the parliament registers in the ninth volume of the *Ordonnances de Louis XIV.*, we learn that these cheap conveyances are permitted 'for the convenience of a great number of persons ill accommodated; such as pleaders, infirm people, and others who, not having the means to hire chairs or carriages, because they cost a pistole or two crowns at least the day, can thus be carried for a moderate price by means of this establishment of coaches, which are always to make the same journeys in Paris from one quarter to another—namely, the longest at five sous the seat, and the others less; the suburbs in proportion; and which are always to start at fixed hours, however small the number of persons then assembled,

and even empty, if no person should present himself, without obliging those who make use of this convenience to pay more for their places,' &c.

These regulations are similar to those of the modern omnibus; but there were restrictions as to the quality of the passengers. In the same registers, volume K., we find it ordered that 'soldiers, pages, lackeys, and other gentry in livery, also mechanics and workmen, shall not be able to enter the said coaches.'

The first route was opened on the 18th of March 1662; the second, on the 11th of April, running from the Rue St Antoine, opposite the Place Royale, to the Rue St Honoré, as high as the church of St Roch. On this occasion, a placard announced to the citizens that the directors 'had received advice of some inconveniences which might annoy persons desirous of making use of their conveyances; such, for instance, when the coachman refuses to stop to take them up on the route, even though there are empty places, and other similar occurrences; this is to make it known that all the coaches have been numbered, and that the number is placed at the top of the *moutons*,* on each side of the coachman's box, with the *fleur de lis*—one, two, three, &c.—according to the number of coaches on each route. And so those who have reason to complain of the coachman, are prayed to remember the number of the coach, and to give advice of it to the clerk of one of the offices, that order may be established.

'The carriages will always carry the arms of the city of Paris, and the coachmen wear a blue coat.'

The third route, which ran from the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Neuve St Eustache, to the Luxembourg Palace, was opened on the 22d of May of the same year; and the placard which conveys the intelligence to the public, gives notice also, 'that to prevent the delay of money-changing, which always consumes much time, gold will not be received.'

Every arrangement being thus made to render these cheap carriages useful and agreeable, they soon became fashionable; so much so, indeed, that an actor named Chevalier wrote a comedy in verse, entitled *The Intrigue of the Coaches at Five Sous*, which was represented at the theatre of the Marais in 1662. Some passages of this play are given in the *History of the French Theatre*, by the Brothers Parfaict. What caused a fashion so convenient to change, seems at first sight inexplicable; but it is certain that after a few years the enterprise failed, and the omnibus was forgotten for more than a hundred and fifty years. Sauval attributes this misfortune to the death of Pascal; but the coaches continued to flourish for three or four years after that event, which took place on the 19th of August 1662.

'Every one,' says he, in a curious page of his *Antiquities*, 'during two years, found these coaches so convenient, that auditors and masters of accounts, counsellors of the Chatelet and of the court, made no scruple to use them to go to the Chatelet or to the palace; and this occasioned the price to be raised one sou. Even the Duke d'Enghien† has travelled in them. But what do I say? The king, then passing the summer at St Germain, whither he consented that these coaches should come, went in one, for his amusement, from the old castle, where he was staying, to the new one, to visit the queen-mother. Notwithstanding this great fashion, these coaches, three or four years after their establishment, were so despised, that no one would make use of them; and this ill success was attributed to the death of Pascal, the celebrated mathematician, still more celebrated for his *Letters to a Provincial*. It is said that he was the inventor of them, as well as the manager, and that he had drawn their horoscope, and made them public under a certain constellation, whose bad influences he well knew how to turn aside.'

If we now endeavour to discover the cause of the failure of an undertaking which seemed so well begun, we shall find it in the restrictions it was thought necessary to make in the choice of the passengers. At a period when society was still divided into orders most distinctly marked, the upper and middle classes, who alone enjoyed the privilege of travelling together, saw in this invention rather a new mode than the fulfilment of a social want, and got tired of it after a certain time, as fashionable people still get tired of everything fashionable. It was reserved for the present age to adopt the true omnibus—that is, a carriage for the use of all indiscriminately, in which the workman takes his seat beside the gentleman. Thus, this conveyance has become not a fashionable amusement or caprice, but a necessity and a habit, which can never be eradicated from the customs of the people.

Neither drawing nor engraving of this ancient omnibus is in existence, and we can therefore give our readers no description of its appearance; as, however, we know that it contained eight persons, and was hung by long braces, fastened to *moutons*, it is probable it resembled the coaches represented in the pictures of Van der Meulen and Martin.

* *Moutons*—pieces of wood placed perpendicularly on the axle-tree of the carriage, and to which the braces are fastened.

† Henri Jules de Bourbon-Condé, son of the great Condé.

THE FARM-SCHOOL OF GLASNEVIN.

In driving about the beautiful environs of Dublin, the attention of a stranger is attracted by a large building which rises on a rather bare upland overlooking the city, and distant from it about three miles. This, he quickly learns, is the house connected with the Training Farm of Glasnevin. On making further inquiry, he is likely to be surprised by the recital he gets regarding this farm, and he will be still more so if he alights and inspects the establishment. Strange to say, Ireland is taking a lead in a movement for the scientific training of agriculturists. For several years past, her enviable system of National Education has embraced means for practical instruction in this branch of industry. She has in all 166 farm-schools, as they may be called, and the establishment at Glasnevin is the principal one. The land attached to them is of very various extent, ranging from 2 to 180 acres. Two inspectors have been appointed to visit them, and report annually upon their position, progress, and prospects. One of these inspectors, Mr Donaghy, whose inspection extends over the schools in the northern district of Ireland, says, in his report for the year 1855: 'With very few exceptions, nothing in my mind can be more satisfactory than the gradual progress in improvement which characterises the working of the whole; nor anything more gratifying than the efficient manner in which, in most instances, the indoor and outdoor agricultural instruction of the pupils is conducted.' And again: the schools 'are shewing an example, whether in the reclamation and improvement of the land, the establishment or the pursuit of correct cropping and tillage, or in the superior management of the different departments of the homestead, which has already been copied to a considerable extent, and which cannot ultimately fail to be extensively practised; whilst the valuable course of instruction afforded to the pupils on all the operations, systems, and modes of improved husbandry, must in time have the effect of rooting out those prejudices which have so long opposed a barrier to the onward march of agricultural improvement.'

The Albert Institution at Glasnevin was established in 1838 by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland; it was considerably enlarged in 1849; and in 1853, it was opened for the reception of a class of about 100 agricultural pupils. The professed design is to supply to young men intending to become

agricultural teachers, farmers, land-stewards, &c., such instruction in the science and practice of agriculture as will qualify them for the proper discharge of their duties. The farm contains about 180 acres; and 'with a view of exemplifying the most approved systems of culture, various rotations of cropping are followed upon separate divisions of it.' The system of house-feeding cattle is pursued both summer and winter. 'The arrangements,' says the prospectus, 'for affording the pupils as large an amount of information as possible upon every branch of the business of farming, including dairy-husbandry, the fattening of cattle, the breeding and rearing of different kinds of live-stock, the various operations of field-culture, and the permanent improvement of the soil, are such as to place within their reach the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the practical details of every department of agriculture.' The training institution is situated on the farm, the buildings comprising dormitories, lecture and school room for seventy-five pupils, dining-hall, museum, library and laboratory, a comprehensive range of farm-offices, and suitable apartments for the various officials and servants. The chief supervision of the entire establishment devolves upon the superintendent, Thomas Kirkpatrick, M.D.; and the practical working of the farm is carried out by the pupils, under the superintendence of an agriculturist, who resides on the premises, assisted by a land-steward. A practical gardener instructs the pupils in horticulture; and instruction in the usual branches of a good English education, together with land-surveying, levelling, and mapping, is imparted by two competent literary teachers. Two sessional courses of lectures are delivered annually on the following subjects: Animal physiology and pathology; botany and vegetable physiology; chemistry and geology; practical agriculture; and horticulture. The pupils perform, under supervision, the whole labours of the farm, such as drainage operations, feeding and cleaning the horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, &c.

To this excellent institution there are two classes of pupils admitted. One is maintained entirely at the public expense, and consists of young men intending to become land-stewards or farmers; the other is composed of literary teachers qualifying themselves for the conduct of agricultural schools.

The prospective land-steward or farmer is admitted on the condition that he has acquired at one of the minor national agricultural, or one of the elementary national schools, such literary attainments as will enable him to read correctly any passage in the *Fourth Book of Lessons;* to write legibly, facilely, and correctly from dictation any passage selected from the *Third Book of Lessons;* to recognise the parts of speech, and parse easy short sentences in grammar; to define correctly geographical technical terms, and to know the general outlines of the map of the world, and the boundaries, rivers, counties, and chief towns of Ireland. He must also be able to repeat the arithmetical tables correctly, and to work with speed and accuracy the elementary rules of arithmetic, and, besides, have a knowledge of fractions. Bookkeeping he must likewise understand, so far as to know the 'nature and use of a cash-account;' and in geometry he must have an acquaintance at least with the first book of Euclid. If he is able to do all this, and can produce satisfactory certificates as to his moral character, and can prove by the testimony of a doctor that he is free from disease, he is admitted, and boarded and lodged for two years, to all the privileges of the institution, provided he has attained the age of seventeen. The literary teachers are admitted on the condition that they have been previously trained in the literary department of the national schools, and are able to produce satisfactory testimonials of character. Their period of training extends only to one year.

The second class, who board and lodge at their own expense, are admitted on the payment of a two-guinea entrance-fee, which is expended in the purchase of agricultural books for the library. They are required to perform their share in all the ordinary labour of the farm; to attend punctually with the intern pupils all the lectures, and are amenable like the others to all the rules and regulations of the institution. There is no time specified as the period of training for this latter class of pupils.

The number of pupils receiving instruction in the Albert Institution in 1855 was ninety, all of whom were supported by the state. To systematise the labour and the study, the entire number is formed into two divisions, A and B. Their time is apportioned as follows, during the summer half-year: All the pupils rise at five o'clock; half an hour is allowed them to dress and say prayers; and another half-hour is employed in feeding and cleaning the stock, and working in the yard and on the farm. They then wash, dress, and prepare for study, for which another half-hour is allowed. An hour and a half is spent in the schoolroom, and another hour is spent in listening to the lecture. This brings the time down to nine o'clock, which is the breakfast-hour. Half an hour having sufficed for the morning meal, class A departs to make preparation for construing Milton, or solving a problem of Euclid; while class B proceeds to don its working-robes, and gather up its rakes, hoes, mattocks, or spades. By ten o'clock, these preparations are expected to be complete: A descends into the schoolroom, and B marches into the fields. For four hours, A handles the pencil and the pen, and evolves theories; while, for the same length of time, B manfully wields the various implements of husbandry, and carries out these theories into practice. At two o'clock, both classes are considered fairly to have earned their dinner—the one by the efforts of its brain, the other by the sweat of its brow. An hour is occupied at the dining-table—for slow eating is the wholesome rule of Glasnevin, at the expiration of which, A accompanies B on to the farm, where both work together until six o'clock. At this hour, they return, and prepare for study. Preparation is completed by half-past six, when they enter the schoolroom and engage together in study until half-past eight. Supper is then served, and half an hour is consumed over it. Another half-hour is devoted to the feeding and cleaning of stock. At half-past nine, the pupils enter their dormitories. For devotional exercises and preparations for bed, three-quarters of an hour are allowed, at the end of which time they are all snugly ensconced in the blankets, and the lights are turned out. So end the duties of the day, which is a type of every day during the summer half-year, the duties of class A of course alternating with the duties of B. In winter, the pupils rise at six o'clock, and work till dusk.

With regard to the literary instruction at the institution, it may be stated that the four hours from ten to two are devoted to the study of the usual branches of an English education, and that the hours in the morning and evening at which both sections attend in the schoolroom, are devoted to the reading of agricultural books, and in preparing notes on the lecture subjects. Drawing and singing are taught for an hour on four evenings in the week, and surveying is taught to the advanced pupils three evenings in the week, and also from half-past three to half-past five o'clock every Friday afternoon.

The food is plain, wholesome, and notwithstanding the elasticity of young farmers' stomachs, ample.

General rules and regulations are laid down for the observance of the pupils, in which punctuality and prompt obedience to the orders of the officers are strictly insisted upon. They are required to cultivate habits of cleanliness and neatness; to wear slippers

within doors, and school-coats at study, but to divest themselves of both before they go outside. No unnecessary noise is permitted inside the building, and smoking and the use of spirituous liquors are strictly prohibited. The principle of *meum* and *tuum* is rigorously adhered to, no pupil being permitted 'to wear or injure any article the property of another;' and any pupil who carelessly injures or mislays any article belonging to the institution, is required to bear the expense of repairing or replacing it. Regarding religious instruction as of the greatest value, the neglect of attendance on Sunday worship, and of other religious duties, is regarded as a serious offence. Intimacy with the servants in the institution is prohibited, as is also undue intercourse with persons living in the immediate vicinity of the farm; and also, unfortunately for those who have tastes and ambitions in common with M. Soyer, admission into the culinary department cannot be obtained without the authority of the officers. There is also a strict rule with regard to books and newspapers. 'It is not permitted to become a member of any political society, nor to take part at any meeting of a sectarian character. Newspapers, books, and periodicals of a political or polemical character, are prohibited; also discussions on these subjects.' Yard-officers are, in their turn, appointed to attend to the stock, and keep the farmyard and offices clean; and in this, as we have seen, they are assisted by the entire class, morning and night, Sundays and holidays excepted. Each pupil is called upon in turn to take charge of a horse, which he cleans and litters under the direction of an experienced ploughman. Such is the process by which young peasants are transformed into intelligent farmers at the Albert Institution, Glasnevin.

The total expenditure of the Institution in 1855 was L.4568, allocated as follows: General farm-expenses, L.173; seeds, implements, live-stock, &c., not included in general farm-expenses, L.809; rent and taxes, L.788; maintenance of agricultural teachers, pupils, and servants, L.1943; and salaries of lecturers, teachers, and servants, L.854. The total receipts for the sale of farm-produce amounted to L.1497, and the live and dead stock was valued at L.3151. The live-stock consisted of 7 draught animals, 65 cattle, 90 sheep, 54 pigs, and 90 poultry. Between January 1847 and December 1855, no less than 270 young men were educated in the Albert Training Institution, and left it to carry out the instruction there received on farms of their own, or on the lands of others committed to their charge; many of them as teachers, who would impart that instruction to hundreds.

There cannot be a doubt that the teaching and example of these model national agricultural schools, is greatly conducive to the material prosperity which Ireland is now beginning to enjoy, and, therefore, to her freedom from those foul outrages which made humanity shudder. They are much praised in the localities where they have been established. The rector of Farrahy, after quoting the testimony of men who have greatly profited by following the example of model-schools in their district in their system of farming, says: 'I can only add that this district has become more orderly and quiet. I see fewer drunken people on the roads than when I first resided here—agrarian disturbances are unknown, rents are not in arrear; there are no religious animosities, to the best of my belief.' Mr Bernard writes regarding the influence of Sallybank Model School, county Clare: 'Such have been the effects of the small model-farm, by rotation of crops, &c., no farmer in the locality is now without his plot of turnips, clover, ryegrass, &c. There is also more attention paid to winter-feeding of stock, and the cultivation and preservation of manure, than formerly.' Similar accounts are given from many quarters. and although some of the writers may be somewhat prejudiced in favour of the schools, there is, after every deduction on that account, ample evidence of their beneficial character. An outcry has recently been raised against the schools on account of their expense. Their total cost per annum is, according to Dr Kirkpatrick, the agricultural inspector, L.7000, a sum comparatively trifling considering the advantages accruing from them. It is to be hoped that the commissioners will not listen to the cry for their abolition, but that they will rather make greater exertions to establish others.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EELS.

No inhabitant of the deep has attracted more notice, from its natural character and habits, than the eel. It is associated in our minds with our earliest attempts to gain a knowledge of the 'gentle art;' and there are few persons who have not some lively recollections of their fishing exploits in securing this slippery and troublesome customer. It is not at all improbable that the serpentine form of the eel may have added to the singular interest which has attached to it, particularly since the commencement of the Christian era. Its resemblance to the serpent tribe has, no doubt, tended to deepen the dramatic power and interest of many legends about this fish, which are current both on the continent and in this country.

Respecting the generation of the eel, there have been the wildest and most ridiculous notions. One ancient author supposed that eels were born of the mud; another, that they were produced from particles scraped from the bodies of large eels when they rubbed themselves against stones—that they grew out of the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown into the water—from the dews which cover the earth in spring and summer—from water, and *so forth*. Among modern writers, we have the same confusion of theories. There is a popular notion in many districts of the north of England, that eels are generated from horsehairs deposited in springs and rivulets. A recent German author mentions that they owe their origin to electrical phenomena; but he is sadly at a loss about substantiating his theory by facts. The great naturalist, Buffon, is said to have remarked, in the latter part of the last century, at a meeting of French *savans*, that he considered the question as to the generation of eels to be one of the most puzzling in natural history. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr Kay, read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject. He noticed some small eels in the thatch of a cottage; and he endeavoured to establish the proposition that the spawn of the fish had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays.

The gastronomical qualities of the eel have been extolled from the earliest times. It was prohibited, however, as an article of food among the Jews; and the ancient Egyptians, while rejecting it as such, gave it a place among their deities. The Greeks were passionately fond of the fish, and cooked it in every possible fashion, as we find recorded in Athenæus and other classical writers. Archestratus, in his work on gastronomy, says of the eel:

> I praise all kinds of eels; but for the best
> Is that which fishermen do take in the sea
> Opposite the Strait of Rhegium,
> Where you, Messenius, who daily put
> This food within your mouth, surpass all mortals
> In real pleasure. Though none can deny
> That great the virtue and the glory is
> Of the Strymonian and Copaic eels,
> For they are large and wonderfully fat;
> And I do think, in short, that of all fish
> The best in flavour is the noble eel.

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of imparting immortality to those who partook of it; and Macrobius informs us that it was a common saying among the Grecians that the dead would return to life if it were possible for them to taste a morsel of this delicious fish. Another writer tells us that near Sicyon, a city of the Peloponnesus, there were conger-eels caught of such dimensions as to require a wagon drawn by oxen to carry one of them. Even the head and intestines were eaten, and esteemed delicacies.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon tribes were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. Four thousand of them were a yearly present from the monks of Ramsay to those of Peterborough. In one charter, twenty fishermen are stated to have furnished sixty thousand eels to the monastery. Eel-dikes are often mentioned in the boundaries of lands belonging to religious establishments. The Gauls were great consumers of eels; and among their descendants there are many tenures of land in France stipulating for the payment of rent, and the discharge of stipulated public taxes in eels. In one of the capitularies of Charlemagne we find allusions made to the same subject.

There are several places in England which derive their names from the quantity of eels they formerly produced. *Elmore*, on the river Severn, and *Ellesmere*, on the Mersey, were once famous for the production of this fish. The town of *Ely*, too, is singularised in this way. Fuller, in his *Worthies of Cambridgeshire*, has the following remark: 'When the priests of this part of the country would still retain their wives in spite of whatever the pope and the monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned into eels; whence it had the name of Ely. I consider this a lie.'

Eude, the celebrated cook to Louis XVI., was known all over Europe for his mode of serving up this fish. He says in his book *On Cookery:* 'Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. *Note.*—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin.' The consumption of eels, as articles of food, throughout Europe, is prodigious. In London, the number imported, chiefly from Holland, amounts to about ten millions annually; and the fish is met with on the most sumptuous as well as on the most frugal tables—food alike for the London alderman and the gamin in the streets.

The ancient and modern physicians have dabbled with the eel, as with most other fish, to a great extent. Hippocrates denounces him to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary consumption. Galen says he is indigestible to weakly people. Rhases and Magninus maintain that his food is deleterious to persons recovering from fever; and Franciscus Bonsuetus, when speaking of rheumatic ailments, forbids the eel, for the general reason:

> All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent,
> Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.

Another of the olden medical writers says that he found the oil of the eel highly useful when used as a mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves when suffering under 'hot rheumatism.' The gall of the fish he employed as a liniment for sore eyes; and the bones of the head were ground to powder, and found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. It is a common practice in the north of England at this hour for young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin round their ankles, to keep away cramps and pains. There is an old ditty, in this part of the country, which reads thus:

> Around the shin
> Tie the skin
> Of full-grown river-eel;
> And every sprain,
> And cramp and pain,
> Will fly unto the deil.

The eel has been a subject of augury in dreams. If a young woman dreams of eels, she may expect to have slippery lovers. To dream of fish generally, is a sign of sorrow; but if you catch eels, and can retain them, it is a sign of your possessing a kind and fast friend. A writer on dreams, in the middle ages, affirms that to dream of eels, portends a large family of children; and if you dream of cooking them, your children will give you a great deal of trouble. The following is stated in a work called the *True Interpretation of Dreams* (Bologna, 1614): One of the kings of Spain dreamed three successive nights that an eel came out of his mouth, and made a desperate struggle to regain a small river which flowed hard by. The king took his sword and endeavoured to prevent it entering the water: but it escaped, got into the water, and mounted up on the opposite bank. It then went into a cliff in a rock. This was in a locality which the monarch knew very well. He called together some of his domestics, told them the dreams he had had; and they all went to visit the chink in the rock, where they discovered a very valuable treasure of gold and precious stones.

The voracity of the eel has been a fertile topic of discussion and romance among naturalists and anglers. It is doubtless great. We have ourselves witnessed this fish devouring each other greedily. There is scarcely anything too delicate, and few things too nasty, for his ravenous appetite. He has often been found with a half-decayed water-rat in his mouth; and it has been recently stated in the newspapers, that at Wimpson, in Hampshire, the ducks on the farm were denuded of their feet by some large eels that were found in a pond which this species of poultry were in the habit of frequenting. But we find the most remarkable statements about the voracity of the creature in a work called *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1780. About the middle of last century, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay. This could not be accounted for. A reward was offered for the supposed culprits; upon which several soldiers, then quartered at Yeovil, kept watch, and to their great surprise found, in the dead of the night, a monstrous eel making its way out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily on the hay! It was destroyed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body filled several casks and tubs! This work was expressly designed by the writer as a 'useful and valuable production for young people.'

The eel has been a fruitful topic for legendary lore in most European countries. The subject, however, is so voluminous, that we can do little more than merely dip into it. The legend of the 'Lambton Eel' is well known, and fully recorded in the various histories of the county of Durham. The substance of the story is as follows: The heir of the Lambtons, in the early part of the middle ages, fell into a profane habit of angling on a Sunday. On one of these hallowed days, he caught in the river Wear a small eel, little thicker

than a common thread, which he threw into a well. In process of time, this young heir of the Lambton family was called to the wars against the Moslems in the First Crusade, organised by Peter the Hermit, where the ambitious young soldier distinguished himself by many feats of daring and valour. On returning to his own country, he learned with great surprise that the small eel he had thrown carelessly into the well had grown to a fearful magnitude, and manifested the most cruel and ravenous propensities. He was solicited to rid the vicinity of the monster. It frequently coiled itself nine times round a large tower; daily levied a contribution of nine cows' milk on the inhabitants; and when this was not immediately granted, it devoured both man and beast. Before, however, the valiant knight undertook a personal conflict with this enormous eel, he consulted a noted witch in the neighbourhood. She advised him to put on a coat-of-mail, furnished on the outside with numerous razor-blades. Thus equipped, he sallied out and encountered the huge fish near a high rock on the banks of the Wear. It immediately coiled itself round him. His coat of razor-blades, however, proved more than a match for the gigantic eel, which was soon cut in pieces by the sheer exercise of its own strength. There is a sequel to the legend: the witch promised the Count of Lambton her aid only upon one condition, that he should slay the first living thing he met after the conquest. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, he directed his father that as soon as he heard three blasts from his bugle in token of victory, he should release his favourite greyhound, which he would immediately sacrifice. When the bugle was heard, the old father was so overcome with joy that he entirely forgot the injunction his son had put upon him, and ran out himself and threw himself in the victor's arms. Instead of committing parricide, the heir repaired again to the old sorceress, who evinced considerable wrath at the neglect of her commands. By way of punishment, she foretold that no heir of the Lambton family should die in his bed for seven—some accounts say nine—generations; a prediction which some local historians affirm came literally to pass.

There was a very ancient custom among the clergy of Notre Dame, in Paris, called the *Rogations*, which consisted of carrying a figure resembling an eel through a certain locality on the river Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its mouth. It was made of wicker-work, and was considered a representative of a great eel which emerged out of this river, and threatened destruction to the entire city. It was vanquished by some valiant sons of the church. This procession was observed till the year 1730; after which the chief personage in the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

But the superstitions connected with eels, and the mythical and legendary stories in which they figure are innumerable; and to avoid being carried beyond our limits, we had better let the subject slip through our fingers at once.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

In Newton's *London Journal of Arts and Sciences*, there is an article on the Fourth Report of the Commissioners of Patents. Invention, it would appear, goes briskly on; applications for patents amounting in 1856 to 3106, being 148 more than in the previous year. The applications produced in 1856, 2048 completed and specified patents, being 59 more than in 1855. About one-third of the completed patents stand the test of trial; the rest being suffered to lapse by the non-payment of the additional stamp-duty of L.50. This was the fate of the patents dated in 1853–4; and it is a triumphant answer to those who assert that not one in a hundred patents is worth to the inventor the fees paid in obtaining it, 'for here is proof that nearly one-third, after a three years' trial, have stood the test.' In 1856 the receipts from the progressive stamp-duty of L.50 nearly doubled those of 1855, which were L.15,950. A great part of the fund produced by patents is expended in printing and publishing the specifications; but the public do not seem to patronise the work, or else the cost at which it is carried on is too heavy, for a loss of L.116,000—the difference between the cost of production and the sale—has taken place in four and a half years.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

A LURID star is burning in the east—
Not o'er a cradle, but a sepulchre:
It cleaves the heavens like that fiery sign
Which set of yore our Highland hills a-flame
When blood was i' the wind. Plague-spotted land,
The leprosies of old were white to thine!
In this new slaughter of the innocents
The Prince of Peace is crucified again.
O women—martyred sisters! we could weep
But for the hot shame which burns up our tears.
Our quivering lips are prayerless o'er your dust:
We may not strew the desecrated sod
Where fiends have trampled, with the flowers of heaven;
But, fierce in the strong passion of the weak,
Yet helpless as the babes upon your breasts,
We fold our white robes round us with a vow
Unto the God of battles!—Lisping babes!
O world, O world! could not those mother-hands
Pluck down the wrathful heavens on such deeds?
The innocent lotus on the unstirred waves,
The pale, pure crescent in the warless heavens,
Smile in each other's faces: what is man
That he should warp the beautiful to wrong,
Turning God's gifts unto ignoble use?
Were these the fitting symbols for a curse—
The direst—most profound—the curse of war?
There was a time—methinks 'tis but a tale—
When bread and salt, partaken brotherly,
Did sign 'twixt fellest foes a bond and pledge—
The freedom of the city of the heart!
Yet these were of our house, our home, our hearth,
Embosomed in our trust; before whose eyes
Our weakness was paraded and unmasked.
O Pariah of nations, hide thy head!
Alien thou art, and alien shalt thou be,
Thou and thy races, from all men whose pulse
Beats to the music of a noble nature!
Say, had ye wrongs?—Ye have undone your cause.
By your own crimes self-branded, do ye fall;
While we stand righted in your depths of shame.
The seed accursed brings forth a millionfold:
Behold the fruit! Why we, even we, who once
Would snatch the snared bird from the fowler's clutch,
Now point to yon red star, and cry—'Go forth!'
White-headed fathers, stint not your gray hairs!
Brothers! let not your might of manhood sleep.
Lovers and husbands!—lo, the star is red
With too much looking on red Indian plains,
With too long burning over martyr-graves,
With too deep blushing over woman-wrongs;
Go forth! Till that foul stain be branded out,
We look no more on you—but on the star.
Our sickening eyes shall track it, till that day
When ye shall stand amidst the ransomed souls
Who cry to ye for succour; till again
The sword shall know its place in the scorned sheath;
Till horror's shriek is silenced, and once more
The fiery symbol shall be blotted out,
And the red star stand white before its God!

E. L. H.

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BÖTTGER, THE INVENTOR OF DRESDEN CHINA.

We were walking, a friend and myself, one day last April, in the bright little garden of the Japanese Palace at Dresden. It was one of those first days of spring, when the cold of winter is but half vanquished, and when one chooses sheltered shadeless paths such as this garden offers. The discourse fell upon the doings in China, and we reasoned much of the three hundred millions of enigmatical barbarians who people it. Of course we agreed in regarding them as 'very shallow monsters,' cunning in the drying of tea-leaves, and gluttons in the absorption of silver dollars; but we could recognise in them no quality which should exempt them from the common lot of humanity in the nineteenth century—submission to foreign dictation. It seems only natural that we Englishmen should wish to make them taste the civilising sweets of the law of interference by which international relations are now governed, working, as we all know, as harmoniously as the similar provision does on the heavenly bodies. Why should they be exempted from a condition to which, islanders though we be, we are ourselves subjected? We have learned, or are learning, that we must sometimes acquiesce in the dictates of public, or rather kingly, opinion in foreign countries, and, like all new converts, we are of course eager to thrust a participation of our pleasant experiences upon others.

The Chinese ought to be gratified, vain as they are, at the earnestness of our efforts for their good, and their distance from our habitat only renders more meritorious the trouble we are taking to teach them the principles of sound political economy. 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and as John Chinaman persists in shutting his eyes to this truth, it is mere humanity in us to open them for him. We are doing so by a process of couching which, ingenious as he is in the manufacture of fireworks, he must as certainly admire now as he will bless it in some contingent future.

Thus we ran on in self-satisfied praise of the national high deeds, which we are each so ready to take individual credit for. At a turn in the walk, my friend remarked that, unendowed as I might think them with philosophical souls, the Chinese have most dexterous fingers; and in proof of this, cited the marvellous collection of their handiwork in porcelain existing in the Japanese palace which we were sauntering round. He told me how, about two thousand years ago, when aluminum was undreamed of, the Chinese had discovered this way of turning their clay into something more precious than gold. He expatiated on the national importance which they had given to this manufacture, and on the imperial patronage by which it had been encouraged in the remotest times. Since the Tatar invasion, the yellow-dragon china has been reserved for the sovereign's exclusive use; but formerly, one of the first acts of a new emperor on his accession was to determine the particular kind of earthenware on which he would be pleased to dine. Barbarians though they be, the Chinese had preceded us considerably in the formation of museums, as well as in the invention of some other trifles—such as gunpowder, printing, and the compass. One of their museums is devoted to a collection of vases in bronze and porcelain, of which the catalogue, illustrated with engravings, and published about a hundred years ago, by command of the emperor, is contained in twenty-four folio volumes. It is well that we should be informed of its existence; for the acquisition of this little collection of crockery might be added to Lord Elgin's or the commander-in-chief's instructions for their projected visit to Peking.

Having talked ourselves up to paying pitch, we now entered the palace, disbursed the two dollars at which his majesty the king of Saxony values a sight of his china-ware, and descended into the cold vaults in which it is deposited. There we saw the eighteen blue and white jars which Augustus the Strong received in exchange for a regiment of dragoons; other vases of the same material, worth, or which at least cost L.2000 apiece, cups, saucers, teapots, bowls, and chargers—in short, an immense collection of several descriptions of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. If this had been all which the vaults contained, we should have thought our money very badly spent, for the collection is very far from complete. But it is not our object now to speak of the productions of the ovens of Ki-en or Ki-un. We have not to describe the invaluable 'blue seen through the opening of storm-clouds,' nor the equally costly and still rarer 'congealed fat;' we leave these and such-like curious particulars for more learned pens.

What struck us most in the Japanese palace were the contents of four of the vaults, in which are preserved specimens of the Dresden china which our grandmothers loved so dearly, and our lady-friends now adore so extravagantly. We plead guilty to sharing in their taste, and we are not ashamed of the preference we give to the old Dresden china over that of Sèvres. The very *bizarrerie* of its contorted forms seems more adapted to its object, mere ornament, than the stiffer purity of the French porcelain.

It was more than sixteen centuries after its first

fabrication by the Chinese, that the art of making porcelain was discovered in Europe by Johann Böttger, an apothecary's boy. This man's history is so singular, it gives us such queer glimpses into royal cabinets of a hundred and fifty years ago, that I cannot resist giving a short sketch of his life and adventures.

The tale is not without a moral.

Böttger was apprenticed to an apothecary in Berlin in 1696. He was then twelve years old. He had even earlier shewn a decided turn for chemistry, and during the first months of his service gave great satisfaction to his master; but this did not long continue, for he soon bent all his thoughts to the discovery of the grand arcanum, the secret of turning the baser metals into gold. He was so eager in this pursuit, that he spent his nights shut up in his master's laboratory, with whose chemicals he did not scruple to make free in the prosecution of his experiments. On one occasion, he set fire to the house; on another, he was only saved from death by one of his fellow-apprentices, who, having missed him from bed, sought and found him lying on the floor of the laboratory, stifled with the fumes from an alembic that had burst. Such a servant, pale and incapable of exertion during the day, from his laborious vigils, could hardly be a favourite with his master. Clinging obstinately to his dream of wealth, but wearied out with the reproaches which his master, and still more his master's wife, showered upon him, Böttger at last ran away. After three weeks' hiding in the suburbs of Berlin, urged by hunger, this time not a bad counsellor, he begged forgiveness, promised amendment, and returned to his situation. This was in 1699, when he was only fifteen.

Before going further, we may remind our reader that the belief in alchemy, universal in the middle ages, was still very generally entertained at this time. This consideration may excuse Böttger and the two kings, whom we shall presently see on the eve of fighting for the custody of his person. At the dawn of science, the transmutation of metals was the one object to which the learned directed their researches, and wonderful stories were told of the few sages who had discovered the secret. Raymond Lully is said to have transmuted 50,000 pounds of lead into gold for Edward I. of England. Said! nay, we have tangible proof that he really did so, for the first rose-nobles were coined with this very metal. The medallists of the British Museum, men well skilled in tests, will assure the incredulous reader that the Edward I. nobles are of the purest gold. The electors of Saxony, rich as they were in silver, had for several generations spent large sums in endeavouring to transmute it into gold; and some of them had not disdained to work at the furnace themselves.

We have seen Böttger return, penitent with forced fasting, to his master's shop. The amendment he had promised did not last long, and he soon betook himself anew to his secret manipulations. Ill success never disheartened an alchemist, and everything conspired to encourage his belief in his own powers. Many sought his conversation; among others, an old, threadbare Greek monk, who was generally believed to possess the coveted secret, and displayed a marked attachment to him. Even the taunts with which he was pursued by his master and his fellow-apprentices, were mixed with a large share of credulity, manifested by their eager applications to be admitted to see a specimen of his 'work.' At last, he yielded to the entreaties of one of his fellow-apprentices, so far as to shew him a small lump of gold, which he asserted to be the product of his crucible. Having entered on the path of revelations, as our French neighbours would say, he did not stop here. The same evening, under a promise of inviolable secrecy, he turned a piece of lead, weighing about half an ounce, into gold.

As a matter of course, such a secret was not well kept, and before long he was induced to repeat the operation before a more numerous circle. These were his master, the lady of the shrill tongue, his master's wife, their intimate friend an ecclesiastical councillor (consistorialrath), and their son-in-law, the pastor Prost. It was a winter's night near Christmas, when this party proceeded, with all suitable mystery, to the laboratory. The two ghostly men, the councillor and the pastor, lighted the fire; one of them furnished the eighteen two-groschen pieces which were to be transmuted, and with his own hand placed the crucible containing them on the fire. They had probably read the *Novum Organum*, and were conscientiously suspicious as became such holy men, for Böttger was not allowed to approach the furnace. Only when the silver, or rather the alloyed silver, had melted under the bellows, he gave the operators a small pinch of red powder, wrapped in a piece of paper, desiring them to throw it upon the heated metal, and to cover the crucible carefully. After a short time, he directed that the mixture should be run into a mould, which stood ready to receive it. Next morning, Pastor Prost, who had taken charge of the ingot thus formed, carried it to be assayed; and the jeweller to whom he submitted it, but who did not know its origin, expressed his wonder at the extraordinary fineness of the gold.

This ingot may still be seen in the King's Library at Berlin. Frederick I., who was then king of Prussia, obtained it in exchange for a heavy gold medal, which is preserved to the present day by the family of the apothecary in whose laboratory the transmutation was effected.

A secret which five persons, one of them a woman, had sworn to keep, became naturally within a few hours the town's talk. It was buzzed about Berlin, and soon reached the king's ears. Böttger also received hints of the dangers attendant on his devotion to the science of his predilection, and a few days after displaying his acquirements to his master, he again ran away. With great difficulty he reached Wittenberg, in the Saxon territory, where he immediately applied to be enrolled as a student of the university. But the place of his retreat had been discovered. Before the formalities attending his matriculation could be completed, a Prussian lieutenant, with a company of soldiers, arrived to demand that he should be given up to his liege-lord the king. The anxiety thus shewn to recover possession of his person defeated itself. Rumours of the wonderful secrets he possessed were already current, and the governor of Wittenberg, fearful of compromising himself, temporised. He placed Böttger in strict confinement, and despatched a special courier to the regent in Dresden to request instructions. His letters were hardly gone, when a cabinet courier arrived from Berlin, bringing an autograph letter from the king. The commandant excused himself from acting upon this, on the plea that he must now wait for orders from Dresden; but he penned a second dispatch to the regent, which the Prussian courier undertook to deliver; so important did it seem that a speedy and favourable answer should be returned! It was even said that to make sure of this, the courier was the bearer of a large sum of money.

Meantime, the commandant of Wittenberg seems to have been dutifully mindful of his master's interest in so important an affair. He suggested to Böttger the propriety of sending an appeal to the personal judgment of the elector-king of Poland; and having obtained the valuable document, he despatched it by a courier of his own, on the same day the Prussian had set out for Dresden. The matter was too momentous for the regent to decide on his own authority. On the one hand, it was dangerous to risk the displeasure of

so powerful a prince as the king of Prussia; but, on the other, Böttger was too valuable an acquisition to be easily parted with. He referred the affair, therefore, to Augustus, who was at that time in Poland, and in the interim sent strict orders to Wittenberg, to watch the 'arrested' with the greatest vigilance, to treat him with politeness, but to allow no one to go near him, and, on pain of death, not to touch his *liquores* or other belongings. At the same time, he took measures to have the garrison of Wittenberg reinforced, and sent a major-general to command it, fearing that the Prussians might attempt a *coup de main* on the town, which lay so temptingly near the frontier.

Frederick, though the first king of Prussia, was every inch a king. What he willed, he willed strongly. Finding his applications neglected, he wrote a second autograph, addressed to the regent in Dresden. In this he accused Böttger of many heinous crimes, including two poisonings; he required his extradition as a malefactor, and threatened reprisals if his demands were not complied with. Whilst he was thus himself making use of every device to obtain possession of the 'useful carle,' as he called him to his minister, his Prussian majesty expressed the most naïve surprise at the hesitation displayed by the Saxon government in giving him up.

Böttger's confinement became closer as the king of Prussia's demands for his extradition became more urgent. The guards were doubled in the castle in which he was lodged, and officers patrolled, day and night, before the door of his apartment. Frederick was furious at the delay in complying with his demands. He was at one time on the point of despatching a few regiments to Wittenberg, to make a *coup de main* on the castle, and seize the useful carle; but he suffered himself to be dissuaded from this violent step by his prime-minister. He now addressed himself to Böttger's family, persuading or commanding some of his relations to proceed to Wittenberg to entice the carle back to Berlin. For this purpose, he furnished them with a letter signed by himself, in which all the accusations of poisoning and other crimes were retracted, and promises of favour and protection were lavished upon him.

At length, the courier arrived from Warsaw, bringing the orders of Augustus. In conformity with these, Böttger was removed to Dresden, travelling through by-ways with all possible secrecy, and under the protection of a strong escort. On his arrival, he was at once presented to the regent, and lodged in the palace, in a suite of apartments in which was the laboratory of a former alchemical elector.

The regent, who was about to join the king in Warsaw, was desirous to have ocular evidence of his powers before leaving Dresden. The transmutation, or the trick, was performed in his presence. Having watched the operation closely, the regent thought he could repeat the experiment, and at his departure, he carried with him a small parcel of the powder of projection, and minute written instructions for the manner of its use. In these, Böttger dwells especially on the necessity of the operators being in a state of grace, keeping their minds intent only on heavenly things. All these directions were most scrupulously followed by the king and regent, on the third evening of the Christmas holidays, but the experiment failed. The cover of the crucible was found to be inseparably united to the lower part, and it was necessary to break it with a hammer to reach the reddish flux which it contained. Augustus, confident of the purity of his conscience and the rectitude of his intentions, in writing a few days afterwards to Böttger, ascribed his ill success to a little dog which had overthrown the box containing the wonder-working powder.

Böttger, though allowed a handsome table, and several gentlemen of the court to keep him company, was still a close prisoner. Neither he nor his companions were allowed to communicate with any one, nor were they even permitted to open the windows of their apartment. One of the grave seniors whose scientific conversation was to divert the captive, complains that they came to look like so many Jews, the barber being too proverbially indiscreet a personage to be suffered to approach them. This confinement produced a violent access of impatience in the unfortunate alchemist, who had recourse to huge pots of beer to soothe his sorrows; and these, added to his exasperation, brought on a fit of real or simulated madness. He had been removed, with all his attendants, for safer custody, to the great fortress of Königstein when this came on. Physicians were at once despatched from Dresden, as so precious a life could not be intrusted to the skill of the garrison-surgeon; and when under their care he had somewhat recovered, he was brought back to Dresden, and again lodged in the electoral palace. He had now a splendid apartment, with a garden to walk in, and one of the court-equipages at his orders when he wished to take a drive. His table was handsomely served with fish, flesh, game, and foreign wines, on a scale ordered by the king himself; and the cooks had special orders to accommodate themselves to his taste. There still exists a written order from the regent that the roasts should be dressed in the German fashion, which he preferred. He was allowed to invite five or six of the persons who had access to him to share his supper; and the regent had frequently the honour of being one of his guests.

All these indulgences were not suffered to interfere with the jealous watch kept over his person, or the secrecy in which his existence was shrouded. In the king's correspondence, he is never mentioned by name; he is always designated as 'the person.'

Though no longer so zealous in the prosecution of his studies as he had been when they were a forbidden enjoyment, only stealthily indulged in at his master's expense, Böttger continued his experiments by fits and starts, and had already spent large sums in their prosecution. Still, one accident or another always prevented the completion of the *opus* on which he was engaged. Yet the faith of the king and of the regent in his powers, seems never to have wavered. We have a letter from the regent to him, which ends with these words: 'Love me! cease not to love me! and believe that I shall always, and all my life long, love you.' The king was not less affectionate. He sent him frequent autograph letters. One of them, which is still preserved, expresses the royal conviction that Böttger 'had been confided to his protection by a special disposition of Providence,' and that 'God had for special reasons elected him to be his guardian.' It is signed, 'Truly yours, with affection and regard—Augustus R.'

While thus caressing his guest, the king enjoined all those who approached him to keep a sharp eye on his person. He was, in fact, in daily fear of losing him; for the king of Prussia, though he no longer insisted on his extradition as a criminal, had not renounced his hopes of seducing him from a hospitality which we cannot wonder if he was rather tired of. Spies were employed to open a communication with him. His mother was bribed to use her influence; but she was not allowed to see him. On the discovery of these intrigues, all the locks in the palace were changed; and the regent was ordered never to absent himself a single night from Dresden.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken to secure him, heartily tired of his confinement, apprehensive, perhaps, of the treatment he might receive, when it was discovered how utterly unable he was to realise the magnificent promises he had made to the king, Böttger contrived to elude his keepers, and to escape

from Dresden. He directed his flight towards Vienna, and was already in the Austrian territory, when the soldiers sent in pursuit came up with him. They used as little ceremony as the king of Prussia would have done, but with better effect; for the Austrian authorities at once delivered him into their hands, and he was carried back to Dresden. Here he was again shut up, and more closely guarded than ever. The king, when he heard of his evasion, was indignant at what he regarded as extreme ingratitude; but never seems for a moment to have suspected the prisoner's inability to comply with the conditions on which he offered him his liberty. These were drawn up in the form of a regular contract between the king and Böttger. He was to make a certain quantity of gold for the king, to impart the secret to certain persons sworn to preserve it inviolably (these, it was expressly stipulated, should be professors of 'the true Lutheran religion'), and to divulge it to no one else, though he might use it for his own profit. In return for this, the king promised him protection; only stipulating that he should buy no estates, and fortify no castles on them, without the electoral licence.

The king seems now to have considered the attainment of his wishes as certain as if the gold had been already in his treasury. The plan which he drew up for its employment may be seen among his manuscripts. A large annuity was to be assigned to the regent and his heirs for ever, in gratitude for the services he had rendered on this occasion. The poor, deserving courtiers, military invalids, the Academy of Sciences, were all to come in for handsome shares of the benefits which Providence had in store for him.

Six years thus passed in cajoleries, alarms, disappointments, on one side; in promises and complaints on the other. The king became most pressing for a supply of the precious metal, which was necessary to continue his operations in the war with Sweden, and Böttger had formally promised to furnish him with L.20,000 a week, beginning on a day which he fixed. In the perplexity into which this limitation of the time when he was to produce the gold threw him, the idea of making porcelain similar to that of China seems first to have occurred to him. He was probably led to it by experiments he had made in the manufacture of crucibles. The date when he produced the first specimen of the new ware is uncertain, but it was probably in 1708.

At this time, the trade in oriental china was exclusively in the hands of the Dutch, and vast sums were yearly spent in its purchase. There are in the Dresden collection five blue and white Nankin vases, for which Augustus had, only a few years previously, paid nearly L.11,000 sterling. The discovery of the secret of this manufacture was therefore a most important one; and appealing as it did to one of the elector-king's passions, was welcomed by him with enthusiasm. It probably reconciled him to the disagreeable confession which Böttger seems to have made at this time of his inability to reproduce the powder of projection, which he now pretended to have received from the Greek monk, of whom we spoke above. Had it been properly worked, there can be little doubt that the manufacture of porcelain would have proved a source of large revenues for Saxony; but the mismanagement which seems to attend all government enterprises of this description, has from the first made it a losing speculation. Its ill success can only be ascribed to this, for in a very few years from the first discovery, the Dresden china rivalled that of the east, both in the purity of the material and the brilliancy of the colours. The remainder of Böttger's life was devoted to this discovery, and to others, such as the economical manufacture of ultramarine, which his undoubted chemical talents bade fair to bring about. But intemperance had destroyed his health, and rendered him unfit for continued exertion. He squandered the large sums which the king continued to supply him with, and allowed every one near him to help himself. He died in 1721, at the age of thirty-six, after the prolonged and intense sufferings with which intemperance punishes its victims.

Böttger was an unfinished specimen of a type common in the eighteenth century—a projector. That he did not rise to one of the greatest names in practical science, or sink to the level of a Dousterswivel—his genius seems to have been equal to either—must be ascribed to the destiny which credulity and injustice made for him. Condemned to a prison as the reward of his fancied attainments, when he had hardly reached his sixteenth year, it is not to be wondered at if his temper was soured; and we may excuse him if he sought in wine relief from the irksomeness of the confinement in which his youthful energies were cramped. He seems to have possessed naturally a lively disposition, and all the qualities of a good companion, along with a great deal of uncalculating openhandedness, such as would have become the possessor of the secret he pretended to. His genial disposition drew both the regent and the king frequently into his society, and his carelessness exposed him to be robbed and cheated by his attendants. One regrets to see so much talent thrown away, and may sorrow over genius degraded; but one must rejoice that the iniquity which sought to confiscate genius to its own profit, defeated itself.

The produce of the Dresden manufactory, removed after Böttger's death to Meissen, is so well known that there remains little to be said on this subject. Böttger's idea was to imitate the oriental porcelain, not to introduce new designs. His first specimens were copies of the red china-ware, and were in some respects not unlike the more recent manufacture of Wedgewood. In colour and general appearance, this earliest Dresden china resembles terra cotta; but it is a real porcelain, and when struck, has a peculiar metallic ring. The first pieces he produced were servile imitations of Chinese workmanship, and in no way to be distinguished from them. But he soon improved upon his models. He found that his composition was capable of receiving as high a polish as marble, and he further adorned it with beautifully carved ornaments of dead red raised from the polished ground. The works which he executed in this style are perhaps the most elegant specimens of earthenware in existence. There are pieces of a brown variety of this ware, also very beautiful in tone, but they cannot be considered to mark any progress in the manufacture, as the first of this kind were accidentally produced by the overheating of the ovens.

The next step in the discovery, and the crowning one, was the substitution of a white earth (Kaolin) for the red one first employed, and the application of a colourless glaze to this. The vases and figures modelled in this material were baked and used in pure white, or sometimes adorned with oil painting and gilding. The last and final step towards perfecting the invention was the discovery of the art of painting with colours which should stand the action of fire. Böttger seems himself to have rendered important services in this direction. The productions of the manufactory in the earliest times yield neither in purity of material nor in vividness of colouring to the finest oriental china. They are indeed faithful copies, even to the manufacturer's marks of the Chinese originals.

With such a beautiful material to work upon, European genius could not long content itself with imitation; a school of modellers and painters had been attached to the establishment, and this soon produced the original works whose capricious graces we are so well acquainted with. The Saxon porcelain reached its highest development under the administration

of the famous Count Brühl, the same in whose wardrobe Frederick the Great, when he took Dresden, found 1500 wigs, with suits of clothes and snuff-boxes to match each. His taste for magnificence made itself felt at Meissen, and we owe to him the most beautiful specimens which it produced. On the occupation of Dresden by the Prussians, Frederick did not fail to avenge Böttger's evasion from his grandfather's tender care. He chose out the finest pieces, to the value of 250,000 thalers, and sent them, with some of the best workmen, to Berlin. He also allowed his generals to help themselves to whatever they pleased.

The Seven Years' War almost annihilated the manufactory. Its re-establishment was due to the patriotism of a citizen, who bought the materials, and, when peace was restored, ceded them again to the government; but from this time till 1816, the manufacture languished. The secret, though still jealously guarded, had long since been divulged, and on every side there arose manufactories of porcelain, some of which vied with that of Meissen. To have china of his own making, became, in the eighteenth century, the hobby of all the princes of Germany. Of these, Berlin, Vienna, and Munich alone survive as royal manufactories. The others have been abandoned, or have passed into private hands.

It seems the destiny of all the works of the present day to unite facilities of production with a sad falling off in artistic perfection. In a certain sense, machinery cannot replace fingers, nor chemistry, time. I made many inquiries regarding the causes of the degeneracy of modern Dresden china, and learned that they were principally two. The *mass*—that is, the mingled earths from which the porcelain clay is formed—is no longer, as formerly, suffered to lie for years exposed to the slow disintegrating action of the weather; it is now subjected to a chemical process, which is far from replacing the old-fashioned one. In China, it is well known that the porcelain earths are allowed to rot for eighty years before they are used: it is a fortune which a man lays up for his grandchildren. The modern works in biscuit, when compared with the ancient ones, shew this inferiority in a way which must strike the most unpractised eye. The second cause of degeneracy is an ill-understood economy. Coal has been substituted for wood in the ovens, and the intenser heat which this kind of fuel produces, acting too rapidly on the paste, impairs its beauty. There is really only a very superficial show of economy in the new system, for the spoiled pieces are now much more numerous than formerly, being subject, in addition to other accidents, to the falling of blacks upon the glaze.

In addition to these real causes of inferiority, there is another which tends to depress the value of modern Dresden china. The Jew curiosity-dealers purchase unpainted vases and plates at the manufactory, and have them painted in fraudulent imitation of the old china. These they bake in their own ovens, which are of small size, and consequently have not the heat necessary to fix the colours. At first, they are as bright as the ancient ones, or those of manufactory; but after a short exposure to the sun, they begin to fade, and the purchaser blames the manufactory rather than the dealer he buys of. The imitations are often so clever as even to deceive the most experienced. One day when I was with the director of the royal establishment, he told me with great glee that a London curiosity-dealer had just brought him a plate to ask if it were genuine. He had bought it of another of his co-religionists, but some incredulous customer had raised a doubt of its authenticity. The old director was charmed to be able to tell the biter that he had been bit. The windows of the London curiosity-shops are now full of old Dresden, the greater part of which is modern, and some of it has never been in Saxony. With the present demand for repetitions of the old models, the manufactory is beginning to pay for the first time, but its prosperity is purchased at too high a price—the renunciation of all attempts at progress.

IRISH SERVANTS.

In our Irish village we have many specialties, but few more curious than our servants; they are indeed a 'peculiar people,' if not always 'zealous of good works.'

A friend of mine has an old, withered, dried-up coachman, who has lived in the family during the last fifty years; and who has gradually, but thoroughly settled down in a firm conviction that horses, car, gig, and carriage belong exclusively to him, and that allowing his master and mistress their occasional use is an act of graceful courtesy on his part, for which they are bound to be duly grateful.

'Con,' said Mrs Lawrence one morning, 'I shall want the carriage to-day at one o'clock.'

Con, before replying, screwed up one sharp old gray eye, and turned the other upwards inquisitively towards the soft floating clouds, from which our sky is rarely free.

'Ye'll want the carriage at one o'clock to-day,' he repeated slowly. 'Why, thin, ye won't get it; for 'tis likely to rain, an' the covered car will do ye very well.'

On one auspicious day, when his mistress actually did obtain the use of the carriage, Con, precisely at the appointed hour, drove round to the broad gravel sweep before the drawing-room windows. Unfortunately, some early visitors had meantime arrived, and Mrs Lawrence, *sans* shawl and bonnet, was seated, as in politeness bound, to entertain them. Con waxed first impatient, and then wrathful; and finally descending from his throne, he tapped at the window, and exclaimed:

'Will ye come now, if ye're coming at all; for I won't be keeping my horses here any longer for ye, standing in the east wind, an' catching could, the crathurs!'

The visitors took this gentle hint, and departed; while Mrs Lawrence tranquilly took her airing. It is probable that Con's sweet temper had been slightly ruffled by the morning contretemps; for when his mistress gently requested him to drive either more quickly or slowly, I forget which, he turned round, and majestically delivered himself of the following response:

'I'll drive ye this way, an' I'll drive ye no other way; an' if ye don't like it, ye may take the less of it.'

Yet when Mrs Lawrence was seized with typhus fever, Con galloped, as he said, 'with the speed of light' to the neighbouring town for a physician, and brought that dignified personage off in his slippers, not allowing him time to put on his boots. Despite of his terror of 'the sickness,' as the Irish peasantry emphatically call typhus, the old man, with a sort of canine fidelity, watched day and night outside his mistress's door, often creeping in during the lingering hours to gaze on the burning cheek, while tears streamed down his own, and he sobbed out:

'Ah, thin, darling, an' is that the way ye're lying low; ye that I danced in my arms, an' sat riding on my shoulder, long ago, when ye wor a weeny crathur—my beauty of the world that ye always wor!'

And when, after a tedious convalescence, the lady was allowed to take her first airing, I verily believe old Con was half jealous that his horses and not he had the honour of drawing her. How carefully he selected the smoothest parts of the road; how frequently he conjured the lady who accompanied Mrs Lawrence to tell him whether he was driving 'the way

the misthress liked;' and whether she was 'getting at all tired, the crathur!'

Next year it was Con's turn to fall sick—not with one of the short, sharp maladies of youth, but from the effects of that incurable illness—eighty years. I need scarcely say that the 'misthress' paid him every possible attention; but the family physician gave him over: the priest was sent for, and Con was duly shriven and anointed—'prepared for death,' as the Irish Roman Catholics call it.

This ceremony ended, Con lay tranquilly awaiting the approach of death. His mistress came in to see him, and administered a mingled dose of calves-foot jelly and brandy. It was swallowed with uncommon relish, and old Con declared himself decidedly better. 'Although, ma'am *asthore*, I know I'm marked for death all the same.'

After a few kind and soothing words, Mrs Lawrence left him in the care of her old nurse, Kitty—a contemporary of Con's, and quite as great a 'character' in her way. Her specialty, however, was a most unquenchable and undistinguishing love for medicine of every kind and description. No sort of drug, draught, pill, bolus, or electuary, came amiss to Kitty: her great faith had stomach for them all; and she regularly begged for the dregs of all the medicine-bottles used in the neighbourhood for miles round. These she swallowed promiscuously; and how she managed to escape poisoning, and live as she did to the verge of ninety years, is one of those secrets of physics and physic which I never could unravel. Poor Kitty was now and then made the subject of practical joking during the vacation of the young Lawrences, two fine, wild, merry boys.

One day I found the old lady in a state of very decided bodily discomfort, but of great mental self-gratulation, and overflowing gratitude towards 'the two dear considerate young gentlemen who had told her of a grand cure for her headaches.' It seemed that some time before a blister had been ordered for some one in the house, but never applied; the air of that country being particularly healthy, and pains of the chest usually curing themselves. This attractive article was found one day by the hopeful youths; and hearing their old nurse complain as usual of her 'narvish headache,' they gravely advised, on the principle of counter-irritation, an antipodal application of the remedy to the equatorial regions, which prescription being faithfully carried out, rendered for a while poor Kitty's sedentary pursuits decidedly unpleasant, not to say impracticable. However, her faith in the prescription and gratitude to the prescribers being unbounded, the former no doubt did her good; and the latter was better justified by the wild but not wicked youngsters bringing her a present of a gorgeous cotton gown, before their departure for school.

This garment Kitty described as 'a lovely gownd; none of your showy colours, your reds, your blues, or your greens, but a fine bright yallow.'

To return, however, to Con's bedside.

'Kitty,' said he, 'I think 'tis getting better I am.'

'Why, thin, I wouldn't wonder, with all the fine physic you get day and night,' responded his companion, glancing somewhat enviously at the numerous phials standing on the table.

'Don't you think I 'd want to be shaved?' continued the patient.

'Why, thin, that same would do you no harm, surely; even if 'twas only for the sake of knowing that you 'd make a clane purty corpse,' was the consolatory rejoinder. 'Sure I 'll call Jim the groom, an' he 'll do it for you in less than no time.'

'Thank ye kindly, ma'am; an' now, saving your presence, I think I 'd like to get up an' take a look at myself in the glass.'

'Anything to plase you,' said Kitty amiably, and discreetly retired to the window.

Old Con got slowly out of bed, walked across the room to where a small looking-glass, crowned with peacocks' feathers, was suspended, and contemplated, wofully enough, the gaunt, unshaven, night-capped visage which presented itself.

'Well,' said he at length, 'Death has a very long face; I don't like the looks of it at all; I b'lieve I won't mind dying yet a while.'

And Con kept his word.

With what Kitty esteemed most lavish generosity, he bestowed on her the whole regiment of bottles with their savoury contents, and betook himself to his mistress's excellent broth and jelly. The result was, that the end of the month saw Con reigning as usual supreme on the box, and he reigns there still.

The first time after his illness that he drove Mrs Lawrence out airing, some wicked *gossoons* in the neighbourhood, calculating rather rashly on the probable diminution of Con's strength and suppleness of arm, climbed up behind the carriage, and resisted all the coachman's oral efforts to dislodge them; answering with the mocking couplet:

> Slash behind—
> The coachman 's blind!

Con affected not to hear, and drove calmly on until he came to the side of a muddy horsepond, into the very middle of which he guided his horses, totally disregarding his mistress's remonstrances; and then he commenced a vigorous course of back-handed flagellation, saying to its luckless recipients: 'Git down now, an' miseten your feet!' a command which, in order to escape the cutting lash, they were fain to obey; and to Con's intense delight, they reached the shore, in the guise, as he informed his mistress, of 'drownded rats.'

In another house of our village, there is a butler, 'the dead match,' as we say in Ireland, of Mr Con.

'Murphy,' said one day the nice old lady who enjoys the advantage of his services, 'tell Mr George to come to prayers.'

'Masther George hates prayers,' was the cool *réponse raisonnée* of the domestic.

This same Mr George, when sitting one day at the foot of his mother's table, at a dinner-party, remarked some black dust on the plate which Murphy handed him.

'That plate is not clean, Murphy.'

'Why, thin, Masther George,' replied the functionary, bringing his spectacled vision to bear on the object in question, 'I'm surprised at a gintleman to say the like. The plate *is* clane.'

'But, Murphy, look here,' rejoined his young master, rubbing his finger to the edge of the plate, and then on his napkin, where a black mark became immediately visible.

'Why, thin, if it is,' quoth Murphy, with the emphatic air of an injured man laying down some incontrovertible proposition, ''tis your own fingers that 's durty, an' 'tisn't the plate!'

All this time the company were waiting, minus plates of any kind; so the host refrained from pursuing an argument in which he was sure to come off second best, and allowed Murphy to go on his way rejoicing.

'Connell,' said I one day to *my* satellite, 'go to Mr Jackson, and tell him, with my compliments, that I should be very much obliged to him to lend me *Punch*.'

The man looked rather surprised, but departed on his errand. It happened that my neighbour had ceased subscribing to our amusing friend, and returned a polite reply to that effect, which Mr Connell translated thus:

'Mr Jackson's compliments, ma'am, an' he says to tell you that he dhropped dhrinking any punch for the last three weeks.'

He evidently considered it a most impertinent and extraordinary piece of curiosity on my part thus to pry into the after-dinner habits of my neighbour.

A young friend one evening sent her maid to me with a verbal message, which was thus delivered: 'Miss Emily is very bad entirely with the *fleeinzy* (influenza), and would be for ever obliged to your honour for the loan of a music-book.' Now, as it happens that although a lover of sweet sounds, I am unhappily unable to perform on any instrument, from the piano which my eldest daughter patronises, down to the Jew's harp which has lately been adopted by my youngest son, it occurred to me as strange that Emily should apply to me for a reinforcement to her musical library; and after in vain cross-questioning the maid, I sent two or three volumes of light literature on chance to the young lady. On meeting her the next day, I found the books had had the happiest effect on the *fleeinzy*, and that, as I conjectured, the maid had been desired to ask for an *amusing* book.

Our county town is situated about ten miles from our village, and there is store of entertainment to be found in standing in the shops and listening to the odd demands of messengers from the country.

I happened one day to be purchasing a lock at a general hardware establishment, when a countryman, with a regular *omadhawn** expression of countenance, entered. He looked around him for some time, in a state of utter mystification, his attention apparently riveted on the counterfeit presentment of a sirloin of most white and ruddy beef, leisurely revolving in a real roaster before an imaginary fire. At length, he turned to the counter, and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, thus addressed the shopman:

'Why, thin, would your honour be plased to tell me what it is I was sint for?'

'That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?'

'Ah, thin, wouldn't your honour try an' make out for me, for the misthress 'll be mad if I face home without it.'

'What is it like?'

'Why, thin, on the top of it, 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small-pox.'

'And what do you do with it?'

'Why, the women puts it on their finger when they 're working.'

'Oh! a thimble, I suppose?'

'Yis, to be sure, that 's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!'

And so, having been supplied with the required article, this brilliant Mercury departed in triumph.

On another occasion, the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste, exclaiming:

'Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes, as quick as you can!'

'I don't know at all what you want,' replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. 'We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events, I can't tell what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument.'

'Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an' there 's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I 'll be late for the Macroom car.'

'What on earth *do* you want?' cried the thoroughly perplexed shopman. 'What is it for?'

'Wisha, don't be delaying me this way, axing me what 'tis for; but give it to me out of hand, or the masther 'ill be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no ase from, only when he 's sucking them same bagpipes.'

'Oh!' chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, 'I know what he wants—this *Bath pipe*, is it not, my good fellow?' And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in our locality as an excellent remedy for coughs.

'Ah, yes, that 's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted!' exclaimed the 'masther's' satellite, as he hurried off with his purchase—in time, I trust, to catch the Macroom car.

The powers of sarcastic repartee possessed by the Irish peasantry have long been celebrated. A genuine instance, which occurred the other day, of the exercise of this faculty, may amuse my readers.

Our county town is blessed with the possession of several newspapers, of which the most widely circulating and money-making is entitled the *Post*. Its politics are highly and aggressively Conservative; and of its leading articles, although felt by the luckless reader to be decidedly heavy, it would be difficult to discover the specific gravity; inasmuch as being in their nature utterly washy and vapoury infusions, there would be little use in subjecting them to the ordinary test of comparison with distilled water. The principal proprietor of this invaluable journal is also the possessor of a handsome country residence not far from our village. One of his neighbours is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to economise in his stable expenditure. His horses get little to eat besides grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

'Good-morning, my man,' said Mr Fussell, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as blandly as if he had been 'our own correspondent'—'that 's a fine fat horse you 're riding.'

'Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter,' responded the groom, looking dubiously at the great man.

'Oh, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?'

'Why, thin, I'll tell your honour. We feeds him on the ould *Post* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!'

Without saying a word, Mr Fussell drove off at a *sauve qui peut* pace; and the leading article next morning was more than usually dogmatic in asserting the mental degradation and moral perversion of the Irish Celt.

* This graphic untranslatable word ought to be English.

THE STRUGGLE OF VACCINATION.

More than eleven years ago, we drew the attention of our readers to the extraordinary discovery made by the illustrious Jenner about the beginning of the present century, with reference to the mitigation of the severity of small-pox, and to the opposition raised by our own and other nations against the practice he suggested.*

One would have imagined that at the present day all this absurd resistance to a remedy of abundantly tested efficacy had entirely vanished, and that people of every class would hail with delight a safe and simple means of preventing in their families the spread of that awful scourge of humanity, the small-pox, if the government of the country could only be induced to put such remedy within their reach.

Events have proved, however, the incorrectness of any such supposition, and have shewn that the indifference with which a *possible* evil is regarded—by the humbler classes especially—is so great, that absolute legal coercion is necessary to secure to their offspring

* 'Resistance to Great Truths—Jenner and Vaccination.' No. 124, New Series, p. 317.

the benefit of an exemption therefrom; in other words, they must be *forced* to have their children vaccinated.

At the time the article to which we have just alluded was penned, although by two acts of parliament, which had been in existence four and six years respectively, gratuitous vaccination had been brought to the door of the very poorest, there was no power to compel the operation, and no means of punishing the avoidance of it. Inoculation had been forbidden; and for its perpetration a month's imprisonment might be awarded. Guardians and overseers of the poor throughout England and Wales, had received power to contract with competent medical men to vaccinate in their several parishes, and to pay them for their services from the poor-rates; and men, women, and children were all entitled to be vaccinated on presenting themselves for that purpose. This, however, was all; and the success of the measures adopted in no way equalled the expectations that had been formed respecting them.

In 1853, a little improvement was made in the existing law. By an act then passed, every child born after the 1st of August 1853, is directed to be brought within three months after its birth—if its parents are living, or within four months, if in the custody of guardians—to be vaccinated; and any omission to so bring it, or any neglect in subsequently presenting it to the surgeon for examination, as to the success of the operation, is made finable to the extent of twenty shillings.

During the last few years, it has been abundantly proved that there are very many families in London alone who systematically evade these two acts of parliament. The penalty of 20s. is not great, if inflicted at all; while the difficulties lying in the way of a conviction in the first instance, and of an enforcement of the fine, if a conviction takes place, in the second, are so numerous—the acts giving no imprisonment in lieu of fine—that offenders live in the greatest security. These and other considerations induced the legislature to entertain the idea of making the omission to vaccinate *highly* penal; but no sooner did they propose to do so in the House of Commons, than the most extraordinary opposition was manifested, some members going so far as to declare that 'vaccination itself was of little, if any good,' even when successfully performed! The whole question was therefore referred to a select committee; and their proceedings have been delayed, in order to obtain the best possible information on two very important points—first, the actual success which, during the last half-century, has been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries; and, secondly, the present opinion of the most eminent medical professors throughout Europe upon the necessity for and efficacy of the practice.

To obtain information upon these two points, the services of the General Board of Health were found indispensable; and the result of the inquiries made by that body was last June laid before parliament, in the shape of a ponderous blue-book, containing much interesting and valuable information. To ascertain the success attendant upon the practice of vaccination, returns were called for and obtained from English and foreign institutions appropriated to the cure of small-pox, from divers large schools, from naval and military establishments, and, when possible, from national archives. All of these, without exception, shew the absolute necessity of this valuable operation towards preserving human life. In Christ's Hospital, London, for instance, it seems that during the fifty years preceding the introduction of vaccination, 31 died of small-pox out of an annual school of 550; while in the fifty years ending 1850, during which vaccination was practised, only *one* patient died of that disease, although the annual number of scholars had increased to 800. In the General Hospital at Vienna, during the five years ending 1855, there were 1995 unvaccinated persons received with small-pox, and only 244 vaccinated.

In the city of Copenhagen, during the year 1750, out of a population of 60,000, 1457 died of small-pox; while in 1850, out of 129,695, that disease was not fatal in a single instance!

In Prague, during the seven years immediately preceding the introduction of the practice, 53,641 individuals died of small-pox out of an aggregate population of 21,000,000; while out of a similar population during seven years *after* vaccination had been made compulsory, 1244 persons only died of small-pox!

Perhaps, however, the most striking proof of the benefit of vaccination is to be found in the return from Anspach, in Bavaria. In this city, all children six months old are by law compelled to be vaccinated, and the operation is *annually* repeated. From 1797 to 1799, 500 died annually of small-pox; and in 1800, no less than 1609 fell victims to that disease. After the practice of vaccination was introduced, wonderful results followed: in 1809, there were four deaths only; in 1818, *not one!*

The returns from other countries are but echoes of those we have alluded to, and all shew beyond a doubt the immense saving of life effected by adopting this salutary practice.

In London, within the bills of mortality, the death-rate in 1680 from small-pox was 31·39 in every 10,000 persons; in 1846, it was 3·38, in a like number of individuals; and Mr Marson, in a petition to the House of Commons, says that the mortality among unvaccinated persons seized with small-pox is 35 per cent.; among vaccinated, 7 per cent. only.

Having obtained this highly satisfactory information upon 'the actual success which has during the last half-century been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries,' the General Board of Health proceeded with their second inquiry—namely, 'The present opinion of medical men upon the necessity for, and efficacy of, the practice.' For information upon this second inquiry, Mr John Simon, medical officer to the Board of Health, addressed, last October, a circular letter to no less than 539 members of the medical profession in England and elsewhere, requesting their answers to the following four separate inquiries:

1*st*, 'Have you any doubt that successful vaccination confers on persons subject to its influence a very large exemption from attacks of small-pox, and almost absolute security against death by that disease?'

2*d*, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that vaccinated persons, in being rendered less susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infectious disease, or of phthisis, or that their health is in any other way disadvantageously affected?'

3*d*, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that lymph from a true Jennerian vesicle has ever been a vehicle of syphilitic, scrofulous, or other constitutional infection to the vaccinated person; or that unintentional inoculation with some other disease, instead of the proposed vaccination, has occurred in the hands of a duly educated medical practitioner?'

4*th*, 'Do you (assuming due provisions to exist for a skilful performance of the operation) recommend that, except for special reasons in individual cases, vaccination should be universally performed at early periods of life?'

The answers to these questions are given *in extenso* in the blue-book referred to, and occupy 85 out of its 188 folio pages: we content ourselves with a general outline of them.

As to the first inquiry, 524 of the 539 authorities appealed to, answer, directly and simply, that they

have no doubt whatever on the subject; thirteen express an opinion—probably tacitly shared in by many of the others—that the safeguard afforded by vaccination lasts only for a certain period, and that the operation ought to be repeated at intervals in order to be of permanent benefit; one is of opinion that vaccination affords no *exemption* from small-pox, but only modifies its severity; while a single individual of no mean authority, expresses very great doubts 'whether vaccination at all prevents a person from being attacked by the disease,' and says, that 'it certainly does not exempt from death by it.' One gentleman illustrates his opinion of the efficacy of vaccination by a recital of the following very interesting case. He says: 'In March 1852, I vaccinated a child with healthy lymph, and it was successful. About three weeks after, the mother of the child was seized with confluent small-pox; and a more severe case I never attended. During the mother's illness, which continued for four weeks, I gave strict directions that the child should be kept to the breast, which were duly observed. During that time, the child grew and improved daily, and never seemed in the least to suffer from the mother's illness. . . . . The mother had never been vaccinated, and the child is now as healthy as possible.'

The second question proposed has received from all the medical authorities, save one, decidedly negative replies.

The third, respecting the transmission of other diseases with the vaccine matter, appears still to be a somewhat vexed question. Several, without expressing any decided opinion upon the subject, simply suggest that the lymph should always be taken from a perfectly healthy child. Ten have serious doubts whether disease would not be conveyed even with the matter taken from 'a true Jennerian vesicle;' and one gentleman expresses a firm conviction that it would. On the other hand, upwards of 500 think that such inoculation with another disease is altogether impossible; and one gentleman cites a case, in which he accidentally vaccinated from a child sick with a contagious disease, in which no effects whatever, other than those intended, followed the operation. The value of the opinions given by some of these 500 may be gathered from the fact, that one speaks upon the authority of 13,000 cases which have come under his own immediate inspection, and another upon that of 40,000 cases!

The best period for the performance of the operation seems also a matter of dispute. The majority of the witnesses simply recommend that vaccination should be performed *in early youth*, but eighty-seven mention the exact period they would prefer: two say from four to six weeks; two, from six weeks to two months; thirty-seven, at or under four months; twenty-two, during the first six months; twelve, during the first twelve months; twelve, during the first dentition.

Such is the general result of the inquiry which has been instituted. Considering the fearful fatality of small-pox—it destroys, says Mr Simon, one-third of all whom it attacks—it becomes an important question with the government of a great country, whether they are to indulge unfounded prejudices, and to forbear to enforce, by severe penal enactments, the practice of vaccination; or whether they are not bound to follow the example of almost all the continental states, and insist on its performance.

Of course, an important element entering into the inquiry is—'What does vaccination really *do* to the body? Does it in any way injure it, or render it less healthy than it was before?' In an admirable treatise annexed to the report, Mr Simon thus answers this question:

'The very meaning of vaccination is, that it shall artificially and designedly produce a transient and trifling indisposition; that for some days the infant shall be with a sore arm, and a slight irritation of the adjacent axillary glands, and a perceptible amount of general feverishness. Within the limits of this description, one child may be a little more, another a little less inconvenienced; but those limits are rarely exceeded. And if it cannot strictly be said that the immediate effects of well-performed vaccination *never* exceed the intentions of the vaccinator, at least it may be affirmed that any permanent injury resulting from it is an accident barely known in the practice of surgery.'

There is only one other point connected with the subject we need notice, and it relates to the degree of skill shewn in this and other countries in the performance of the operation itself.

It is certainly rather unpleasant to learn that our English surgeons are nearly, if not quite, the *worst* vaccinators in Europe, yet such, we are told, is really the case. From a careful examination of the pustules on the bodies of more than three thousand persons of various nations received into the Small-pox Hospital in London, it appears that the Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and German surgeons are the best operators; the Italians come next; then the Spanish, Scotch, and Irish; and, lastly, the English and French!

The reason of this, it is alleged, is that there is in England no properly organised method for instructing young surgeons in the practice of vaccination. 'A medical student,' says Mr Simon, 'may pass through an industrious and creditable pupilage—may obtain his diploma, licence, and degree, as physician, surgeon, apothecary, and doctor—may become, in every possible sense of the word, a "legally qualified medical practitioner"—may be eligible and actually elected for the appointment of public vaccinator, and meanwhile, may never have performed, perhaps even never have witnessed, one single act of vaccination!'

Of course such a state of affairs as this ought no longer to exist, and we doubt of its much longer continuance. The details furnished in the blue-book over which we have briefly glanced, will, we fancy, satisfy any select or general committee as to the necessity for the passing of such a measure as the one lately introduced into parliament, and we hope shortly to hear of their recommendation to that effect.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Messieurs Sicard and Linwood, and Mademoiselle de Bonneville must, at that critical and exciting moment in their lives, have presented an interesting study to a painter of character—a somewhat puzzling one too; for although the attitudes, no doubt very naturally struck, must have been chiefly expressive of astonishment and terror, other emotions could not but have revealed themselves upon three youthful visages, dull and blank as they might ordinarily be, confronting each other under such peculiar and delicate circumstances. Mademoiselle Clémence, in her abundance of commiserative sorrow, had, as before stated, reclined her sweet head upon my shoulder, and, attracted by a correspondent sympathy of soul, my arm had insensibly stolen, or was stealing, round the dear girl's waist. Now, this tender proximity of a young man and maiden, though susceptible, as the reader knows, of a perfectly honourable explanation, was an awkward position to be surprised in by an irascible lover, who held, too, it seemed, my very life at his mercy. It will surprise no one, therefore, to be told that M. Sicard's sudden appearance and startling news flushed my countenance and that of Mademoiselle Clémence with confusion as well as fright; that Sicard himself, after blurting out the

announcement already given, stopped short in mutely questioning anger, his bloodless cheeks instantly rekindling with the fire of a still smouldering jealousy; and that my first exclamation was a stammering expression of mingled apology and consternation. His addressing me by my real name must also have sensibly contributed to my bewilderment.

The young lady was of course the first to regain her self-possession.

'This is terrible!' she exclaimed; 'but are you quite sure, Monsieur Sicard?'

'Mademoiselle de Bonneville,' stiffly replied M. Sicard, 'might do me the simple justice to believe that I would not trifle with the feelings of *any* person placed in such grave circumstances as those which surround Monsieur Linwood, much less one who has the honour of being, at the very least, Mademoiselle de Bonneville's very intimate and attached friend.'

'Jacques, *dear* Jacques,' said Clémence, placing her little hand upon his arm, and looking upon him with humid truthful eyes, 'is the effusive confidence of yester evening so soon forgotten?'

M. Sicard's swelling dignity collapsed at once. 'Pardon, chère Clémence,' he hurriedly replied. 'I am an ingrate, a fool—that is certain, demonstrable. Still, Monsieur Linwood will, I am sure, excuse a susceptibility which, though extreme, uncalled for, is, nevertheless, legitimate'——

'Mais mon Dieu!' interrupted Clémence with vivacity, 'is this a time to talk of susceptibilities legitimate or the reverse! Do you not say that gendarmes are at this moment in pursuit of Monsieur Linwood?'

'That is true, mademoiselle, and not one moment must be lost. The agents of the public force,' he added, 'will not, fortunately, suspect *me* of assisting the escape from justice of Monsieur Linwood, otherwise Jean Le Gros, otherwise'——

'Art thou *bavard*, Jacques!' again and angrily broke in Clémence. 'Speak to us of what is to be *done*—of how Monsieur Linwood is to escape the danger to which he is exposed.'

An earnest consultation then took place, to which I hearkened like one in a dream, gathering incidentally, however, therefrom, with hazy apprehension at the time, but made clear by subsequent explanation, that on the preceding evening Clémence had not only disclosed to Sicard the tender preference with which she—previously, in some degree, unknown to herself, perhaps—regarded him, but the secret of her English birth and parentage; the conflict of feeling and duty that knowledge had given rise to in her mind, and the difficult circumstances in which she was consequently involved. The loving pair thereupon took counsel together, finally agreeing that Captain Webbe, *alias* Jacques Le Gros, was altogether unworthy of confidence or credit—some curt expressions of mine, elicited by Sicard's attack upon me and Mademoiselle Clémence's ebullient sympathy with my assailant, having caused the young lady to doubt that I should, as the privateer captain pretended, hang or drown myself for disappointed love of her—that Maître Sicard should see me, if he was well enough the next day, frankly acknowledge the situation, assure me that the flattering avowal of mademoiselle's preference should remain without matrimonial result till the *soumission respectueuse*, in the matter of said marriage, enjoined by the French law, had been made to whichever of the two ladies, Madame Waller or Madame de Bonneville, might prove to be the disputed maiden's real mother; that meanwhile he, Sicard, would render me all the aid in his power to elucidate the sad mystery of which my father had been the victim; and, above all, specially charge himself to defeat any attempt by Madame de Bonneville to withdraw Clémence beyond reach of legal pursuit.

'Although a Frenchman to the ends of my finger-nails,' added M. Sicard, addressing me with immense suavity, 'I have no insurmountable prejudice with respect to foreigners; and Mademoiselle Clémence, if proved to be of English parentage, will be for me as charming, as beloved'——

'O how tiresome thou art to prate in that way, Jacques!' interrupted Clémence, 'when every moment —— Grand Dieu, here are the gendarmes!'

Clémence made this discovery through a small glass-window looking into the shop, she, like Sicard and myself, being unseen by the terrible visitors. Sicard, with prompt presence of mind, hurried me into a back-room, and quietly closing the door after him, rejoined Clémence, with whom, after exchanging a sentence or two, he went forward into the shop to confront, and, if possible, mislead the gendarmes.

For me, I was dumb with passion—tossed in a whirlwind of unutterable scorn of myself, in which dread of the violent death with which I was menaced was for the time engulfed—lost! Suddenly, as a gleam of lightning, the raging current of my thoughts was arrested: my frenzied glance lit upon an armoire in the room—*the* armoire, I was certain, from Clémence's description, containing the precious proofs, possession of which might yet atone for all my follies and shortcomings. It was locked; Fanchette, who fortunately was from home, had, no doubt, charge of the key. No matter; the case was desperate; and whatever the consequence, get possession of those proofs I would. I shook the doors of the armoire with precipitate, mad fury—looked about for some effective instrument wherewith to break open or break in the strong oak framework, and espying a short iron bar that held the casement half-open, twisted it off, and forced the armoire lock, unavoidably tearing away, in doing so, part of the wood-work—found, after a nervous search, the precious parcel, and was contemplating the *details* of my prize with wild exultation, when Jacques Sicard reappeared.

'Thousand thunders!' he exclaimed. 'What are you doing there?'

I briefly explained, adding that with my life only would I part with evidences I had obtained by means which the actual circumstances perfectly justified.

'Speak low—speak lower, pray,' said Sicard, softly fastening the room-door. 'Messieurs les Gendarmes are still in the shop talking with Clémence: our assurance that you were not here apparently satisfied them: still a caprice may seize them to search the house, and—— Dam!' he added, brought up again as it were by the sight of the fractured door, and the parcel which I was depositing in my coat-pocket. 'Dam! but this is grave! I appreciate your motives, Monsieur Linwood; but do you know that the French law punishes *vol avec effraction*—robbery by violence in a domicile—with the galleys for life; and should that rogue Webbe's story prove, as I half suspect it will, to be *all* moonshine, I might myself, as consenting participator, be placed in a pretty predicament! It matters not,' he added bravely; 'I have promised Mademoiselle Clémence to see you safely through. I am a Frenchman—a man of honour, and my word is therefore sacred. Follow me, Monsieur Linwood. We can reach my house—the last place you will be suspected of hiding in—by the back of these premises.'

'I take you to witness, Monsieur Sicard, that I have taken the articles you saw just now in my hand from an armoire belonging to Madame de Bonneville, *née* Louise Féron, without her knowledge or permission.'

'That is positive — demonstrable; but, sacred thunder, come along, will you!'

'I should like to thank—to embrace dear Clémence once more; and assure her that'——

'Monsieur Linwood,' sternly interrupted Sicard, 'your head is turned, which, however, will not prevent

its being struck off your shoulders, if you don't at once follow me. Come.'

I need not further dwell upon the incidents of my escape from St Malo, except to say that, thanks to the chivalrous *bottier*, I left it on the evening of the same day in the uniform, and furnished with the passport *visé* of one Adolphe Piron, a young officer domiciled with Sicard, and at that time confined to his chamber by illness. The general *débâcle* of all government that was taking place, rendered the plan easy of accomplishment; and, I dare say, had considerable influence in quieting the mind of M. Sicard anent the seriousness of the responsibility he was incurring, should his part in the affair be one day made known. He accompanied me boldly to the office of the Messageries Impériales, and bade me 'Adieu—bon voyage,' with a heartiness which, it struck me, was even more complimentary to Mademoiselle Clémence than to myself. The treachery of the *femme de chambre*, Marguerite, I have omitted to state, was caused by the double knavery of Edouard, who refused to share equitably with her in either the actual or prospective bribe he had accepted.

I reached Granville without molestation, except when halting to change horses at Dol, where a woman's face peering into the *coupé* of the diligence—which, with the shadow-startled conscience of one who sees in every bush an officer, I for a moment mistook for that of Madame de Bonneville—gave me a tremendous, though transient heartquake.

Baptiste and his lugger-boat were in readiness; and I reached St Catherine's Bay, Jersey, and the *auberge* of M. Josse in safety, though the passage was a rough one, the equinoctial gales having just begun to set in with promise, according to Baptiste's prediction, of something much fiercer to come.

We rested for a while in the sitting-room of the little public-house, and it was there I handed to Baptiste the letter-parcel intrusted to me by Captain Webbe. He removed the envelope, and read aloud the addresses. One letter was for Dowling, chief officer of the *Scout;* the other for Madame Dupré.

'The chance,' I remarked, 'that those letters would reach their destination was at one time a very doubtful one.'

'If these two letters had not reached their destination,' said Baptiste with a smile, 'others to the same effect would, rely upon it. That is to say,' he added, 'if they relate to matters of importance. Monsieur le Capitaine is much too wary a calculator to trust to only one mode of conveying his wishes or instructions.'

'Do you think it prudent to deliver those letters yourself?' I asked.

'There is no danger,' said Baptiste. 'Jersey has no organised police; and French—good French—being spoken by the better class, I shall, as heretofore, pass muster very well. It is not the first time,' he added, 'that I have brought letters for Madame Dupré and la jeune belle who resides with her.'

'Monsieur le Capitaine is, then, an old acquaintance of those ladies?'

'That is very certain, monsieur,' replied Baptiste, 'and equally so that I must hasten to fulfil my commission.'

We left the public-house, and walked together to the entrance of St Helier, where we parted, and I proceeded to the hotel in the Royal Square which I had formerly patronised.

I was lifted into such a state of exaltation by the apparent certainty of speedily arriving in England with the priceless evidences of my father's innocence in my possession, there to take counsel of Mrs Linwood and the Wallers as to what should be further and immediately done in the matter, that I scarcely heeded Baptiste's remark with reference to the long acquaintance and frequent correspondence of Webbe with Madame Dupré and her beautiful ward; and had the mail-packet for Weymouth sailed early the next morning, as she was advertised to do, I should certainly have gone in her, and not consequently have seen Madame Dupré, Miss Wilson, or any of the *Scout* people, which famous corsair, by the way, had not, I was informed, left the harbour since she brought in her prize. It was not so ordered. The gale blowing dead ashore, and which, during the night, had increased to a hurricane, forbade the packet's attempting to leave the rock-environed island; and many days, even weeks might pass, I was informed, at that season of the year, before I had a chance of reaching England. It seemed that I was to be ever fortune's fool; but as fuming and fretting could do nothing towards shortening the vexatious delay, I was fain to cheat the lagging time by seeking out, first the Scouts, and afterwards the ladies residing near the Third Tower.

I met Dowling on the north pier; Baptiste was with him, and I noticed an angry flush as of baffled eagerness upon the officer's countenance, caused, I was not long in ascertaining, by his anxiety to go to sea without an hour's loss of time, and the impossibility of doing so in face of the tremendous weather. Dowling greeted me with rough cordiality, laughed a brief, scornful laugh at his own stupidity in having been for a moment duped into a belief in Harry Webbe's hereditary pluck; and finding how desirous I was of getting to England, offered me a passage in the *Scout*.

'The *Scout* will be the first vessel to leave the island,' said he: 'you may rely upon that; and I don't believe either that many hours will elapse before she gets away.'

'You think this hurricane will soon abate, then?'

'No, I don't; and it may continue fierce enough to blow the horns off a bull, for anything I care, if it will but shift sufficiently to give us a chance of clearing Elizabeth Castle and Noirmont Point.'

'The *Scout* sails direct for England?'

'The *Scout* sails for Portsmouth, and with sufficient directness to insure your arrival there before the mail-packet will in all probability have crept out of St Helier's harbour.'

I accepted Dowling's offer, and he undertook to have me warned in sufficient time of the *Scout's* departure. 'Harry Webbe,' he remarked, 'goes with us, but not the whole of the way. We shall drop him either at Guernsey or Alderney—at the latter island, if the weather will permit of it. Good-bye for the present.'

We shook hands; and he, with Baptiste, went on his way towards the town.

I had a mind to go on board the *Scout*, but seeing that the privateer-brig was berthed at the further extremity of the South Pier, I swerved in purpose, and betook myself, with a kind of boding, bashful reluctance in the direction of the Third Tower.

So fierce was the tempest, that in addition to being wetted to the skin by the blinding spray, I could scarcely keep my feet along the unsheltered road which skirts the waters of St Aubin's Bay; and I more than once mentally balanced the delight—the dangerous delight, I almost feared—to be derived from the sight and conversation of Miss Wilson, with the more substantial, and certainly innocuous pleasures of a warm room and dry clothes; and I might perhaps have turned back, had I not caught a glimpse of Madame Dupré's crinkled buff-coloured frontispiece through the glass-window of a hired chaise, on its way to St Helier. The old lady did not recognise, perhaps did not observe me; and tempted, spite of the suggestions of my better judgment, by the hope of a tête-à-tête interview with Maria Wilson, I strode manfully onward. That hope was realised. Miss Wilson was

alone, and received me with winning grace and amenity. She was looking her very best, and certainly not the less so, to my mind, that the peculiar sweetly pensive expression which, as I have before remarked, shadowed from time to time the sunshine of her face, was still more strongly marked, or I fancied so, than when I had previously seen her.

I could not have believed it possible that the contact of her welcoming hand would have so agitated me; that the light of her smile would have so instantly fired my blood, chilled, too, as it was by the piercing winter wind and drenching sea-spray. Mademoiselle Clémence had not, I remembered, produced, under nearly similar circumstances, at all the same effect upon me; from which I concluded that my former interview with the Jersey maiden must, and to a certain extent unknown to myself, have excited a state of latent internal inflammation which required but a spark from the same divine source to kindle into flame.

Maria Wilson could not but observe my extreme emotion; and with the instinctive perception of girl-kind in such cases, must, I suspected, have divined its cause; inasmuch that the bright smile was quickly absorbed by as bright a blush, and the welcoming hand withdrawn with confused haste, and necessarily some slight effort, from mine.

By way of apology, I stammered out an inquiry for Madame Dupré.

'Madame Dupré,' said Miss Wilson, 'is gone to St Helier to arrange some business matters previous to our departure from the island.'

'You are about to leave Jersey!' I exclaimed: 'for England, of course.'

'No; for France. You are aware that we have received a letter from Captain Webbe. He and Madame Broussard—they are my guardians—insist that Madame Dupré and myself shall embark with Baptiste for Granville; so that directly the weather moderates, I shall leave Jersey — probably for ever!'

The last words, spoken in a tone of sadness, and followed by a sigh, added greatly to my excitement; my heart beat wildly, and the jealous, cankering thought lurking there, sprang rudely to my lips.

'Harry Webbe will not, however, accompany you. He, I know, sails in the *Scout* for England *viâ* Alderney.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' was the reply. 'Mr Harry Webbe will find means of reaching Cherbourg from Alderney. His father does not deem it prudent,' she continued loftily, 'that the gallant leader of the Scouts in their recent victory should'——

This was too much, and I furiously broke in with: 'The devil fetch the Scouts and their gallant leader'——

'Sir! Mr Linwood!' in her turn interrupted Miss Wilson, and well-nigh as fiercely, as she rose from her chair with indignant wonder, 'have you lost your senses?'

'Yes, I believe I have; at least I seem to be on the brink of losing them, so duped, self-duped, befooled have I been—— Pardon me,' I added, yielding way, perforce, to the torrent of excited feeling which swept through me—'Pardon me: I am a foolish, wayward boy—rash as fire, but guiltless of intentional offence—especially towards you!'

My face was buried in my hands, but Maria Wilson's gently toned reply—'I have nothing to pardon, Mr Linwood; and if I had, the cruel disappointment which I cannot doubt to be the source of such painful emotion would amply excuse it'—caused me to hastily withdraw them, and stare bewilderedly in hers for its interpretation.

'Captain Webbe's letter,' she went on to say, 'intimates that he hoped you would be accompanied to Jersey by your newly wedded wife. That hope has not been fulfilled, and hence doubtless'——

'Say no more, Miss Wilson,' I interrupted, 'let me beg of you. I am, as I have said, a wayward, feather-headed boy, but even such a one may have a secret grief that will not bear probing. Let us talk of something else, of—of Captain Webbe, if you will. Do you expect to see him soon?'

'Very soon. He and Madame Broussard request us, as I told you, to join them in France before a week has passed.'

'In order to the celebration,' said I, with an effort—a poor one, I imagine—at Spartan firmness—'in order to the celebration—the immediate celebration of your marriage with Mr Harry Webbe.'

'Yes, it is so determined,' replied the maiden with a blush, and I thought a faint, half-regretful sigh. 'I speak unreservedly, Mr Linwood, because I know you to be in the confidence of both Captain Webbe and his son.'

'You have been informed, then, I presume, of my object in venturing to St Malo?'

'Very imperfectly. Harry himself has but a confused notion that you went in search of a lost child; but perhaps the topic is a painful one.'

I said it was not painful to speak upon the subject to her; the reverse rather; and I ran rapidly over the affair from beginning to end, so far at least as the end had been attained, rigorously omitting, of course, all mention of Webbe's complicity with Madame de Bonneville—the Auguste Le Moine and Jacques Sicard episodes—and everything, in short, that could be construed into a violation of the solemn pledge I had given, never to disclose anything prejudicial to Webbe, with which I might in the course of our adventure become acquainted.

Maria Wilson listened with an attention that, as the narrative proceeded, became breathless in its intensity; and after I had finished, she remained for several minutes absorbed in what seemed to be a painful reverie.

The young girl shook off that mood of thought with some effort. 'Strange,' she murmured, as if speaking to herself as well as to me—'strange, that whilst you were speaking, it seemed as if several of the scenes you described were familiar to me; that the misty veil, which obscures and distorts the earlier images of memory, was, as you spoke, partially, fitfully withdrawn! Curious illusion, that, were I not certain of the contrary, would persuade me that the scene below Gravesend—the flat sandy shore and child playing there, the broad-winding river, the boat with its white glittering sails, ay, and the man and woman too—was a pictured experience, faded but not effaced from the tablet of memory, and brought out, as it were, by your description!'

A wild idea flashed upon my mind. 'You are not,' I exclaimed, 'a native of Jersey?'

'No; I was born in Madeira. My father was Captain Wilson, a retired naval officer of the East India Company's service. He died when I was in my fourth year; and my mother, Marie Broussard, sister of my guardian, Adèle Broussard, had preceded him to the tomb. I have been in Jersey about five years only. The earliest event,' added Miss Wilson, 'that dwells distinctly in my memory, is the wreck upon the Irish coast of the ship in which we sailed from Madeira. To the courage and resource of Captain Webbe, who commanded the ill-fated vessel, my aunt-nurse and myself were mainly indebted, I have always understood, for the preservation of our lives.'

'May I ask if you have lately seen Madame Broussard?'

'No; she has an unconquerable aversion to the sea. When I was *en pension* near Coutance, I saw her often. My aunt has been ever kind and good to me,' added

Miss Wilson; 'and though a rigid Catholic herself, caused me, in compliance with my father's dying injunctions, to be educated in the Protestant faith, and the principles of a true English girl.'

'Your kind frankness, Miss Wilson, has dissipated a fantastic idea which your previous remarks excited.'

'That I, not the young lady in St Malo, might be the lost child! Upon my word, I thought so! Reassure yourself, Mr Linwood,' added Maria Wilson with a gay laugh; '*your* fair *fiancée*, not Mr Harry Webbe's, is the true Lucy Hamblin: there can be no doubt about that; and I sincerely hope that the course of true love, though it would appear for the present checked and turned awry, will soon run smooth again.'

'Can you conjecture what motive Captain Webbe could have in telling me that you were till very lately unknown to him?'

'No motive whatever, except his love of mystification. Captain Webbe is, you know, an inveterate *farceur*—— Hush! here is Madame Dupré.'

I stayed but a few minutes after the old lady's entrance; long enough, however, to hear that nothing but the frightful weather prevented the immediate embarkation of Madame Dupré and her fair charge for France, under the guidance of Monsieur Baptiste.

Late in the evening, a message reached me from Dowling. The wind had veered sufficiently to enable the *Scout* to go out of harbour; the tide served, and I must be on board without delay. I complied with alacrity; and although it was still blowing great guns, and the night was dark as Erebus, I intrusted myself without fear or hesitation to the well-found privateer-brig, and her hardy, skilful crew. A ticklish affair, nevertheless, was the getting away from the harbour and bay. Half-a-dozen touch-and-go tacks in that wild sea, and amidst hidden rocks, to get clear of Elizabeth Castle! Once, however, that Noirmont Point was weathered, the danger was held to be past, though the brig was buried in the sea, which swept her fore and aft; and Dowling, who had stationed himself by the wheel, came below for a few minutes.

'It must be urgent business that drove the *Scout* to sea on such a night as this,' I remarked, whilst Dowling was taking an inside lining of strong brandy-grog.

'You are right: the urgent business of making money. A richly laden enemy's ship—I don't mind telling you, Mr Linwood—is now, or will be early to-morrow, running up Channel in the direction of Havre de Grace; which richly laden enemy's ship I fully intend shall be a prize to the *Scout* before next sundown.'

'An American ship, is it not?'

'Guess again, Mr Linwood, and you'll guess wrong.'

'Information concerning which has been furnished by Captain Webbe, in a letter delivered to you by Baptiste.'

'Right again! Duplicate information to that effect *has* been brought in a letter by Baptiste. You must be a wizard, Mr Linwood.'

'Have you been long associated with Captain Webbe, may I inquire, in these—h-e-m—these remarkable enterprises?'

'For more years than you have fingers and toes. Captain Jules Renaudin,' added Dowling with a merry laugh, 'I have not been so long acquainted with, though I shook hands with him within a few weeks of his first appearance in that character. He has no doubt told you all about that delicious trick. First-rate, was it not?'

'He told me of his audacious personation of the deceased commander of the *Passe-partout*.'

'That was it. I was one of four out of the crew of the *Wasp* that took to the boats who escaped drowning. No other man but Webbe,' said Dowling, 'could have played such a game with success; and between you and me, it has become much too risky of late years even for him. His "luck" is really marvellous. Were it not for that, cool, wary, brave as he is, he would long since have had to walk the plank'——

'The pilot wishes to speak with you, sir,' interrupted a seaman, half-opening the cabin-door. 'We are off the Corbière.'

Dowling hastened on deck, and I soon afterwards turned in. Harry Webbe, I should state, was on board, but had not shewn himself in the cabin—perhaps from an easily comprehensible repugnance to meeting me.

The wind had moderated by the morning; but there was still a tremendous sea on, and so dull and dark was the day, that when lifted to the crests of the giant waves, one could discern nothing distinctly that was more than three or four miles distant. That extent of furious sea was searched by vigilant eyes, from the tops as well as the deck, in quest of the coveted prize, of which Dowling had been furnished with a pen-and-ink sketch, that would enable him to identify her at a glance. Two square-rigged vessels were sighted, running up Channel, almost under bare poles; but the Yankee was nowhere to be seen, and a feeling of surly disappointment was fast spreading amongst both officers and crew of the *Scout*, when at about 4 P.M., a large three-masted ship suddenly loomed through the thickening darkness, hardly half a league to leeward of the privateer brig. Dowling confidently pronounced her to be the *Columbia* of New Orleans; the course of the *Scout* was instantly changed, to meet and speak her, and a buzz of grinning exultation succeeded to the querulous murmuring of the corsair crew. The wind, I must here pause to remark, had not long before died away to a moderate puffy breeze; ominously so, several of the old-salts were saying to each other, their judgment being apparently governed by the black cloud-mountains, so to speak, fast piling upon each other to windward, and spreading over the face of the sky.

The *Columbia* was a splendid vessel, of certainly over 700 tons burden; and as the *Scout* neared her, she hoisted English colours. That move was replied to by a shotted gun from the privateer, throwing a ball across her bows, which peremptory summons to parley was repeated in words, through Dowling's trumpet, as soon as the vessels came within hail of each other.

'What ship is that?' shouted Dowling.

'The *Caroline* of London, Captain Hollens, last from Jamaica,' was the response; to which was added: 'What are you?'

'His Majesty Kirke Webbe's privateer gun-brig *Scout*,' returned Dowling. 'Have the goodness to lie-to, and tell Captain Hollens to come on board with the *Caroline* of London's papers. And bear a hand, or we shall have to fetch him and them.'

'You are mistaken, after all,' I remarked to Dowling, as I stood by him, and watched the lowering of one of the stranger's boats.

'I think not,' he replied; 'at all events, I shall take the liberty of sending the *Caroline* of London to Guernsey, upon suspicion. Mr Harry Webbe,' he continued, beckoning to that young gentleman, who had persisted in shyly avoiding me, 'get ready to go on board with the prize-crew. Be smart,' added Dowling, after an anxious glance to windward.

Harry Webbe immediately dived below; two of the *Scout's* boats were dropped into the water, and one was filled with armed men by the time the *Columbia* or *Caroline's* boat came alongside.

I could not, from where I stood, see the face of Captain Hollens as he came upon deck, and spoke with Dowling; but it struck me that I knew the voice—a peculiar one, and pitched in alt, as he replied to some sharp remark of the *Scout's* chief-officer, followed, I could hear, by an invitation from that gentleman to

accompany him below; a request which the captive captain had no choice but to comply with.

Mr Harry Webbe quickly reappeared; and warned by the portentous aspect of the heavens, hurried into the boat first in readiness, and pulled off towards the prize. He and his boat's crew had just got safely on board when Dowling came on deck. That energetic officer was about to order the boat containing the remainder of the prize-crew to cast off, when at once broke the tempest in a hurricane-blast, that tore the *Scout's* sails to shreds: at nearly the same moment, the volleyed lightning shivered the foremast to splinters, and the shrieks of seamen struck down by that terrific agent, feebly mingled with the crash of a thunderburst, which shook every timber in the privateer's hull.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

NOTHING seems more remarkable regarding the late mutinies and outrages in India, than their unexpectedness. How vain to complain of the want of foresight in the higher officials, when the officers in immediate command of the native troops were all of them so much taken by surprise! Nay, after many of the regiments had broken out and committed the most frightful acts, there were officers in the remaining regiments who expressed themselves as confident that *their* corps were sound—some were actually writing off assurances of this soundness, when the men broke in and murdered them. One officer, lately retired from a high rank in a native regiment, and now residing in this country, had lived on the most kindly terms with his men—visiting every one who fell sick, and receiving from them in return the most pleasing marks of grateful and affectionate regard. On his first retiring to a hill-station for the sake of his health, a number of them voluntarily pilgrimised to his house, to pay their respects to him. He loudly boasted to his friends in England, that it was *impossible* that his regiment should revolt and commit murder. *Yet it did both!* In short, the sepoy revolt of 1857 has immensely exceeded all calculations which any one ever professed to be able to form regarding the character and conduct of the native Indian troops.

It might not entirely have been so, if the lessons of history could be constantly kept fresh in mind. It is little more than fifty years since a portion of these troops gave way to an impulse as unexpected and about as difficult to account for, and with precisely the same astounding results. It was on the 10th of July 1806, to pursue the narrative of a well-known writer, that 'the European barracks at Vellore [in the Carnatic, Madras Presidency], containing then four complete companies of the 69th regiment, were surrounded by two battalions of sepoys in the Company's service, who poured in a heavy fire of musketry at every door and window upon the soldiers: at the same time, the European sentries, the soldiers at the main-guard, and the sick in the hospital, were put to death; the officers' houses were ransacked, and everybody found in them murdered. Upon the arrival of the 19th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Gillespie, the sepoys were immediately attacked; 600 cut down upon the spot, and 200 taken from their hiding-places and shot. There perished of the four European companies about 164, besides officers; and many British officers of the native troops were murdered by the insurgents. Subsequent to this explosion, there was a mutiny at Nundy-droog; and in one day 450 Mohammedan sepoys were disarmed and turned out of the fort, on the ground of an intended massacre. . . . So late as March 1807, so universal was the dread of a general revolt among the native troops, that the British officers attached to the native troops constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows.'*

When we ask what occasioned this remarkable outbreak, we learn that an attempt had been made by the military men at Madras to change the shape of the sepoy turban into something resembling the helmet of the light infantry of Europe, and to prevent the native troops from wearing, on their foreheads, the marks characteristic of their various castes. From these trivial circumstances, in connection with the appearances of activity on the part of the missionaries, it had been found possible, by the sons of a dethroned Mohammedan prince, to inspire the sepoys with a belief that the British government meant to convert them forcibly to Christianity. Such was the view taken of the affair by the governor of Madras, as expressed in his subsequent proclamation; and the parity of the case with that now so painfully arresting our attention, is striking. The change of cap corresponds with the greased cartridges. The suspected working of Tippoo's sons finds a parallel in that of Nena Sahib and probably the king of Delhi. In both cases, the private efforts for the Christianising of the Hindoos are interpreted into the forecast of a design of forcible conversion. The results also are the same. We find in 1806, as in 1857, that a large body of native troops, usually docile and friendly, becomes suddenly excited into a murderous fury, in which all their habitual feelings are cast aside and forgotten.

If we look a little further into the past, we shall find only too many other facts helping to explain the Indian revolt. We shall there see that when an alarm to the keener feelings of any semi-civilised people is once allowed to have way, it spreads like an epidemic; absorbs all other feelings, and transforms them into monsters of cruelty. Whether it be a dread of invasion and interference, as in the case of the French Revolution, or a belief that the doctors are poisoning the wells, as in that of the cholera of 1833 at St Petersburg, or an apprehension that the popular creed is to be put in danger, as in this instance, the phenomena are precisely similar, being only of course liable to be modified by the degree of civilisation attained, and other collateral circumstances. Such affairs really present themselves to us with all the features of an *infectious disease*, and they can justly be considered in no other light. The committers of the outrages are the same men as they wont to be in a certain sense. To all intents and purposes they are changed men, being for the time maniacs. After the dread of the Duke of Brunswick's army was past, the Parisians who had butchered the aristocrats in prison and strung them upon lamp-ropes in the streets, were no more bloodthirsty than other people of their grade and education. So we verily believe will it be found regarding these wretched sepoys after their paroxysm is over. It will be very natural to give them such mercy as they gave; but we believe that to act in that way is much less demanded by any view of its necessity for the future safety of the Indian empire, than men in the excitement of the time will be willing to allow. Most probably, once recovered from the fit, the sepoys will generally become as sensible of their error, and as much disposed to condemn themselves, as we are.

What is *rationally* required of the superior people in this case is to study the nature of the feelings which have been wrought upon, and take measures for, if possible, preventing any groundless panic being spread in future. If it be impossible either to extinguish the

* Sydney Smith. *Edin. Review*, No. 23.

sensitiveness, or avoid exciting it, then the only course that remains is, that we be constantly on our guard with a sufficient proportion of European forces to suppress outbreak when it takes place.

A STEERAGE PASSENGER'S VIEW OF SYDNEY.

JOHN ASKEW, a steerage passenger, has favoured the world with a description, drawn from personal observation, of Australia and New Zealand; and, upon the whole, the world is much obliged to him.* The world consists, in great part, of steerage passengers, who are not much taken with the books of scientific voyagers, geographers, ethnologists, political economists; and as for the books of unlearned cabin passengers, the only distinction they present is, that the personages they describe belong exclusively to the cabin, and are therefore removed, by a certain number of feet of the main-deck, from the sympathies of the steerage. John Askew is much interested in a fat man and his wife who were *always* asleep on the deck under the lee of the long-boat; and in Mother Gibson, who never ceased calling to her darling boy, 'George, you little rascal, God bless your little soul!' Now, a cabin passenger would tell us of Colonel Smith and his penchant for cigars and claret; and of the Hon. Mr Brown and his wonderful aptness at a pun, and politeness to the ladies. There is not much difference. Still, we own to a leaning towards the steerage. John Askew, in spite of his name, looks straight forward, and tells us what he sees; he is not fettered by rules of art, and cares not a straw about the harmony of his colours, provided they are the colours actually before him. A writer like this we rely upon. He is worth fifty of your more amusing, imaginative tourists—such as the musical *artiste*, who some years ago, by his misrepresentations of Sydney in these pages, placed us in so false a position towards the inhabitants. By the way, this is a fortunate thought; it suggests to us the propriety of taking the present opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to that injured city by giving John Askew's steerage view of it, to be placed in juxta-position with the caricature of Mishka Hauser, who was doubtless a cabin passenger.

And the opportunity is a good one, for the description gives a picture to the mind's eye, which is not always to be said of more ambitious pen-and-ink sketches. Skirting along the entrance to Botany Bay, and soon after diving from the main ocean into the inlet between the North and South Heads, which are about a mile apart, our voyager might have fancied himself in a new world, peopled by the phantoms of memory, stalking along the spicey shore,

> Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow—

some tender cracksman or pensive pickpocket—

> Doomed the far isles of Sydney Cove to see,
> The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!

From this inlet, called the North Harbour, a comparatively narrow channel leads into the main harbour, which is a perfect paradise of beauty. Then are seen white cottages and gardens, then suburban villas in the midst of orange-groves and hanging vines, and then—at a distance of seven miles from the sea—the 'City of a hundred *Coves*'—no vulgar allusions, sir!—her buildings rising amphitheatrely, and, towering above them all, the lofty spire of St James's, which, as Mr Askew remarks, 'makes a beautiful finish heavenward.'

Gliding along these enchanted waters, were pleasure-boats full of elegantly dressed people—the cabin passengers of holiday; playing on the green sward, and appearing and vanishing among the rocks were 'healthy-looking children' (meaning sweet cherubs); and every now and then, on rounding some swelling point, a group of young ladies, attended by their servants, would present themselves, fishing in gay skiffs near the water-gates of their houses.

Sydney, according to our steerage passenger, is one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. It has a natural drainage of the most perfect kind. Some of its streets are cut out of the sandstone rock on which it is founded; and some of the houses are reached by flights of steps constructed in the same manner. The shops, more especially in Pitt Street, are splendid establishments. Another street is three miles long, another two; and another, the third in point of length, is further distinguished by its troops of dogs—'the miserable turnspit, the ferocious mastiff, bull, kangaroo, and Newfoundland, besides a mongrel breed that roam at large owned by no one. Happily for the inhabitants, hydrophobia is unknown in Australia, or the consequences might be serious before so great an army of the carnivora could be annihilated.' Goats, likewise, are very numerous and very advantageous favourites; for they give their owners milk, and find themselves. Sydney has of course its West End, with buildings four stories in height and in the Italian style. 'The best time to see this neighbourhood in all its glory, is on a summer's evening, about an hour after sunset, when the drawing-rooms are in a blaze of light. Then the rich tones of the piano, or some other musical instrument, are heard gushing forth from the open windows, accompanied by the sweet melody of female voices, plaintive, or lively, blending in the general harmony. Beautiful ladies, dressed in white, may be seen sitting upon the verandahs, or lounging on magnificent couches, partially concealed by the folds of rich crimson curtains, in drawing-rooms which display all the luxurious comforts and magnificence of the east, intermingled with the elegant utilities of the west. Scenes like these greet the spectator at every step; and they are "ever changing, ever new." Fairy-like forms flit before the light, affording now and then a moment's pleasure by a glimpse of their lovely features ere they disappear. And the lightly sounding footfall and the merry laughter of happy children, add still more to the pleasing variety of sounds which float upon the evening breeze.'

Within this city there is a working-man's city, not its least interesting portion. It is about a mile long, by half a mile in breadth, and the ground was sold in small sections for the houses of operatives. These dwellings are built of brick, and are two stories high; 'and their occupiers vie with each other in keeping them clean and in good order.' Some working-men possess three or four of these houses besides their own; and the whole property represents savings made by the operative classes.

The theatre, desecrated by our wicked fiddler, is in reality very handsomely fitted up; and the performance on the stage would, in John Askew's opinion, do no discredit to the boards of the best of our metropolitan houses. There are likewise two circuses, a menagerie, two museums, &c. But the most numerous and most questionable places of public amusement are the free concerts at all the second-rate inns. The free luncheons at these places are a less intelligible kind of liberality. 'A little before eleven A.M., there is a table laid out in one of the principal public rooms, with joints of cold meat, radishes, pickles, cheese, and bread and butter, and it remains there till nearly one P.M. Any person entering the house during this time—if he only want a single glass of ale—is entitled to sit down and partake of anything upon the table, free of charge.' The botanic gardens stand in excellent contrast with such establishments; and they have two

* *A Voyage to Australia and New Zealand.* By a Steerage Passenger, John Askew. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1857.

peculiarities worth noticing—they are resorted to in the glaring and sultry days of summer by the sedentary needlewomen, who work under the grateful shadow of the Norfolk Island pines; and the lectures on botany are attended chiefly by young women. But the young women of Sydney read novels as well as study botany, as we find incidentally by one of those nice little bits of description in which our steerage passenger excels: 'The lower garden descends with a gentle slope to the top of a beautiful bay which forms that part of the harbour between Dawe's Battery and Lady Macquarrie's Chair. The head of this bay is formed into a semicircle by a low breastwork of masonry, the top of which is on a level with the garden, and is covered by a continuation of greensward. A few feet in the rear of this wall is a broad gravel-walk, the length of the semicircle, which winds delightfully past little hills and knolls beautified with trees, or under the shade of projecting rocks where seats are placed for the visitors. One of these seats is called Lady Macquarrie's Chair. It is overshadowed by a fig-tree, and is much resorted to by the novel-reading section of the community. At full tide, the waters of the bay are level with the lower part of the garden, and sometimes they ripple a few feet over the greensward. This charming spot is much frequented by all classes on the Sunday afternoons, and the view from the bay, which takes in the whole of the gardens, is most picturesque.'

Our readers will now have seen that, so far as one can judge from externals, there is a good deal of refinement and elegance about Sydney; but there is one dark spot in its character—the attachment of the masses to excessive drinking—which is not the less lamentable that it identifies the offshoot with the parent community. The consequences, our voyager tells us, 'of this inordinate drinking, are heart-disease, delirium tremens, and madness, to an appalling extent.' But strange to say, the vice does not seem as yet to be attended with the economical evils which in the old country follow like its shadow. 'With all this drinking, there is very little distress or poverty. I did not see a single instance of that lamentable pauperism commonly met with at home, when a family of children have been deprived of either of their parents. There are no poor-rates or union workhouses. If a person having a family, be sick, his wife can earn as much by washing or sewing, as will supply all the domestic wants till he is better. Should husband and wife both be ill at one time, their case is soon known, and their wants are supplied by voluntary contributions. And if a person died, leaving no effects behind him, he would be buried by public subscription.' This shews that the new community is in that happy state when as yet population does not 'press upon the means of subsistence.' It is to be hoped that before the day of doom arrives, the refinement of the other classes may have spread downwards, and so disarmed it of one-half its terrors.

PROPOSAL FOR A TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.

Professor Piazzi Smyth has included in the *Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh*, recently printed, a proposal of a novel kind. He considers that, without taking account of clouds or other impediments, the smaller undulations of the atmosphere alone, even when all is clear and tranquil to the naked eye, are sufficient of themselves almost to neutralise the utility of the reflecting telescope, and that the obstruction is still greater in a large than in a small apparatus. Newton recommended that to avoid these undulations, the telescope should be raised above the grosser parts of the atmosphere, by being placed on a high mountain; but so far from this being attended to, we find observatories, as if by some fatality, situated in the depths of valleys, and frequently buried in the smoke of towns. What the Scottish Astronomer Royal proposes is, not to remove the Observatory from Edinburgh permanently, or at all; but merely to establish a temporary observing station for the summer months, in some lofty locality. During these summer months, he enjoys a vacation from his duties at the university; and they are precisely the season when, in Scotland, clouds and prolonged twilight render observations, especially with the equatorial, almost useless. With this instrument alone, on a high southern mountain, 'he would, in fact, be able to make more observations, and each of them of surpassing excellence, than in a whole year in Edinburgh.' The mountain he proposes is the Peak of Teneriffe, which he has already visited, 12,200 feet high, and only a week's voyage from England due south. 'A sufficiently large plateau exists at the height of 11,000 feet, and is stated to be clear of cloud during the summer; while, if one observation of Humboldt's can be depended on, the air is then more transparent than at the same height on either the Alps or the Andes.'

IN LOVING THEE.

As shadows fall from linden trees,
Old Madge, with eye of gray,
Through a quaint and gabled mansion,
Now slowly leads the way:
And she murmurs to the lady,
Whose bright hair floweth free,
As soft she opes the dim oak-door:
'He died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord hath followed close
Where, redd'ning out the gloom
The sunset fills, with faces pale,
A strange old-pictured room.
'Now, Edith fair, thy wish is thine,
Thy wish once more to see
The dreaming artist-lad's wild home,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's face grows very pale,
Her blue eyes fill with tears—
She thinks of one now gone before,
The one of olden years:
The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Steals round the heart that echoes sad,
'Who died in loving thee.'

On easel rests the canvas still,
The dress of velvet there,
Down where the lad hath often kept
His vigil of despair.
All seems the same, save that the dust
Lies o'er the tracing free—
'Dust!' whispers Madge, 'like his great heart,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord from canvas tears
Its tattered eaten screen,
And soft stands out an angel face,
Caught from some angel-dream.
Around the head a golden light
Is playing full and free—
'*Thy* face, by *him!*' my lord hath cried,
'Who died in loving thee.'

'O God, my heart!' Old Madge hath caught,
With still and bated breath,
My lady's form—the shade that comes,
She knows is that of death.
'The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Hath broke her heart,' sighs pale old Madge;
'She died in loving thee.'

SHADOW.

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THE LOST ENVOY.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th of November 1809, two travellers, accompanied by a servant, arrived at the post-house of Perleberg, in Upper Saxony, *en route* from Berlin to Hamburg, and immediately ordered horses. They travelled with Prussian passports, but under fictitious names. Of the elder of the two, little, unfortunately, is known; but that little is so full of sinister significance, that I am persuaded I am doing him no injustice in branding him as an agent of the French police. He will be known to us throughout this paper as the merchant Krüger. His companion was an Englishman of the name of Bathurst, a son of the then Bishop of Norwich, returning from a secret diplomatic mission to the court of Vienna. Mr Bathurst seemed to be labouring under some terrible apprehensions. Throughout the journey, all his actions had been marked by an air of indecision, which to the several post-masters seemed unaccountable. At Perleberg, the horses which he had ordered on his arrival, were countermanded before they could be harnessed. Not feeling himself safe, as he said, in the post-house, he went, about five o'clock in the afternoon, to Captain Klitzing, the Prussian governor of the town, and begged for a safeguard, which at seven in the evening he dismissed. During some hours, he was engaged at his desk in a small room of the house, and was seen to burn a number of papers which he took from his portfolio. On another occasion, he was observed in the kitchen standing before the fire, playing with his watch, and counting his money in the presence of a crowd of postilions, hostlers, and tapsters. At length, about nine o'clock in the evening, the horses were again ordered to be in readiness; but when the post-master went to announce the packing of the carriage, Mr Bathurst had disappeared. From that hour to this, his fate has remained shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

In England, in the meantime, his return had been anxiously expected by the cabinet and his relations. 'We knew,' says his sister, 'the dangers to which he was exposed on his journey, surrounded as he was by enemies on all sides; while the impossibility of any intelligence being received of him by letter rendered us doubly anxious and uncertain. Day after day passed, and no tidings of him arrived. It was concluded that he had taken a circuitous route, and travelled incognito to avoid falling into the hands of the French. Weeks, however, elapsed, and we still heard nothing of the missing one. The agonising suspense of his wife and relations it would be difficult to describe. I perfectly well remember that every knock at the street-door caused the liveliest emotions arising from the hope that it might be our much-loved brother. At length, one evening in December, my father received an express from Lord Wellesley, requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley House, his lordship having something of importance to communicate. On my father's return, we were all alarmed at his pale and dejected aspect. He informed us that government had received intelligence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my brother at Perleberg, a small town on the route from Vienna, where he had stopped for rest and refreshment.'*

A reward of L.1000 was immediately offered by the British government, and another of equal amount by the relatives of the missing envoy, for any authentic information as to his fate; and his wife prepared in person to set out in search of him, as soon as the Baltic ports should be free from ice. In the spring of 1810, accordingly, she proceeded to Stockholm, whence, under the protection of Swedish passports, she entered Prussia through Pomerania, and reached Berlin in safety. At Berlin she found, to her astonishment, a safe-conduct awaiting her from the emperor Napoleon, and, armed with it, she at once proceeded to Perleberg. I entreat the reader to bear this circumstance in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it in the sequel.

At Perleberg, Mrs Bathurst's inquiries were met by statements so conflicting as to impede rather than to facilitate her search. Whether her husband was dead or was still alive; whether, if dead, he had fallen by his own hand, or had perished beneath the knife of some ruffian marauder or political assassin; and whether, if alive, he had been the victim of violent abduction, or had voluntarily absconded, were questions which she found herself unable to solve, and which no astuteness has yet been found equal to free from obscurity and confusion. It appeared that, immediately on Mr Bathurst's disappearance, his servant had waited on the governor, and apprised him of the circumstance. Klitzing, who was preparing for a ball which was to be held that evening in the Crown Hotel, immediately sent for the civic authorities, and desired them to make all possible inquiries into the case. No lack of zeal can be charged against these gentlemen. They at once arrested Krüger and the servant, and placed them under the guard of a troop of cuirassiers. They took possession of all Mr Bathurst's property, with the exception of a rich fur-cloak which was missing. They sent scouts into the town and into the neighbouring country; but

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr H. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich.* By his Daughter. London. 1853.

when on Sunday morning they waited on the governor, it was found that all their researches had been in vain. Not a trace of the missing man had been discovered.

And now it was that the first suspicious circumstance connected with the conduct of Klitzing occurred. After charging the magistrates to prosecute their inquiries with the utmost ardour, and especially to do their best to probe the mystery of the missing cloak, he announced his intention of going into the country for a few hours. But his return was deferred till Monday evening, when he explained his lengthened absence by saying that he had been at Berlin for the purpose of obtaining instructions. In the interim, the magistrates had been indefatigable. It was necessary to obtain a clue to the identification of the abstracted cloak, which none of them had seen, and for this purpose Mr Bathurst's servant was sent for. His deposition was taken down in writing, and, on the governor's return, was laid before him. Klitzing's character had always stood high; but his behaviour on this occasion looks suspiciously like an attempt to stifle all inquiries that might lead to unpleasant disclosures affecting his government or its task-masters, the French police. He threw the servant's deposition into the fire; he stormed at the magistrates, accused them of arbitrary practices and of investing the case with an undue importance, and threatened to report their conduct to the authorities in Berlin. A feud, which lasted for many weeks, and effectually prevented a proper sifting of the whole affair, was the consequence of this impeachment. Krüger and the servant of the lost envoy succeeded in evading their guards; and the first intimation which the Perleberg authorities received of the former's whereabout was when, nearly three weeks after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, the burgomaster saw in a Berlin paper a notification that an unknown person, calling himself the merchant Krüger, had arrived in that city from Perleberg. Immediate inquiries were made respecting him, of the police of the capital; an exhibition of official zeal for which the police minister expressed his thanks, at the same time courteously assuring his correspondents that it was unnecessary for them to trouble themselves further in the matter, that 'all was right,' and that the pretended merchant Krüger was the companion of the missing envoy. Of the unfortunate man's servant, no trace could be discovered; but it transpired that Mr Bathurst had been warned by a friend in Berlin to beware of his attendant, and that his suspicions of treachery had been strengthened by finding in the man's possession a bill for L.500, of which he could give no good account.

The Perleberg authorities were now completely at fault. Every document which might have served to aid their councils was studiously withheld from them by the governor. Suddenly, however, it was announced that a certain hostler of the name of Schmidt, who had been in the kitchen of the post-house when Mr Bathurst so imprudently exhibited his purse and watch, had absconded, and that the missing cloak had been found in the possession of his family. Schmidt himself was never afterwards heard of; but his wife and son, both of whom were persons of notoriously bad character, were brought before the magistrates, and, after a rigid examination, which elicited nothing, beyond a bare suspicion, to implicate either of them in the murder or abduction of the unfortunate traveller, were each sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment for concealment of the stolen property.

But the doom of the vanished man remained as mysterious as ever. A reward of ten thalers had, at the instigation of Klitzing, been offered to any one who should bring him to the magistracy either dead or alive. The river Steppenitz was drained of its waters during two days, while search was made along its bed; every barn, hedge, ditch, and wood, for miles around the town, was ransacked for many days with hounds, sticks, nets, and other instruments, but without success. The town itself, and the gardens which surround it, were similarly rummaged. The disreputable resorts frequented by the younger Schmidt, every cellar and loft attached to the taverns wherein it could be ascertained he had been drinking or dancing, the post-house, and the cellar of the town-hall, which was used as a taproom, were especially scrutinised; but all research was fruitless. The magistrates were in despair, and had reluctantly resolved to abandon the search, when, precisely six weeks after the envoy's disappearance, his pantaloons were found, perforated by two shot-holes, on the border of a fir-wood near the town.

They were discovered by a woman of the name of Weide, who, in company with the wife of a shoemaker, had gone to the forest for the ostensible purpose of gathering brushwood. They were found stretched at length upon the ground, and turned inside out; but, although saturated with the rain which had fallen in torrents during many weeks, a few lines, in the handwriting of the missing man, which were discovered, scribbled on a scrap of paper, in one of the pockets, were still easily decipherable. But, as the pantaloons could not have been exposed to such a deluge for many hours, without the waters obliterating the writing, and reducing the paper itself to pulp, the conclusion is a fair one that they had been thus ostentatiously laid out for the purpose of strengthening the impression that their wearer had been murdered and stripped by the hostler Schmidt. The note in the missing man's handwriting was addressed to his wife, and was safely conveyed to her. It had evidently been written in great haste, and in terrible perturbation. It set forth the dangers to which the writer was exposed from his enemies; expressed great fears that he should never reach England, and inveighed bitterly against the Russians and the Count d'Entraigues;* by whom, he said, his ruin had been brought about. Weide and the shoemaker's wife, on their discovery being communicated to the magistrates, underwent a rigorous examination; the fir-wood was once more thoroughly searched, and the surrounding country scoured for miles; but no further trace of the missing man could be discovered. The women were liberated and rewarded; the peasants were presented with ten quarts of brandy and a cask of beer; and Captain Klitzing and the magistrates of Perleberg sat down to report to their superiors in Berlin at once their discovery and their despair.

Such was the intelligence which awaited the arrival of Mrs Bathurst at Perleberg, and which she communicated to her friends in England. The impression which it left upon her own mind, and the universal impression of the public mind at home, was, that her husband had been forcibly abducted by the agents of the French government, who then swarmed in every city and town of the continent; and that Klitzing, Krüger, and the servant of the luckless envoy, had been accessories to the deed. That Napoleon was not troubled with any over-scrupulosity in such matters, when state purposes could be subserved by the seizure of important papers, is well known; but, in justice to Klitzing, it can only be supposed that he consented to take part in the dark transaction under the debasing influence of the terror inspired and universally felt throughout Prussia by the French occupation. Two incidents, to one of which I have already referred, deepened the impression created by the Perleberg revelations into something approaching to conviction. When on the eve of starting for the continent, Mrs

* A French spy, then resident in London. A few months after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, D'Entraigues was assassinated by his Italian servant, at the instigation, as was supposed, of the French government, some of whose secrets the count had betrayed, or imprudently permitted to escape him.

Bathurst had written to the French emperor for passports to guarantee her unmolested freedom in prosecuting her travels and inquiries. Fearing his refusal, she had set out, as we have seen, by way of Sweden, her change of purpose being kept a profound secret from all save her immediate relations and the British cabinet. Napoleon, however, had received—probably from D'Entraigues—such accurate intelligence of her intended movements, that, as I have already stated, she found, on her arrival in Berlin, passports, under his own hand, awaiting her at the French ambassador's. The other incident indicates still more clearly the agency employed in perpetrating the crime, and the end to which the victim came. While the search after Mr Bathurst was still hot, the governor of Magdeburg, distant about fifty miles from Perleberg, assured a lady one night in the ball-room that the English ambassador was confined in the neighbouring fortress. Hearing of the fact during her continental explorations, the agonised wife repaired to Magdeburg, waited upon the governor, and implored him to tell her the truth. He at once admitted having made the statement referred to, but assured Mrs Bathurst that he had made it by mistake, and that the prisoner in question was one Louis Fritz, a spy of Mr Canning's. Mrs Bathurst begged earnestly to see the man: but Fritz, she was told, had been sent some time before into Spain. On inquiring at the Foreign Office after her return to England, Mrs Bathurst found that no such person as Fritz had ever been employed by the British government. The probability is, therefore, great that Mr Bathurst perished, a victim to the odious policy of Napoleon, in the fortress of Magdeburg.

It cannot be denied, however, that this hypothesis does not wholly harmonise with circumstances which, whether true or false, were at least at the time very generally reported. It is certain that in one of his last letters to his wife, Mr Bathurst had expressed his intention of returning by Colberg and Stockholm; and a story is still told by the peasantry of Schwerin, how, at a late hour on that fatal night, a stranger called at the house of a consul in the neighbourhood of Wismar on the coast of Mecklenburg, and requested an interview with him. The man, however, being absent, the servant asked what name she should mention. The answer, given in German with a foreign accent, was: 'Never mind that;' but she was desired to say that an English gentleman wished to see her master at the post-house at an early hour on the following morning. When the consul called as directed, however, he found that his midnight visitor had departed, leaving no message. In the course of the day, the wrecks of two boats which had foundered at sea, were washed ashore; and in one of these, it is supposed, the stranger had embarked. But if this stranger were indeed Mr Bathurst, how are we to account for the subsequent discovery of his trousers in the neighbourhood of Perleberg?

The only other hypothesis which seems to demand examination, is that which ascribes to the hostler Schmidt and his son Auguste the murder of the missing man. That the younger Schmidt had been much in contact with Mr Bathurst throughout the afternoon of the 25th of November, is beyond a doubt; and, if we could rely upon its authenticity, a story told by a lady, now the wife of a physician at Perleberg, but who was, at the time of Mr Bathurst's disappearance, connected with the household in which Captain Klitzing lodged, would go far to fix the crime upon the fugitive hostler and his profligate son. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the disappearance, a stranger, whom the girl understood afterwards to be Mr Bathurst, called at the house, and requested to see the governor. The reader is already aware that this was for the purpose of soliciting a safeguard at the post-house. Mr Bathurst was evidently labouring under great mental agitation, and, whether from cold or fear, shivered from head to foot. At the request of Klitzing, the girl made the visitor some tea, which revived him greatly. While drinking it, he spoke wildly of the dangers which had threatened him along the whole route from Vienna, and said that he must be quickly off if he would reach the coast in safety. After pressing upon the girl some money, which, however, she refused, the stranger took his leave; but upon going to the window to look after him, she was surprised to see him walking rapidly in a direction quite opposite to that which led to the post-house. Shortly afterwards, the younger Schmidt called in quest of him, and on being informed of the route he had taken, followed fast upon his footsteps. In a few hours afterwards, the town was in a commotion at the stranger's disappearance. Such was the story told by the Perleberg physician's wife to the sister of Mrs Bathurst in 1852; but 'she spoke,' as that lady remarked, 'in so hurried and excited a manner, that it appeared like a tale told by rote, and made up according to directions at the time.' It is further to be observed that, if the lady meant to imply that Mr Bathurst was overtaken at this time, and immediately hustled away by Schmidt, the story is inconsistent with the fact of the former having at nine o'clock in the evening ordered his carriage to be in readiness, and his bill at the post-house to be made out.

The fact, moreover, is, that Auguste Schmidt was, about six months after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, actually arrested at the instance of his family, and tried for the murder; but the case completely broke down. Another attempt to bring the crime home to him was made through the instrumentality of an abandoned woman of the name of Hacker, whose house was much frequented by Schmidt, and lay in the direction said to have been pursued by the missing man after leaving Klitzing. Hacker stated that at the time of the occurrence, a party of French soldiers was billeted upon her, and that they, in conjunction with Schmidt, who had lured Mr Bathurst to the house, committed the murder. The body, she added, had been carried to a distant part of the coast, and buried in the sand, upon which all traces of disturbance must have been speedily obliterated. But the woman afterwards confessed that the story had been a pure fabrication, and that she was utterly ignorant of the fate which had befallen the Lost Envoy.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

The world. It is a word capable of as diverse interpretations or misinterpretations as the thing itself—a thing by various people supposed to belong to heaven, man, or the devil, or alternately to all three. But this is not the place to argue the pros and cons of that doctrinal theology which views as totally evil the same world which its Creator pronounced to be 'very good,' the same world in and for which its Redeemer lived as well as died; nor, taking it at its present worst, a sinful, miserable, mysterious, yet neither wholly comfortless, hopeless, nor godless world, shall I refer further to that strange manichæanism which believes that anything earth possesses of good can have sprung from any other source than the All-good, that any happiness in it could exist for a moment, unless derived from Infinite Perfection.

A 'woman of the world'—'Quite a woman of the world'—'A mere woman of the world'—with how many modifications of tone and emphasis do we hear the phrase; which seems inherently to imply a contradiction. Nature herself has apparently decided for women, physically as well as mentally, that their

natural destiny should be *not* of the world. In the earliest ages of Judaism and Islamism, nobody ever seems to have ventured a doubt of this—it was Christianity alone that raised the woman to her rightful and original place, as man's sole help-meet, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, his equal in all points of vital moment, yet made suited to him by a harmonious something which is less inferiority than difference. And this difference will for ever exist. Volumes written on female progress; speeches, interminable, delivered from the public rostrum in female treble, which from that very publicity and bravado, would convert the most obvious 'rights' into something very like a wrong; biographies numberless of great women—ay, and good—who, stepping out of their natural sphere, have done service in courts, camps, or diplomatic bureaus: all these exceptional cases will never set aside the universal law, that woman's proper place is home. Not merely

To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer—

Shakspeare, who knew us well, would never have made any but an *Iago* say so—but to go hand-in-hand with man on their distinct yet parallel roads, to be within doors what he has to be in the world without—sole influence and authority in the limited monarchy of home.

Thus, to be a 'woman of the world,' though not essentially a criminal accusation, implies a state of being not natural, and therefore not happy. Without any sentimental heroics against the hollowness of such an existence, and putting aside the religious view of it altogether, I believe most people will admit that no woman living entirely in and for the world, ever was, ever could be, a happy woman; that is, according to the definition of happiness which supposes it to consist in having our highest faculties most highly developed, and in use to their fullest extent. Any other sort of happiness, either dependent on externally favourable circumstances, or resting on safe negations of ill, we must be considered to possess in common with the oyster; indeed, that easy-tempered and steadfast mollusk, if not 'in love,' probably has it in much greater perfection than we.

Starting with the proposition that a woman of the world is not a happy woman; that if she had been, most likely she never would have become what she is—I do not think it necessary to nail her up, poor painted jay, as a 'shocking example' over society's barn-door, around which strut and crow a great many fowls quite as mean and not half so attractive. For she is very charming in her way—that is, the principal and best type of her class; she wears *à merveille* that beautiful mask said to be 'the homage paid by vice to virtue.' And since the successful imitation of an article argues a certain acquaintance with the original, she may once upon a time have actually believed in many of those things which she now so cleverly impersonates—virtue, heroism, truth, love, friendship, honour, and fidelity. She is like certain stamped-out bronze ornaments, an admirable imitation of real womanhood—till you walk round her to the other side.

The woman of the world is rarely a very young woman. It stands to reason, she could not be. To young people, the world is always a paradise—a fool's paradise devoutly believed in: it is not till they have found out its shams that they are able to assume them. By that time, however, they have ceased to be fools: it takes a certain amount of undoubted cleverness to make any success, or take any rule in the world.

By the world, I do not mean the aristocratic Vanity-fair—let those preach of it who move up and down or keep stalls therein—I mean the world of the middle classes—the society into which drift the homeless, thoughtless, ambitious, pleasure-loving; those who have no purpose in life except to get through it somehow, and those who never had any interest in it except their own beloved selves.

A woman of the sort I write of may in one sense be placed at the lowest deep of womanhood, because her centre of existence is undoubtedly herself. You may trace this before you have been introduced to her five minutes: in the sweet manner which so well simulates a universal benevolence, being exactly the same to everybody—namely, everybody worth knowing; in the air of interest with which she asks a dozen polite or kindly questions, of which she never waits for the answer; in the instinctive consciousness you have that all the while she is talking agreeably to you, or flatteringly listening to your talented conversation, her attention is on the *qui vive* after everybody and everything throughout the room—that is, everything that concerns herself. As for yourself, from the moment you have passed out of her sight, or ceased to minister to her amusement or convenience, you may be quite certain you will have as completely slipped out of her memory, as if you had vanished into another sphere. Her sphere cannot contain you; for though it seems so large, it has no real existence; it is merely a reflection of so much of the outer earth as can be taken into one small drop of not over-clear water, which constitutes this woman's soul.

Yet waste not your wrath upon her—she is as much to be pitied as blamed. Do not grow savage at hearing her, in that softly pitched voice of hers, talk sentiment by the yard, while you know she snubs horribly in private every unlucky relative she has; whose only hours of quiet are when they joyfully deck her and send her out to adorn society. Do not laugh when she criticises pictures, and goes into raptures over books which you are morally certain she has never either seen or read; or if she had, from the very character of her mind, could no more understand, than your cat could appreciate Shakspeare. Contemn her not, for her state might not have been always thus; you know not the causes which produced it; and—stay till you see her end.

There is a class of worldly women which, to my mind, is much worse than this; because their shams are less cleverly sustained, and their ideal of good (for every human being *must* have one—the conqueror his crown, and the sot his gin-bottle) is far lower and more contemptible. The brilliant woman of society has usually her pet philanthropies, her literary, learned, or political penchants, in which the good she thirsts after, though unreal, is the imitation of a vital reality; and in spite of itself, is often useful to others. But this pseudo-woman of the world has no ideal beyond fine dresses, houses, carriages, acquaintances, and even these she does not value for their own sakes; only because they are superior to her neighbour's.

You will find her chiefly among the half-educated *nouveaux riches* of the professional classes, vainly striving to attain to their level—the highest point visible on her horizon. And this is no happy altitude of learning, or intelligence, or refinement; but merely a certain 'position'—a place at a dinner-party, or a house in a square.

While the first kind of woman always has a degree of sway in society, this one is society's most prostrate slave. She dare not furnish her house, choose her servants, eat her food, pay her visits, or even put the gown on her back, and the bonnet on her head, save by rule and precedent. She will worry herself and you about the veriest trifles of *convenance*—such as whether it is most genteel to leave one card with the corner turned down, or to expend a separate card upon each member of the family. To find herself at a full-dress soirée in demi-toilette would make this poor lady miserable for a month; and if by any chance you omitted paying her the proper visit of inquiry after an entertainment, she would consider you meant a

personal insult, and, if she dared—only she seldom ventures on any decisive proceedings—would cut your acquaintance immediately.

The celebrated Mrs Grundy keeps her in a state of mortal servitude. Even in London, which to a lady of medium age, established character, and decent behaviour, is the most independent place in the world; where, as I once heard said: 'My dear, be assured you are not of the least importance to anybody—may go anywhere, dress anyhow, and, in short, do anything you like except stand on your head'—even here she is for ever pursued by a host of vague adjectives, 'proper,' 'correct,' 'genteel,' which hunt her to death like a pack of rabid hounds.

True, the world, like its master, is by no means so black as it is sometimes painted: it often has a foundation of good sense and right feeling under its most ridiculous and wearisome forms; but this woman sees only the forms, among which she blunders like one of those quack-artists who pretend to draw the human figure without the smallest knowledge of anatomy. Utterly ignorant of the framework on which society moves, she is perpetually straining at gnats and swallowing camels, both in manners and morals. To her, laborious politeness stands in the stead of kindliness; show, of hospitality; etiquette, of decorum. *Les bienséances*, which are only valuable as being the index and offering of a gentle, generous, and benevolent heart, are to this unfortunate woman the brazen altar upon which she immolates her own comfort and that of everybody connected with her.

'What will the world say?'—'All very right; but you see we live in the world.' Or, speaking of some one—'A good soul enough, but totally ignorant of the world.' It is worth while pausing a moment to consider what this 'world' is that women seem at once to run after and to be so terribly afraid of.

Not the moral world, which judges their sins—with, alas, how short-sighted and unevenly balanced a judgment, often!—but the perpetually changing world of custom, which regulates their clothes, furniture, houses, manner of living, sayings, doings, and sufferings. Take it to pieces, and what is it? Nothing but a floating atmosphere of common-place people, surrounding certain congeries of people, a little less ordinary, the nucleus of which is generally one person decidedly extra-ordinary, who, by force of will, position, intellect, or character, or by some unquestionable magnitude of virtue or vice, stands out distinctly from the average multitude, and rules it according to his or her individual choice. All the rest are, as I said, a mere atmosphere of nobodies; which atmosphere can be cloven any day—one sees it done continually—by a single flesh-and-blood arm: yet in it the woman of the world allows herself to sit and suffocate; dare not dress comfortably, act and speak straightforwardly, live naturally, or sometimes even honestly. For will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet, than wear her old one a year behind the mode? give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after? take a large house, and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household pigs together anyhow in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner: 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and society; therefore, society, you must just take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or you may shut the door, and—good-bye!'

And society, in the aggregate, is no fool. It is astonishing what an amount of 'eccentricity' it will stand from people who will take the bull by the horns, too fearless or too indifferent to think of consequences. How respectfully it will follow a clever woman who is superior to the weakness of washing her hands or combing her hair properly, whose milliner and dress-maker must evidently have lived about the year one, and who, in her manners and conversation, often breaks through every rule of even the commonest civility. How the same thoroughly respectable set, which would be shocked to let its young daughters take a morning shopping in Regent Street, unprotected by a tall footman, will carry them at night to a soirée given by a Lady Somebody, of rather more than doubtful reputation, till a rich marriage, which in its utter lovelessness and hypocrisy may have been, in the sight of Heaven, the foulest of all her sins, in the sight of man covered every one of them at once.

Yet this 'world' which, when we come to look at it, seems nothing—less than nothing—a chimera that no honest heart need quail at for a moment—is at once the idol and the *bête noire* of a large portion of womenkind during their whole existence. Ay, from the day when baby's first wardrobe must be of the most extravagant description, costing in lace, braiding, and embroidery almost as much as mamma's marriage outfit—which was a deal too fine for her station—when all the while unfortunate baby would be quite as pretty and twice as comfortable in plain muslin and lawn; down to the last day of our subjugation to fashion, when we must needs be carried to our permanent repose under a proper amount of feathers, and followed by a customary number of mourning-coaches—after being coaxed to it—useless luxury! by a satin-lined coffin, stuffed pillow, and ornamental shroud.

In the intermediate stage, marriage, we are worse off still, because the world's iron hand is upon us at a time and under circumstances when we can most keenly feel its grinding weight.

'Do you think,' said a young lady once to me, 'that Henry and I ought to marry upon less than four hundred a year?'

'No, certainly, my dear, because you marry for so many people's benefit besides your own. How, for instance, could your acquaintance bear to see moreen curtains, instead of the blue and silver damask you were talking of? And how could you give those charming little dinner-parties which, you say, are indispensable to one in your position, without three servants, or a boy in buttons as well? Nay, if you went into society at all, of the kind you now keep, a fifth of Henry's annual income would melt away in dresses, bouquets, and white kid-gloves. No, my dear girl, I can by no means advise *you* to marry upon less than four hundred a year.'

My young friend looked up, a little doubtful if I were in jest or earnest; and Mr Henry gave vent to an impatient sigh. I thought—'Poor things!' for they were honestly in love, and there was no earthly reason why they should not marry. How many hundreds more are thus wasting the best years of their life, the best hopes of their youth, love, home, usefulness, energy—and God only knows how much besides—and for what? Evening-parties, dresses, and gloves, a fine house, and blue and silver curtains?

Yet a woman of the world would have said that this couple were quite right; that if they had married and lived afterwards with the honest prudence that alone would have been possible to a young man of Mr Henry's independent character, they must infallibly have gone down in society, have dropped out of their natural circle, to begin life as their parents did, as most middle-class parents have begun life, narrowly and humbly. Though without much fear of positive starvation, they must have given up many luxuries, have had to learn and practise many domestic economies which probably never had come into the head of either lady or gentleman; and yet love might have taught them, as it teaches the most ignorant. They would undoubtedly have had to live, for the next few

years at least, not for society at large, but for their own two selves and their immediate connections.

And very likely Henry would have done it, for a young fellow in love will do mightily heroic things; some, especially hard-worked professional men, being weak enough to believe that a snug fireside, where a cheerful-faced little wife has warmed his slippers and sits pouring out his tea—even if obliged to make sundry intermediate rushes up-stairs to quiet something which obstinately refuses to go to sleep—is preferable to a handsome solitary club-dinner, a wine and cigar party, or a ball, at which he revels till 3 A.M. in the smiles of a tarlatane angel, whom he may ask to waltz ad libitum, but dare not for his life—or his honour, which is dearer—ask any other question, until he has got gray hairs and a thousand a year. Dares not, for the worldly fathers, the still more worldly mothers, nay, the young daughters themselves, who, under their innocent muslins, are slowly hardening into premature women of the world, would stand aghast at the idea of 'love in a cottage.' Such an out-of-date, absurd, preposterous thing! Which it is—for people who bring to the said cottage the expectations and necessities of Hyde Park Gardens or Belgrave Square.

Yet, on the other hand, it is hardly possible to over-calculate the evils accruing to individuals and to society in general from this custom, gradually increasing, of late and ultra-prudent marriages. Parents bring up their daughters in luxurious homes, expecting and exacting that the home to which they transfer them should be of almost equal ease; forgetting how next to impossible it is for such a home to be offered by any young man of the present generation, who has to work his way as his fathers before him. Daughters, accustomed to a life of ease and laziness, are early taught to check every tendency towards 'a romantic attachment'—the insane folly of loving a man for what he is, rather than for what he has got; of being content to fight the worldly battle hand-in-hand with one that is worth clasping, rather than settle down in comfortable sloth, protected and provided for in all external things. Young men—— But words fail to trace the lot of enforced bachelorhood, hardest when its hardship ceases to be consciously felt. An unmarried woman, if a good woman, can always make herself happy; find innumerable duties, interests, amusements; live a pure, cheerful, and useful life. So can some men—but very, very few.

Scarcely any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries—such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, &c.—which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight; knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet Venus out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy two-pair-back where his laundress cheats him, and his landlady abuses him: whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white necktie—to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom—if from his silence she had not gone desperately and sold herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate—a mere woman of the world. And he—what a noble ideal he has got of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! with what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of 'the bridemaids,' the hackneyed quotation about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically at the 'ministering angels' who titter around him, and go home avouching 'What a charming person is Mr So-and-so. I wonder he never gets married.' While Mr So-and-so goes home sardonically minded, to his dull lodgings, his book, and his cigar, or—he best knows where. And in the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided humbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus naturæ*—not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. With a grunt—half-sigh, half-sneer—he dresses and goes to the opera—with a friend's 'bone,' of course, poor fellow!—or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be—what we are painted there!

Good God!—the exclamation is too solemn to be profane—if this state of things be true, and it is true, and I have barely touched the outer surface of its unfathomably horrible truth—what will the next generation come to? What will they be—not our cities and kingdoms, but our men and our women? The possible result, even in a practical, to say nothing of a moral light, is awful to think upon.

Can it not be averted? Can we not—since, while the power of the world is with men, the influence is undoubted with us—can we not bring up our girls more usefully and less showily—less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labour is a higher thing than merely to enjoy, that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, helpfulness, hatred of waste; and these being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called to? We should not then have to witness the terrors that beset dying beds when a family of girls will be left unprovided for; nor the angry shame when some thoughtless young pair commit matrimony, and rush ignorantly into debt, poverty, and disgrace, from which—*facilis descensus Averni*—all the efforts of too late compassionate relatives can never altogether uplift them.

Nevertheless—and I risk this declaration without fear of its causing a general rush to the register-offices, or the publication, at every out-of-the-way church in the three kingdoms, of surreptitious banns between all the under-aged simpletons who choose to fly in the face of Providence by marrying upon

Nothing a week, and that uncertain—very!

—nevertheless, taking life as a whole, that it consists not in what we have, but in our power of enjoying the same; that there are things in it nobler and dearer than ease, plenty, or freedom from care—nay, even than existence itself; it is not Quixotism, but common-sense and Christianity, to protest that love is better than outside show, labour than indolence, virtue than mere respectability. That in this present day—putting aside those cases where duty and justice have claims higher than either love or happiness—there is many an instance of cowardly selfishness, weakness, and falsehood committed by young people of both sexes, under the names of prudence, honourable feeling, or obedience to parents; there is many an act, petted under the name of a virtue, which is a much blacker crime before God, and of far more fatal result to society—to society at large, than the worst of these improvident marriages.

Strange how much people will sacrifice—ay, even women will—to this Moloch of the world! It reminds me of an infantile worship, which a certain friend of mine confessed to have instituted, and officiated as high-priestess of, at the age of three-and-a-half.

She used to resign, collect, and levy from unwilling co-idolators all sorts of childish dainties, together with turnips, apple-parings, &c., and lay them in a remote corner of the farmyard, as an offering to a mysterious invisible being called Dor, who came in the night and feasted thereon—at least the sacrifice was always gone the next morning. A pious relative, finding her out, stopped with great horror the proceedings of this earnest little heathen; but for years after, nothing would have persuaded my deluded young friend that the awful Dor was, in fact, only a chance wind, a hen and her chickens, or a hungry old sow. So, often, it is not till half a lifetime has been expended on this thankless service, that we come to find out—if we ever do find out—that the invisible Daimon who swallows up the best of our good things—time, ease, wealth, money, comfort, peace, and well if no more than these—is, after all, a combination of the merest accidents, or perhaps one individual brute beast.

Yet, there is a fascination, hard to account for, but idle to gainsay, in this miserable Eleusinia, this blind worship of a self-invented god. Who does not know the story of the wise old nanny-goat, which painted to her dear daughter that horrible wild beast, the leopard, giving him every conceivable ugliness, a ghastly wide mouth and fiery eyes; so that when the fair Miss Kid saw a beautiful animal with shiny spotted skin and graceful motions, sporting innocently after his own tail in the forest shadow, how could she ever identify him with the portrait her mother drew? What could she do, but approach, and wonder, and admire, then fall right into his clutches, and have her poor little bones crunched between his dazzling jaws? Would not many a mother do well in laying to heart this old fable?

Yes, the world is doubtless very pleasant in its way. Delicious, almost to deliriousness, is a young girl's first step into the enchanted circle called 'good society;' to feel herself in her best attire and best looks, charming and charmed, for the behoof of the entire company, or, as it usually soon comes to, poor little fool! for the sake of one particular person therein. And for a long time after, though the first magic of the cup is gone, though it intoxicates rather than exhilarates, it is by no means the poison-cup that frigid moralists would make us believe. It has a little of the narcotic; and the young woman begins to take it as such, feeling rather ashamed of herself for so doing; and, like all opiates, it leaves a slight bitterness in the mouth. But what of that?

Now and then, our young lady wonders, during 'slow' evening-parties and prosy morning-calls, whether her whistle is worth quite as much as she has daily to pay for it—whether the agreeable circles in which she moves are not, if they would but avow it, for the chief part of the time that they spend together, a very great bore to themselves and to one another—whether, after all, one handful of the salt of common-sense would not purify society as well as a bushel of idle ceremonies, and one ounce of kind feeling, tact, and thoughtfulness for others, be worth a cart-load of ponderous etiquette. And perhaps she sets to work on this grand, new, and original system of hers, which every young heart thinks it is the very first to discover and practise—

> Like one who tries in little boat
> To tug to him the ship afloat.

Most likely she fails—fails totally, angrily, miserably; only gets herself misjudged and laughed at, and resolves no more to remodel the world—which may be a wise determination; or settles into stolid indifference, and believes that, after all, right and wrong do not much matter; it will all be the same a hundred years hence: so drops slowly into the current, and is drifted with the rest along, along—whither?

Or else, having just penetration enough left to distinguish a truth from its *eidolon*, its *doppelgänger*, which almost always walks alongside of it, and mimics it, in this strange world of ours, she gradually perceives the sense, beauty, and fitness which may be traced under the most exaggerated of forms and customs. She sees also that these

> Nice customs courtesy to great kings,

as saith Henry of England when he kisses his French Katherine; and that any woman is unworthy of the just empery of her sex when she gives up to either fashion or ceremony her common-sense, comfort, or good taste: when, for instance, she condescends to make of herself a silk-draped walking butter-tub, or a female

> Whose head
> Does grow beneath her shoulders:

when she suffers herself to waste hour after hour, day after day, year after year, in the company of frivolous folk, whom she can do no good to, and receive no good from, and whom, she is fully aware, if she dropped out of their smiling circle to-morrow, to die in a ditch, in the hospital close by, or were even to create a temporary sensation by jumping from Waterloo Bridge, would merely remark: 'Dear me, how shocking! Who would thought it?—Well, as I was saying'——

No doubt, this conviction, when it fairly breaks upon her, strikes her poor weakened eyes with a painful glare, which throws into harder outline than is natural the cruel angles of this would-be palace—that for a time seems to her little better than a grim dungeon, from which she only seeks to escape—

> Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.

This is the crisis of her life. She either ends by a tacit, hopeless acquiescence in what she both despises and disbelieves, or herself sinking to their level, accepts them as realities after all. Or else, by a desperate struggle, she creeps from chaos into order, from darkness into clear day, learns slowly and temperately to distinguish things and people in their true colours and natural forms; taking them just as they are, no better and no worse, and trying to make the best of them: to use the world, in short, as its Maker doth—after the example of Him who himself said that the tares and wheat *must* 'grow together, until the harvest.'

Such a one—and I ask those of my sex who read this page, if I have not painted her according to nature? if many a weary dissatisfied heart, beating heavily with pulses it does not understand, will not confess, that in some poor way I have spoken out its already half-recognised thoughts?—such a one will escape that end to which all must come who fix their pleasures alone in this life: the woman of fashion, after the pattern of *Mrs Skewton* and *Lady Kew:* the woman of 'mind,' fluttering her faded plumage in the face of a new generation, which recognises her not, or recognises only to make game of her: or the ordinary woman of the world.

This latter—in her day of decline, who has not encountered her, some time or another? Dependent on the pity of those who remember what she was, or might have been; invited out, because there is a certain agreeableness about her still, and because, 'poor thing, she likes a little society;' yet made irritable by a perpetual need of excitement which drives her to prefer anybody's company to her own. Painfully jealous over every fragment of the affection which she herself has never disinterestedly shewn to anybody, but has spread it, like school bread-and-butter, over so wide a surface, that tastelessness is the natural consequence of its extreme tenuity.

Friendships she has none; she never either desired

or deserved them. In all her long career, she has never been able to take root in any human heart. As for the Heart Divine, the chances are that she has never once sought it, or believed in it. She has believed in a cushioned pew, in a velvet prayer-book with a gilt cross on the back; in certain religious thoughts, words, and deeds, proper for Sundays and holidays, and possibly suitable for that 'convenient season' when she means to 'make her peace with Heaven,' as the judge tells the criminal who is 'turned off' to seek in another existence that hope which man denies. But for all else her soul—contra-distinguished from her intellect, which may be vivid and brilliant still—is a blank, a darkness, a death in life.

And yet the woman of the world will one day have to *die!*

We can but leave her to Infinite Mercy then.

PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.

THERE is a social sect among us, the members of which make a merit of munching vegetables as their sole diet. They think they are thus following the dictates of nature, and that all mankind but themselves, from the beginning of the race, have lived in direct antagonism to her laws, and of course to their own instincts. We might demur a little to this—but let it pass. What we wish to observe is, that even the vegetarians think it proper to cook their food, considering cookery, of course, to come within the laws of nature. The reason is—for they would not allow more to instinct than was necessary—that without cookery they would run a great risk of perishing with the plants of the field they devour. Cookery is demanded for most kinds of food, which otherwise would be so difficult of digestion as to injure the health, and eventually cut short the life. It is true we eat undressed fruit with impunity, and swallow oysters alive: but, generally speaking, we must cook or die.

This consideration elevates cookery to a high place among the arts of civilisation: in fact, it gives it a philosophical right to the place it already occupies in the imagination of those whose unreasoning appetites place the principle of life, as the Chinese do, in the belly. The cook marches abreast with the doctor; and as doctor's stuffs are declining in fashion, and hygiene coming proportionately in, the former savant, it may be presumed, will by and by begin to forge ahead of his companion, and the sauce-pan in numerous cases take the place of the mortar.

The late Dr Marshall Hall, an authority of great weight, pronounced it as his opinion that good-humour at dinner-time is essential to the healthy assimilation of food; nay, that to sit at table, and partake of the meal, whilst the mind is in an irritable and excited state, is dangerous to life itself. The doctor advises us rather than run such risk, when we feel we are out of temper, to put off the gratification of our prandial appetite till the next day; while commentators on the text, denounce the immorality of being ill-humoured at all, and opine that the offender should be turned out of the genial room as a punishment. All this takes it for granted that the evil is external; that we bring it in from the outer world, and sit down with it at table just as we would with a coloured kerchief or dirty nails. But who does not see, on reflection, that in nine cases out of ten the materials of the ill-humour are in the dishes before us; that the cook has boiled them up in an unsavoury soup, or made them hiss and sputter in the sauce-pan with an abominable ragout? Is there any sorer trial than an ill-roasted sirloin to the temper of a guest who has probably looked to that *pièce de résistance* as something on which to fling luxuriously his superfluous energies? Can any better excuse be imagined than an unskilfully dressed dinner for blood-thirsty feelings? Unluckily for diners, they look upon this sort of thing, when the moment of suffering is past, merely as a cross-grained accident giving birth to temporary wrath; whereas, as we have shewn upon the authority of one of our most distinguished physicians, its bearing is direct and disastrous upon the health, and may affect even life itself.

Serious ailments are not very common occurrences in a man's life, but the dinner-question comes on every day. 'It is indeed a question of life and death, that brave dinner-time. So long as we get it regularly, we think nothing about it; but let one day pass without satisfying these imperious natural wants—what do I say?—one day!—even an hour's delay causes us to make several inquiries—half-an-hour—ten minutes—ay, and even less.' This is the sentiment of the great Soyer; and in another page of his inimitable book (the *Culinary Campaign*), he more than hints at the national importance that may attach to a single dinner. It was the accidental delay of this fateful meal which in all probability threw Europe, a few years ago, into convulsions from which she has not yet recovered, and converted the Crimea into a Golgotha of the brave. The dinner was to have been given by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on his return to Constantinople as British plenipotentiary. The invitations included the representatives of all the other courts, and more especially Prince Menchikoff, who represented the person of his august master, the Czar. Who knows what might have been the result if this grand spread had come off? Who knows what brows might have been smoothed, what hearts softened, what difficulties put to flight, by the skill of Signor Roco Vido, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's illustrious cook? Alas! on the very day appointed, the 21st of March 1854, when the various plenipotentiaries, Prince Menchikoff included, were preparing anxiously to go forth to a meeting big with the fate of nations—the mother of the sultan died! The meeting was postponed for a week. The most important of the disappointed diners-out hied him away in a Russian man-of-war from the tantalising odour of the viands to the Black Sea. 'The diplomatic banquet never took place! the war did!'

But while speaking of the importance that may be connected with the operations of cooks, let us not be supposed to confound the masters of the art with the practical subordinates. The cook in your family, sir or madam, compared with the French savant I have already named, is nothing more than the artificer who works out, without comprehending philosophically, the designs of the mechanician: he is the instrumental performer, who embodies in sound the inspirations of the master. But do not the less treat him or her with kindness and respect; for they are the practitioners of a great art, the hierophants of a sacred worship. Be considerate to their sudden sensibilities; be tender to their little eccentricities. M. Soyer tells us of the *restaurateur* of a steamer in which he voyaged, whose glass and crockery were smashed by the pitching of the vessel, merely because the authorities had put to sea without the proper fittings up. The unhappy artist was driven distracted by this ill treatment, and in the ebullition of his passion began to throw overboard everything he could lay his hands on—even a leg of mutton! Perhaps this may be considered an excess of sensibility; but we must make allowances. A friend of ours had a female cook, who was equally sensitive, but more gentle and self-denying. One evening, she came to her mistress and gave warning. The lady was thrown into consternation, for she had a great reverence for her talents.

'What is the meaning of this?' said she; 'is there anything amiss? Surely we treat you kindly and respectfully. Are you dissatisfied with your wages?'

'No, mum.'

'Then why do you wish to go?'

'Because I don't give satisfaction, mum.'

'You surprise me!'

'It is true, mum,' whimpered the cook, raising her apron to her eyes—'master put salt in his soup both yesterday and to-day!'

This delinquency of the master, it will be felt, was quite sufficient to account for the discontent of the artiste with her situation. 'It is the province of the cook,' says the authority before mentioned, 'to season for the patient, and not the patient for the cook. In all cookery, it is the combination of good and wholesome ingredients, properly blended, which constitutes the best of broth or diets; and this rule holds good for the bill of fare of all nations.'

The differences between good cookery and bad were never made more obvious than by the great cook of our day in his expedition to the Crimea. One is apt to attach to good cookery the idea of extravagance and reconditeness; but M. Soyer declined accepting anything but the common military rations to work upon, and with these he speedily revolutionised the whole system. He found the army-cooks at Scutari and elsewhere tying the joints for boiling so tight that the outside was done and the inside raw; he found them cooking in immense copper caldrons so dark that it was impossible to see whether the tinning was off or on—whether the water was not seasoned with verdigris; he found them marking their different lots of rations, lest they should be confounded in the kettle, by tying to them pieces of red cloth from an old jacket, a string of buttons, knives, forks, scissors, and a pair of snuffers; he found them throwing away the fat from the coppers—three inches thick—ignorant that they were thus destroying a little sea of delicious soup; he found them cooking sometimes with smoke, dust, and steam intermixed, instead of fire, and yet consuming a fabulous quantity of unnecessary fuel. All this was changed as if by magic; a field-kitchen and camp-stoves invented, which were perfection itself, besides saving a vast quantity of fuel; and so great an improvement made in the general diet, that some of the higher officers were glad to send for a basin of the soldiers' soup for their lunch. Next to the new stoves was a new tea-pot, in which the tea is held in a perforated tube going down the middle, and is thus exposed completely to the influence of the hot water, instead of lying in a mass at the bottom. What was wanted was seen clearly enough even in our younger days, when the tea was stirred up occasionally with a spoon for the sake of economy—a process denominated 'the mantua-maker's twist;' but it was left to the genius of a Soyer to devise an intelligent tea-pot which should want no mantua-maker and no stirring-up at all. It will be seen from the above that a good cook has other accomplishments as well as those of boiling, roasting, and stewing. M. Soyer, besides, is a brave man, and cares not a sprinkling of salt for shot or shells; while M. Comte, the Duke of Cambridge's *chef de cuisine*, is a practical soldier, as well as an admirable cook. One day this gentleman was seen preparing a dish of fried croquettes in the open air just before the battle of Alma. It rained heavily at the time, and the chef, aware of the hostility between water and grease, was holding an umbrella over the bubbling frying-pan—when an alarm was sounded. M. Comte immediately laid down his umbrella, shouldered his gun, and stood sentry over his culinary battery. In this position he answered his Royal Highness's challenge, who rode off to the spot of supposed danger with this exclamation: 'Really, Comte, vous êtes impayable!' and when everything was restored to order, the warrior-cook laid down his arms, and had breakfast ready as usual to the minute.

It may be new to some of our readers to hear of the distinction with which great cooks are treated by intelligent and high-bred persons. From the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Raglan downwards, the culinary chef we have for the most part selected as our exemplar received the highest consideration and respect; and the pacha at Scutari, the governor of Asia Minor, was even oppressive in his attentions. When M. Soyer went to visit him, and was in the midst of conversation, sherbets, lemonade, sweetmeats, and snow-water, an alarm of fire arose; upon which the pacha started up, and seized the chef by the hand with the grasp of a vice, and walked him up and down the room five or six times, giving his orders furiously. The fire, however, was speedily extinguished, and all sat down again; but as M. Soyer spoke of taking his leave, he caught him again by the hand, and walked him out—walked him down to Lower Scutari, preceded by six men bearing lanterns, and followed by ten gentlemen, grooms, and horses—walked him through a dense crowd, all stopping and bowing; and, finally, after a splendid refreshment, partaken of in the eye of the public, wished him the repose of the dead till morning. A few days after, when M. Soyer was busy with his own affairs, dressed in his culinary attire, and manipulating some hundreds of *mock rice-puddings*, the kitchen was suddenly filled with military officers of rank; and the Duke of Newcastle leading the way came up to the chef, hat in hand, and shook hands with him, reminding him of their meeting in England.

The great cook, however, is greatest in his character of a benefactor of his fellow-men—in healing the sick, in aiding digestion, and by keeping diners in good-humour, in saving human life. This, no doubt, was the feeling of General Vivian when he wrote thus:

'Monsieur Soyer, Miss Nightingale's name and your own will be for ever associated in the archives of this memorable war.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SELF-APPOINTED interpreter of God's ways towards man—a lofty vocation which, fortunately for its numerous professors, seems to require but very humble abilities for its successful exercise—would, I doubt not, have instantly discerned a special act of retributive Providence in the misfortune which overtook the *Scout* at the very moment of her nefarious triumph over the American ship. True, the avenging lightning did not reach Webbe—the concocter of the base treachery that had led to the seizure of the prize—had not even smitten down the willing instrument by whom that treachery had been, so far, successfully carried out; but those were minor circumstances which gentlemen that have mastered the mysteries of the moral universe could have had no difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for or explaining away. Happily for me, as I cannot, after all, help thinking, I have never had the slightest capacity for determining the counsel of God from atmospheric or any material or moral phenomena whatsoever: hence, though deeply impressed, awe-stricken by so terrible a manifestation of irresistible Power, my reliance on the justice of the Omnipotent was in nowise shaken, required no sophistical anodyne to soothe and strengthen it, when I saw and heard, as soon as eye and ear had recovered from the sudden glare of the red lightning, and deafening thunder-peal, that Dowling was standing erect, unscathed, daring, defiant as ever, whilst three poor sailors, whose limbs had been smashed by the falling

yards of the splintered mast, were being carried groaning and shrieking below.

Nay, a feeling of admiration, of respect even, for the unquailing aspect and bearing of the chief officer of the *Scout* arose in my mind, and grew upon me to the exclusion, for the time, of all moral appreciation of the man. I recognised, with a kind of sympathetic exultation, an intelligent, courageous human will battling fearlessly with the brute elements—mind combating with matter. A sketch of the scene, blank and dull as it must be, drawn by me, compared with the fearful vividness of the reality, will excuse perhaps that sympathetic admiration.

Overhead, and everywhere around, the dull, leaden day had been extinguished, blotted out by sudden night and storm, save at one point where a rent in the piled blackness gave to view the red, angry sun, lingering for a moment upon the edge of the horizon, like a wrathful monarch—if the repetition of a fancy, vividly felt at the time, may be permitted—who, before he finally departs the hall of judgment, glares a last triumphant look at the sentenced victim, whose punishment he has delegated to inferior ministers. That last gleam of disdainful day, so to speak, quickly vanished, and the thick darkness was for many hours relieved only by incessant lightning flashes, and the white crests of the waves which, pursued by the continuous hiss and roar of the tornado, rushed, leaped in their furious speed over the comparatively lagging *Scout*, threatening every instant to whelm the partially disabled vessel in the raging waters, through which she hopelessly strained and laboured.

Hopelessly not only to a landsman's eyes, but to those of many of the scared Scouts. Not to Dowling's. *His* countenance, distinctly seen by the bright fire-flashes, was unblenched, his powerful voice, ringing through the ship in the pauses of the thunder, as cheery, nay, it struck me, cheerier than ever, and the faintest-hearted amongst us gradually gained confidence and courage from his example. He himself personally aided to carry out his calmly as rapidly given orders, in the prompt execution of which lay our safety. It was essential that the wreck of the foremast, with its top hamper of spars, sails, rigging, should be cut away and sent adrift with all possible dispatch; and Dowling was the first, with axe in hand, to leap at the work, as it were, and now labouring with might and main, now holding on to a rope or any other firmly fastened object, after shouting to his men to look out, whilst a sea swept the brig from stern to stem, shew how a brave man conjures danger by fearlessly confronting it. The bodies of two men, killed by the electric stroke that had shivered the mast, were dragged from under the superincumbent mass of wreck; Dowling, first carefully assuring himself that they were really dead, helped to throw them overboard at once, and lightly remarking that sudden death was sudden glory, resumed work, and inspirited others to do the same with unabated alacrity and cheer of spirit. At last the encumbering wreck was got rid of, and it was possible to commence setting up a jury fore-mast, without which no jib could be set—and *sans* jib, to steer the brig was impossible. The pumps were next rigged; the depth of water sounded; and it was only too plain that the *Scout* had sprung one or more dangerous leaks, rendering it imperative to lighten her at any sacrifice. This could only be speedily and effectively done by throwing the guns overboard; and Dowling, though with much reluctance, gave the order to do so. First two, then four guns were cast into the deep, with evident benefit in the way of easing the brig; but this was not sufficient. It was found necessary to sacrifice four more before the desired end was fully obtained, and the once formidable *Scout* was consequently reduced to an armament of two guns only.

Six or seven hours had been thus employed, and we were far into the night before the wind shewed any sign of abatement, though the electric storm had long passed away. Comparative safety having been so far attained, Dowling, who had twenty times during the last two hours crept out to the end of the bowsprit, and gone up to the cross-trees of the mizzen, to ascertain the exact position of the ship, and whither she was driving, satisfied at last that there was no immediate danger of our running unawares, stem on, upon a rock or an island, went below, requesting me to follow him.

'You are an unlucky passenger, Linwood, to have on board,' remarked Dowling, as we met in the cabin after refitting with dry clothes. 'The first time we shipped you, a sharp fight; and now, a sharper squall! You are a regular Jonah! However, here's to your health, and better luck next time. I noticed,' he added, pushing the case of Schiedam *schnapps* towards me, 'that you and the American skipper were talking with each other whilst working at the pumps. You know him, it seems, and, consequently, that he is *not*, as he pretends, Captain Hollens of the good ship *Carolina* of London, last from Jamaica.'

'I have nothing to say of the American gentleman; and no right to say it, if I had.'

'And I have nothing to learn of him from you. I know as well as you do that he is a Mr Tyler, owner and captain of the *Columbia*, hailing from New Orleans. It did not, however, strike me that you must, when in company with Webbe, have met him in St Malo, or I should certainly not have offered you a passage to England, fully expecting as I did to pick up the said Tyler on the way. It was an error on my part, which, in certain quite possible circumstances, might lead to unpleasant results. Did he recognise you?'

'I think so; but he gave no intimation—in words—that he did.'

'A Yankee, though not everybody except in his own opinion, is generally a cunning card. What *did* he say?'

'That the tempest which has burst upon us is a judgment of God.'

'Upon himself then, as well as us, since, if we should be drowned, he will hardly live to be hanged! What I wish to know is if he said anything, in the way of boast, of the number of men on board the *Columbia*, and if they were armed? But of course he did not—' added Dowling: 'A fool to ask such a question; though the apprehension of what answer might be given to it greatly disquiets me.'

'You are disquieted for the safety of Harry Webbe, and'——

'Disquieted for the devil as likely,' roughly broke in Dowling. 'Much truly am I concerned for that white-livered cur—Webbe's son though he be! How I could have been bamboozled by such a frothy young humbug in *Le Renard's* affair will be a puzzle to me as long as I live. I am disquieted, Linwood, for the safety of the prize consigned to the charge of Harry Webbe, and not more than half the complement of Scouts I intended to send on board.'

'The second boat, then, did not reach the American ship?'

'No: the men, as you saw, were holding her off and

on with boat-hooks when the squall struck us, and capsized her. A great misfortune!'

'The sudden destruction of so many men is indeed a sad misfortune.'

'No doubt; but it is not of that I am just now thinking: besides, a ticket for Davy Jones may at any moment be drawn from the seaman's lottery-bag. The misfortune I had and have in my mind is that the *Columbia*, whose crew, judging by her tonnage, cannot be much under forty men, has been taken possession of by only eighteen of our fellows—young Webbe counting for nothing, or worse.'

'I have not seen the American ship since the hurricane burst upon us; have you?'

'Yes, more than once or twice. The last time, she was far away to windward, and seemed to be making tolerably fair weather of it. The *Columbia* should by this time,' added Dowling, 'have brought up in the Guernsey Roads, under the guns of Castle Cornet; *would* have done so were I on board in place of young Webbe. As it is, I'd take less than a thousand pounds for my share in her.'

'About where, allow me to ask, may we ourselves be just now?'

'Getting back to Britain by the way we came from it, except that we are more closely hugging the French coast. If the gale had not slackened, we should be now driving through the Alderney race as if Old Nick was kicking us endwise. I must on deck again. You need not come,' he added; 'we shall manage to keep the *Scout* afloat without your taking another spell at the pumps.'

Dowling had not been gone five minutes when Mr Tyler entered the cabin. I offered him a change of apparel from my own wardrobe—a courtesy which he met by a glum refusal; though he accepted the mute tender of restorative schnapps. I was quite sure that he had recognised M. Jean Le Gros; but as he chose to be silent upon the subject, and no explanation was possible on my part without violating the oath Webbe had exacted from me, I gladly followed his example. We conversed with some effort—on his side, with an overdone show of politeness—for perhaps eight or ten minutes, and then Mr Tyler retired to his sleeping-place. A naturally taciturn, but far from an ungentlemanly person, was Mr Tyler; he seemed to be a fair specimen of the American skipper tribe, of whom I have since known hundreds at Liverpool, who, according to my experience, whilst distinguished for greater nervous energy than their British rivals, are nothing like so physically robust, nor, I think, so healthily developed, mentally. This opinion of mine, a wider experience might perhaps considerably modify; and be that as it may, I was favourably impressed by Mr Tyler, and—saving the personal security of the English seamen on board the *Columbia*—I was heartily hopeful that his richly freighted ship might have been rescued from the ravenous sharks that had thought to make her their prey. And I could not help fancying that that same hope glittered vengefully in the sharp gray eyes of the American captain—very naturally so, if he knew the relative number of captors and captives on board the *Columbia* to really be as Dowling feared they were.

I was awake and up before daybreak; the uneasy working of the brig, the incessant jerk of the pumps, and frequent tacking during the night, which, as my cot-hammock happened to be lashed athwart-ship, caused me to be now head, now heels upwards and downwards, and the general bustle and trampling overhead, effectually preventing sound sleep, tired, worn out as I was when I turned in.

What the sailors called half a gale of wind was blowing when I went on deck, from the westward, and the *Scout*, I was informed, had been, during the previous three or four hours, in great danger of being embayed and driven on the French coast. Dowling and his skilful mariners had fortunately at length succeeded, spite of the half-crippled condition of the brig, in clawing her off, and she was then rounding the projecting headland known as Cape La Hogue, though at not more than half a league to seaward. Close to Cherbourg as we were, such near proximity to the French shores was doubly dangerous; but to bear up for Portsmouth, or even half a point nearer to the wind than we were sailing was, with our make-shift foremast—already severely strained and shaken—impossible. Still, if the wind continued to blow from the same quarter, and with no greater violence, we might hope to bring up in the Downs, if we were lucky, one day within a week.

We shewed no colours, either English or French: the former would have caused us to be pursued as 'enemies;' and the latter might have brought more 'friends' to our assistance than would have been quite agreeable. Dowling's hope was, that before there was sufficient light to make us clearly out, we should have gained such a distance from the French war-port, as, combined with the chance of meeting with a British cruiser, would indispose the light gun-craft, kept there in readiness for such purposes, to attempt seeking our nearer acquaintance.

An essential condition of that doubtfully hoped-for piece of luck was that the dawn should be a dark, cloudy one; and so, precisely speaking, it was; the coming day, as it slowly broke in the east, being as dull and gloomy as could be wished. Unfortunately, the light, as it stole on, shewed us that the weather was clearing rapidly to windward; and the yet stiff gale—or half a one in seamen's estimation—drove the breaking clouds before it with such velocity, that before the sun was half an hour high, it was shining in unveiled brightness over land and sea; and especially, as it seemed to us, lighting up for general inspection our crippled, creaking, labouring, laggard *Scout*.

By that time, we were nearly two leagues past Cherbourg, which was something, though not enough, as it soon proved. Dowling's anxious glance detected one—two—three gun-boats, impelled by sweeps and sails, leaving Cherbourg in pursuit, and it was quickly plain, even to my unpractised eye, that they were coming up with us hand over hand.

'If the *Scout* had not lost ten of her teeth,' growled Dowling, 'she would have made no bones of the little spitfires; and as it is, she may perhaps manage to crunch up one or two. She shall, at all events, have a snap at them.'

As the privateer-brig could not luff, it seemed, without danger of carrying away her shaky jurymast, and it would hardly do to yaw with the Rochers de Calvados on her lee, Dowling gave orders to hew away sufficient space on each side of the helm to enable the *Scout's* two remaining guns to be used as stern-chasers. That was quickly done; the guns were loaded, run out, trained, and directly the pursuing gun-boats were thought to have come within range, fire was opened upon them. Without effect; the balls for some time fell short; and so small a mark did the French craft present, that the chance of striking them till they were very close indeed, seemed a desperate one. The *Scout*, on the other hand, could not well be missed, and we had not been more than ten minutes within reach of the boats' heavy guns, before she was hulled half-a-dozen times, and we had three men wounded and one killed. I remarked, however, that since the firing began, the venomous little spitfires, as Dowling rightly named them, had not gained upon us in speed.

'They know a trick worth two of that,' said Dowling. '"Strike or sink," is what they are saying to us in better French than they often use; and unless a

cruiser heaves in sight, and one never does when particularly wanted—or our practice wonderfully improves—that will be about the English of it before we are much older. Ha! by jingo, Rawlings, that was a near shave! Missed the centre boat by a few inches only! Try it again; there's a good fellow. D—— it, man, we must never say die till our toes are fairly turned up to the daisies.'

Rawlings did try again, and again, but without success; and Dowling was once more about to essay what he himself could do, when the last ball intended to be fired by the mortified gunner struck the centre boat low down on her bow quarter. She filled instantly, and weighted by her heavy gun, disappeared before one could count twenty. The other boats hastened to pick up their consort's crew, we, the while, as may be supposed, cheering and firing with wild delight. As soon as the half-drowned seamen had been hauled out of the water—if, indeed, they were all saved, which we had no means of knowing—a consultation appeared to take place between the commanders of the two boats, the result of which was that, after favouring us with a parting salute from their guns, they turned tail, and made the best of their way back to Cherbourg, followed by our full-throated cheers, and an asthmatic *Rule Britannia*, extemporised by an amateur clarionet that happened to be on board the always lucky *Scout*.

Not so fast with your 'lucky' *Scout!* The attention of the officers and crew had been so absorbed by the cannonade, that the pumps had been abandoned; and when, in reluctant obedience to Dowling's command, more than once sternly iterated, the men returned to that disagreeable duty, it was found that the pumps were choked. The next minute a cry arose that the brig was foundering! She *was*, visibly so, it could not, after a brief, breathless examination, be doubted or denied!

'The brig has been hulled between wind and water, or a butt has started,' said Dowling. 'Steady, men; let us have no womanish panic, if you please. Clear and let fall the boats, smartly and steadily. Place in each of them a bag of biscuit and a barrel of water. There will be plenty of room for all; and plenty of time too, if you go quietly to work, as seamen should. Now, then!'

'Look alive, Linwood,' said Dowling, coming swiftly aft to where I stood with Mr Tyler, who had been watching the progress of the fight—not its termination—with saturnine satisfaction; 'Look alive, Linwood; the water is coming in like a sluice; and though I do not tell the men so, the *Scout* may take her final plunge at any one of the next ten minutes. There is a boat astern which we lowered during the night to pick up a lad that had fallen overboard. You can reach the painter through the cabin windows: draw her up close, and drop a keg of spirits, a jar of water, and some biscuits into her. I must remain here till the last; and if the men do not rush into the boats, all may be right—if they do, and I fear they will, all will assuredly be wrong. Cast off in that case, and I must jump overboard, and endeavour to reach you. Be quick and silent: present moments stand for future years.'

This was said in a rapid under-tone. I needed no second bidding, and hurrying below, seized, first my St Malo prize; and was turning to the spirit-locker, when I found that Mr Tyler had followed, and was anticipating me in that particular.

'Pull the boat up close astern,' said the American skipper. 'The sailors will be less likely to notice her. I will attend to other matters.'

I complied; and in less, I should think, than three minutes, we two were safely in the boat, into which we had conveyed sustenance for a week at least.

Those three minutes, more or less, had wrought a fearful aggravation of the position and prospects of the *Scout* and her crew. The brig was fast settling down by the head; and from the uproar upon deck, the tumult of shouts and curses, momently increasing in volume and fierceness, it was evident that Dowling, whose stern voice could still be heard above all the others, had lost his authority over the crew, who seemed to be struggling, fighting with each other for precedence in the boats, not one of which had—no doubt in consequence of that insane fight or struggle—touched the water!

Suddenly, and simultaneously with a yet mightier shout—this time of despair as well as rage—the *Scout's* stern rose in the air—her bows sinking at the same moment, as if she was about to take her final plunge. With ready presence of mind, Mr Tyler cut the painter with a knife he held ready in his hand for that purpose, and then seizing one of the oars, called upon me to ship the other, and pull for dear life.

I pulled for dear life, and we were perhaps fifty yards from the privateer-brig when that fearful shout of agony and despair again arose, higher, wilder, than before; a crowd of men rushed aft, madly beckoned and cursed us, and then down, down went the doomed ship, with her shrieking, howling freight of death; her mighty downdraught drawing us towards her, spite of our frenzied rowing, which happily, however, held us back till the sea-sepulchre had closed over the privateer-brig, and the breadth and buoyancy of our frail skiff sufficed to keep us on the surface of the entombing waters!

We were able to rescue seven only of the hapless crew, amongst them Dowling, who had in some way sprained or twisted his right ankle and foot, and was suffering intense pain in consequence.

As for us, though the wind was high, and the sea rough, we were tolerably safe, unless a change for the worse in the weather should take place. Our boat was a stout one, and we had enough to eat and drink for at least eight-and-forty hours. To be sure, we had neither mast nor sail—no means of propulsion whatever except two oars; but as we had plenty of hands to take turn and turn about at the rowing, we should be pretty sure of making the Wight or some part of the English eastern coast, if we did not fall in with a friendly sail, before those forty-eight hours expired. To this effect, after the first horror excited by the catastrophe we had just witnessed had in some degree subsided, we talked with and encouraged each other. A sense—a selfish sense, no doubt, of good-fortune, and present comparative security, aided to keep our spirits up to a hopeful, almost cheerful point. Mr Tyler and I took the first spell at the oars, and pulled away lustily, soon, however, finding that the force and direction of the wind—probably also currents of which we were ignorant—would prevent us from obtaining a greater offing; and since better might not be, we were fain to content ourselves with shaping the same course as the *Scout* was sailing when attacked by the French gun-boats, not one amongst us hinting, that I remember, at the desirableness of exchanging the dangers of such a voyage in an open boat for the security of a French prison. Mr Tyler would, no doubt, have preferred making for the nearest French harbour or practicable landing-place, but he was wise enough to keep his wishes to himself.

Our progress was slow, much slower than we had anticipated. The boat was far too heavy for one pair of oars; and when evening fell upon a day of great exertion, Havre de Grace, which we had hoped to pass during daylight, was still considerably ahead on our starboard bow. It was past midnight when we were abreast of that port, and not more than a mile, if so much, to windward—scarcely sufficient offing to enable us to clear Cape La Heve, about a league further north, whose two lofty light-houses had been our guiding-stars since the night set in.

The street-lamps or lanterns of Havre threw up dim lines of light, which doubtfully indicated the number and direction of the principal streets; and it was with filled eyes and a beating heart that I thought of two mournful dwellers in one of those faintly traced thoroughfares—asleep, no doubt, at that hour, and dreaming perhaps of their son, and the fulfilment of the precious hope of late associated with him—in my mother's mind at least; of their son who was then so near to them, and they knew it not! It was well they did not. Even to a sailor's imagination, as I knew by the silence of my companions since night—moonless, starless night—had fallen, there was something appalling in being afloat upon the wide, dark, solitary sea in a slight shallow boat which the eye could hardly distinguish from that sea, the only sounds meeting one's ear the measured jerk of our own oars, the moaning swash of waves, and the hoarse roar in the distance of the wrathful surf for ever spurned back in its ceaseless assaults upon the unconquerable shore. How much more appalling, then, would the vague, undefined imagination of such a scene be to a woman's —to a mother's heart! Better, then, infinitely better, that they slept on unconscious of my actual whereabout, and continued to dream of the speedy fulfilment of the great hope which, I had never doubted, save during a few tumultuous distracting moments, would, in God's good time, be fully realised.

I crave pardon of the reader for this digression from the direct current of my narrative. I do not, it will be conceded, often offend in that way, which, perhaps, if I do not linger upon it, will be my sufficient excuse. To resume, then, we laboured through the night at the oars with less and less success in the way of progress: the tide, which about there flows like a torrent, was for several hours dead against us, so that we could barely hold our own; and at day-dawn we had but just passed the lofty headland of La Heve.

That lofty headland, as many readers know, is formed of chalk-cliffs, and the sinuous shore at its base strewed with jagged, fantastic rocks. This was once, it is said, the favourite resort of Bernardin St Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*, and a native of Havre de Grace, who there studied the elemental phenomena which he, in after-life, embodied in his description of the wreck of the *San Geran*.

I knew nothing of this at the time I am writing of; and if I had, Bernardin St Pierre would assuredly have found no place in my thoughts, which were painfully pre-occupied by two paramount facts—namely, the rapid increase of the wind, and the existence of a current, which helped the wind not only to drive us upon the shore, but upon the most rocky part of the shore, whereon the surf was leaping at a gigantic height, and with the sound of thunder.

An accident capped the terrors of the situation. The extra strength exerted by one of the seamen to keep the boat at sea, had the effect of snapping the blade of his oar short off, and we were at the mercy of the furious elements.

Dowling, who had scarcely spoken since we hauled him into the boat, and who was still acutely suffering from the injury to his foot, now interfered in his usual stern, decisive manner.

'Hand here the oar still left,' he said: 'place it in the stern rowlock, and I will endeavour to beach the boat as favourably as may be, since nothing better can be done. Remember, all of you to leap out, if you are not thrown out of the boat, the instant it strikes the shore, and then run swiftly ahead. Should the surf overtake you, fall down flat on your bellies, and cling to anything you can lay hold of—to the sand, by digging your fingers into it, if nothing better offers; and so on, ditto repeated, till you find yourself high and dry. There are, I see, people, either fishermen or peasants, on the shore observing us. They will, no doubt, render what assistance they can, so that it's upon the cards that we may all yet live to be buried in an elm suit, with all the honours.'

'And you,' I exclaimed—'how, with that crippled limb, will you be able to manage?'

'Like yourself—the best way I can. And now be silent, if you please, and prepare for a race with King Death.'

The boat, urged by wind and sea, drove swiftly towards the shore, and was dexterously guided by Dowling to an opening between rocks, towards which we were directed by the gestures of the people on the shore. Ten or more fearful minutes passed, and then we were lifted and borne along upon the back of a terrific surf-wave, which receding, dropped the boat upon the shore with a force that smashed in its bottom, and threw us all out upon the pebbly sand. What immediately followed, I do not distinctly remember. I know that I ran landward the moment I regained my feet; that I was caught by the boiling flood, and smashed upon the sands: then followed a sense of suffocation, of despair, and, finally, spasms of excruciating pain, from which I recovered to find myself still on the rude shore, but beyond reach of the waves, and sedulously ministered to by a number of half-peasant, half-fisher French men and women, directed by a podgy, bustling little clerical gentleman, whom I afterwards knew to be the kind and good Father Meudon, parish priest of Monvilliers, a village not very far inland.

As soon as I had sufficiently regained consciousness, and felt the assurances of the good people about me that I had suffered no serious injury to be true, my thoughts and inquiries reverted to my boat-companions. Two of them, I found, had been carried out to sea, and of course drowned. Dowling had been rescued with life, after incurring frightful injuries; Mr Tyler had escaped with even less of mishap than myself; and the four other sailors with not at all serious hurts and bruises.

We were all carried to farmhouses, the owners or habitants of which if, according to our notions, poor in purse, were abundantly rich in generous feeling. Mr Tyler had said he was an American, and the conclusion, which I did not contradict, was, that we were all of the same nation, though I am quite sure our treatment would not have been one whit less kindly had our entertainers known from the first that, except Mr Tyler, we were all their 'natural enemies'—to quote an atrocious popular phrase of that time and age.

It was all over with poor Dowling! He had been injured internally to such a degree, that he could not possibly survive more than a few hours—perhaps not one. This was communicated to him as tenderly as possible through me by the doctor whom Father Meudon had summoned in great haste from Monvilliers.

The first officer of the *Scout* received the announcement with a smile—brave, though feeble. 'I would rather,' he murmured, 'have died in battle, than thus faint out of life, as one may say: it, however, comes to the same thing at last.'

Father Meudon, with tears in his round, beady black eyes, entreated me to explain to the moribund that he, Father Meudon, prayed him to have heed, whilst there was yet time, to the salvation of his immortal soul; only to be assured, Father Meudon declared, through the instrumentality of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, into the bosom of which he was ready and anxious to admit the dying sinner even at the eleventh hour.

I translated what the kindly intending priest said; and Dowling, with a slight glimmer about his eyes of the old reckless privateer spirit, bade me tell the good little gentleman that he would do more than that to oblige him, only he must let him, Dowling, have some five minutes' previous conversation with me.

Father Meudon was delighted with my paraphrase of the dying seaman's reply, and after earnestly impressing upon me the vital necessity of quickly despatching any merely mundane business I might have to arrange with his penitent, left the room.

'I must be quick and brief,' said Dowling as the door closed; 'life, I require no doctor to tell me, is ebbing fast. In the first place, Linwood, take this pocket-book. I appoint you my executor. Will you undertake the trust?'

'Most willingly.'

'Thanks, thanks! The old couple—my father and mother—live at Camberwell. You will find the address amongst the papers. The money is of course for them. Webbe, to whom I have ever done my duty, will, there is no fear, do his by me. I think he will have to hand you over about three hundred pounds, supposing the *Columbia* to have slipped through our fingers. Let him state the amount himself: if he cheats anybody, it will be himself, not me. That also will be for the old couple. And if,' said Dowling with a perceptible tremor of voice, 'you will see them, and say their son died as a British seaman should, it would be kind.'

I promised to see his parents; and the poor fellow, having first swallowed a glass of wine—he was sinking fast—proceeded:

'And now, having squared the yards as regards myself, let me speak of something which, from certain words I have heard drop, I believe concerns you, though how or why I cannot understand. I allude to Maria Wilson, who'——

'Ha!—— I beg pardon; go on, pray.'

'What I have to say about her is shortly this: Somewhere about fourteen or fifteen years ago, the *Wasp* privateer took on board off Deal a Frenchwoman and a child. Madame Broussard the woman called herself. I suspected the child, which I do not think I saw during the voyage out, to be Webbe's. That, however, was no business of mine, and I may be wrong. Another sip of wine; and don't, Linwood, glare at me so. My brain feels dull and swimmy—give me the wine.'

'It is in your hand. Let me hold it to your lips.'

'Better, clearer, stronger now! We sailed to Madeira, where we had often been before. One Wilson, a good fellow, with odd ways about him, lived there. His brimstone of a wife—a Frenchwoman—died soon after giving birth to a daughter, the Maria Wilson now in Jersey. Well, Wilson himself had slipped his cable suddenly some time before we arrived at Madeira, and had left a will appointing Webbe his executor, and the guardian of his child. The property was to be invested in the British funds—only two hundred a year to be drawn out for the daughter's maintenance and education till she reached her seventeenth birthday, at which age she might marry, and the accumulated money with interest was to be hers absolutely. Wilson, as I told you, was a queer stick—— This faintness again'——

Wine once more brought back light to the darkening eyes—strength to the fluttering speech:

'We sailed for England with Madame Broussard and two children, both, it was said, of about the same age, and we got wrecked on the Galway coast. The vessel was not the *Wasp*, mind you. Wilson's child,' he faintly proceeded after a pause, 'will come into something like twenty thousand pounds, and it would be a thousand pities that that poor poltroon Harry Webbe should—should'——

He stopped, and presently I could hear what is called the rattle in his throat. I once more gave him wine; and the expiring flame of life leaped up for a moment brightly in the socket.

'It's no fault of mine, Webbe,' he exclaimed, 'that the *Columbia* was recaptured! Bravo, Rawlings, a capital shot! You'll shave the Frenchmen's whiskers yet. Ha, ha, ha! what a confounded splutter they make in the water. Be ready, Englishmen, to board in the smoke. FIRE!'

That was the last word audible to mortal ears Robert Dowling uttered.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TRUE to custom and the autumnal equinox, savans and philosophers have found their way back to town, as well as ordinary folk—the officers of the scientific societies are determining whose salaries shall be raised, and what shall be the order of meetings for six busy months to come—and publishers are ready with supplies for the thousands who, having recreated themselves in idleness during the vacation, are now, as the long evenings come on, eager to read anything amusing. In no former year has there been so much attention paid to marine natural history by amateurs and students, as in the present: from all parts of the coast we hear of researches which will advance science more or less, and help to fill the pages of scientific journals. One party—comprising a well-known naturalist, and a brace of professors, Scottish and German—had a rare philosophical holiday on the Firth of Clyde, catching all sorts of queer sea-animals off the shores of Arran, and converting them into subjects for drawings and dissections, and ultimately for papers, which can hardly appear anywhere else than in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Among those who took flight to the Alps were Dr Tyndall and Mr Huxley, whose interesting inquiries into the structure of glaciers we noticed some months ago. Desirous to test their views by a second examination, these two gentlemen have made such a survey of some of Mont Blanc's glaciers as fully to confirm their former conclusions. The doctor, accompanied by a friend and one guide, ascended to the top of the mountain, while Mr Huxley waited their return all alone at the *Grands Mulets*. He waited seventeen hours, so long were the adventurers delayed and wearied by soft and treacherous snow. This inquiry is believed to involve certain consequences important to geological science. Important in another way, and regarded with much satisfaction, is a recent event at Glasgow: we refer to the appointment of an American geologist, Mr H. D. Rogers, as Regius Professor of Natural History in the university of that city.—The talk about what was done by the British Association has not died away, when news comes that the meeting of the Canadian Association at Toronto surprised every one, even the Canadians themselves: they knew not till this gathering took place that Canada could muster so many real representatives of science.

Among the resolutions passed by the British Association at their late meeting, one commends itself to general attention—namely, that government should be requested to send out an exploring expedition to that great river of Eastern Africa, the Zambesi.—And on the western coast, geographers and merchants have been for some time agreed that an annual expedition should be sent to the Niger. The one for this year, under Dr Baikie and Lieutenant Glover, was heard of a few weeks since. The party had left Brass River for the Niger, with fifty Kroomen and twenty-five natives of the river banks, and used to the climate. A botanist is with them, and they have the means of instituting scientific inquiries. Mr Macgregor Laird is making arrangements to run several steamers periodically to trading-ports on the coast and up the river; and 'as by his contract with the Admiralty he is bound to convey deck-passengers of the negro race

who can read and write English, from Fernando Po to all parts below the Niger and Chadda, it is hoped that a new element of civilisation will be introduced into the interior by the return of liberated Africans to their native country in considerable numbers.' Dr Livingstone is of opinion that the rivers of Africa will be crowded with vessels before fifty years are over. Apropos: the doctor has given to the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester a statement concerning the resources of that continent; and Edinburgh and Glasgow have given to him the freedom of their cities. Mr Laird has sent to the same Chamber specimens of woven cotton-cloth from Africa, soft, though coarse, and of various colours; among which the red and blue dyes are remarkable. And with all this, we must not omit a highly interesting fact from North Africa: the French have bored artesian wells in various parts of the Sahara, in the province of Constantine, with marked success. All the borings—seven or eight in number—yield water; some about a hundred quarts a minute; but from two the discharge in a minute is more than 4000 quarts. The temperature is said to be 21 degrees; if centigrade is meant, it corresponds with 69 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is impossible to exaggerate the results that may follow from these borings. No greater benefit could be conferred on the natives. We are told that when a shout from the soldiers announced the outburst of the water, the Arabs crowded round; some stooped to drink, to wash their hands and face, mothers dipped their children into the gushing element; and many falling on their knees, gave thanks to Allah and the French. What will be the further effect on the natives, remains to be seen; but already a tribe had given up their wanderings, and settled and built a village, and began to till the land near one of the wells. Since Solomon set his famous wells flowing, there has been no happier application of science in the desert; and we see no reason why artesian wells should not be numerous in the wilderness, and along the line of our overland route.

Another item from the tropics is, that a scientific party has set out from Demerara, to ascend the river, and explore for gold in the mountains of the interior. Proof has been given that gold exists there; indeed, that it is the Dorado which Raleigh meant to discover. —And further—to some readers the most interesting of all—the Dutch government have made arrangements and sent out the necessary preliminary instructions for the abolition of slavery in all their West Indian colonies.

We hear that the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* are to discharge their coils of Atlantic telegraph cable into a receptacle prepared for the purpose at Plymouth; and so for another year or two steamers must still continue to be the messengers between us and the United States.—The French government are considering a line to pass under sea from Marseille to Hyères, thence to Corsica, thence to Constantinople.—The cable for completing the Mediterranean line from France to Algeria, is laid from Sardinia to the African coast, 125 miles, excepting a length of fifteen miles. The greatest depth between the two points was found to be 1000 fathoms for a space of ten miles. Owing to this and other accidents, the 162 miles of cable paid out fell short by the number above mentioned. A telegraph to India is now the prime desideratum.

Among miscellaneous scientific facts, we notice Mr Nasmyth's proposition that 'all substances in a molten condition are specifically heavier than the same substances in their unmolten state.' He recommends a conclusion derivable therefrom to the attention of geologists, as 'an explanation of many phenomena of eruption or upheaval of the earth's crust—namely, that on the approach to the point of solidification, molten mineral substances below the crust of the earth must, in accordance with this law, expand, and tend to elevate or burst up the solid crust. Of which a striking confirmation is revealed to us by the lunar surface, as seen through powerful telescopes.'—Mr Robert Mallet, in his *Fourth Report on Earthquake Phenomena*, discusses the catalogue of 6000 earthquakes published by the British Association. Among important facts, he finds that earthquakes in either hemisphere respectively, are most numerous in winter. The place where most convulsion is at present felt is the island of Luzon, in the Indian Archipelago. He describes a new seizmometer, or earthquake-measurer, of his own invention, in which four heavy balls, one for each quarter of the compass, set in motion by the shock, describe its direction and intensity. To arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to the extent and propagation of the disturbance, he has made experiments during the great blasting operations at Holyhead, in some of which eight tons of powder have been fired at once. In one instance, 'the shock was so great as to be felt at a distance of two miles, and even to throw crockery off a shelf at a distance of eight miles.'—Dr Daubeny has read a final report on the *Vitality of Seeds*, summing up the results of experiments carried on for seventeen years. These contradict the popular notion that seeds possess an unlimited vitality. The experiments were started with a given number of seeds, and continued with them year after year; and as all except four lost their vitality, he considers the trial at an end. 'The greater number of seeds,' he says, 'lose their vitality at eight years, and forty-three years is the longest period to which they retain it.' The statements concerning the growth of seeds found in mummies he holds as not supported by satisfactory evidence. Dr Hofmann, Professor of Botany at Giessen, has published a book, *Witterung und Wachsthum*, 'Weather and Growth, or Elements of Climatology as affecting Plants,' a large book, filled with details in which the student may glean valuable information. The author takes the year 1854, gives a table of its climate, the effect produced thereby on thirteen plants specially chosen for trial; shews the daily development of leaves, stems, and blossoms, by a scale of coloured curved lines; and from all this he deduces the effect of the main conditions of weather on the growth of plants.

A successful application of the steam-jet to ventilation has been made in a mine near Bradford, Yorkshire. The jet turned on at the upper end of a series of pipes, drew off the foul air, and in thirty minutes, the miners could descend into passages which before were fatally filled with choke-damp.—Boydell's 'traction engine and endless railway' has proved its capability by drawing four trucks laden with forty-two tons of timber from Thetford to Woolwich at the rate of four miles an hour, some part over bad country-roads. The engine lays down the 'pattens' or endless rail for itself, and travels on the ordinary highways. It is the second which the government have purchased for dock-yard service; we hear that it will do the work of sixty horses, and that an officer was appointed to watch it while on the way from Norfolk with a view to purchase for use in India.—We learn from Captain Galton's annual report, that 8506 miles of railway were open at the end of 1856, employing twelve persons to the mile. The number of passengers carried in that year was 129,347,592, nearly 11,000,000 more than in 1855—that an astonishing development has taken place in 'goods traffic'—that, in the captain's opinion, low fares are most profitable to the company—and that he recommends the adoption of measures for protecting shareholders from the delinquencies of directors.—The Lancaster and Ulverstone Railway is noteworthy for tangible advantages in addition to the traffic, as the line is carried across Morecambe Bay, protected by a sea-wall which protects 20,000 acres in its rear

from the tides which had long rolled over the sands of the dangerous estuary. The mouths of the two small streams, Kent and Leven, are crossed by bridges erected on hollow iron piles, the bases of which are broad disks, sunk deep in the sand.—The locomotive constructed for the special use of the emperor our ally is made to do what many English locomotives should do—burn its own smoke. The coal is laid on an ascending slope of bars, and so perfect is the combustion of the gases, that the solid portion is at once converted into coke; the process, in fact, is one by which coke is made as fast as needed.

A valuable paper by Dr Lombard on *Mountain Climates considered in a Medical Point of View*, has lately appeared in a periodical published at Geneva, and translated in an English journal. The author takes up the whole question of mountain climates; shews in what instances they are hurtful, and in what beneficial; and that much depends on a difference of a thousand feet. Indeed, it would appear that the weakly and the diseased require to be as carefully advised as to the choice of a mountain residence, as to that of a mineral bath or spring. The prior of the Hospice of St Bernard, the highest permanently inhabited point in Europe—8129 feet—replies to questions concerning the effects of the elevated climate: 'The diseases to which the monks are liable are inflammations of the chest. The greater number of them become asthmatic after a certain number of years, and are obliged to go down again to the plain. Those who have been born among the mountains can reside for a long time with impunity at the convent.' It is curious and instructive to notice that certain diseases appear natural to certain heights—asthma, for example, to the highest. On the other hand, 'if the low valleys or medium regions of our Alps present a great number of phthisical cases, this disease becomes rarer and rarer as we ascend, insomuch that, at a height above 3280 feet, we meet only with a few isolated cases, and at 4920 feet, pulmonary phthisis entirely disappears. This phthisical zone, above and below which this disorder disappears, may be approximately fixed at between 1640 and 3280 feet.' The doctor classifies the climates under three heads: 1. 'Climates at once tonic and soothing (below 3280),' as at Mornex, St Gervais, and places overlooking the lakes of Thun, Brienz, and Lucerne. 2. 'Tonic and invigorating climates (about 3280 feet),' as Monnetier, Treize Arbres on the Salève, Voirons, Lalliaz, and others. 3. 'Climates essentially tonic and exciting (above 3280 feet),' as Comballaz, Grion, Gurnigel, Rosenlaüi, the Righi, and others. According to the disease, such should be the remedial climate. 'If,' pursues the doctor, in a passage which we think it desirable to reproduce here—'if the respiration be freer, the circulation more regular, and the digestion more active, it is evident that it is by modifying the functions of assimilation and sanguinification (hematosis), that the air of heights gives a new life to debilitated constitutions; and, on the other hand, that if the muscular vigour be increased, the sleep more tranquil, and the intellectual functions calmer, it is because the air of mountains exercises a twofold action on the nervous system—sedative as regards the brain, and stimulating in respect to the functions depending on the nervous centres, the spinal marrow, and the ganglions. It thus definitely appears that, when we wish to render nutrition more complete, and re-establish the equilibrium, between the animal and mental functions, we should recommend a sojourn in some elevated locality; while we should carefully avoid the use of exciting therapeutic agents whenever we have to do with plethoric persons disposed to inflammations or hemorrhages, and who are excessively nervous, or labouring under some organic disease accompanied with fever or great vascular irritability.' These conclusions are well worth consideration by those numerous health-seekers who rush to the sea-side, fix themselves there for weeks, and return home feeling more languid and out of sorts than when they went.

The statistics issued from the Mining Record Office have now assumed a very important character. 'With each year,' as Mr Robert Hunt says, 'attempts have been made to enlarge the circle of inquiry;' and the result is, that the Mineral Statistics for 1856, just published by Messrs Longman, 'embrace every important branch of our mineral industries.' The volume is prefaced by a laudatory notice from Sir Roderick I. Murchison, as director of the Museum of Practical Geology, mentioning the very interesting circumstance it discloses, that the produce of coal in the United Kingdom has now reached the enormous annual amount of 66½ *millions of tons!* We may mention, likewise, as a proof of the enlargement of our iron trade, that the quantity of pig-iron manufactured in the year was upwards of 3½ million tons, from 622 blast-furnaces. Such returns, it may be interesting to know, are obtained upon application, without any hesitation on the part of those engaged in our great mineral industries.

ARISE YE, AND DEPART.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.—*Micah*, ii. 10.

Arise ye, and depart; for never more
Can shine the sun upon the darkened cloud.
Can Life her Ishmael, lost Hope, restore
Unto the soul? That soul like Hagar bowed
And gazing o'er the waste; weaving her shroud
From out the sorrow hived within her breast:
She lists to murmurs, uttered not aloud,
To the wing-music of an angel guest—
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

Arise ye, and depart; yon setting sun
Casts lengthened shadows down the stony way;
The shattered sunbeams, angels one by one
Are stealing; leaves are blushing o'er decay;
And Ocean moans his broken-hearted lay
In Nature's ear; and Nature worn, oppress,
With hearing all her wayward children pray
To her, but syllables that high behest—
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

Arise ye, and depart; all steeped in light,
That heaven-promised land lies far before;
The cloud by day, the pillared fire by night,
Shall beacon onward to that distant shore:
There every hope lost from the earthly store,
And wildly mourned, is garnered to the breast,
And from the Tree of Life can fall no more
A withered leaf. Wayworn and care-opprest,
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

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THE HIGHLAND SEASON.

To no small portion of the fashionable world of London, and to that extensive class throughout the country at large whose movements are regulated by the capital, there are few routes more attractive than those that lead towards the north of Scotland. Autumnal tourists have ceased to travel for the sake of recording their impressions of scenery, or with a hope of encountering romantic incidents by the road. There are, indeed, no places worth exploring within the compass of a short holiday, that have not become almost unpleasantly familiar by repeated description. A salutary impression, moreover, has of late been made upon the public mind, that the main object of travel is not so much sight-seeing as to obtain purer air, relaxation from business, and the cheerfulness of spirit that variety and exercise almost invariably confer. So, leaving German spas and German doctors to stately dowagers and pompous invalids in general, and the tame shores of Brighton and Scarborough to such as prefer ease to exercise, a yearly increasing number of travellers make for the Highlands, anticipating, we may suppose, greater enjoyment in scrambling upon ponies over wild mountains, far beyond cities and railways, or strolling by the heathery braes of some romantic valley. Thousands of such visitors every autumn invade the north, and may be encountered during August and September in the most remote corners—perhaps sketching the famous cave of Strathaird, fishing on Loch Maree, or climbing Ben Cruachan.

The indifferent accommodation provided in former times for travellers, gave an additional zest to the natural inconveniences of the route. The earlier race of tourists could astonish friendly listeners at home with a recital of dangers not altogether imaginary. It was not unusual to hear of a party, too confident of their walking-power, and unaware of the consumptive effects of mountain air upon the fullest wallet, getting benighted or overtaken by mist, and owing their relief to an accidental meeting with a belated shepherd or a suspicious gamekeeper; or it has sometimes happened that an adventurous band, including several ladies, have pushed forward, hungry and exhausted, to a *bothie*, dignified by the partial guide-books into an inn, and found the 'good refreshment' resolve itself into whisky, smoked cakes, and salted herrings, while the 'comfortable beds' were as unacquainted with sheets as the fireplaces with grates.

As a growing appreciation of the great natural beauty of Highland scenery led every season to an increase of visitors, there naturally arose a demand for better accommodation; but it was found extremely difficult to convince native innkeepers of the necessity for amendment in that respect. Innovation of any kind is irksome to Highlanders, and in that now suggested there was an implied censure of national habits highly disagreeable to a sensitive people. Nor was their estimate of the character of the friendly invaders calculated to impress them with satisfactory reasons for gratifying what they looked upon as prejudices, for it must be owned that Celtic innkeepers, in common with Celts in general, regarded tourists as harmless imbeciles, whose delusion was to climb without purpose the steepest mountains, to dredge patiently for useless sea-weed and shells, and to get drenched in infatuated admiration of a water-fall. They could not comprehend how such indifference to out-of-door comfort as these pursuits implied, was compatible with luxurious habits at home; but John Bull, with characteristic obstinacy, preferred his own tastes, and determined to gratify them. It was vain attempting to persuade him that raw whisky was a superior tonic to *stout*, that Athol-brose formed the most epicurean of dishes, or that a daily newspaper was a superfluous luxury. He insisted on cooking as at home, demanded carriage-roads instead of bridle-tracks, got steamers placed on the most inaccessible lakes, and had a medical practitioner introduced into every parish: and, further to assist this assimilation of manners, he carried some of his own innkeepers into the country. This practice is still maintained, and threatens in a few years to make a specimen of the native race of innkeepers as rare as a capercailzie. Even at present, in those instances where the landlord's country displays itself in an unmistakable Ross-shire or Perthshire accent, the landlady or head-waiter is pretty sure to have come across the Border.

All Highland innkeepers, native or imported, have one general failing—they are notorious grumblers. This unamiable trait is probably due to the rareness of their experience of that medium of fortune proverbially declared favourable to mental equanimity. For nine months of the year they vegetate in hotels as capacious and gloomy as old castles, indulging in no livelier meditations than heavy rents and expensive establishments suggest, whereas, during the autumnal quarter, money pours so profusely into their pockets, that visions of sudden fortune come upon them as vividly as second-sight.

The contrast between these unequal divisions of the year is indeed grievous. Slowly and drearily revolve the unprofitable winter, spring, and summer. For many months there appears no visitor more lucrative than an exciseman or a stray commercial traveller;

no grander equipage than a farmer's gig. The great subject of speculation to the Highland innkeeper during this tedious interval is the probable character of next season. With intense anxiety does he watch for any indications that public events, as the state of trade and political relations, supply. Objects of general curiosity, or seasons of national alarm, such as the different exhibitions of London, Dublin, and Paris, an election, or a war, very gravely affect him, since they tend to diminish the number of travellers.

But the dullest winter and coldest spring must terminate, and with the genial summer mine host gets more lively. His cellars are examined; his stud ascertained to be fresh; his carriages are repainted; and his advertisements are issued. Alas! tourists will no more travel before the prorogation than if prohibited by act of parliament. It is surely not without reason that the ready landlord denounces the fashionable tyranny that deprives visitors of seeing a Highland summer in its prime. Occasionally, the long days of June are enlivened by the arrival of a newly married pair, or a noisy party of botanical students. Not unfrequently an Oxford or Cambridge tutor, about to spend the long vacation in Scotland with a party of pupils, applies for rooms. Such an offer is not accepted without hesitation, since the requisite accommodation involves a considerable portion of the hotel. Nevertheless, the season may be bad, so—not without a vivid anticipation of the indignant air with which a traveller, arriving when the house is full, points to the 'ample accommodation' advertised in *Bradshaw*—the landlord errs on the prudent side. The arrival of the undergraduates communicates some bustle to the quiet inn, which gradually extends throughout the parish. So profitably do these young gentlemen employ their leisure, that in a few days there is not a rare fern, an antique bridge, or a romantic water-fall, but is as familiar to them as the capacity of the swiftest pony in the inn stables, or the troutfulness of the best pool on the river.

As the season proper draws nearer, the innkeeper's anxiety grows more intense, and induces him to hold long consultations with his better-half in the back-parlour. We shall suppose, however, that parliament is quietly prorogued without the occurrence of any untoward crisis to affect the travelling tendencies of the thousands that hurry to railway stations. Among the earliest symptoms of the coming season is the passage of sportsmen to the moors.* These, having their lodges furnished with every necessary, are of little advantage to the innkeeper. Fortunately for him, they form but an insignificant portion of English visitors. It is for tourists proper, the class that have no home but an hotel, that our host opens his doors. Presently troops of these, striking off from Perth, Inverness, Oban, or Aberdeen, appear in the most remote districts. The innkeeper is now busy and cheerful. Almost every hour, polite parties in carriages, and more clamorous sets in those curious walking costumes with which English fancy loves to vary the tartan, find their way to the inn; while, if situated upon any of the main lines of travel, morning and evening coaches deposit their tired occupants at its doors. Within, waiters and chambermaids bustle about, bells are constantly ringing, and every corner is alive, from the sacred recesses of the back-parlour, where the hostess scores bills over the closed piano, to the topmost garret. Amid all this excitement, the happy landlord stands unmoved, and—the impersonation of order—superintends with unwearied civility and good-humour each arrival and departure.

Emergencies occasionally arise that demand the exercise of his utmost tact. Such may be the case on, for example, the arrival of what Mr Boswell would call—an Illustrious Party. Late in the evening, when the hotel is crowded, an imposing equipage—perhaps that of a foreign prince—drives up to the door. The host is puzzled—even the fertile genius of the head-waiter is unable to suggest any satisfactory expedient. The crisis is very grave; for should the Illustrious Party suspect the state of matters, they will order fresh horses, and proceed another stage. Our host cannot for a moment entertain this alternative. An idea strikes him. Whispering some words to his anxious wife, he knocks at the door of one of the general visitors, and, upon admission, proceeds to narrate the peculiar circumstances of the case. Artfully dwelling upon the exalted rank of the arrival, he endeavours to excite his listener's sympathy, and concludes with insinuating, as gently as possible, a modest wish that the gentleman would give up his bedroom for a single night. The gentleman, however, is marvellously indifferent to the claims of the great party, but at last, through continued solicitation, expresses a surly willingness to abandon his apartment if another can be procured for him. Most politely is he thanked by the landlord, who retires to repeat the same process with as many guests as he needs first-rate apartments, and thereafter awaits the return of his wife. The lady's part of the negotiation in like manner required considerable tact: she had been despatched to the clergyman's and to the doctor's, with a view of coaxing their respective wives to accommodate the ousted guests. Yet, after giving all this trouble, it is far from improbable that the Illustrious Party may look rather indignantly at the bill next morning.

There are few visitors more welcome at a Highland inn than a party leisurely posting in one of those huge family-coaches with which Englishmen first invaded the continent. The landlord, finding its occupants not pressed for time, very naturally employs every artifice to promote their stay. If Paterfamilias is neither sportsman nor angler, he is perhaps something of an antiquary. In such a case, there are several mysterious mounds and circles in the neighbourhood, the archæology of which is still obscure. Then for the sketch-books of the younger members of the party there are many charming spots that will richly repay a visit. It must not be supposed that unpretending travellers are neglected: Piscator is out all day, never grumbles at bed or table, and pays—like a lord.

The famous reserve of English character nowhere more powerfully exhibits itself than in the Highlands. The same parties may meet for several days at the same inns, travel by the same conveyances, and visit the same curiosities without advancing towards any intimacy. There is one occasion, however, during the Highland Season, upon which all classes of travellers associate on somewhat familiar terms: this is at the Northern Meeting—an annual festival of considerable antiquity, held at Inverness about the middle of September, where national amusements may be witnessed to great advantage. So far as popularity is concerned, the Northern Meeting forms the Derby of the Highlands. There is always a great concourse of spectators. Travellers from inns, sportsmen from shooting-boxes, and yachtsmen from the Western Islands, Caledonian Canal, or Moray Firth, country gentlemen, farmers, and a vast body of the neighbouring rural population, hasten to Inverness. Who can describe the anxiety of the fair inhabitants of that picturesque town on this occasion, not so much from a patriotic desire that reels may be danced and pibrochs played to

* It is not unamusing to notice the general connection in the public mind between grouse-shooting and legislation. Tired senators are popularly represented at the close of each parliamentary session as longing to recruit their energies on the Scottish moors. Now, the fact is, that the number of M.P.'s renting moors is extremely small, and of that number it is no offence to observe their celebrity is greater as sportsmen than as speakers. The lessees of Highland shootings belong mostly to the moneyed middle class, such as bankers, brewers, officers, country gentlemen, and the like.

the admiration of English visitors, or from an apprehension that the champion of the stone may not be a native, as on account of the balls that accompany the festival? That such anxiety is neither unnatural nor misplaced, is easily understood from the number of Englishmen that rumour declares to be yearly enchanted by the fair sirens of the Ness. Some amusing stories are told of the difficulty experienced on such interesting occasions in convincing a matter-of-fact paternal guardian from Birmingham or Leeds of the honour conferred upon his family by Miss Macphilabeg's acceptance of his son's hand and fortune. The public interest centres of course upon the more legitimate objects of the Meeting. The games, indeed, possess something of an Olympic character. No feeble arm can make the *caber*—a huge fir—describe a circle in the air; nor is it an ordinary achievement to pitch a hammer, weighing sixteen pounds, a distance of one hundred feet. The national music is grateful even to English ears—a result probably due as much to being heard in open air, as to the acknowledged merit of the performers.

The duration of the Highland Season, after the close of the Northern Meeting, depends upon the weather, which may remain favourable for three or four weeks, or not for as many days. Often in the driest autumn a chilly night towards the end of October is succeeded by an unusually bright morning. Astonished tourists awaken to find the hills covered with snow. The landlord tries to palliate the fault, but in vain. Nervous ladies recall disagreeable reminiscences of interrupted communication, and hurry homewards their travelling companions. So bills are settled, kilts laid aside, fishing-rods unjointed, and in a very few days the inn is deserted. The doleful landlord, as he sees his latest guest depart, locks his cellars, houses his carriages, and suspends his newspapers. The dull winter will be on presently; and as he surveys misty hills, empty roads, and leafless trees, he would fain slumber till autumn reappears, till once again impatient bells, smoking horses, and crowding travellers proclaim the return of the Highland Season.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

What would old Strabo think if he could return from the shades and spend a few days with us? The old traveller, we presume, would be an honoured guest at the meetings of the Geographical Society; and kindly greetings would doubtless be exchanged between him and Livingstone. How the gallant Raleigh and the learned Hakluyt would rejoice over the explorations of our later times! The former might remind us of his prophecies, now fulfilled in the discoveries of the auriferous regions of California and Australia. 'That gold and silver in large quantities,' says Raleigh's biographer, 'were to be come at in parts of America not possessed by the Spaniards was a persuasion that fire could not burn out of Raleigh;' and he himself says: 'There are many places of the world, especially *America*, many *high and impassable mountains*, which are very rich and full of gold;' and, relating the fable of the golden fleece, he observes: 'Not far from Caucasus there are steep falling torrents, which wash down many grains of gold, *as in many other parts of the world*, and the people there inhabiting use to set many fleeces of wool in those descents of water, in which grains of gold remain, and the water passeth through.'

It is truly said that 'the superstition of one age becomes the philosophy of the next.' The vague belief of a Raleigh, and the scientific deductions of a Murchison, may both precede the actual discovery of gold, but the fact at length comes to light, and then we marvel at our want of faith. This great event of the century is intimately connected with the science of geography, of which we would say a few words, taking 'the Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Geographical Society'* as our text.

The two awards of gold medals are significant of the direction and progress of this important study. The first recipient for this year is Mr A. C. Gregory, for explorations in North Australia—a division of the world so important as one of the great colonies of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the centre, probably, of future civilisation when we shall have shared the fate of 'Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage.' Mr Gregory's explorations, however, have decided one rather uncomfortable fact—that the central portion of this continent, together with the southern coast-line, are composed of an uninhabitable desert, which, geologists suggest, may probably be the dried-up bottom of a sea, and that there can be no intercommunication over these sterile tracts.

We find, according to the same authority, 'that squatters have extended their dwellings to S. lat. 23° 41′ and E. long. 147° 50′, or about 500 miles from the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria.' And then comes the important news, that a vast district from the eastern side of the gulf to the northernmost station of our settlers, 'is more or less fertile;' and according to the colonial secretary, 'some of us may live to hear of that hitherto unknown region becoming the home of a prosperous English settlement.'

Associated with Mr Gregory's expedition were Dr Mueller the botanist, and Mr Wilson the geologist, who have given the world the result of their researches. It is highly satisfactory to know that the party did not suffer from loss of health, and that, during some portion of the journeyings on the banks of the Victoria River, their horses fattened, which facts argue favourable conditions for British garrisons and colonists. The following remark, with which Sir Roderick Murchison closes this portion of his address, is just now pregnant with interest. He says: 'Ought we to close our eyes to the vast importance, not only of securing good harbours of refuge in Northern Australia, but also of there establishing naval stations, which would prove invaluable for steam-navigation, and where, in the event of war, our fleets may rendezvous, and thence move directly upon the flank of any enemy who might be operating against our eastern trade and possessions?'

The Geographical Society's second medallist for 1857 is Colonel Waugh, for his extension of the trigonometrical survey of India—completing, in fact, 'the triangulation of a vast tract, comprising 223,000 square miles.' This work has occupied fifty-four years. In considering these details, let those amongst us, 'who live at home at ease,' think of the perseverance, privation, and hardships by which all such scientific improvements have been effected. Those 'young hearts, hot and restless,' who are fired by desire and ambition for adventure and distinction, need not fear, like Alexander, that there will be nothing left for them to conquer; the mere investigation of what has been done, will prove to us how much there remains *to be done*. The world is not used up, even in geography-books, and progress itself opens new fields of observation, and brings us cognizant with correlative laws, which it may yet take generations to work out.

Amongst the most important labours of geography are the maritime surveys. We find that there are at present under government orders twenty surveying parties in active service. They are equally divided among our own coasts and the colonies—the Mediterranean, the river Plate, the South-western Pacific, and the coast of China. The immense importance of

* By Sir Roderick I. Murchison, the president.

these operations may not, perhaps, at once strike some of us, who are landsmen, but 'they that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters,' know full well the value of charts, which mark out with precision and accuracy

> The edges
> Of sunken ledges,

and

> The shifting currents of the restless main.

But to return to the plain prose of statistical facts. We learn that 1000 herring-boats annually fish out of Wick on the Caithness coasts, and that they have no shelter to run for. The geographers, in a spirit of philanthropy, common to science, set about discussing the alleviation of this evil, suggesting the erection of a suitable harbour. The geologist, too, comes in with some interesting theory (not yet quite made out) relative to the changes which take place on this coast. Mr Keith Johnston and Mr John Cleghorn, who have devoted much time, says our text-book, 'to the observation of these phenomena, agree that the prevalent wave-producing wind wears the headlands into precipices, which sends back the débris by a counter or reflux current which necessarily tends to shoal up the opposite side of the bay.' This law is so simple that it would be very pleasant to have it satisfactorily proved, and, observes Sir Roderick, 'we may extend the reasoning to those periods of change in the surface of the globe, when, after the former sea-bottoms were raised up to constitute the mass of the present constituents, great lines of cliff were formed in given directions, facing, as it were, low tracts covered by marine drift.' Adopting this law, we might pronounce 'upon the prevalent winds of the pre-Adamite time.'

As we follow the details of the Admiralty survey from place to place, we cannot but congratulate the age upon the wonderful accuracy, patience, and scientific knowledge which are now brought to bear upon investigations so important to our navy, our commercial shipping, and to the life and property of the community at large. In geographical science, the *cui bono* party have at least no cause to complain of physical philosophy. The common-sense school may also do homage even to so-called theorists, who can teach their mariners, their civil engineers, their miners, and their manufacturers something more than the old routine of practice has effected. In almost every region of importance, the maritime surveys are being prosecuted, not only in our own channels, but in remote seas and distant rivers. We have valuable information from the soundings of the delta of the Danube, the Sea of Azov, the Mediterranean, and Archipelago; all this, be it observed, is the current work of the year. Some of these surveys have originated in that period, and all have been progressing with vigour and success.

In this and similar work, not only are accurate delineations made for the use of the geographer, but the geologist is assisted very frequently in his investigations, and the political economist and merchant are guided to fresh fields of labour and profit. Physical science is the true missionary of civilisation. How admirably do the rays of philosophy converge into one focus of utility! The astronomer at his telescope numbers the stars in their orbits, and by his teachings the sailor uses them for beacon-lights on the pathless ocean.

The Scandinavians and their Sea-kings may have infused into the Anglo-Saxon race something of their own spirit of daring and adventure. We are not, it is true, ferocious predatory pirates like the old Danes of Alfred's time; but certain it is, that wherever ships can go, there English people are to be found, helping the natives by conquering them, and colonising where it seemeth best to their world-wide experience. The sort of assistance which the Geographical Society affords in our communications with our distant settlements, may be gathered from the following: 'In the last anniversary (1856) address, a hope was expressed that Captain Bate, the surveyor of the island of Palàwan, might be more usefully employed in China than in merely commanding a cruising ship. It is gratifying to be able to state that a thoroughly equipped surveying vessel, the *Actæon*, accompanied by a small steam-tender, the *Dove*, under command of Lieutenant Bulloch, has sailed for those seas, and as soon as the present unfortunate differences with China are settled, Captain Bate will resume his survey on such parts of the coast as most require it. In the meantime, Messrs Richards and Inskip, in the *Saracen*, will proceed forthwith to make a detailed survey of the dangerous shoal As Pratas—lying only sixty leagues to the east-south-east of our own colony at Hong Kong—with a view to the construction of a light-house upon that extensive coral-reef which has caused the wreck of so many vessels.'

But to revert to details of actual work done—for instance, in the Sea of Azov, which is proved 'to be in no part deeper than forty feet,' if the present system of discharging ballast, which forms nuclei for alluvial deposits, be not discontinued, 'the sea before long will be hardly navigable in some places.'

In regard to South Africa, the government is reminded of what it is not doing, and of the necessity for instituting both land and coast surveys, which shall enable the Cape settlers to develop the resources of the district, and so benefit the colonial exchequer. In the Pacific Ocean, Captain Denham has found that certain supposed rocks, the Underwood and Rosaretta reefs, have no actual existence—a useful discovery; for ships, in avoiding the imaginary Scylls, may have been drawn into Charybdis.

Amongst the useful inventions and improvements which are chronicled as the latest additions to geographical science, we find that during the last year the ordnance surveys have got 1,394,409 acres mapped, ready for publication. The geological survey of the British Isles continues its work, having completed and published 'one-inch scale, with six-inch horizontal sections, maps which relate to the whole of Wales, all the south-western districts, and a great part of the central counties of England.' That the public are appreciating these valuable repositories of information is evident, for the sale this year, if it continues, will exceed 5000 sheets. It is at this point of popular success that the importance of an undertaking comes to be generally felt, and to bear the fruit of educational usefulness—in other words, the young engineer, the agriculturist, the miner, the settler in the backwoods, finds that he must know something of physical geography and geology, if he would improve his own position, by developing the resources of the country or neighbourhood where his lot is cast. We do not now measure the capabilities of things, animate or inanimate, by what *has been done*. Practical knowledge is like a mere tool, if there is not an intelligent head to guide its utility. We don't put the wheel in the rut 'to drag its weary length along;' but we make new roads, for the steam-slave to work our will with lightning speed. The Romans knew the way to remove lead from its ores, but they did not know the *best* way; for a company on the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire, are at this moment working their refuse slag, and find it more profitable than new mines. A coin of Antoninus Pius was found beneath the mass of scoriæ, a curious enough link between the labour of the second and the nineteenth centuries. What happened to the Romans in their ignorance of metallurgy is now happening to us: the refuse of the copper-mines and smelting-places, comprising thousands of tons, is known to

contain vast quantities of unredeemed metal, waiting for improved processes of separation.

So it is in all things: another contrast of past and present strikes us in reading a recent letter from Mr Twaits, Director of the Botanic Gardens, Ceylon, to his entomological friend, William Spence—he says: 'It is delightful to find that entomology is so "looking up." There surely cannot be a better field for studying the plan of creation than it presents; and it is lamentable to think our ancestors were so unwise as to throw ridicule on the study; but better times have arrived, and if we are only blessed with peace for another quarter of a century, what a change we shall see with rising generations!—men and things in their right places, and far more real enjoyment of life.'

Entomology itself does not stand apart from geological or geographical considerations, for insects, as we are told, follow particular stratifications of rocks; and we all know that different genera exist according to the distribution of land and water.

The enthusiasm with which the writer of the above letter regards the study of science, and its ameliorating influence on the future, is a hopeful witness of our age, which, most assuredly, does wrestle bravely with all difficulties, whether political or physical—whether it be the enfranchisement of a sect, or the linking together of continents by electric chains. Our philosophers and explorers are indeed undaunted by physical difficulties, as the investigations of those resolute, patient, and daring men, Drs Barth and Livingstone, do testify. Of the other noble qualities of those travellers —Livingstone, more especially—we need not speak, as the public mind has been full of the subject only very recently. We have another instance of the subjugation of impediments in the case of Professor Piazzi Smyth, who established upon the Peak of Teneriffe, 'amid the old trachytic lavas of the volcano, 10,710 feet above the sea,' a station for his telescope. It had been found that the lower atmosphere of the earth impeded the powers of the telescope. The advantage gained by this altitude for purposes of astronomical observation, 'may be inferred,' says Dr Lloyd, 'from the fact, that the heat radiated from the moon, and so often sought for in a lower region, was distinctly perceptible.'

It is gratifying to learn from Sir Roderick, that all the principal states of Europe are rivalling the English in their efforts to increase our knowledge of the surface of the earth. The exertions of France, of Spain, of the German powers, and of Russia in this walk, are all detailed by him, and allowed their due share of praise.

LITTLE NID-NODDY.

The town had grown immensely since I saw it in boyhood: so had I, for that matter. I found myself a tall, stout, middle-aged (or worse) individual, instead of a little slim boy; and the place had waxed in proportion, till it now presented something quite metropolitan in aspect. I found it necessary to see some of the higher officials of the Post-office, on the subject of a letter of value that appeared to have miscarried, and the person I spoke to was a pleasant, gentlemanlike man, who entered with interest and kindness into the business. On learning my name, he turned his eyes on my face, with a look that gradually brightened into a smile.

'Are you not a native of this town?' said he.

'Yes; but my family have long since migrated: I know nobody.'

'Don't you know me?' and the smile turned into a laugh.

'Upon my word, I feel as if I ought to do so; but the fellow I am thinking of rarely smiled, and never laughed. He was, in fact, a sort of sullen dog—an ill-natured'——

'Hold—I deny that! Ill-tempered, I confess, but not ill-natured.'

'What, then you *are* Brown!'

'As sure as you are Smith!' and the two boy-acquaintances—mere acquaintances, with nothing in common between them—meeting after the lapse of a quarter of a century, grasped each other's hands as if they had been lifelong friends. After the usual questions and answers, that mean nothing but an expression of interest and sympathy—

'Well,' said I, 'after all, you are not so much changed so far as the features go: it is the pleasant expression that disguised you; and then your hair—why, it is positively gray! What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Doing! Look at your own hair—you are as gray as a badger.'

'Meaning me? Fy, fy! Gray? Oh fy!'

'Well, come and dine with me at six, and you shall have a history of my expression. I assure you it has often puzzled myself.'

I did dine with him at six. And a very nice little dinner we had, well-dressed, warm, and comfortable; with a very nice little wife at the top of the table; and afterwards, a very nice bottle of old port—no claret, and no nonsense of any kind—to throw its genial glow over our conversation. Mrs Brown was not what you would call pretty. Her features were moulded, not cut; she had a round nose, a round chin, and a pair of round cheeks, and with the hue of health spread over them, they passed very well. But then there was such a look about the little woman! Such gleams of good-humour played incessantly over her face! Her eyes appeared as if they were always laughing; and her ripe lips, as if they would let out the sound of it only for modesty. Her conversation was not what is called intellectual, which is all a sham when used as the common staple of talk: her thoughts came straight from the heart, without waiting to be distilled in the brain, and her voice, while soft and kindly, was as clear as a bell.

Some men call their wives Mamma, some Meg, if they were christened Margaret, and some a pet name that has neither rhyme nor reason. My friend Brown called his wife, several times, Little Nid-noddy. It seemed to me a comical fancy, but he let it slip out without feeling it, and she accepted it as something that belonged to her.

'Well, good-bye, Little Nid-noddy,' said he, as she was leaving the room; 'let us know when you are wearying for tea.' She held up her finger with an arch smile, and complimenting us with a couple of quick nods, vanished.

'What an odd name, Brown,' said I, 'to call that very charming little wife of yours! How came you to think of anything so nonsensical?'

'Why, that is a part of the story I am going to tell you about what you are pleased to think my evil disposition; and now, that we are alone, let us fill our glasses, and I shall begin. Story, did I say? Well, I can't say there is any story in it: it has no incident —except the wedding; no characters except my own, and one I imagined; and no dialogue, for, in point of fact, I hardly ever spoke to her till a very short time before she became my wife.'

'Well, if there is no story, you can't tell it, that's all—so begin.'

'Very well. I *was* a sullen, ill-tempered young dog. I can't think how this came about: perhaps my grandmother'——

'Never mind your grandmother. You were a horrid young cub, that's the long and short of it.'

'It is quite true; and when I was stuck up officially at the wicket to give out the letters applied for, I do believe I thought less of the wealth and honour of the post than of the opportunities it afforded me of ladling

about my disagreeable feelings to the community. I took a pride in irritating or humiliating my customers, pretending to think all the while to myself that I was the aggrieved party. When a farmer, as green as his own turnip-tops, came to ask whether I had a letter for "one Simpson," I replied gruffly, affecting to examine the packet—"No such name as One Simpson;" or perhaps—"Which Simpson? Abraham Simpson?" and it was a favourite dodge of mine, after fencing cleverly for some time with a categorist, to shut the wicket suddenly in his face, leaving him in a state of profound mystification.'

'Upon my word! I wish I had caught you at these tricks with me.'

'One day a little girl came tripping into the vestibule, and after asking some question at other wickets, presented herself at mine. She was so short, I was obliged to stretch over my neck to see her, which I took as a trouble; and on hearing her inquiry, which was about a colonial letter, I was just going to answer "Not here," when I was struck by something peculiar in her look. It was so gay, so familiar, so trusting, that I thought for a moment she must surely be some acquaintance whose features I had forgotten.

"You must go elsewhere, little girl," said I; "it is not my business. This is inland."

"Why sure!—don't shut! It's Tom's letter—Tom all the way in Australia! I knew you wouldn't shut"—and she gave a little merry laugh. "Now, do tell me where I am to go." Well, I don't know how it came about; but for some minutes after that I was stretching my long neck through the wicket, explaining to the little girl what she was to do; and at length I beckoned one of the carriers, and desired him to take her to the proper place. I remember I tried very hard to persuade myself that she was a troublesome little mouse, and I a very ill-used, overworked individual; till, when I was still thinking the matter over, I saw her on her way out threading the crowd that now began to throng the vestibule. She stopped two or three times to look towards my wicket, but I turned away my head as if I wasn't thinking of such trash; till at length she caught my eye in spite of me, and raising herself on tiptoe—her face aglow with a merry smile of recognition, thanks, and triumph—she gave me a couple of quick nods—nid-nod—like a postman's knock, and vanished away into the street.

'It made me smile, and I was not much accustomed then to smiling. For some time after, I noticed her in the vestibule every now and then, although not near me, and never without receiving from her the same recognition: at length I came to expect her; and when, one day, I saw the same little girl—she had been posting a letter—looking round and up into my wicket, as if she was playing at bo-peep, and with her merry acquaintance-claiming smile, popping her double nod at me, I declare to you I felt a sensation of actual pleasure.

"Well?" said I, "what's to do now?"

"There it is," she replied, placing before me a little packet, about the fourth part of a business letter in size, only thicker.

"What is this? It has no address."

"No; they were married this morning, and that's a bit of the cake. It's for dreaming. You put it under your pillow, you know, when you go to bed."

"You odd little girl, I don't want your cake."

"No!" and she opened her eyes upon me with wonder: "you don't like a dreaming-piece? But that must be a mistake; for mamma allowed me to bring it, and said that all good pleasant people liked everything of the kind." What could I say to this? Was I a good pleasant fellow? I gave a sort of sheepish smile, and put the gift into my waistcoat pocket; whereupon the delighted little girl, with a comical look of mirth and triumph, popped off at me her little double nod, and springing away, was out of sight in an instant. After this '——

'Stay, I want to know whether you put the dreaming-piece under your pillow.'

'Pooh, nonsense: don't interrupt me.'

'Come, yes or no?'

'Well, I did: fill your glass, and don't interfere with history. This sort of acquaintance, if acquaintance it can be called, went on for a long time, till I waited with a kind of impatience for the appearance of the pleasant little face. No wonder; I knew nobody else, except in the way of business. I was not the fellow to make acquaintances, and reading was out of the question while at the wicket. My thoughts, therefore, acquired the habit of busying themselves about her. I wondered who it was that was married, coming tardily to the decision that it was her eldest sister, and that the happy man was an old companion of Australian Tom. Then as time passed on, I amused myself with criticising her looks, which always bore traces of some changing emotion, although with the old good-humour over all. And then there came at last a time when days, weeks, months passed away without my seeing her; and although the little face still kept pace with me in my life's monotonous journey, it grew fainter and fainter, till it would probably have vanished altogether. But just before that consummation, she turned up. She was in deep mourning. Her pace was slower, graver; her face, though as good-humoured as ever, was pale, thoughtful, sad: she looked older—I had never suspected till then that she was growing on like other girls, with womanhood itself at the end of the vista. Having posted her letter, she came to my wicket, and turning up the same bright face, looked at me for a moment, till her kind, confiding eyes filled with tears.

"He is dead," said she in a whisper: "I thought I would let you know;" and turning round as on a pivot, walked slowly away. Who was dead?—that was a new text for my reflections. Her father? Was the poor girl now unprotected in the world? In what circumstances had he died? I say, Smith, this habit of thinking about other people does a large stroke of business in the way of humanising! I had been getting less and less selfish ever since I began the practice—that is, ever since I knew Little Nid-noddy; and to say less selfish, includes less sullen, less fretful, less ill-tempered. My success in business was probably owing to the change. People began to take some interest in me, and prospects opened of advancement when vacancies should occur. Besides, the good-humoured expression of the little girl was of use to me'——

'That is just what I was thinking. Anything else might have made you more amiable, but it would also have made you more lackadaisical. When you thought of her, your face reflected the brightness of hers, and the habit gave a certain sunniness to your whole being. But, my dear fellow, I wish, when you were about it, you had got hold of another characteristic of hers.'

'What is that?'

'Her quickness of motion. Your prosy way gives one the idea that years must have elapsed between the time you first saw her at your wicket and her father's death.'

'And so they did: that shews I know how to relate history. At the latter period, she was not so prodigiously young as you imagine. When I first saw her, she was ten, and I twenty; and, little girl as she was, she was now not exactly a child, though with the simplicity of one. Well, time went on as before: her sadness gradually vanished—and then she vanished too. At first, I was impatient; then fretful; then, as ideas of the uncertainty of health and life crowded into my mind, I was sorry for poor Little Nid-noddy.

When at length she reappeared, I found that my sorrow had been prophetic. She was taller—sensibly taller, and thin, and pale. She walked slowly and weakly, and shewed all the marks of having come through a critical illness. Perhaps as the poor girl walked feebly up to the wicket, the sympathy I felt was betrayed in my countenance; for she said:

"Don't mind it—I am so much better!" and by way of giving me assurance of the fact, the old laughing smile lit up a feu de joie in her eyes.

"You have been very ill?" said I.

"Very; and I am now going away, perhaps for a long time, to try to get quite well. I thought you would wonder at not seeing me, and so I"—— I thought she was going to put up her hand; then I thought she wasn't; and before I could think anything else, or do anything at all, she was on her way out of the vestibule. I don't know how long I stared after her'——

'You should have been flung, neck and heels, out of the wicket after her! Never heard of such a cub in all my life'——

'Gently, gently: you don't fill your glass. All this was so new to me that I didn't know what I was about. She was so tall—was that little woman—that I was afraid of her. I had never contemplated her in the same light before, and you might as well have expected me to take liberties with an apparition as to put out my hand to her. Still, I was vexed afterwards I did not do so. I assure you I called myself several names worse than cub; and if the affair of my promotion had not been settled by that time, I should in all probability have missed, through sheer absence of mind, the situation that led to my present one. But the affair was to be; I was removed from the wicket; and after a surprisingly short service in another office, I became what I am. During this time, business occupied much of my attention; but I will not deny that I often lost myself in a reverie on the *events* (how biography would smile at the idea) of my wicket-life, and in a waking dream of—of'——

'Of Little Nid-noddy.'

'On my honour, her name is Louisa!'

'Never mind: that would have closed the sentence more harmoniously, but I like the other better.'

'And so do I! You are a sensible, intelligent fellow, Smith, after all. Come, there is another glass in the decanter. I can't tell you exactly what my waking dreams were; but you will understand that by this time she was an intimate friend of mine in the inner life. I have mentioned two or three of the incidents of our intercommunion—for they must take the place of incidents in my no-story—which set me thinking about her, and finally chained my thoughts to the routine; but you must observe that these were only the grand events that brought us into personal contact, while there was, besides, a constantly varying series of expression in her face which, from time to time, furnished material for the thoughts of the solitary lad. Philosophy tells us'——

'O, stuff! philosophy has nothing to do with it. I won't stand that. What I want is, to know how you happened to meet her again, since you were now removed from the wicket into private life. Artistical stratagems won't do here; it is impossible to get up an excitement, when your reader—I mean your hearer—knows all about the result, and has comfortably dined with you and your Little Nid-noddy. Out with it, Brown, or I will go and ask herself.'

'Well, I have nothing new to tell; everything occurred in the ordinary, hap-hazard way. One afternoon I was taking a walk in a road in the environs, and on turning a corner, ran bump upon her. I was in a waking dream, no doubt, at the time, and thought she was only the phantom (you should have let me philosophise a little); but however that may be, we were shaking hands like old friends before I knew what I was about, and the roses of her cheeks had diffused their colour over brow and neck, and to the very tips of her ears. We took a long walk together, discussing the history of our many years' acquaintance, and finding it as interesting and eventful as any novel you ever read. And then we happened to meet on the same road again, and again, and again. And then she took me home, and introduced me to her mother—that blessed old woman who had said that all good and pleasant people liked dreaming-pieces!—and then I stayed tea—so comfortable a tea, the daughter cutting the bread and butter!—and then we had such talk, such laughing, such singing; and then I came home, walking as if for a wager, and laughing to myself, yet every now and then my eyes filling with tears! Not long after that, we were'——

'Never mind—I know it all. Come along—make haste.'

'Won't you have more wine? What's your hurry?'

'Come along, I say—I want to speak to Little Nid-noddy!'

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE,

CONSIDERED IN A CONSERVATIVE POINT OF VIEW.

ALTHOUGH not an old man, I am quite far enough advanced in years to remember when a collection of national proverbs formed as indispensable an adjunct to a poor man's book-shelf, as the *Pilgrim's Progress* or the *Catechism of the Church*. If the latter were efficacious in carrying comfort to his heart and 'leading his soul to God,' the former taught him when to sell and how to buy, and helped his understanding as to what sort of world he had come into, and what he ought fairly to expect of life. But now we have quite changed all that. An ounce of clergy is, to the utter extinguishment of the proverb, now estimated at a much higher value than a pound of mother-wit; and the greatest clerks are esteemed the wisest men. The farmer grazes his cattle by natural history; the tailor cuts his cloth by the conic sections; the *dictum* of Lord Brougham, that a thorough understanding of the chemical affinities is to be recommended to 'every one who has a pot to boil,'* is accepted of all men; and those homely national proverbs and sayings, those quaint aphorisms of experience and humorous snatches of terse mother-wit, which served our simple ancestors for guidance in the ordinary concerns of life, are as completely banished from daily use and language as if they had never been.

Now, science and all manner of knowledge are exceedingly good things to all to whom they are good. *Mens hominis alitur discendo*, saith the Roman proverb, which, being interpreted, imports that 'the mind of man is nourished by learning.' But it was formerly understood that different sorts of minds required different kinds of nourishment, applicable to their different callings and specific mental wants. Learning, whether in its broad or in its narrow sense, was held to be a sort of nutriment, which, from the nature of things, but a small portion of mankind was in a situation to make use of. Then the opinion was not esteemed heterodox which ascribed the propagation of habits of reflection and forethought amongst the humbler classes of a country more to the influence of common-sense principles, and such fragments of

* *Dissertation on the Pleasures and Advantages of Science.*

pithy moralising as are generally contained in national proverbs, than to book-learning. It is different with us now. And yet, what has helped so much as the practical appreciation of this common-sense philosophy to raise so high the character of the Scottish people? Only look to a neighbouring country which shall be nameless, but where indolence and improvident marriages are the very chief causes of the people's misery, and where a national floating capital of oral wisdom is as thinly spread as any other species of riches, and tell me of what avail, as a panacea for such evils, would be the dissemination amongst such a people of knowledge for which the poor man has no direct use, and which has only a technical, or remote, or pedantic reference to the pursuit he is engaged in, in comparison with the extensive circulation of a code of homely maxims such as these:

Who weds ere he is wise will die ere he thrive.

Ne'er seek a wife till ye hae a house and a fire burning.

A light heart keeps nae house;

for, as another Scotch proverb says:

A wee house hath a muckle mouth.

and last, though not least, that quaint rhyme of Chaucer's, which has long since passed into use as an English adage:

He that hath more smocks than shirts in a bucking,
Had need of a good forelooking.

Equally pregnant and energetic are the maxims in which the Scottish parœmiologists protest against the vice of idleness. Paraphrasing, with characteristic humour and unmistakable nationality, the lofty didactics of the Romans—the people of antiquity who spoke most in proverbial language—they tell us—not that

By doing nothing we learn to do ill,
Nihil agendo malè agere discimus—

but that

Idle dogs worry sheep;

Naething is got without pains but dirt and lang nails;

He that gapes till he be fed, will gape till he be dead.

Or, giving the maxim a colloquial turn, they impress upon us the fact, that

A begun turn's half ended, as the wife said when she stuck the spade in the midden;

or a reproachful one:

You're like the lambs, you do naething but suck and wag your tails;

or a rhythmical one:

The foot on the cradle, the hand on the reel,
Is the sign o' a woman that means to do weel;

or—last resource of all—calling in the aid of the devil, that worthy representative of everything that is bad, they assure us that

An idle brain's the deil's smiddy,

and that,

When the deil finds a man idle, he sets him to wark.

The lesson, in a word, which these and all similar maxims would teach us, is this—that the man who, labouring industriously at his calling, makes himself well acquainted with the men and things with which he has more immediately to do, will have little need, even if he have the leisure left, to study the technicalities of the philosophy of the schools.

And now that we have seen that Bacon was, after all, not so very far out, when, after remarking in the preface to his *Apothegms New and Old*, that 'Jullius Ceasar did write a collection of apothegmes, as appears in an epistle of Cicero'—he added: 'I need say no more for the worth of a writing of that nature.' I may proceed, in connection with my argument, to remark that the greatest men of all ages have not disdained to be makers or collectors of proverbs. To say nothing of Solomon, there is reason to believe that Aristotle himself wrote and published a collection; and we have just seen that Julius Cæsar compiled one, which is now unfortunately lost, but which was no doubt executed with excellent choice and judgment. In more recent times, and amongst European nations, Guicciardini, in Italy; Erasmus, in Holland; Cardinal Beatoun, David Ferguson, and Allan Ramsay, in Scotland; Caxton, Camden, Francis Bacon, John Heiwood, James Kelly, Thomas Fuller, Herbert, Dyke, Howell, Ray, and numerous others in England, were all collectors and publishers of adages. Nay, even in these last days, when the race of great men seems to have utterly perished from off the earth, have we not seen a Scottish artist* devoting upwards of seven of the best years of his life to the task of compiling and arranging the best versions of the proverbs and moral maxims most in use in Scotland, and an English bookseller doing the same kindly office for the apothegmatical wisdom of the continental nations?

Were I disposed to hint a fault in Mr Bohn's performance,† it would be, that he has nowhere sufficiently discriminated between that kind of wisdom which, being suited to the circumstances of a people, passes current amongst them like the ready change, and the dry and stately, though sometimes pithy and profound didactics of the poet and the moralist; a fault which is more especially observable in the Italian portion of his volume. But I for one am too grateful to this gentleman for reminding us by his publication of the original source of much of the common sense which the changed state of things has yet left us, to feel inclined to do anything but give a cordial welcome to his new adventure. No doubt the work will meet with greater acceptance from the philologist than the general reader—a circumstance which would of itself seem to justify me in setting before the readers of this Journal a dish of the wholesome common-sense aliment which it contains, before the whole is left to be forgotten like an old song. But even for the general reader, the work is not wanting in abiding interest. No Scotchman, for example, can open it without being unpleasantly impressed by the truth of an assertion which he has doubtless often heard, and as often indignantly denied, that only a few—probably not one per cent.—of the proverbs which he has been wont to consider indigenous, are, after all, of real Scottish growth. Borrowed from, or rather transmitted through the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and every modern language, a vast majority of the sayings which, in the mouths of our fathers, were familiar as household words, were current proverbs at Rome in the days of Cicero, however much they may have since been leavened with Scottish humour and nationality. But, as one of these transmitted maxims says:

Who companies with the wolf will learn to howl,

so to the Greeks, the Jews, the Arabs, and the eastern nations, were the Romans in their turn indebted for their apothegmatic lore, made—who shall say how far back?—when Adam himself perhaps was little more than a boy. Of these transmitted maxims, one will be remembered as occurring in a previous part of this

* Andrew Henderson, author of the best collection extant of the Scottish proverbs.

† *A Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs, Comprising French, Italian, German, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Danish, with English Translations, and a General Index.* By Henry G. Bohn. London: H. G. Bohn. 1857.

paper. Another, to which I have also incidentally referred—namely,

An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy,

is repeated as an English proverb in various forms, and amongst the rest occurs in this—

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

But it also appears in its more ancient garb in the French portion of Mr Bohn's book:

Mieux vaut un poing de bonne vie que plein muy de clergie;

and in the Spanish as

Mas vale punado de natural que almozada de sciencia.

There are not many Scotch proverbs which I should at once be inclined to pronounce more characteristic of the people than the following:

If the auld wife had nae been in the oven hersel, she never would hae thocht o' seeking her dochter there;

and yet, as we now learn, it is only a Scotchification of a Spanish adage which I will not quote, but which may be found by those who seek it in the book before us. Then, again, is not the Italian

La porta di dietro è quella che guasta la casa,

not unhappily hit off in

A bonnie wife and a back-door
Often make a rich man poor?

The Spanish version of this proverb is too caustic to quote, but its essential features are preserved in the English collections in the saying:

He that marries a widow and three children marries four thieves;

which the Scotch, again, with their wonted liberality, have modified into

He that marries a widow and twa dochters has three back-doors to his house.

Of that class of foreign proverbs, again, to which a historical interest attaches, several specimens occur in Mr Bohn's pages; although, partly from a wholesome fear of extending this paper to an undue length, but principally from my imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances to which they owe their importance, I prefer passing them by. Of similar sayings amongst ourselves there is assuredly no lack—the best known being that which gave Archibald, Earl of Angus, his *sobriquet* of 'Bell-the-Cat;' and that in which the Master of Glammis addressed James VI., when a boy, at the Raid of Ruthven—

Better bairns greet than bearded men;

which just supplies another reason for deploring the depressed condition, if not utter extinction, of proverbial learning amongst us.

Finally, there is matter enough in the proverbial sayings of all nations to excite serious thought, and there are many of the quaint rhymes and short reflections on human life and things, which have a deeply sombre and instructive meaning conveyed in language that is sometimes almost pathetic. Remarkable above most of these are the bulk of the proverbs which John Maxwell of Southbar, in the west of Scotland, wrote down in 1586, and which William Motherwell printed for the first time in 1827 in the *Paisley Magazine*.

The finest cloath is soonest eaten with moaths,

moralises the old man;

The fairest silke is soonest soyled;

When hope and hap,
And health and wealth,
Are highest,
Then woe and wrack,
Disease and death,
Are nighest—

sentiments which, if wisely pondered, may well tend to the humbling of human pride and the checking of human exultation.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XV.

YES, the last word audible to mortal ears uttered by Robert Dowling, though the chafing spirit did not finally shuffle off its mortal coil till some time afterwards. Father Meudon, whom the loud tones of the privateer officer had brought into the room, persisted in believing, or hoping in his large charity, that the indistinct mutterings of the moribund were spirit-petitions to the throne of mercy—that the expiring seaman recognised repentantly, in the crucifix held before his glazing eyes, the emblem and pledge of his soul's redemption from the second and eternal death; and so believing, Father Meudon recited the prayers and performed the ceremonies appointed by the Roman Catholic Church for dying penitents; that of absolution included—a vain mockery I thought at the time, though not, it may be, deemed so, the rebuking years have since suggested, by Him who blesses pure intentions.

Men bury their dead quickly out of their sight in France, and Dowling was laid in the narrow house scooped out for him in the sandy grave-ground attached to a rude chapel near the beach, dedicated to 'Our Lady, Star of the Sea,' on the evening of the day he died. My respectful acquiescence in the religious ceremonial prescribed by the priestly conscience conciliated the regard of Father Meudon; and his round, fat, good-humoured face shone with so benign an expression as we conversed together after the funeral, that it struck me I could not do a wiser thing, circumstanced as I was, than take him into my confidence. I did so, not unreservedly the reader will readily believe, but sufficiently to enable him to serve me if he willed to do so.

The worthy man listened with surprise and growing interest; and I was delighted to find that my being an Englishman increased instead of diminished his sympathising friendliness. He had fled from Havre at the outbreak of the French revolution to England, and retained a lively sense of the kindly hospitality he had received there. He was pleased to add that, apart from their religion and language—the last of which he had not been able to thoroughly master twenty words of—there was in his candid judgment much in the institutions, customs, and character of the English people worthy of approval and esteem.

'It is fortunate for you, my young friend,' said Father Meudon, helping himself to a powerful pinch from a *tabatière* which was seldom out of his hand, 'that I was not honoured with your confidence in the first instance, and I am going to tell you why. A commissary of police was here about an hour since, to ascertain the nationality, &c., of the foreign seamen reported to have been cast ashore; and being informed by me that they were all citizens of the United States of America, he, under the circumstances, accepted my assurance of that fact, which I could not, of course, have given had I known what I do now. This will give us time, which shall be wisely used if you, recognising that I am acquainted with the ground,

and you are not, consent to be implicitly guided by my counsel.'

'I shall most willingly, gratefully do so.'

'That is not perhaps so sure, seeing that, to begin with, I must forbid your attempting to proceed as yet to Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, Havre. Pray, do not exclaim till you have heard my reasons. The first is, that if care, immediate care be not taken, you will fall seriously ill: there is incipient fever in your veins, brought on, no doubt, by the fatigue and anxiety you have undergone since the hurricane struck the corsair, though strong mental excitement bears you up for the moment.'

'Surely, reverend sir,' said I, 'that is a consideration which should urge me to seek the asylum of my relatives' home without delay. The worst that can befall me is that I shall be a prisoner of war, or *détenu* —like my father—and, for a brief period only, the Empire being, it is everywhere said, on the eve of dissolution.'

'Permit *me* to say, my young friend, that you argue from false, or, more correctly, from not well-established premises. It is doubtful, to say the least, that the *parole d'honneur* of a corsair officer would be deemed a sufficient security that he would not attempt to escape. True, you were a passenger, but that fact would have first to be established by judicial proof; whilst it cannot be denied that you escaped, in company with the commander and a portion of the crew, after a combat in which the famous *Scout* was sunk by French gunboats. As to the dissolution of the Empire, that, I assure you, is by no means so imminent as its enemies would have the world believe. The imperial lion, though wounded and at bay, has still a terrible *patte*. News even has just arrived of a great battle near Montmirail, in which the Prussians were pulverised. No, Monsieur Linwood,' continued Father Meudon, 'we will not trust to such doubtful chances. That which must be done is this: You will presently, upon retiring to bed, take the composing draught, as directed by Monsieur le Médecin. Should dangerous symptoms have supervened when I visit you to-morrow morning, I shall at once proceed to Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, and conduct hither madam your mother. If, on the contrary, I find you much better, I shall take counsel of a military friend of mine as to how you may be most advantageously constituted a prisoner of war, or détenu. I will now bid you adieu, as it is quite time you were in bed and asleep.'

The door had scarcely closed upon Father Meudon when Mr Tyler presented himself. His sallow skin was aglow, his keen, wary eyes aflame with excitement—with rageful excitement it appeared by the *furioso* tone in which he addressed me, and heaped abuse upon that treacherous varmint of an uncle of mine, whom, should he ever clap eyes upon again, he would annihilate, chaw up, in less than two twos!

So abrupt and violent an outbreak, after the strict reserve Mr Tyler had imposed upon himself, surprised me not a little, till I perceived that it was rather an irrepressible burst of exultation than of anger which overflowed the American skipper's thin, cautious lips, with such astounding volubility.

'I can assure you, Mr Tyler,' said I, as soon as I could edge in a word, 'that I am entirely guiltless of the treachery which you justly denounce, though my tongue is tied with respect to *how* I came to be associated with the individual you call my uncle, and threaten to "chaw up"—an operation which, believe me, will require much tougher teeth than *you* possess. You have heard good news of the *Columbia*?'

'You've hit the bull's-eye there, young fellow. A fisherman has brought word that an American three-masted ship that had been captured by the Britishers, and retaken by her own crew, came into Havre soon after daylight yesterday. That was smart work, I reckon; and just shews what a darned sight taller tune *Yankee Doodle* will soon be than your old, wheezy, worn-out *Rule Britannia!*'

'Yankee Doodle Dandy would not this time have stuck a feather in his cap if the second boat had reached the *Columbia*. However, I am very glad you have recovered your ship.'

'Well, I'm inclined to believe you are; and if not, lying with an honest face must be a natural gift of youthful Britishers. Let that be as it may, I ain't going to hurt you after what we have passed through together. So far from that, I wish you well, young man, and hope that for the future you will keep better company than I met you in. I ain't off to Havre to-night,' added Mr Tyler, 'as the barriers will be closed before I could get there; but I shall be gone before you are up to-morrow—so, good-bye.'

Wearied in every bone and muscle of my body as I was, a kind of confused, chaotic excitement forbade sleep; even the composing draught prescribed for me failed for a while of its intended effect, and opening poor Dowling's pocket-book, I glanced listlessly and dreamily over its contents. There were Bank of England notes to over one hundred pounds, several letters from the 'old couple,' and one from Webbe dated about a week before we left St Malo. It enjoined Dowling to immediately post a letter he would receive in the same parcel. Then followed these words: 'It is possible that Mr Waller may pay you a visit as soon as he hears that the *Scout* has run into Portsmouth harbour. Should he do so, be sure to speak very highly of my son. He will have read of the action off Sercq, copied from the Jersey into the English papers; and as you value my friendship, as you would render me an essential service, be careful that no hint of the incorrectness of that statement shall reach his ear. This, I ask of you, as a favour to myself, not to Harry, who is, however, you must not forget, my son, and something much better than that, though not a fire-eater like you and me.'

'Mr Waller and Harry Webbe,' I remember to have drowsily murmured—'what, in the name of wonder, may be the meaning of that strange conjunction of names? And that cursed *Scout* action to be for ever turning up in all sorts of places. Surely—but no'——

Perception, physical and mental, grew duller—feebler. The half-formed notion excited by the letter slipped from my brain, the letter itself from my fingers, and falling, dressed as I was, upon the bed, I was sound asleep almost before I touched it.

It was mid-day when I awoke—fresh, vigorous, free from fever and bodily ailment of every kind. There was no one in the room; but glancing around, I saw a sealed letter on a table by the bedside. It was addressed to M. Linwood, and, as I immediately conjectured, was written by Father Meudon. It contained these kindly sentences: 'My Young Friend—We find you in a sound refreshing sleep, and are careful not to disturb you. Your pulse is regular, and Monsieur le Médecin is confident that you will awaken in perfect health. *Dieu merci!* This being so, I shall at once consult my military friend. He is a man in authority at Havre, and I may not be able to see him till the evening. As soon as I have done so, I shall call at Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, and gently prepare the good people there for the joyful surprise which awaits them. That is a duty which must not be neglected. There cannot, I think, be much danger in your venturing to Havre as soon as darkness begins to fall. The *retraite* is not beaten before nine o'clock; and Pierre Bonjean, with whom I shall speak presently, will be your guide. Take care to be at the south door, in the Rue St Jacques, of the church of Notre Dame, not one minute later than eight o'clock, and

await my coming there, which will not be long delayed, you may be sure. Your friend, LE PERE MEUDON.—*Nota Bene:* I have gathered up the notes and papers that lay scattered on the bed and floor, restored them to your pocket-book, and placed *that* under your pillow. You are a sad *sans-soin*, I am afraid.'

'A first-rate fellow is Père Meudon,' exclaimed I, springing off the bed; and having first bawled down stairs to no purpose, and my appetite pressing, I hastened to the kitchen, or, more correctly, the general sitting and eating room below. There was nobody there, and the doors were wide open, but *riz-au-lait* was simmering on the hot ashes, and there was excellent bread and butter on the table—ample materials for a hearty breakfast, which, having despatched, I returned to my chamber, and bethought me of again looking at Webbe's letter to Dowling. Curious! There was another letter, from Webbe to his chief officer, or rather a fragment of one, the sheet of paper having been partially burnt away, apparently by the falling of lighted tobacco upon it, which I had not seen the previous evening, though I could almost have sworn that I opened every paper in the pocket-book. This fragment of confidential correspondence was an important one, and at once demolished certain cobwebs which the paragraph in the other letter had begun to spin in my *gobe-mouche* imagination. The first part of the nearly half-destroyed missive had been seemingly filled with privateering business details, and the, to me, only interesting lines were these:

'You will be pleased to hear that we have identified Mrs Waller's long-lost daughter beyond doubt or cavil. Even Linwood, one of the most suspicious young puppies I have ever met with, is satisfied upon that point. I am endeavouring to bring about his marriage with her under various false pretences; the true one, between ourselves, being, that I am confident his mother and her mother would be greatly pleased by such a result; and no wonder, since there could then be no doubt that the young couple would jointly inherit Mr Anthony Waller's immense wealth; whilst I am equally sure that the gratitude of those ladies towards my worthy self for bringing it about quietly and without compromising them, would be counted out in many hundreds of golden guineas, and *you* know how welcome a haul of that kind would be just now. This, however, concerns you but remotely; and reverting to the financial difficulty with our Portsmouth agent'—and so on.

A gleam of light seemed to be thrown upon the dark riddle that had so long perplexed me by a communication not intended to meet my eye; and yet—shade of Œdipus!—how was that statement to be reconciled with——

'Ha, ha! Mossu Linvoude, there you are, awake and hearty!'

This abrupt greeting issued from the thick shock head, just visible above the sill of the chamber-door, of Pierre Bonjean, his body resting out of sight upon a step or rung of the nearly perpendicular ladder-stairs which communicated with the kitchen.

'Very well awake, thank you, Monsieur Bonjean, and quite hearty, which you will have no doubt of when you find what a breakfast I have put away. But tell me, my friend, is it a practice in this part of the world to leave the doors of your house open to all comers? Perhaps, however, you have not been long out.'

'Every one of us since eight o'clock, and it is now past twelve. But there was no danger. I did not see Father Meudon arrive at the house,' continued Pierre; 'but he spoke to me after leaving it, and I shall be ready to accompany Mossu to Havre in the evening. I am also charged to say,' added Bonjean, 'that one Baptiste, who is now with your countrymen the sailors, wishes to see Mossu Linvoude.'

'Baptiste!—Baptiste!' I exclaimed. 'Surely it cannot be—— What is he?'

'A French seaman, it is certain, and belonging, he says, to the équipage of *L'Espiègle*, French corsair, now in the port of Havre. If Mossu,' added Pierre, 'does not wish to see this Baptiste, he need not do so.'

'You mistake me, friend Bonjean. I am much astonished, but not at all displeased at hearing that Baptiste of *L'Espiègle* is here. Have the kindness to say I shall be glad to see him at once.'

'I shall do so with pleasure. Good-day, Mossu Linvoude.'

'Baptiste inquiring for me!' I went on to bewilderedly ejaculate—'Baptiste whom I left weather-bound in Jersey—Baptiste who—— Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Captain Webbe himself!'

'Yes, Captain Webbe himself, in the body, and therefore neither a spirit of heaven nor goblin damned as yet; so you need not put the question. Well, what news? How did you escape from St Malo, and where have you left your wife?'

'Clémence remains at St Malo.'

'I guessed so! Well, go on. But I know the rest already from the sailors yonder,' pursued Webbe with rising passion. 'The running-fight off Cherbourg, and the foundering of the brave old craft, I witnessed myself. There is a flaming account in the papers of the destruction of the English corsair *Scout*, mounting twelve cannons, by two French gun-boats. Rot their gasconade, and their gun-boats too. The *Scout* gone, the *Columbia* retaken,' he presently resumed with unabated fury—'the devil has clapped me on both shoulders this time with a vengeance. Dowling, too, is dead—nothing *but* songs of death. You were with him, I hear. Well, what passed?'

'He appointed me his executor, chiefly that I might transfer the money in his pocket-book, together with the sum in which you are indebted to him, to his aged parents, living at Camberwell.'

'Which sum is not far under four hundred pounds. It shall be paid, if, to do so, I am obliged to sell my shirt. A brave, steadfast fellow was Dowling, true as steel, honest as death. And he is gone! Well, there is an ebb as well as flood tide in the affairs of men, which, once set in, soon whirls the stoutest, richest-freighted bark to bottomless perdition. It is now set in for me, for mine, and will quickly, I fear, sweep us and our hopes to cureless ruin.'

'That Captain Kirke Webbe should be so overborne by a few strokes of adverse fortune, is passing strange.'

'It may so appear to you, Linwood; but you know not all. Hearken, young man. You suspect me of double-dealing towards yourself; and you have a right to suspect, for the charge is partially true—partially only, and that arising from circumstances which, if placed in their proper light—as they shall be some day, if I live—would much excuse, if not entirely justify that apparent double-dealing. In the main, I have been true to you. I have been anxious—absurdly so, perhaps—that you should marry Lucy Hamblin. I know that that girl will inherit every penny of Mr Anthony Waller's wealth. The recovery of her child has become a sort of mania with the mother, upon whom her husband dotes as fondly—more so, if it be possible, than he did fifteen years ago. Lucy Hamblin will therefore, I repeat, be Mr Waller's heiress, to the exclusion of his grandson, should she even have married a chimney-sweep. Of that rest assured; and let me again urge you to reconsider the determination you have rashly formed, of waiting till Mademoiselle Clémence is acknowledged by the Wallers, before you make her bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh. Intrust me with a note expressive of your willingness, your desire to forth-

with enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with one of the wealthiest and most amiable of maidens, and'——

'Your difficulties,' I promptly interjected, 'with Madame de Bonneville, *alias* Louise Féron, *alias* (this was drawing a bow at a venture) Madame Broussard, would be smoothed away.'

That man would not have so much as winked at the sudden uncovering and discharge of a masked battery. He did not reply for about half a minute, and only in that half-minute's silence could I detect the faintest surprise or annoyance at the thunderbolt I had launched at his head.

'Well,' said he, 'that is a capital guess, if it be a guess. Madame de Bonneville, *née* Louise Féron, *is* Madame Broussard. Ah, my dear fellow, you can little imagine what infernal complications that woman-fiend has involved me in. You shall, one day, and soon, if all goes well. Dowling, I daresay,' added Webbe, 'also hinted to you why I am so anxious that my son should espouse Maria Wilson.'

'Yes, the young lady possesses somewhere about twenty thousand pounds in her own right.'

'That is just it. I confess that I covet riches for my son as well as for myself. Your sublimer mind soars superior to such sordid considerations, or you would not reject the brilliant alliance which awaits your acceptance.'

'Let me assure you, once for all, Captain Webbe, that my marriage now or hereafter with Lucy Hamblin—and, mark me, I have not the slightest doubt that Mademoiselle Clémence is Lucy Hamblin—is absolutely out of the question—impossible, either now or hereafter.'

'There is no more, then, to be said on the subject, though your senseless folly adds greatly to my embarrassments, and'——

Webbe paused abruptly, seemed to silently collect and marshal his thoughts and purposes, and then resumed more calmly:

'Within the next forty-eight hours, Linwood,' said he, 'I shall have either lost or won the game of life; and you can yet in some slight degree help me to win it. Here is a brief outline of my actual position: it will be obscure, unintelligible to you in parts, but minute explanations must stand over for a time. The *Columbia* was recaptured by her own crew after a sharp fight, and she is now in the port of Havre. My son prudently denied, when questioned, that he was Harry Webbe of Sercq-fight notoriety; and the *Scout* seamen will keep his secret. He is now as an officer at large on parole, free to go and come within certain bounds, but *gardé à vue*, as it is called. He cannot leave Havre. Now, Maria Wilson and Madame Dupré will arrive at Honfleur to-morrow; that Jezebel, De Bonneville, the day after; and if Harry does not wed the young lady before she arrives, his chance of doing so will have passed away for ever. Why, then, you may ask, do not Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson come on to Havre? I will tell you: Tyler, the Yankee skipper, whom I met, and, indeed, almost ran against this morning, must, the sailors here tell me, have heard his name mentioned as the commander of the prize-crew on board the *Columbia*.'

'No doubt of that; and did he not recognise you this morning?'

'Not he; and it would have been rather strange if he had by a casual, passing glance. Don't you think so?'

'Why, yes, divested as you now are of the Renaudin wig, the black dye washed out of your whiskers, and in other respects restored to your natural self. I do not think, besides, that Mr Tyler, now that he has recovered his ship, will be disposed to act vindictively.'

'You will cease to think so when I mention that Tyler's son was dangerously wounded in the fight on board the *Columbia*—nay, that it is feared he is hurt to death.'

'That is indeed unfortunate—terrible!'

'I know Tyler well, brief as our acquaintance has been. Should his son die—and he *will* die—the American will move heaven and earth to be revenged upon his slayer—upon me—through my son. He cannot but have discovered by this time that Jacques Le Gros is Captain Kirke Webbe; and the accusation lodged with the Havre authorities by Auguste Le Moine against Webbe junior of the *Scout*—Le Moine being, fortunately for you, unhappily for Harry, away at Paris—will place in his hands a swift means of vengeance. Harry will be forthwith seized, lodged in prison, brought to a brief trial, and shot offhand possibly, in the present excited state of the soldiery.'

'You surely are not going to propose that I shall publicly avow myself to be the person denounced by Auguste Le Moine at the Avranches banquet?'

'No, no, I am not quite so unreasonable as that: besides, Harry cannot part with his fictitious laurels, save in the last extremity; and I must have expressed myself very ill, if you do not understand that the mere incarceration of my son would be fatal to his hope of marrying Maria Wilson. Let me add, whilst I think of it, that you will incur no real danger by visiting Havre. Before Auguste Le Moine returns from Paris, if he returns at all, the imperial government will have been finally abolished.'

'Father Meudon here is of a contrary opinion. He speaks of a great victory gained over the Prussians by the emperor.'

'The fight at Montmirail? Pooh! Paris capitulated a few hours after that battle was fought; and if Napoleon, instead of calmly recognising the utterness of his defeat, determines to die with harness on his back, he will but slightly defer the inevitable catastrophe. Havre, however, and I dare say most of the garrison towns, will hold out for him to the last; and, as I have before explained, it is this anarchic state of things which constitutes our real danger. It glanced across my mind to ask you,' continued Webbe, 'to assure Tyler that Harry was not Kirke Webbe, the privateer captain's son; but that device would not, I fear, hold water. Save the boy I will, and if man may do it, get him out of Havre this very night. One plan which I shall first essay will require more money than I can for the moment command, and I must request you to lend me all you can spare.'

'That, with Dowling's, which I can hereafter replace, will scarcely amount to two hundred pounds.'

'Which will more than suffice. Should bribery fail, or I find it inexpedient or dangerous to try it on, another, and upon the face of it, more desperate scheme must be attempted. There are other matters,' added Webbe, rising and putting on his hat, 'which I intended to talk over with you, but time presses, and I must be gone. Farewell.' He hurried away, and ten minutes afterwards, he and the four rescued *Scout* seamen were on their way to Havre de Grace.

Verily, a consummate actor was Webbe, I again and again mentally ejaculate, after transcribing the foregoing dialogue; for who could have imagined that, when talking with such reckless, devil-may-care outspokenness—his rage, and anxiety for his son, moreover, being perfectly real—he was all the while playing a part, strengthening with wary carelessness, as it were, the web of lies by which he had so long blinded and bamboozled me! Yet so it was; and no doubt it was that astonishing power of deception and fertility of resource under all circumstances which constituted his marvellous 'luck,' as it was popularly termed. I, at least, in self-excuse, endeavour to believe so.

As usual, I was too restless and impatient to follow

the counsel given me, by waiting till evening-fall before leaving for Havre; and as Pierre Bonjean would, I found, be away till close upon six o'clock, I e'en set off alone, about two hours after Webbe left me.'

It would be difficult to find in a country which the natives, with quite pardonable partiality, mistakenly call 'La Belle France,' a finer view than that commanded from the crest of the *côte* which slopes down to the ancient Haven of Grace, so named, says Mr Murray, after a statue of the Virgin of Grace—an altogether apocryphal derivation, by the way. That southward slope of the côte or hill was, even at the time I am speaking of, dotted with gay villa-like residences—in a modest sense, no doubt, judged by British villa notions—and I may mention, as an illustration of the amenities of civilised warfare, if that be not a contradiction in terms, that although fortified Havre itself was more than once bombarded, the numerous dwellers on the exposed côte were never once, I have been assured, molested or menaced by hostile shot or shell. On the right, looking towards the town, was the broad solitary sea, now tranquilly basking in the slant rays of the westering sun, and not a sail, not a boat to be seen thereon; a vast solitariness which, together with the tall masts of numerous vessels, sheltered, hiding themselves, so to speak, in the splendid wet-docks *behind* the town, struck my Britannic fancy as a tacit acknowledgment on the part of the teeming French shore-populations that they had finally relinquished the domain of the sea to their amphibious British foes. Over beyond Havre, and directly across the mouth of the Seine, Honfleur—Harry V., Shakspeare's Honfleur—glimmered in the paling sunlight, which was, however, still sufficiently powerful to shed a silver radiance over the winding river-street, to use an expression of Napoleon's, which connects the cities of Paris, Rouen, and Havre, and throw a mellowing splendour over a vast and varied landscape waving in the leafy, blossomed glory of the bursting spring.

Another time, I could have lingered for hours over so fair a scene; but more stirring emotions than beauties of land or sea can arouse or still, were then tugging at my heart; and hastening onward through the suburb of Ingouville, I entered Havre and the Rue de Paris just as the clocks were chiming the hour of five, without having, to my knowledge, excited the slightest notice or remark.

The Rue St Jacques leads out of the Rue de Paris near the quay-end of the latter street, and I was soon at the door of the church of Notre Dame. The silly self-excuse for my morbid restlessness was, that Father Meudon might have arrived there considerably more than two hours before his time; and more than willing to be deceived, I half persuaded myself that he was amongst a considerable number of persons who, although no service was going on, were kneeling on the stone flags with their faces towards the illuminated altar. A closer look was decisive; and soon tiring of the silent solemnity of the place, I wandered forth, and roaming vacantly about, presently found myself in a large vegetable market in front of the Hôtel de Ville. The busy, noisy scene fixed my attention for a while, and I was listening with languid interest to a complimentary colloquy between two *dames du marché*, which abundantly proved that Billingsgate was not unrivalled in its peculiar line of dramatic dialogue, when a familiar voice struck my ear, and turning sharply round, I encountered Captain Webbe. He was conversing eagerly with Bourdon, the lieutenant of the *Espiègle*, and looking even paler and more excited than when he parted with me a few hours previously.

'I wish to speak with you, Linwood,' he hurriedly said, 'but I cannot spare a moment to do so. If you have time and inclination,' he added, 'call upon me at La Belle Poule, a cabaret on the quay, six doors from the Rue de Paris. Adieu!'

He strode on for a few paces, then suddenly turning back, left his companion, came close to me, and said in English: 'My fear is realised. Tyler's son is dead. Good-bye.'

This occurred at about half-past six o'clock, and as I soon sickened of the sights and smells of the ill-kept streets, I inquired my way to La Belle Poule, there to while away the hour and more which it still wanted of the time appointed by Father Meudon for our meeting.

The ground-floor room of La Belle Poule, a low cabaret much frequented by sailors, was nearly filled by that class of persons, most of whom I knew belonged to the *Espiègle*, though they did not wear the glazed hats upon which the name of the corsair cutter was painted. The guests, all more or less drunk, were exceedingly noisy, and Webbe, or Baptiste, as he called himself, was amongst the noisiest, and the especial favourite of the uproarious company. Young Webbe, pale as his shirt-collar, and suffering acutely from mental agitation, sat at a little distance from his father; and close by him were three of the *Scout* seamen that had been cast ashore with me at La Heve. The fourth, I afterwards knew, had been placed in charge of a boat, which, the tide being at full, was waiting at the pier-steps beyond Francis I.'s Tower. The common Scouts, made prisoners on board the *Columbia*, were, it seemed, in actual durance. As far apart as could be, and looking on with make-believe indifference, were two gendarmes, the gentlemen, no doubt, by whom Harry Webbe was gardé à vue.

Webbe, who did not acknowledge me by word or look, was boiling over with patriotic enthusiasm. The victory at Montmirail, and the capitulation of Paris, purchased, he swore, by English guineas, afforded ample scope to his powers of glorification and abuse, which he lavishly availed himself of. The rascally English, who never accepted battle except they were three or four to one, came in for the lion's share of his copious vituperation, and evidently with savage reference to young Webbe and the *Scout* seamen, who, though pretending to pass themselves off as Americans belonging to the *Columbia*, he persisted were nothing but British brutes and cowards.

Now, as long as Webbe poured forth his voluminous wrath in French, the Scouts were naturally acquiescent, and even appeared to enjoy the seemingly drunken orator's eloquence, without, it was plain, comprehending a word of it; but when he began to interlard his abuse with explanatory English, it was equally natural that he should quickly get their backs up.

'Ha, ha!' roared Webbe, at the close of a flourishing panegyric upon Napoleon, 'pourquoi not you sacré Goddems—pourquoi not crier Vive l'Empereur? De grand empereur that pouvait shoveler your misérable island into de sea?—eh, pourquoi not sacré Jean Boule Goddems?'

'Go to blazes!' grunted Skelton, as shrewd a fellow as ever lived.

'Go to blaze, dites-vous!' retorted Webbe. 'Ha, ha! it is you one, two, three, quatre Goddems that shall go to blaze! Voulez-vous boxer, eh?' he added, squaring up and flourishing his fists in the faces of the Scouts. 'Voulez-vous boxer one Français, vous one, two, trois—four sacré Jean Boules. Là, take dat for avoir say "Go to blaze"—ha, ha!'

Suiting the action to the word, Webbe hit Skelton a really tremendous facer. Up sprang the English sailors, three or four of the Espiègles pressing forward at the same moment to sustain the assailant, and a general fight was improvised in just no time. Messieurs les Gendarmes, as in duty bound, now interposed, and endeavoured to separate the furious combatants; an interference which was immediately resented by both

parties, who all with one accord turned their fighting fury upon the unfortunate officers. The din, the row, the confusion was terrible—deafening. I myself got involved in the vortex, hustled and tripped up; and when I recovered my feet, and the landlord relit one of the extinguished candles, I perceived that myself and the two gendarmes, who had not as yet picked themselves up, and were bleeding profusely from nose and mouth, were the sole remaining guests at La Belle Poule.

THE NEW LAW OF DIVORCE.

At last the law of divorce is amended; at last that tedious, cumbersome, and expensive process hitherto necessary, is swept away, and a simple, plain, and inexpensive one substituted. That disgraceful proceeding, too, which made it necessary for the husband to parade his own dishonour and his wife's shame, and make a profit thereby, is abolished. As the new law of divorce is a matter of no small importance to society, and one which consequently should be generally understood, we will now strip it, as well as we can, of its technicalities, and give a general view of it.

The act comes into operation on the 1st of January 1858, and abolishes the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over divorces *à mensâ et thoro*,* suits of nullity of marriage, suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and in all causes and matters matrimonial, except the granting of marriage-licences; and that jurisdiction is now transferred to and vested in a court to be called 'The Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes,' composed of certain of the existing judges into a judge-ordinary of its own. No decree for a divorce à mensâ et thoro is henceforth to be made; but in all cases where such might formerly have been pronounced, a decree for a judicial separation, having the same effect, takes its place. There are, as before observed, to be no more actions for *crim. con.* But the husband, either in a petition for a dissolution of marriage, or for judicial separation, or limited to the money object alone, may claim damages against the offender; and the claim made by such petition is to be heard and tried on the same principles as, and in a similar manner to, actions for criminal conversation; and the damages are in all cases to be assessed by the jury; the court, however, having power to direct in what manner they are to be paid or applied: it may direct, for instance, the whole or a part to be settled either on the children of the marriage, or as a provision for the maintenance of the wife. And when the fact at issue is established, the court has power to compel the offending party to pay the costs of the proceedings.

A sentence of judicial separation—which has the effect of a divorce à mensâ et thoro—may be obtained either by the husband or wife, on the ground of unfaithfulness, cruelty, or desertion without cause for two years and upwards. But if such separation has been obtained by a husband or wife in the absence of the other, that other may present a petition for a reversal of the order, stating, for instance, that there was reasonable grounds for the alleged desertion, where desertion was the ground of the decree; and the court may order a reversion accordingly: but such reversion will not affect the rights of third parties, as persons who have dealt with the wife during the time that has elapsed between the decree for separation and its reversal. Applications for restitution of conjugal rights, or for judicial separations on any of the grounds before detailed, may be made either by husband or wife to the court of divorce, or to any judge of assize at the assizes held for the county in which they reside, or last resided together; and where the application is by the wife, the judge may make an order for alimony—that is, an allowance to the wife in money. The judge of assize has also power to make provision as to the custody, maintenance, and education of children; but his orders may be altered or reversed on application to the judge-ordinary of the court of divorce. A wife deserted by her husband may, if resident within the metropolitan district, apply to a police magistrate, or if resident in the county, to justices in petty session, or wherever resident, to the court of divorce, for an order to protect any money or property she may acquire by her own lawful industry, or which she may become possessed of otherwise, after such desertion, against her husband or his creditors, or any person claiming under him; and if the protecting order is made, her earnings and property shall belong to her as if she were a *feme sole*. But it is provided that when such order is made by a police magistrate or justices at petty session, it must be entered within ten days with the registrar of the county court within whose jurisdiction the wife is resident; and a power is also given to the husband, or any creditor or person claiming under him, to apply to the court of divorce, or to the magistrate or justices by whom such order was made for its discharge. If the husband, or his creditors, or any person claiming under him, seizes, or continues to hold any property of the wife after notice of such order, he shall be liable at the suit of the wife to restore the property, and also a sum double its value. And if any such order for protection be made, the wife is, during its continuance, to be and be deemed to have been during such desertion, in the like position in all respects with regard to property and contracts, and suing and being sued, as she would be if she had obtained a decree for a judicial separation; the effects of which we shall next state.

In cases where there has been a judicial separation decreed, the wife, from the date of the sentence, and whilst the separation continues, is to be considered as a feme sole with respect to property of every description which she may acquire, or which may come to or devolve upon her; and if she dies intestate, it will go to her next of kin, as if her husband was not in life. And if she again cohabits with her husband, all such property is to be applied to her separate use; subject, however, to any written agreement to the contrary made between them while they are separate. She is also to be considered as a feme sole as regards entering into contracts and engagements, wrongs and injuries, suing and being sued, and her husband is no longer liable for her in any way; but if alimony has been decreed to the wife, and the husband does not pay it, he is liable for necessaries supplied to her.

We now come to that portion of the act which gives the court power to dissolve a marriage, and the grounds for so doing. This is governed by the twenty-seventh and following sections of the act, which provide that a husband may present a petition to the court for a dissolution of his marriage—not merely a judicial separation—on the ground that his wife has been unfaithful; and the wife may present a petition for a dissolution of her marriage on the same ground under certain aggravations, or if, in connection with unfaithfulness, there has been such cruelty as would of itself have entitled her to a divorce à mensâ

* A divorce *à mensâ et thoro* literally means from bed and board. The marriage is, or rather was, not dissolved by this kind of divorce, as was the case on a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*.

et thoro, or if the unfaithfulness was coupled with desertion without reasonable excuse for two years or upwards; and the petition must state as distinctly as possible the facts on which the claim to have the marriage dissolved is founded. The alleged offender is to be made a correspondent—that is, made to answer the petition along with the husband or wife—unless excused by the court. Upon every petition for dissolution of marriage, the court is to be satisfied that there is no collusion between the parties, and if the fact is not fully proved, the petition is to be dismissed. If, on the other hand, the court finds that the case of the petitioner is fully proved, a decree is to be pronounced dissolving the marriage; but if the court finds that the petitioner has, during the marriage, been guilty of unfaithfulness, or of unreasonable delay in presenting the petition, or of cruelty towards the other party to the marriage, or of having deserted or wilfully separated himself or herself from the other before the infidelity complained of, and without reasonable excuse, the court is not bound to pronounce a decree for dissolution of the marriage. On making a decree dissolving the marriage, the court has power to order that the husband shall secure to the wife a gross sum of money, or an annual sum of money, for any term not exceeding her own life, proportioned to her fortune (if any), to the ability of the husband, and the conduct of the parties. And the court has power to direct to whom this sum shall be paid; whether to the wife herself, or to trustees on her behalf, and may impose other restrictions on it. Also, in any suit or other proceeding for obtaining a judicial separation or a decree of nullity of marriage, and on any petition for dissolving a marriage, the court may either by any interim orders, or by the final decree, make such provision as may be deemed just and proper with respect to the custody, maintenance, and education of the children, and may also give directions for placing them under the protection of the Court of Chancery. And in any case in which the court pronounces a sentence of divorce or judicial separation for unfaithfulness of the wife, and the wife is entitled to property either in possession or reversion, the court has power to order such settlement as it thinks reasonable to be made of, such property, or any part of it, for the benefit of the husband or the children of the marriage.

A power of appeal is given from the judge-ordinary of the court to the full court, whose decision is final, unless the petition was presented for a dissolution of marriage, in which latter case, there is an appeal from the decision of the full court to the House of Lords.

If no appeal is made from the decree dissolving the marriage, within three months from the date of the decree, or if an appeal is made, and such appeal is dismissed, the parties may then, and not before, marry again, as if the prior marriage had been dissolved by death. But no clergyman in holy orders of the united church of England and Ireland can be *compelled* to solemnise the marriage of any person whose former marriage may have been dissolved on the ground of his or her culpability, or is liable to any suit, penalty, or censure for solemnising, or refusing to solemnise, the marriage of such person. But if the minister refuses to perform the marriage-service, he is to permit any other minister in holy orders of the united church, entitled to officiate within the diocese in which the church or chapel is situated, to perform there the marriage-service.

The reader has now a general view of the new law of divorce: there are, however, many other provisions in the act, but as they relate merely to the mode of procedure and the practice of the court, they have been omitted. It is hoped and believed that the law, as amended, will have a very beneficial effect, as ample provision is made for relieving and aiding the oppressed, and punishing the guilty. We will, however, make no further remarks upon it, but allow the reader to form his or her own opinion, and leave it to time to shew its good or bad effects.

THE REAPING-MACHINE *VERSUS* THE SICKLE.

The Scottish farmers, as a class, have suffered severely during the past season from a want of harvest-labour. The demands of the travelling shearers and mowers were for the most part so exorbitant, that the farmer, rather than submit to them, preferred contenting himself with such assistance as he could command at his own door, although, by doing so, he should leave no small portion of his crop at the mercy of the weather. The weather throughout September proved extremely checkered, and considerable loss undoubtedly ensued, although the drying winds which followed the frequent and heavy rains enabled the farm *employés*, during the intervals, to carry on their harvesting operations. Under such circumstances, the insensibility of the Scottish agriculturists to the advantages of the reaping-machine assumes quite a suicidal aspect. It is now exactly thirty years since the Rev. Patrick Bell, the son of a tenant-farmer on the Panmure estates, invented the reaper which bears his name. He had, it seems, been shewn, when a boy, a drawing of a machine constructed by Smith of Deanston, on a principle apparently somewhat analogous to that which, according to a Roman writer, was used by the ancient Gauls. Walking one evening in his father's garden—it is Mr Loudon who tells the story in his *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*—young Bell observed sticking in the hedge a pair of gardener's shears, which he took up, and began idly to prune some projecting twigs. With the idea of his projected reaper still working in his mind, the thought soon flashed upon him that the principle of the gardener's shears was precisely that which ought to be employed in cutting corn. A model on this plan, therefore, was soon constructed, and after a time, a machine of much larger dimensions. To give an idea of the labour which the adjustment of the latter entailed on the young inventor, it is only necessary to mention that, in order to preserve his secret, he thought it expedient to prepare with his own hands patterns in wood of all the pieces which required to be of metal, and send them one by one to the blacksmith to be copied. When returned, the iron fittings were carefully ground or filed as the perfect adjustment of their various parts required.

Mr Bell's first experiment with his new machine was made in one of his father's outhouses. Having covered the floor to the depth of six inches with a layer of earth, which he afterwards carefully trod down, he planted in the mould a quantity of oaten stalks abstracted from a sheaf in the barn-yard. He then fastened the door of the outhouse, and placing himself in the shafts of the machine, began slowly to push it through the crop he had so ingeniously improvised. So far as the mere reaping was concerned, his machine succeeded to his satisfaction; but in order to deliver the corn in regular swathes, he discovered that an apparatus was wanted to act as a distributer.

A sheet stretched on rollers was found, after many trials, to answer this purpose; and, before the autumn of 1838, he had further improved his invention by adding to it a reel, for the purpose of collecting the corn against the cutter.

One night before the crops that year were thoroughly ripe, and when all was quiet on and around the farm, Mr Bell, accompanied by his brother, proceeded in deep silence with his machine, harnessed this time to a favourite pony, to a field of wheat. To the great joy of the adventurers, the experiment proved

successful, and when it got wind, which it soon did, was repeated, not only at Inchmichael, but also at Pourie, near Dundee, in presence of a party of Forfarshire farmers; but although a copy of the invention, manufactured at Dundee, received the same year the Highland Society's premium, neither it, nor several others constructed on its model, could be made to work; most probably, as the inventor supposed, from a want of care in fitting the mechanical details.

An offer by the late Lord Panmure to provide the necessary funds for patenting the invention was declined by Mr Bell, on the ground that he was unwilling to retain any exclusive right over, or to reap any pecuniary advantage from, an agricultural improvement.

The invention, therefore, went to sleep, and was forgotten by all but the family at Inchmichael, till the year 1851 brought round the Exhibition at Hyde Park. Two American reaping-machines—Hussey's and M'Cormick's—which were there exhibited, and which were said to have been in general use throughout the Union during more than fifteen years, fairly startled the British farmers. Mr Crosskill, the well-known English agricultural machinist, now purchased from Mr Bell of Inchmichael his brother's reaper, and, after substituting for the shears of the Bell invention the tooth-edged knife employed by M'Cormick, carried off with it, in August 1856, the highest premium given by the Royal Agricultural Society at their Essex meeting. Three acres of land in four hours was the rate at which the competing machines—Bell's, M'Cormick's, Burgess's, and Dray's Hussey—did their work; and the performance of each machine was estimated to be equal to that of nearly thirty mowers, the labour of nearly as many binders being necessary to keep pace with them in action.

The experience of the English farmer has, since the Essex meeting, fairly determined the great advantages which the reaping-machine has over the scythe and the sickle. The reaping-machine is not now liable to any serious derangement. It may be wrought by the regular servants on the farm alone, and, with the assistance of an extra horse or two, can make as long hours as may be needed. It requires neither meat nor wages like the mower or the reaper; and, above all, it insures greater regularity in all the harvest operations. Its first expense, no doubt, is considerable; but there is no reason why the itinerant principle might not as advantageously be applied to it as to the thrashing-machine and its steam-engine, which are now everywhere to be met with plying for hire in the agricultural districts of the south. The thing has been found to answer admirably there: why should not the Scottish farmer go and do likewise?

LITERARY NUGÆ.

I have somewhere heard, read, or dreamed of a work called Adventures of a Poet in Search of a Subject, and when I take the sage advice recorded on a great man's tomb—'*circumspice*'—I can well imagine that poets must be sometimes put to great straits. Homer must have been badly off when he did not consider it *infra dig.* to discourse of the hostile encounters of frogs and mice; and Virgil, likewise, who exerted his poetical powers on a gnat. The race of insects has afforded patronage also to Lucian, who wrote on a fly; and to Daniel Heinsius, Burns, and Peter Pindar, who sang of an animal the very name of which it is a sin to mention to ears polite—a louse. Among beasts, that patient and ill-used animal, the ass, has exercised the pens of Apuleius, Agrippa, and Heinsius; and an ox and a dog were the respective themes of Libanius and Sextus Empiricus; while Burns wrote upon twa dogs, a mouse, and a calf; Ovid tries his pen on a stork; Julius Scaliger, on a goose; Favorinus, on the praise of injustice. Polycrates wrote the commendation of a tyrant, and Cardan praised the Emperor Nero. Boileau wrote a poem on his reading-desk; Tasso, on a bucket; and Antonius Majoragius, on clay; while Janus Dousa the younger delivered himself of a panegyric on a shadow. Favorinus wrote on a quartan ague, and Synesius on baldness; on which polished subject, moreover, one Waldus, a Benedictine, in the reign of Charles the Bald, produced a long Latin poem, every word of which commences with the letter *c*. Even he, however, was outdone by Christian Pierius, the author of a poem consisting of 1200 lines on our Saviour in the same tautogrammatic style. In the middle of the sixteenth century appeared that 'famous dish of P's,' as a facetious writer calls it, the *Pugna Porcorum, per Petrum Porcium Poetam*, which is in Latin, and every word beginning with *p*. Pope exerted all his powers of mind and body to praise a lock of hair; Prennius invoked his muse and pruned his pen to write upon a beard; and to break off, for the catalogue has no end, Erasmus wrote a poem called *Moria*, in praise of folly, which, for the sake of a pun, and on the principle of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

GONE.

And thou indeed art gone, I scarce dare speak
The thought aloud, it makes my heart so weak:
I never knew what parting meant before;
Thou wert so much to me, friend, brother, more!

Long years ago, when I was sore in need,
In mercy sent, thou cam'st a friend indeed,
To bid me shun the evil, choose the right,
And turn my spirit-darkness into light.

Each day we spent together closer drew
Our souls, each hour brought pleasures pure and new;
Whence, then, alas, the mandate that thy heart
Should be as one with mine—our lives apart?

Full often when they thought I calmly slept,
Unseen by all, so softly have I crept
Thy window near, that the same light on thee
Within that fell, without might shine on me!

Still, half unconsciously, I sit and strain
My ear to catch thy footstep, but in vain;
Then waking from my dream affrighted start,
To feel what once thou wast, and what thou art.

But fare thee well: I'll strive without a tear
To yield thee back—the loan I held so dear;
If God has bade thee cheer some other's way,
I cannot, will not, dare not wish thy stay.

Ruth Buck.

DAMAGE CAUSED TO BOOKS OF PLATES BY THE TISSUE-PAPER.

Having noticed many years since, and again lately, the injury caused to magnificent books of plates by the flimsy wire-marked tissue-paper used, I beg, through *N. and Q.*, to make the same known. The books I remember to have seen injured are *The Musée Napoléon*, *Egypt*, and other large works of the Empire; also, I think, some English books of the period; for instance, the *Stafford Gallery*—the plates becoming spotted from some chemical action from the silver-paper and slight damp, resembling iron-mould. Such paper ought to be removed. The best plate-paper to place between type and engravings ought to be highly 'milled,' and not too thin; being able to stand in the volume without falling into the back, rumpling, or protruding at the fore-edge. If tissue-paper be not of the best quality, a volume is better without it, after the ink is once dry.—*Notes and Queries.*

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THE MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM.

If there are evils in our social state, it certainly is not for want of men with intelligence to perceive them, and benevolence to desire to see them remedied. For years past, the investigation of such evils has been a conspicuous fact in our national life, to the obvious abatement, as we think, of more purely political discussions. At length, the tendency has worked itself out in the formation of a society after the manner of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; like it, to hold a meeting once a year in some notable city—the special object being the discussion of matters affecting the wellbeing of society. The first meeting, as the newspapers have made generally known, was commenced at Birmingham on the 12th of October, under the presidency of Lord Brougham.

In the midst of that busy town rises a large Grecian building entirely isolated, and containing little besides one highly decorated hall designed for the public meetings of the citizens, of whom it is said upwards of two thousand can sit within its walls. Here, on the evening of the above-mentioned day, a miscellaneous assemblage was gathered together, filling every available space excepting only an ascending platform at the upper end. By and by, a number of gentlemen, mostly of middle-aged appearance, began to enter by side-doors and take seats on the platform, but still leaving some of the front seats vacant. During a delay which took place, one might have heard individuals in the body of the hall pointing out to their friends persons of note upon the platform whom they recognised. At length, a larger than usual group entered, including a gentleman of advanced age and slightly bent figure, who took the principal chair, while his companions sat down on each side. The aforesaid individuals had of course no need to indicate to their friends that this central figure was the president of the newly born association, Lord Brougham. Entered upon his eightieth winter, yet unbroken in physical force—as his voice presently shewed—undecayed in intellect, and unflagging in the native energy towards useful objects, for which his whole life has been remarkable, there he sat, while acclamation after acclamation acknowledged what men feel when they think of Henry Brougham. Near him were Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, the Honourable Mr Cowper, Sir John Pakington, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr Monckton Milnes, Colonel Sykes, and many other persons eminent in public life. It was interesting at such a moment to mark one veteran head, that of Professor Pillans of Edinburgh, and to consider that Lord Brougham and he had been brother-contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* fully fifty years ago—and here were they still taking part in the same great movement for public good which they then supported. Another remarkable figure was that of Robert Owen, who, at an equally remote period, was commencing some of the modern practices in education—originating for one thing the infant schools which have since been so useful in our peculiarly employed community.

The immediate business of the president was to read an address on the objects of the Association now about to be inaugurated. He commenced by distinguishing the objects of social science, and placing them under their several heads of jurisprudence, the repression of crime, education, sanitary arrangements, and social economy. There must be benefits, he contended, from 'bringing together those who chiefly devote themselves to promote the inquiries and the measures connected with social improvement.' It would enable them to give mutual help in a common cause. 'The increased efficacy thus given to the efforts of each; the lights struck out by full discussion with the valuable suggestions thus produced, the experience, the reflections of each being made, as it were, common to all; the security against error by timely examination of each plan before its author's prepossessions have become too deeply rooted, and before he has been committed to its details; the authority given to proposals ultimately, and after mature deliberation persevered in, even if not sanctioned by the assent of others; the influence which may be acquired in various ways when that sanction has been declared—these advantages attend all such unions, and may be cited in favour of any combined operations, whatever be the nature of the subject.' Discussion, too, might remove grounds of dissent. 'We have classical authority,' he went on to say, 'for observing that, however unduly soever men may differ in their reasonings upon human conduct, it is singular how seldom they differ much in the judgments which they form respecting it. We may go further, and affirm that there is less diversity of opinion than might be supposed, even upon general subjects, and that ignorance, or misinformation, or inattentive, and therefore inaccurate observation, or careless reflection, is the cause of most of those differences.'

As illustrations of the use of united action in accomplishing desirable reforms, Lord Brougham referred to the history of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which had had the effect of stimulating a cheap and healthful literature, and that of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, which for the last twelve years has been prompting the legislature to many important measures. He further referred to the

Reformatory Union which met last year at Bristol, and to the Conference on Education which had been held this year under the presidency of the Prince Consort. He conceived that the Association would serve to attract the attention of members of parliament to subjects on which they might otherwise remain ignorant. It would tend to inform all classes of the community on matters bearing greatly on their welfare. His lordship concluded with an eloquent declamation on the benefits of knowledge.

The company was afterwards addressed by Lord John Russell and other gentlemen, regarding the objects of the Association. It was gratifying to witness the cordiality with which Lord John was greeted, as if, notwithstanding some recent instances of false position on the part of his lordship, there were a deep and abiding sense of his many merits and long-tried fidelity as a public servant. It was even more gratifying to observe the extremely favourable reception of Lord Stanley. This young nobleman has in a manner broken away from the trammels and temptations of his position, 'to shun delights and live laborious days' for the benefit of his less fortunately situated fellow-creatures. His father, three years ago, addressing the British Association at Liverpool, confessed he had been born in 'the pre-scientific era.' A prime-minister of England acknowledging ignorance of those principles on which the happiness of a people chiefly depends! It must be felt as an improvement for a second generation to devote itself to a knowledge of those very principles, so as to make legislative privilege a true qualification. The company did not perhaps reflect on all this; but they knew that Lord Stanley took trouble about things affecting the public welfare, and seemed to have a feeling of duty about them, and they cheered him accordingly. On the whole, this first evening passed off well, and appeared to leave a general conviction that the Association was likely to prove successful.

A morning meeting took place in the same hall next day, in order to hear addresses from the presidents of sections. Lord John, as chief of that of jurisprudence, made some good remarks on the province of legislation: 'There was a time when personal freedom was restrained by a number of petty rules and regulations; the operations of industry were controlled in the same way. A very eminent manufacturer of France, Colbert, thought he would promote his country's wealth by regulating the manner in which silk should be made—the length and breadth of the pieces—and every workman who made them otherwise was put in the pillory for the offence. At the same time, by way of encouraging the silk manufacture, he prevented the competition of the Dutch in many articles. The consequence was, that the wines of France were no longer sent to Holland, and the people of all the wine countries were almost reduced to ruin by these commercial regulations, by which the wealth of France was to be augmented. It was at this time that an old merchant, wiser than Colbert, said: "Let them manufacture as they please, and introduce goods when they can." The advice was set aside for a time, and he was sorry to say, that in England, as in France, the opinion prevailed that they must make a country rich by legislation. It was not until late times that men in this country, and the minority in other parts of Europe, came to the conclusion that it was wise to allow every man to make himself rich in his own way. He recollected well when it was said, in answer to Mr Huskisson: "You must not allow French gloves to come into the country, because they are better and cheaper." Huskisson persevered, however; and the result was, not only that the consumer had better and cheaper gloves, but that our manufacturers had flourished and increased more than they did at any other time. There was another operation in which legislation did not formerly take place, but in which of late years there had been a great tendency to interfere. Not that he was inclined to find fault with that interference, because he thought what had been done, had been done right; but it was a matter that deserved serious consideration. There was no right more sacred than that parents should have the care of their offspring in tender years. Of late years, however, it was argued by his noble friend, Lord Shaftesbury, that in certain kinds of manufacture they could not allow parents entirely to dispose of their children; that the work they endured was far too great; that it would destroy their strength and energy, and prevent them from receiving any moral or religious education. It was argued step by step in the House of Commons, until it was said that if they went further they would destroy one-fourth of the manufacturing interests of the country in textile fabrics; that was to say, in cotton, wool, and silk. That legislation took place, and the industry in textile manufactures had been increasing ever since. He had frequently asked what were the bad effects of the legislation, and found that it was bad in principle, but in practice it had been eminently successful. If, then, it was good in practice, he thought there must be an error in the principle, and that it required modification. It had been said that "an Englishman's house is his castle;" but Lord Shaftesbury argued, and he (Lord John Russell) thought truly, that he was not to shoot poisoned arrows into the community from its battlements. Legislation also followed in this case, not only with lodging-houses, but with regard to crowded dwellings in cities, and perhaps in London as much as in any other, there had been instances of great crowding in small narrow compass, producing injury to the health, morals, and religion of the community. Now, that was a subject in which it might be considered how far legislation might interfere.'

Sir John Pakington followed with an exposition of the posture of the education question, arguing that the difficulties in the way of a national system meeting the wants of the community ought to be grappled with, and they would vanish. They had beside them, in the King Edward's School of Birmingham, a practical solution of what was called the religious difficulty.* He admitted that, owing to the early removal of children from school, comparatively little good was done by the present government grants, which parliament might by and by become, for that reason, indisposed to continue. It was therefore necessary to devise means of keeping children longer at school: it might be matter of experiment whether the giving of prizes, the certificate system, or the half-time system, were calculated to be effective for this purpose.

The address of Lord Stanley was a masterly and exhaustive statement of the sanitary question. Some of the physical evils under which the community laboured could not be prevented. Some affecting individuals, were only preventable at the will of individuals. A third and large class affected large classes of men, the cause lying in some known external noxious agency, whether connected with occupation or locality, which was capable of being removed. What sanitarians concerned themselves with was the abatement and removal of agencies thus pressing on the public health. They held that the knowledge which

* It was subsequently stated in a paper by the Rev. E. H. Gifford, head-master of this school, that it contained 463 pupils, of nearly all the ordinary denominations, including upwards of 300 of the established church. Yet no difficulty was felt. 'All were instructed together in the Scriptures, with the exception that Jews were not expected to learn the New Testament; and the Church Catechism was not enforced when objection was made by the parents.' Mr Gifford consequently believed that 'when the preliminary difficulty of discussing and defining the rules for the religious instruction of a school could be avoided or surmounted, a very small share of candour and common sense would suffice to remove all difficulties in practice.'

could ward off preventable disease from the naturally healthy, ought to be a part of the education of every person. 'This knowledge ought to be diffused, because in matters which concerned the public in its collective capacity, such as the cleansing of rivers, the drainage of towns, the exclusion from populous districts of noxious employments, and the like, those by whom sanitary reforms were imperfectly appreciated would be found hostile to them on the ground of expense, and because a large proportion of those remedial sanitary measures which it was in the power of society to apply to physical ills, were of such a nature that no police regulation, no Board of Health, no legislative enactments, could successfully interfere to enforce them without the co-operation of the parties concerned, such as the cleansing and ventilation of private dwellings.' Inquiry fully brought out the proofs that circumstances under human control greatly affected human life. For example, the mortality of our troops in barrack-life at home was as 17·8 (nearly 18) per 1000 annually; in the Guards in London, no less than 20½ per 1000; while in general society, at the same period of life, it was a little under 12 per 1000. [Strange to say, the mortality of the inmates of our jails is below that of the soldiery.] It was calculated that in England and Wales there were 115,000 deaths from preventable causes. [This infers a great loss of capital to the community, for every useful man in middle life represents a considerable sum of money—namely, that which has been laid out in rearing and educating him.] It had been shewn how much evil the community incurred through the widowhood and orphanage arising from premature deaths. In Manchester, in 1842, there were 27,000 cases of premature widowhood, and 100,000 orphans thrown upon the poor-rates, creating a yearly loss of L.2,000,000, and leading to a deterioration of the people, as the destitute children grew up in unfavourable circumstances. Glancing at the visitation of cholera in 1854, his lordship stated that in one district, where the population was 915 to the square mile, the deaths averaged 65 to each 10,000 persons living; while in another district with 234 to the square mile, they averaged only 7 to the 10,000; and in other districts of only 122 to the square mile, there were no deaths from this cause at all. His lordship adverted to noxious trades, close work-rooms, ill-ventilated houses, and deficient sewerage or drainage as causes of disease and premature death, and likewise to intemperate habits, which, there was reason to suppose, often arose from those very conditions. It became a most important question, how far the state could interfere to protect and improve the public health; important not merely for each individual life, but for the general interest of the community. 'Dry and unattractive,' said his lordship, 'as sanitary studies may appear, they belong to the patriot no less than the philanthropist: they touch very nearly the future prosperity and the national greatness of England. Do not fancy that the mischief done by disease spreading through the community is to be measured by the number of deaths which ensue. That is the least part of the result, as in a battle, the killed bear but a small proportion to the wounded. It is not merely by the crowded hospitals, the frequent funerals, the destitution of families, or the increased pressure of public burdens, that you may test the sufferings of a nation over which sickness has passed. The real and lasting injury lies in the deterioration of race, in the seeds of disease transmitted to future generations, in the degeneracy and decay which are never detected till the evil is irreparable, and of which, even then, the cause remains often undiscovered. It concerns us if the work of England be that of colonisation and dominion abroad—if wild hordes and savage races are to be brought by our agency under the influence of civilised man—if we are to maintain peace, to extend commerce, to hold our own among many rivals, alike by arts and arms—it concerns us, I say, that strong hands shall be forthcoming to wield either sword or spade—that vigorous constitutions be not wanting to endure the vicissitudes of climate, and the labours of a settler in a new country. I believe that, whatever exceptions may be found in individual instances, when you come to deal with men in the mass, physical and moral decay necessarily go together; and it would be small satisfaction to know that we had, through a series of ages, successfully resisted every external agency if we learned too late that that vigour and energy for which ours stands confessedly pre-eminent among the races of the world, were being undermined by a secret but irresistible agency, the offspring of our own neglect, against which science and humanity had warned us in vain.'

The sections set to work that afternoon in their several rooms in the Queen's College, and renewed their meetings during each of the two ensuing days. They were well attended, and it was gratifying to observe the quality of the men present. We had not previously any conception of there being so many men of rank, of professional eminence and intelligence—magistrates, clergymen, engineers, architects, physicians, teachers—having these benefits for their fellow-countrymen at heart, and willing to take so much trouble with a view to their being realised. The difficulty was, not to get able and useful papers to be read, but to get time in which to read them. There was something novel and striking in seeing an ex-premier and an ex-chancellor at the head of a little preliminary parliament, as it might be called, shaping out work for the actual legislature. It is admitted that in this department practical progress was made in regard to one branch of law, that relating to bankruptcy. There were also important matters under consideration in the section on criminal reformatories. Mr M. D. Hill, the president, recorder of Birmingham, gave a most interesting account, from his own recent observation, of the progress of a system in Ireland for turning convicts to use in public works, while at the same time giving them such motives to good conduct that they *do* reform, and are either enabled to emigrate hopefully, or are taken into respectable employment—the crucial test, as he well remarked, of such a scheme. There was also a paper by the benevolent Miss Carpenter on girls' reformatories, treating the whole matter in a most cautious and discriminating manner, and shewing how much good might be done in this department by the females of the leisurely classes.

In the Sanitary Section, there was a great amount of excellent observation brought forward, on the various subjects of improved dwellings for the working-classes, ventilation, increased space for population, and drainage of towns. The Rev. C. Hartshorne gave an interesting description of the houses lately built by the Duke of Bedford, Earl Spencer, and the Duke of Northumberland, for the labourers on their estates, exhibiting a large outlay, and perhaps too fine a style of building, as we thought, so that the rents paid give a return in no case reaching 3 per cent., yet pleasing in the main, as shewing that these benevolent nobles contemplated a better return in the health, contentment, and moral improvement of their people. At the same time, a gentleman explained that improved cottages might be built for L.70, with a third apartment in the attic for L.5 additional. The views of the section seemed greatly turned towards the erection of groups of dwellings for the town-working populations, in rural situations, accessible at a cheap rate by railways. Here, however, the unfortunate fact presents itself, that all new dwellings built for town-workers become occupied solely by the superior individuals of their class, leaving the old dwellings as densely peopled as ever by a comparatively refuse population, and

therefore as much as ever seats and sources of epidemic disease, unless we can employ compulsory means for the correction of the evil at the public expense. A paper by Dr Southwood Smith, on the prolongation of human life, brought out in a striking manner what all must feel to be the great motive and encouragement to sanitary improvements—namely, the fact that, under advancing civilisation, an improvement in the length of life is actually going on. In 1693 and 1790, a loan was raised for the state by what is called *tontine*. Each person advancing L.100, was allowed to name a life during which he and his heirs drew a certain annuity. There was therefore the strongest inducement for each lender to name the youngest and healthiest infant he could select. 'The tontine of 1690 consisted of 408 females and 594 males; and that of 1790, of 3974 females and 4197 males. The latter tontine is not yet extinct, and it was shewn that on the 1st of January 1851, there still remained alive, sixty years of age and upwards, 1312 females and 977 males out of the original number; so that the difference between the mortality of the nominees of 1690 and 1790 was not yet so great as it would ultimately be. Taking these data, Mr Finlaison, the government calculator, had worked out in a very elaborate manner the means of making a comparison between them; and the actual prolongation of life in the nineteenth century was proved, first, by the difference in the death-rate at the two periods, and next, by the addition of an ascertained number of years to the life of each individual. It was thus shewn that in the year 1690, the expectation of life in a man, aged thirty, would have been 26·565, while in 1790 it would have been 33·775; while the actual addition of the excess of years, which the persons engaged in the latter tontine had over the former, proved that in 1790 the expectation of life was increased by fully one-fourth; that is to say, that if in 1690 a person, aged thirty, could expect to live thirty years, in 1790, a person of the same age could reasonably expect to live thirty-seven years. An increase in the duration of life,' Dr Smith went on to say, 'was a proof of increased comforts, or increased enjoyment of certain elements upon which human life is dependent, such as air, light, food, warmth, and shelter. In fact, what we called progress in civilisation, was an improvement in the means of securing regularly and unfailingly, in abundance and purity, those physical agents for the bulk of the population. The accomplishment of this object was the main cause of all the activity and energy by which a state of civilisation was characterised. It was a matter of familiar history that an extraordinary activity reigned throughout the eighteenth century. Forests were cleared, marshes and swamps drained, and from the more settled government of the country, cities and towns being no longer fortresses, had extended beyond the walls of their fortifications. At this period, also, special attention began to be paid to the well ordering, cleaning, and paving of towns. The narrow streets were widened, slate roofs substituted for thatch, bricks for timber, and the manufacture of glass so much increased that glass windows, even in the poorer towns, became common. Agriculture made a surprising advance, multiplying a hundredfold the production of fresh vegetable food, and increasing in a still more remarkable degree the amount of fresh animal food by the extension of the comparatively new art of collecting and storing fodder for cattle in winter. The increase of manufactures gave improved and cheap clothing to the people, not only conducive to warmth and health, but almost equally so to cleanliness, the texture compelling frequent washing. Accordingly, disease assumed a milder form, and epidemics in particular became much less formidable.' Dr Smith concluded by asking if the advancing civilisation of the eighteenth century was accompanied by such a prolongation of life, what must have been latterly gained? 'It was clear that even at present the classes which formed the base of the pyramid of society lost a great portion of life, and it was the duty and noble aim of this Association to remove—for it was removable—this crying disgrace to our country, to bring this unhappy class within the pale of civilisation. Until that was done, the columns of the registrar-general would give no fair result of sanitary improvement. How far the time of life, however, in the aggregate could be extended, they did not know, but it was plain that it was not possible as yet to assign a definite limit.'

Our narrow space forbids us to go into any more details; but we cannot quit the subject without a most emphatic congratulation of the members of the Social Science Association on their auspicious commencement of proceedings. If they only, by the external facts of their meeting, reading, and speaking, call attention to the matters they have in view, they will do great good, for in our peculiar political organisation, as is well known, to get the ear and then the voice of the public are essential preliminaries to all improved legislation. It is a great and a sacred cause which they have in hand, and with true earnestness it cannot fail to prosper. At the same time, we may take this opportunity of saying, that we contemplate the efforts of such an association as only *the best that the circumstances admit of*. It is very well for the upper classes thus to interest themselves, work, and spend in behalf of the humbler; but the results must needs be defective while there is—as there obviously *is*—a want of motive on the part of the masses to improve and advance in their own life-economy. Something is required to bring them out of antagonism towards their employers, to give them similar aspirations to those of the middle classes, the same inducements to saving and improving money—a hope and aim in life. That given, we should see something in their case like what a great orator alluded to when he spoke of the cheap defence of nations. We should then be at no trouble in improving their condition, for they would improve it themselves.

THE MIDNIGHT RITE.

THERE is a certain island, Anonyma, beautiful and fruitful, enjoying a far purer air and warmer clime than ours, which does Great Britain the honour of being her ally, and of even forming an integral part of her empire, without copying slavishly her constitution or her laws. The language which prevailed amongst us after the Norman Conquest still suffices, and our Norman code is still in effect among the Anonymese. Determined not to be indebted for new ideas to any of their neighbours, and having little originality of their own, they have been content with such political and judicial lights as gleam, as it were phosphorescently, from the decayed and rotten *caput mortuum* of eight centuries ago. The president of Anonyma still wears a red gown; the thirty-six who make up the parliament, and are supposed to be representative, are almost all of the same class, and practically elect themselves—twelve priests, who sit in right of their cures; twelve squires, who are legislators for life; and twelve mechanical lay-figures, the popular element, returned by their respective parishes (or squires), and warranted to go for three years. Liberty means its right of rejecting any proposed improvement emanating from Great Britain through the law-officers of the crown; and reform has no signification there whatever. Criminal justice is administered with all the 'glorious uncertainty' of English law, combined with the former rate of procedure of our Court of Chancery; the accused person who might have been stigmatised by the original prosecutor

as a young reprobate, becoming, before his trial is ended, a middle-aged, if not a hoary sinner. After a protracted inquiry of this description, by the time that all the depositions have been written down in two languages, and the court has adjourned the case for the fourteenth time, it not unfrequently happens that the acute Anonymese tribunal has been concerning itself with the wrong man. It is not an easy matter for one, however innocent, to get out of a medieval prosecution conducted upon paper in an extinct tongue. I speak advisedly; and to the extreme length of its proceedings alone, and not at all to the sagacity of the court I am myself indebted for my life.

I am an artist, and spent the winter before last in Anonyma practising my profession. Nature is displayed in miniature, in that island, very beautifully, and has a nook-and-dell attire such as perhaps she seldom wears elsewhere; the coast-line, too, is exceedingly grand, and the surrounding sea has deeper colours, and rages with a more terrible wrath than is common to it about the shores of England. In winter-time, in innermost Anonyma, you can hardly find a spot quite out of hearing of the stormy waves. I had been sketching in one of its western bays one December afternoon, while the wind seemed to be goading the whole Atlantic to rise and submerge the little island, and ensconced as I was in as well-sheltered a fissure as I could select, the spray got at me at last, wetted me through, and utterly destroyed the labour of four hours. Several miles lay between me and my lodgings, and a vision of possible rheumatism lending wings to my feet, I started at once homewards. In the second valley from the shore, however, I came upon a spectacle which my professional eye was bound to contemplate at all hazards—to a poor caricaturist like myself, the thing was worth at the least five pounds. In the road before me, and making signs for me to stop and to be silent, were cautiously stealing up a couple of men with guns. They were neither native nor English sportsmen; their gay apparel, their huge shooting-bags hung with tassels, their prodigious moustaches, at once proclaimed them to belong to one or other of those crushed nationalities that are in the habit of making Anonyma their resort in evil times. Their energetic gestures convinced me that they must be either Frenchmen or Italians; no others could have so eloquently telegraphed that game of some rarest species was in view, and that my advance would be dearly purchased at the escape of such a noble quarry. Chilled as I was, therefore, I remained stationary to watch their sport. They had no dog with them, but as they neared the desired object, they both sank down upon all-fours, and crept up the frosty road like wary pointers. I followed as well as I was able the direction of their eyes, which were elevated, with mine, but I could see nothing skywards except one solitary blackbird upon a leafless tree. Surely, thought I, they are never in pursuit of that unoffending songster! An answer was given in the report of both their guns, followed by the hasty departure of the bird himself.

'Thousand thunders!' exclaimed the foremost sportsman; 'we have missed him *again*, mon ami!'

'Where is he gone?' cried the other. 'Regardez, monsieur, what you call merk, if you please.'

But I could not mark; I was so overcome with merriment that I could only sit down and laugh. They were pleased, however, with my stopping for them, and proposed to have some refreshment with me in a roadside *cabaret* close by. I was in need of warmth, internal as well as external, and agreed at once. Brandy is very cheap in Anonyma, and very good; and the Anonymese are far from being neglectful of their opportunities in that respect. The taverns of the island have the worst looks and the best liquors of any taverns I know. There was a good sea-weed fire in this particular one; and as the wind beat against the crazy walls, and battered vainly upon the grimy little window-panes, I felt no inclination to quit my stool in the chimney corner. There were studies enough in that smoky, floorless cabin, beside my two comic gentlemen-sportsmen: men in dirty blouses and with unclean hands were there, under whose tangled hair lay foreheads heavy with thought; resolute mouths lurked under their shaggy moustaches; and light such as no brandy can bestow, gleamed forth from their eyes. These were political refugees, each with a real or a supposed wrong, and each counting upon not sitting still for ever under its infliction. Anonymese fishermen, bronzed and sturdy, made up the rest of the company, whose conversation, carried on in French, modern and Norman, was remarkably unconstrained. One by one, these different parties dropped away, and at a very late hour of the night, I found myself the last man starting homeward and alone.

The wind had almost lulled, still driving the dark clouds hither and thither over the wintry sky, but touching only the tree-tops of the island and the summits of its little hills. I could hear the ocean, like some mighty watch-dog partially appeased, still growl in its half slumber. There was moon, which now and then shone brightly for an instant, making deeper the evening gloom; and my way lying for the most part through great avenues of trees belonging to old ruined seigneuries, or dipping into curved valleys with a stream, should have been just the road to please a painter. Whether the strange characters of the men I had just left, however, had impressed me too deeply, and their lawless anecdotes shaken my confidence too much in the local police, I certainly felt ill at ease, and by no means in the humour for appreciating the picturesque. It seemed a weird, uncanny sort of night to be out in, and I began to wish that I had drunk more brandy, or else none at all. How much I would have given to have been in my own comfortable lodgings, under the protection of my charming old landlady, in the High Street, I daren't say, instead of feeling my way through a—— Goodness gracious! what was that? Footsteps that knew the road a great deal better than I did, and some heavy body being dragged along with them—probably a corpse! I shrank into the hedge to let them pass, which they did at a full trot, laughing.

'Just the night for a job like this,' said one. 'Why, it reminds one of body-snatching in the good old times.' (Evidently a couple of resurrectionists, whose occupation was gone, and who, like everybody else 'in trouble,' were now resident Anonymese.)

'I suppose this would be a hanging business if we were caught at it,' observed the other with a brutal unconcern that made my blood run colder than ever.

'I believe you,' replied the first speaker; and the two together burst into such a guffaw as I should have thought peculiar to demons. The road, almost immediately, got clear of the trees, and swept in a half-circle round a little meadow; but the two murderers dragged their victim over a gate and into the open space without the slightest hesitation, although the moon was just then shining. I kept, of course, under the shadow of the avenue, and watched their movements with a curiosity that almost overmastered fear. They threw the body—it *was* a body—carelessly upon the frozen ground, and then set to work collecting sticks: it was easier to burn it, it seemed, than to dig a hole for it, and in a very few minutes they had collected quite a funeral pyre. Placing the corpse upon this, and kindling the brushwood which they had set at bottom from a match-box one of them carried, the flame began to spread apace, and soon lit up the faces of the two men, so that I could have sworn to them again anywhere. One was a stout fellow of about forty, not ill-looking, perhaps, if I could have

separated him in my mind from his occupation; but whenever his eyes chanced to fall upon the fast-consuming corpse, I saw them gleam with unmistakable hatred. The second, although almost a boy in years, exhibited also no trace of pity for his victim. They had lit cigars, and were getting so merry in their fiendish way, that I could scarcely believe my eyes. I tried in vain to think that, after all, it might be some dead monkey or other animal they were burning, and not a human creature. Whatever it was, the smell from its consuming carcass filled all the little valley, and drove up with the wind into my hiding-place, so as almost to turn me sick. I longed, like Robinson Crusoe when he saw the savages at dinner, to run in upon these wretches, and destroy them at their abominable entertainment; and had I had a Friday with me and half-a-dozen others, I might perhaps have made the attempt: as it was, I confined myself to making a solemn resolution to leave the island of Anonyma, by the next packet, to its smugglers, its refugees, and its body-burners, for ever. I positively felt as if my hair was turning gray. At last the horrid rite was over; and the performers, kicking about the ashes, and laughing—always laughing—after their frightful manner, left the place, and came up the road again. 'He'll never bother me in this world again,' said the elder, as he passed by my ambush; 'but we've had trouble enough and to spare in getting rid of the old Methuselah.' It was an old man, then, that they had disposed of in this awful way, thinking that no eye could see them!

When their footsteps had died away, I crept out into the little field, and discovered among the dying embers a skull. I had studied anatomy for some time, for the better knowledge of my profession, and I knew at once that the skull was that of a man. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—a smouldering heap, which the breeze was already carrying hither and thither, was all which now remained of that human form.

'Poor murdered wretch!' cried I aloud, still holding the skull in my hand, and beginning to philosophise like another Hamlet, 'how little couldst thou have guessed'——

'Murdered, was he?' said a gruff voice close beside me, while a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder and clutched it like a vice.

'No, gentlemen,' cried I, trembling like a reed, in the belief that the two wretches had come back again —'no, not murdered, only put out of the way very tenderly; and in the highest and noblest sense of the word, most justifiably, I am sure.'

'What a cold-blooded villain!' ejaculated a second voice.

'Tie his hands, and march him away to jail at once,' cried a third.

'My dear sirs,' exclaimed I, 'pardon me; I took you for robbers, murderers; I did indeed. Allow me to assist you in detecting the real offenders—they took that road to the left, yonder, through the wood.'

And so, at two o'clock in the December morning, I found myself at last going homeward, to the Police-office, with my hands tied, and in the custody of three pudding-headed Anonymese. The smell of the burning corpse, it seems, had penetrated to their farm upon the hillside, and they had come down just in time to secure me and to miss the perpetrators of the crime. So horrified were they with its revolting character, that they would not so much as touch me with their hands; but having placed the skull in my pocket, drove me before them with sticks, as though I were an ox; and in that fashion I was escorted past the cheerful fire-light which still streamed from the windows of my lodgings, to the prison-cell.

Being much addicted to a roving life, I had few stationary friends, and none at all in Anonyma. My landlady, of course, could only attest to my being 'a nice-spoken, well-conducted young man.' My counsel could only say that it was absurd to suppose that a landscape-painter, however devoted to his art, could go the length of burning a man in a lone valley, at midnight, to produce *effects*. On the other hand, the situation in which I was found, with the skull in my very fingers—the words I used to myself, and the admissions I made, in the first instance, to those who seized me, combined with the extreme improbability of the story I had to tell in my own defence, were of course very convincing proofs of my criminality. That a crime had been committed, who could doubt, with the human head and ashes still in existence, to appeal to Heaven for vengeance upon a murderer! Still, who had been murdered? In any other place but Anonyma, that question would perhaps have stayed the hand of the executioner; but there, where so many strangers dwell whose object it is to keep themselves unknown and aloof from others, the fact that nobody was missing was not deemed at all extraordinary. I say, if it had not been for the providential delays of the criminal court, the time that was taken up in repeating the depositions again and again, in confusing English and Norman-French together, and in adjourning the proceedings, I, the writer of this adventure, which is, in its main details, a perfectly true statement, should have been hung.

After six weeks, however, Captain Debandeur came back from England, where he had been spending his Christmas, and saved me. He was a naval gentleman of the old school, and didn't like to be contradicted. When anything bothered him, a servant or an umbrella, he would kick the one out of the house, and break the other across his knee, without a moment's warning. He had brought over, in one of his voyages, a certain great curiosity from the east, and very soon got tired of looking at it. He offered it to the new Anonymese museum, and that accepting it, although with some difficulty, for it was by this time broken and imperfect and worth but little, he was appeased, or otherwise he would have probably destroyed the great curiosity out of hand. The new museum failing, this precious wonder came back again to its original proprietor, who was wild with indignation at its reappearance. He and his son, therefore, after many attempts to annihilate it, which were frustrated by the other members of the family, fixed at last on burning 'old Methuselah' in the open air, on the night before starting for England for a six weeks' holiday. If he had taken seven weeks, I should have been a dead man.

Now old Methuselah was a mummy.

A RAMBLE IN A PARISIAN SUBURB.

It is a fine clear warm day, in what we should call in London the late spring, but here in Paris, where the bright green buds on the trees have burst into bright green leaves, is better described as the early summer. I have been lounging and wandering about the Boulevard de la Madeleine nearly all the morning—now reading the *Débats* in company with a silent synod of black beards—now sipping sugared ice-water, by way of a change—now speculating on the character and destinies of the garçon whose property for the time being I have become—now listening dreamily to the murmur of the flower-market, which goes on under the shadow of the Madeleine, and gladly drinking in the delicious fragrance of its blossoms as the breeze wafts it past. The fact is, that I have been endeavouring to keep an appointment with an unpunctual friend, who, it appears, has forgotten his engagement, and does not come—and at last I have given him up, wondering what his conscience is made of, that he has kept me waiting so long; and have turned my back upon the place of rendezvous, and addressed myself to the pleasures of a solitary ramble.

Within half an hour, and without intending it, I find myself standing among a group of stragglers at the south-west corner of the Place de la Concorde, awaiting the arrival of that long-bodied omnibus which plies incessantly between Paris and Auteuil. Of all the omnibuses that ever were conceived, this alone has an indisputable title to the designation. Though drawn but by two little cob-horses, it carries a community of not less than threescore persons, who are the representatives of the three principal classes that constitute the social body. There is the inside, with its seats of cushioned plush, for the gentry; the outside, with its hard benches, for the middle classes; and its two ends, without any seat at all, where the poorest may stand and ride, and save their weary bones and their shoe-leather, at a cost of something less than a farthing a mile. Presently, there is the report of a blast blown through a cow's horn, and up rolls the leviathan machine, and from its roof and entrails a crowd descends and emerges, and disappears at all points of the compass; while the cow's horn blows, and blows, and blows, and a new cargo climbs the roof, fills up the body, and crushes into the standing places, which are as much receptacles for heavy burdens as for their bearers. Meanwhile, the horses are taken out and harnessed to the other end—the machine being incapable of turning round—and the driver and conductor change places. Thinking I can't do better, I mount the roof, with about a score of outsiders, half of them of the military profession, and in three minutes, off we dash at a ten-mile-an-hour pace, towards Passy. The fat little horses are full of spirits and frolic, and make nothing of the monstrous load, for the simple reason, that the wheels, which are cast of solid iron, run in a tramway sunk beneath the level of the road. Carts and wagons drive across its track at their convenience, but scuttle out of the way with remarkable activity at the sound of the cow's horn. The way runs for nearly a mile through an avenue of trees, the sunlight flashing among the emerald leaves and dappling the sandy road with flickering shadow. Then we come out upon the bank of the river, gleaming like a broad disk of fire, with a surface broken into innumerable ripples, every one of which is a mirror to the sun. As we approach Passy, the guard comes round and exacts a penny from every outsider, with the exception of the military, whom he accommodates at half-price—the fee for insiders, he tells us, is three-halfpence; and those who stand in the bows and the stern are assessed at a half-penny. At Passy, we stop for a couple of minutes, and make an exchange of passengers—then on again towards Auteuil. As I look across the river, I can see the flashing of arms in the Champ de Mars, and catch a distant echo of the bray of trumpets; but the sound is soon lost in the noise of our own wheels, and the glint of the steel fades out in the distance. A few minutes bring us to the outskirts of Auteuil, where, for the present, the tramway terminates, and I alight, after a ride of about half an hour.

A short, shaded, and comparatively unfrequented road, winding between the blank brick rears of gentlemen's houses and the high stone enclosures of private gardens, leads up into the village. There is not a footfall audible in the place, and scarcely a figure visible at door or window. The very houses seem to have fallen fast asleep in the hot sunshine, and, with the exception of the regular blows of an axe wielded by some invisible being who is chopping wood, and the gurgling notes of an invisible caged thrush, not a sound is to be heard. The roads, the paths, the little patches of wayside grass, are all exquisitely neat and trim, and every house and stone wall, innocent of placards and posters, presents the cleanest imaginable face that brick and wood, stone and mortar, can be made to put on. By and by, I catch sight of the church-spire, a rather dumpy affair, just surmounting the tops of the trees; and then, ascending a few steps to the green on the left of the road, am standing in front of the church itself, a composite and rather fantastic structure, but a very model of primness and propriety. The door stands invitingly open, and, accepting the invitation, I walk in, and take a seat in the cool, dim-lighted nave. There is not a soul to be seen—all is still as death; solemn sallow faces look down upon me from a dark picture, and beneath the dusky shadow of the roof, a few old and tattered banners hang motionless. I wonder what is become of the Suisse, who ought to be there to shew the lions—to lead me to the tomb of D'Aguesseau—to talk about Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, Count Rumford, and the rest of the celebrities who lived at Auteuil, and either were or ought to have been buried there—and to tax me twenty sous in return for his information. Why does not the man come and earn his franc? Suddenly I hear the creaking of a door near the altar—the panel is pushed forward, and out pops the round bald head of a very jolly-looking priest; the eyes are turned towards the open door, where they see nothing; then a not involuntary motion on my part fixes a surprised glance on me, and for a moment or two our eyes meet. Am I right or wrong in suspecting that the merry-souled owner of those eyes is very considerably inclined to burst into a laugh? I don't know. If so, he withstands the temptation, and suddenly withdrawing his head, disappears, closing the door.

I begin to think that, though I am alone in the little church, I may be one too many notwithstanding, and accordingly I make for the door. I happen to be just in time. There comes the Suisse across the green in full fig, with laced sky-blue coat, laced cocked-hat bedecked with a rose of white ribbons, and carrying his ponderous gilded mace before him, from which also white favours are dangling. At his heels follow, with remarkable gravity and solemnity of demeanour, a train of fifteen or twenty persons, all evidently the members and retainers of one family. The first, who walks alone, is an aged patriarch bowed with years, upon whose bare head above fourscore winters have shed their snows. His face is florid with the rose-hues of second infancy, and clear and pure in tint as a young maiden's; and his long white locks, which have not been shorn for more than a lustre, hang in shining waves upon the shoulders of a coat of newest gloss, cut after the fashion of the ancient régime. Crosses, medals, and ribbons glitter on his breast; but there is no consciousness of the scene in which he plays a part in his lacklustre eye; he has been painfully got up for the occasion, and longs to return to his cushioned chair, the retreat of his old age, the cradle of his second childhood. Next to him walks a gentleman of fifty-five, in official costume, wearing a handsome sword at his side: he also is bareheaded and clad in a court-dress, and his grizzled hair is fresh from the hands of the barber. He holds his arms horizontally in front of his breast, and on them lies a new-born infant but a day or two old, buried in long-clothes of the finest lace, and apparently sleeping. Next comes a young officer—whom I take to be the father of the babe—with an elderly lady, who may be his wife's mother, leaning on his arm. Then follow several young people richly dressed, looking charming in flowers and white favours, and walking with solemn demureness in couples. The train is closed by the domestics of the family to the number of eight, all characterised by the same sobriety of expression. Beyond these, there is not a single follower—the rabble, if there be any rabble in Auteuil, are without a representative; and the procession passes on without any other recognition from the inhabitants than a courteous gesture of obeisance from the few who, standing at

their doors or windows, watch it go by. Slowly the open church receives them, until the last domestic has vanished within the portal. I am half inclined to go back and witness the ceremony of the baptism; but seeing that although the church-door continues open, nobody sets me the example, I doubt the propriety of doing so, and therefore go on my way. Not far from the church, I pass the open gate of the château from which the baptismal procession started. I peep in. The mansion is large and roomy, with a handsome entrance; the garden and grounds are exquisitely laid out and cared for; the green grassy lawn is smooth as velvet, and the shadows of fine old trees stretch darkly across it. The dwelling seems deserted; but I know that is not the case, for there is a glorious odour of delicious soup, and I feel that somebody is working miracles in the kitchen, and that, however demurely the christening begins, it will end in feasting and merriment.

Further on, I accost a damsel standing at the door of a wood-shop adorned with a capital work of art, representing a pile of fuel and the instruments for cutting and sawing it, and request her to direct me to some place where I can dine—the odour of the baptismal soup having awaked an unusual appetite. She points to a low cottage-looking *auberge*, a little higher up, and in two minutes I enter it. The hostess, a brisk, active dame, of uncertain age, and jauntily dressed, shews me into a little parlour, one window of which opens upon the garden in the rear, while the other looks into the front shop or salon, where she sits at the receipt of custom. The garden is well stocked with fruit and the commoner sorts of vegetables and roots, and a party of pigs are feeding audibly in a sty at the further end. The waiter, whom I suspect to be cook, garçon, and landlord all in one, says he will get my dinner ready in half an hour. Would I like to walk till then? I can walk in the garden, or Jean shall go with me and shew me Boileau's house, and the house occupied by the great Franklin—of course, that is, if I choose. I do choose, for I see the man wants to get rid of me, to have the dusty parlour put in order. So I sally out with Jean, who is a scrap of a boy in a collarless gray blouse, and who is attended by a knowing old poodle twice the boy's age. Jean leads the way to the Rue de Boileau, and points out Boileau's house, about which there is nothing remarkable; and then he takes me to a garden-door, by peeping over which I get sight of a couple of verandahed windows, which he tells me are the quarters of Franklin, but which I suspect to be a piece of sophistication on the part of Jean and the other good people of the place. The boy has nothing more to talk about but the merits of Pompe the poodle, who, according to his version, has reached the summit of canine intelligence, and is a miracle of sagacity, of which I do not care to express my strong doubts.

When I get back to the little parlour, I find it neat and tidy, and the cloth laid; and by the time I am seated, the soup is on the table. I dine agreeably, but not alone. Pompe has forsaken Jean, and attached himself to me, and has plainly made up his mind to dissipate the contemptuous opinion I have formed of him. He gets upon a chair to see me eat the soup, at which he looks on approvingly. When the cutlets come in, he assumes the begging posture; that not having an immediate effect, he looks me seriously in the face, and stretches out one paw in the attitude of an orator making a speech. I am inclined to see how far he will go, and still take no notice of him; he changes his position, begs with his back towards me, and looks appealingly over his shoulder. I cannot stand that, and he gets a piece of the cutlet, which he catches in mid-air, and in an instant resumes the successful posture. It will not do a second time, and he tries a third experiment by squatting and crossing his paws over his nose in a way most preposterously touching, for which he gets rewarded again. When the landlord brings in the *poulet*, I question him as to Pompe's abilities and education. He tells me the dog is of a rare breed, and asks me if I ever before saw a poodle of a chestnut colour, which I certainly cannot remember to have done. As for his tricks, he has been taught them by the young men of the place, who make a pet of him; and he will learn anything readily; which, after the specimens I have seen, I can easily believe. But Pompe is a true dog of the world; though, in return for his performances, I feed him well, I no sooner rise from table, and go to settle my account, than he slinks off, and a moment after is repeating his exhibition before a party of peasants regaling themselves with a ragout in the common room: he has not been educated for nothing, and knows how to earn his livelihood.

It is four o'clock when, having left Auteuil behind me, I pass through the gate of the fortifications, and enter the Bois de Boulogne. I find the outskirts of the wood pretty well populated by parties of Parisians, picnickers and others, lounging on the benches beneath the willows, reclined on mossy banks, or feeding the gold-fish in the reedy lakes. I hear their merry voices when I cannot see them; and again, in recesses where all is shadowy and silent, I catch the bright hues of their gay dresses shimmering through gaps in the leafy umbrage. Innumerable pathways winding through the hollows, cross and intersect each other in every direction, and more than once, without knowing it, I trace the same track twice over, in a vain attempt to penetrate to the centre of the forest. Now, when I flatter myself that I have reached a secluded spot, a peal of laughter from a family of children dissipates the illusion; and again, in a darksome glen, that seems a fit haunt for a lone hermit or a gang of banditti, I stumble upon a solitary artist, with his colours spread around him on the grass, silently transferring to his canvas the deathlike repose of the scene. I may have spent an hour beneath the leaves, and may have left nearly a league of the wood behind, when I emerge suddenly upon a broad road track, torn into deep ruts by the passage of wheels, and bordered on each side by a wide sward, in places even as a carpeted floor, and indenting the wood in areas a rood or two in extent. The road winds over a bold swell of the ground, and presents at various points picturesque views both of the near and distant scenery. The spot has evident attractions for holiday-makers, who spread their picnics on the grass, and find convenient seats on the felled trunks of a few trees which the timber-wagons have not yet carried away. In one place, a party of photographers have pitched a yellow-canvas tent, and are pursuing their cunning craft with the alacrity that characterises the profession. In another, lads and lasses are vociferous and explosive in a game at hide-in-the-wood. In a third, there is dancing going on to the music of a couple of fiddles played by boys in blouses, who, I have a suspicion, have not been brought to the spot on purpose; but, like spirits of mirth as they are, habitually haunt the wood in expectation of votaries. And in one of the cleared recesses above mentioned, a vigorous sport is going on, signalised at a distance by shouts from manly throats, and the repeated and rocket-like ascent into the air of a black globe some ten inches in diameter. I make my way towards this up-and-down meteor, to solve the mystery of its dancing flights. Upon a smooth area, of about an acre in extent, but twice the length of its breadth, I find a dozen or more of athletic young fellows, stripped to their shirts, and playing a curious game—with a ball as big as a warming-pan—of what is neither foot-ball nor fives, but is yet a modification of both. The ball, which is perfectly globular, is formed of a thick case of India-rubber,

inflated with air as tight as it can be blown. The game is played by two gangs, thus: The ball is first thrown into the air by the leader of one gang, and a member of the opposing gang has to strike it up again when it falls—the side which sends it up last scoring one towards the game total. Owing to the unwieldy size of the ball, and the impossibility of grasping it, it is not easy to hurl it above the height of fifteen or twenty feet; but if, on its descent, it be caught by a hearty blow with the clenched fist, directed exactly against its centre, it will rise to double that height the second time. When it falls the second time, a like successful blow may send it seventy feet high, and so on, its rebound being increased by the increased momentum of its fall, until it is seen to rise above a hundred feet in the air. Frequent practice, as may be imagined, is required to play the game well, as unless the stroke of the fist is directed to the centre, or very near the centre of the ball, it glances from the knuckles, and falls to the ground. Further, the ball has to be struck so as to fall within a specified boundary, in the centre of which each successive trial commences. When the receiver of the ball is fearful that his stroke may send it out of bounds, he will rather catch it with a gentle tap, directing it again towards the centre of the ring. Such, as far as I can make them out by observation, appear to be the laws of the game, which strikes me as an admirable one. It is played with infinite zest and enthusiasm, and gives rise to no end of laughter and hearty fun.

I am so much amused with watching this game —with the frolics of the gay dancers, and the general liveliness of the scene—that I forget to take note of time; and the sun is getting low in the sky, when the recollection of an engagement for the evening in the Rue Vivienne, turns me sharply to the right-about on my way back to Paris. I have no difficulty in retracing my route towards the gate of the fortifications through which I entered, and at a very short distance from that is a railway station, whence I can be projected into the heart of Paris in five-and-thirty minutes. The landscape is flushed with the tints of sunset as I mount with my ticket to the platform, and seduced by the brilliant colouring around, instead of entering the carriage, I climb to the covered seats on the roof—a mode of accommodation for third-class passengers which our English railways cannot boast, and which our low-roofed tunnels would not allow of. I enjoy a delicious view of Paris and its environment in the rosy light of a slow-fading summer's day; and ere the gray twilight has settled down upon the picture, I am one of the bustling crowd of the Rue St Lazare, and my ramble in a Parisian suburb is at an end.

TYRIAN PURPLE.

The monuments of Greece and other ancient nations shew that persons of the upper classes, of both sexes, wore garments of elegant form; but they give us hardly any knowledge of the colours of these garments. The truth is, however, that the dye-resources of ancient nations were very meagre. They continued to be so throughout the entire period of Grecian and Roman history; the number of known dye-stuffs being small, and chemical science in its infancy. The Egyptians and Hindoos probably knew how to impart different colours by one and the same dye-stuff, modifying the tint by chemical re-agents, very much after the fashion of our Manchester calico-printers at the present time. But the Greeks and Romans remained in ignorance of this beautiful art; it was one altogether beyond their resources, nor did the art of dyeing make any considerable progress until after the discovery of America and the development of chemistry. Many of our most beautiful dye-tints are now produced by the combination of two agents, each colourless in itself, the results being what are now called 'adjective dyes.' There are comparatively few dye-stuffs which really possess the tint they ultimately impart, the distinctive quality of 'substantive dye-stuffs.' The dye materials of the Greeks and Romans were all substantive. The red robe of a Grecian lady was dyed red by dipping it into a red dye, just as a modern lady dyes her silk by dipping it into a pink saucer. The highly valued Tyrian purple was also directly imparted by dipping the threads or fabric into a substantive dye.

Almost every person knows what is meant by cochineal: it is a little insect which lives on the Cactus opuntia in Mexico. The cochineal insect is exclusively American, and was therefore unknown to the dyers of ancient Greece and Rome. They had, however, a substitute for it in the kermes insect—a native of Spain—very much resembling cochineal in general properties, but affording a far less brilliant dye. If Aspasia owned a scarlet robe, the colour was originally imparted to it by the kermes insect. All the most beautiful scarlets and purples known to modern dyers involve the use of cochineal; variety of hue being imparted by different chemical bodies used in combination with the dye-stuffs, and to which the expression 'mordants' is given, for the reason that they are assumed to bite in or permanently fix the colours. Even cochineal, when used without a mordant, is a very sorry colour; and the scarlet of kermes is still less beautiful when used as a substantive colour; but Grecian dyers, in the time of Aspasia at least, were not aware of the use of mordants; therefore, Aspasia's scarlet robe would not have done to hang in a Ludgate Hill shop-window.

The most beautiful dye-stuff of antiquity was Tyrian purple, so called from the place of its discovery and chief manufacture. I should rather have said, perhaps, place of reputed discovery, for its records are not reliable. The Greeks were by far too vain a race to admit that any great discovery did not originate with themselves. They attributed the discovery of Tyrian purple to Hercules, or rather to a little dog belonging to Hercules. As the story goes, this little dog happening to wander along the Tyrian sea-shore, came back with his mouth all purple; and the nymph Tyras, a favourite of Hercules, was so delighted with the colour, that she bade him see her no more until he brought her a robe dyed purple like the colour of his little dog's mouth. What would an enamoured man have done when thus conjured?—how much more, then, a demi-god? Hercules promised to oblige her if he could; so, tracking the little dog's footsteps, to see where they led, and what he would set about, he followed him to the sea-shore, where the animal began to eat shell-fish of two peculiar sorts—the buccinum and purpura. Hercules is reported to have thereupon collected some of these shell-fish, and extracted from a receptacle in the throat the celebrated Tyrian purple. In this way the Tyrian dye-stuff continued to be obtained by careful dyers; some, however, less conscientious than Hercules, pounded the shell-fish in a mortar, and incorporated the true dye-stuff with other animal juices.

The preceding mythological account of the discovery of Tyrian purple refers that discovery to a pre-historical age, whereas testimony favours the opinion that it was not discovered until 500 B.C. Long subsequent to the discovery of the art of purple-dying, any person might wear robes of that colour who could afford to pay for them: not until the era of imperial Rome was it that purple robes came to be regarded as exclusively imperial. Once adopted by the Cæsars, the policy of restricting the manufacture to a few hands followed, until the members of one family alone were licensed to impart the Tyrian dye. At length the process was so entirely forgotten that no one knew from what

source the precious colour had been obtained, or how it had been imparted. The exact time when this occurred is not known. A curious fact testifies that it must have been subsequent to the eleventh century. There exists, bearing that date, a document, written in Greek by the Princess Macrembolitissa, a daughter of Constantine VIII., in which is found a description of the purple-yielding shell-fish, the manner of catching it, and of extracting and employing the dye, all which the princess describes from personal observation. However, Tyrian purple, after having been totally lost, was rediscovered in England during the reign of Charles II., and in France shortly after; each discovery being independent of the description of the Byzantine princess, her manuscript not having at that time turned up. In the year 1683, Mr William Cole, of Bristol, during a visit he was paying at Minehead, happened to be told by two ladies, there resident, of a person living in an Irish seaport who made a considerable income by marking linen with a delicate purple dye. The spirit of philosophic inquiry had at this period begun to dawn; the civil wars had ceased, and the Royal Society was established. Mr Cole was an early contributor to the Philosophical Transactions; and a paper on the Tyrian purple was amongst his first communications to that renowned series. Placing himself in relation with those who frequented the Irish linen-market, he soon managed to glean some important particulars about the purple dye. He believed he was at length on the eve of rediscovering the true dye of Tyre—that costly tincture for which many a Grecian lady had sighed, and for which either of the imperial Cæsars would have given more than a hundred times its weight in gold. Pursuing his investigations, he succeeded at length to the extent of exactly one half. Pliny and Aristotle had both testified that Tyrian purple was imparted by means of certain juices, taken from two different species of shell-fish; they had testified, moreover, that the tint of the fluid was not purple originally, but white; and that the much desiderated colour only appeared after the texture imbued with the fish-juice had been exposed to the sun. The Princess Macrembolitissa had indeed given a more circumstantial account; but that lady's manuscript was not available to Mr Cole. The only rays shed by antiquity upon his labours were from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny. He did not hope to obtain any direct information from the Irish linen-marker herself. That good lady got money by her secret; why, then, should she divulge it? Mr Cole went systematically to work; he was a philosopher. The Irish linen-marker lived on the sea-coast; what more probable than that she should mark with the juice of a shell-fish? Mr Cole commenced his labours on this supposition; and though history does not disclose the fact, we are at liberty to imagine the havoc he committed on shell-fish of all denominations. He succeeded in the end, I say, to the exact extent of one half. He discovered the purple-yielding buccinum; leaving the discovery of the purpura to Mr Duhamel in the year 1736.

There could now be no further doubt as to the source of the ancient Tyrian purple. Not only did the buccinum and purpura both agree with the shell-fish described by Aristotle and Pliny; but the incipient shades of colour mentioned by these philosophers were also noticed by Mr Cole. The juice, when first applied, was white; thence assuming many shades of blue and green, it became purple at last, if the linen marked with it were exposed to the sun's rays—not otherwise. Here, then, we moderns have the Tyrian purple on our very shores, if not at our very doors. We have it, the real imperial dye. What can our Manchester and Glasgow, and Spitalfields and Paisley men be thinking of? Why don't they use it? Why don't we see silken dresses in the shop-windows of Regent Street and Ludgate Hill, dyed of the true imperial tint? Why, because Tyrian purple would now be considered downright ugly! Not even a Billingsgate oyster-woman would like to be seen in a gown of the true imperial hue—the fishy idea of its origin notwithstanding. Yet Augustus is reported to have given no less than L.36 of our money for a pound of Tyrian dyed wool; a fact the less extraordinary, when we consider that every fifty pounds of wool required no less than 200 pounds of buccinum juice, and a similar amount of the juice of the purpura; for in order to impart the last shade of purple beauty, the juice of both kinds of shell-fish was necessary. The enormous sum of L.36, for one pound of doubly-dyed wool, is to be considered as more referrible to fashion, than to any intrinsic beauty of the dye itself. It appears to have been the *only* purple dye the ancients possessed: it was, moreover, a substantive colour; one requiring neither chemical skill nor manipulative dexterity; merely dipping into it the material intended to be dyed being sufficient.

It may seem remarkable that the Greeks and Romans —masters of the world, as they called themselves, and in many respects deserving that appellation—were inferior in knowledge of dye-stuffs to many of the outer barbarians. The Chinese, from periods of the furthest historical dates, seem to have possessed a large repertory of dyes. The Hindoos were scarcely inferior in that respect; and the Egyptians contemporary with Pliny seem to have followed the practice of calico-printing, an art which involves some of the most recondite principles of dyeing. Dipping a white cloth into one liquor—necessarily of one colour—they removed it, permanently tinged with a pattern of more than one colour. That is the testimony of Pliny, and there can be little doubt it refers to the art of calico-printing. The Hindoos contemporary with Alexander seem to have been able to use indigo; whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans do not seem to have been able at any period to employ that substance otherwise than as a paint. The ancient Britons dyed their skins with woad—a material of the nature of indigo—though their more civilised invaders were ignorant of the art; and the Romans were unable to dye violet until they learned that art from the natives of Gaul. From Gaul, too, the Romans acquired the knowledge of soap; not that soap was used by the Gauls at any time, or by the Romans for a long period, as a detergent, but merely as a pomade for the hair. Pliny tells us that the Romans contemporaneous with him used madder as a dye-stuff; but it is by no means certain that Pliny's madder and our madder are identical. He informs us, too, that iron was used for imparting black dyes, but he furnishes no circumstantial account of the method of using it.

We have seen that the knowledge of dyeing with Tyrian purple lingered at Constantinople until the eleventh century at least; but in Italy, dyeing in all its branches had pretty well died out before the fourth century; nor do we meet with any new records of it there until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dyers know perfectly well that any one dye-stuff is not necessarily efficient for every kind of tissue. Because a dye takes well on woollen, it does not follow that the same dye will be efficient for linen, cotton, or silk. Even Tyrian purple, which is a very easy dye to use, acts best upon wool. Linen can be dyed with it, as the Irish linen-marker discovered; but her marking would have told far better on woollen or silk material. The art of dyeing amongst the Greeks was, anterior to the time of Alexander's conquests, restricted to tissues of woollen stuff; but the philosophers who accompanied him to India brought back some of the refined processes of the Hindoos, of which an improved method of dyeing—or rather an extension of methods of dyeing—was one. Nearchus,

the Grecian admiral, who co-operated with Alexander, had, as is well known, a fleet of war-vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Nearchus appears to have been fond of gay colours, and he determined that his war-ships should be pretty to look at. A modern admiral might have covered his rigging with emblazoned flags, but a more original thought flashed across the brain of Nearchus. Profiting by the Asiatic knowledge he had acquired in the matter of dye-stuffs, he caused the canvas of his ships to be dyed.

Between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries, we have few records of the practice of dyeing, but I am not disposed for all that to affirm, nor do I believe, that the dark ages were so dark in the matter of dye-stuffs as some people say. To practise an art is one thing; to record the practice of it is another. All the historian seems justified in affirming as to this matter is, that no records of dyeing, as it existed during the chief part of the dark ages, are extant. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art began to revive in Italy; but not until the discovery of America had added to our tinctorial resources the brilliant cochineal, and a host of dye-woods. Nor was it until the lamp of chemistry had begun to illume the western world, that the raw materials of dyeing could be applied with full advantage.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

The bodily hurts of the gendarmes were quickly relieved. Cold water and a *petit verre* each sufficed to restore in that respect; but the sacredness of authority, outraged in their persons, demanded a signal atonement; and having rehatted and generally readjusted themselves into official dignity, they sternly demanded the names of the ruffians by whom they had been assaulted. The landlord of La Belle Poule declared with ready volubility that he knew no more than did the pope of Rome who the infamous wretches were; and the officers, finding they were only wasting precious moments, sallied forth in quest of the individual who had been so audaciously withdrawn from their protective guardianship. Faithful to my heedless wont, I followed, and was not at all surprised to see the hasting gendarmes come almost immediately to a stand-still, thoroughly at a loss which way to run, or what to do. The evening was pitch dark, the bleak quay deserted, except by the sabre-girt *douanier*, pacing slowly to and fro on his appointed beat; and he, when questioned, said he had not observed which way the men went, or indeed the men themselves, that had just before left La Belle Poule cabaret. The officers, finding themselves so exasperatingly nonplussed, might, in their eagerness to arrest somebody, I was beginning to be half afraid, pounce upon me, as a possible *particeps criminis* in the scandalous trick that had been played upon them, when, their eyes having become more accustomed to the darkness, their attention was attracted by a large cutter-rigged vessel which was being towed out of the harbour. It may be necessary to explain, that in those days, ere yet steam or the spacious *south* docks were, ships could only *sail* out of the port of Havre when the wind was easterly; and if it blew strongly from the westward, the towing row-boats were helped by carrying a hawser from the vessel to the north quay, at which a number of men tugged lustily, till the ship was well past the end of the south pier, which, being considerably shorter than that on the north side, enabled her to slant out to sea across the embouchure of the Seine. In the present case, the westerly breeze not being over-powerful, and no doubt, also, because it was expedient to attract as little notice as possible, boats only were employed on the departing vessel, which, consequently, made but comparatively slow way.

'What *bâtiment* is that leaving the port at this hour?' asked one of the gendarmes.

'The corsair *Espiègle*,' replied the customs' officer.

'*L'Espiègle!—L'Espiègle!*' exclaimed the gendarme —'why, death of my life, now I think of it, the chief actor in the tumult, the infernal *bavard* who caused all the mischief, was the man we saw last evening in company with Bourdon, lieutenant of *L'Espiègle!*'

'That may be,' remarked his comrade, 'though I am not sure. But if so, what then?'

'What then! Why, *parbleu*, that it is then certain he is gone on board *L'Espiègle*, and will escape! For my part, at all events, and to make sure, I shall go to the commandant of the port, and get the chain raised at once.'

A stout chain, I must inform the reader, was in those war-times drawn every evening across the entrance of the harbour directly after *la retraite* was beaten, in order to guard against a nocturnal visit from Messieurs les Anglais.

'Excuse me, messieurs,' remarked the douanier, with an expressive shrug; 'but to do that would, it seems to me, be a little absurd. Certainly, no boat has put off to *L'Espiègle* within the last ten minutes; and, more than that, do you not see that your *confrères*, the gendarmes on duty, have not yet left her?'

'That is true,' growled the irritated official. 'Ah, they are leaving the corsair this moment. We can question them.'

The gendarmes whose duty it had been to see that no one left France in the privateer cutter whose papers were not *en règle*, landed at the steps nearly opposite the Rue de Paris, and assured their comrades that no one had been received on board *L'Espiègle* since she hauled out of the basin. A brief consultation ensued between the officers, of which the result was, that all four walked smartly off in the direction of the docks; whilst I, having still a full half-hour upon my hands, continued to watch with strong interest the progress of the cutter, which, after she was fairly quit of the gendarmes, the increased exertions of the rowers greatly accelerated. I felt sure that her unopposed departure was an essential condition of Webbe's success in effecting his son's escape from Havre, though how that could be, ignorant as I then was that a boat had been kept waiting at the Tower-steps for the young man and his rescuers, was not very clear.

Sail was got upon the privateer cutter as soon as a sufficient distance beyond the south pier had been gained; she went off at a spanking rate, was speedily lost sight of in the thick darkness; and I was turning away, when two guns, fired in quick succession, revealed momentarily her whereabout. Presently afterwards a large blue light shone over the waters, giving to view, clearly as in broad day, the cutter lying-to, and a four-oared boat crowded with men rapidly nearing her. I was no longer in doubt as to how the affair had been managed, nor that, thanks to Webbe's clever audacity, his son would on the morrow espouse Maria Wilson!

The philosophic platitudes with which I sought to soothe or stifle the sharp anguish which, with that thought, shot through me, failed miserably to do so till, when nearing the Rue de Paris, a man's face, distinctly visible in its spectre-whiteness, and stamped with the impress of a settled, stern despair, glanced across my sight. It was that of Mr Tyler, who, accompanied by some half-a-dozen officers of justice, was hurrying past in blindly vengeful search of the son of the man who had, as he would say, compassed his own boy's death. Instinctively I shrank back into deeper shadow, and the avengers of blood passed on without observing me. Confronted with that

giant grief, how insignificant seemed the passing smart of disappointed fancy—the fantastic sorrow excited by the memory-mirrored image of a girl I had spoken to but twice in my life, and of whom I knew nothing so certainly as that she felt for my interesting, moon-calf self, the profoundest indifference, if not contempt!

Still, comparatively slight, evanescent, unworthy of serious regard as might be the impressions photographed upon my facile imagination by the sunshine of a beautiful face, they did not wholly cease to shape and colour my thoughts till the first stroke of eight, booming from the tower of Notre Dame—'booming' was the word I should have used at the time, so deep and solemn an echo did it awaken in my beating heart—recalled me to my proper self, and the delightful consciousness that in a few minutes I should be locked in my mother's arms.

The slow strokes of the clock had not yet counted the hour, when I stood, panting for breath, at the church door. Father Meudon was not there, and I entered the church. A considerable number of silent men and women were still kneeling on the stone floor, with clasped hands and contrite faces turned towards the illuminated altar; but the good priest was not amongst them; and some twenty minutes had elapsed when he entered the church, and recognised me by a glance and gesture which at the same time arrested my eager *abord*, and imposed silence till he too had knelt, crossed himself, and prayed silently, with clasped hands, before the glittering shrine. His devotions finished, the reverend father beckoned me forth.

'*Premièrement*, my young friend,' said he, 'I must apprise you that I have not seen your parents. They were out on a visit to some English friends, but would certainly return, the servant assured me, by eight o'clock. We will go there together, and I will precede you to their presence by two or three minutes only.'

'Let us begone at once. Come.'

'Willingly; but not, if you please, quite so fast, and I may be able *chemin faisant* to acquaint you with the result of a less interesting, but still very important part of the mission I undertook in your behalf. The military friend I advised with,' proceeded Father Meudon, 'accompanied me, after hearing what I had to say, to Monsieur le Maire, who made no difficulty of handing me a "permis de séjour" for William Linwood Junior, an English non-combatant, shipwrecked upon the coast of France. Here it is, and pray take care of it.'

I thanked the worthy man, and no more was said till we were in La Rue Bombardée.

'This is Numéro 12,' said Father Meudon, stopping before a respectable house enough—one of the newly built ones—but certainly not such a residence as Mr and Mrs Linwood would have made choice of, had not all prisoners of war on parole been strictly relegated to certain specified localities.

The door was opened by a brisk-looking French servant, who, before M. Meudon could open his lips, exclaimed: 'Monsieur et Madame Linwood are returned, reverend father, and will receive you at once.'

I followed Father Meudon softly up stairs to the first floor, remaining behind at a sign from him, whilst he entered the front apartment. A mute entreaty on my part, aided by a suspicion of the truth, prevailed upon the servant-woman to leave the door open, and I saw that a lady and gentleman, habited in mourning, were seated at a table near the centre of the room. The podgy person of the priest was between the lady and me; and surely that care-worn, age-withered face—that bowed head, sprinkled with gray hairs, could not be my father's! The fevered throbbings of my brain, the fires that danced before my eyes, prevented me from hearing or seeing aught distinctly, but I presently heard a scream of joy, simultaneous with the upstarting of the lady, and the apparition directly before me of a face deep-graven on my heart of hearts.—'Mother! Dear Mother!'—'My son! My beloved, darling boy!'

We were in the small hours of another day, and my father—overcome by the reaction caused by the seemingly unchallengeable refutation of the huge lie whose crushing weight had for so many years weighed upon his springs of life—had long since retired, before I had finished the narrative of my adventures since I left the Wight, so numerous were the interruptions of tears, laughter, kisses, praise. I told all; my pledge to Webbe, that I would disclose nothing to his prejudice that might come to my knowledge during those adventures, being no bar to that full disclosure, inasmuch that his secret was as safe with my mother as with me. Critical analysation of obscure and conflicting passages in that brief but crowded experience was tacitly adjourned to a future and calmer time; our hearts, brimming over with joy and gratulation, being all too full to entertain such topics. Strikingly akin to the faculty which clothes the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn, is the power of maternal affection to magnify the common-place doings of an only son into achievements of highest heroism; and positively, but for the humbling whispers of a self-knowledge which would not be wholly silenced, I should have been half persuaded, when my mother and I at last parted for the night, that I was a better kind of Bayard, wholly *sans peur et sans reproche;* my only fault, leaning to virtue's side, being an excess of dutifulness, generosity, and daring!

We did not again meet till late in the afternoon, and we could then talk over matters more quietly, soberly. So fragile had my father's health become, so utterly incapable was he of bearing strong excitement, that he could not leave his chamber; but my mother, I found, mainly agreed with the inferences I had drawn from all I had seen and heard during my companionship with Webbe. One thing much surprised and gave me a high opinion of her penetration. She had discovered the secret of my preference for Maria Wilson, although I had been especially careful to afford no hint thereof, and had, in fact, slurred over what I was obliged to say respecting her as quickly, slightingly as possible. And gently, tenderly, with infinite gentleness and tenderness, as if conscious as myself of the depth and sensitiveness of the wound she probed, did she seek to medicine the hurt by iterated assurances that love-griefs caused by the chance sight of a pretty face were, could be nothing more than mere surface-scratches—painful for a time—such as a rose-brier might inflict; and all as quickly healed.

Finding I was not to be convinced by either argument or illustration, she passed from that topic; and we debated of the course to be taken in order to the speedy recognition and acknowledgment of Clémence de Bonneville as Lucy Hamblin. The necklace, &c., could not, I found, be identified by either my father or mother; neither remembered to have seen the child wear them, though, of course, there could be no doubt of the fact itself that they were hers.

'So urgent do I deem the necessity,' said my mother, 'of ending all doubt upon the subject before Louise Féron can have time to devise some new and baffling iniquity, that I wrote this morning, before you were up, to Mrs Waller, entreating her to come over with your grandfather as soon as the French ports are open, which I cannot doubt they will be in a few days at furthest, notwithstanding that the Bonapartist authorities here affect to-day, as I have heard, to

disbelieve the reported capitulation of Paris. I further urged upon Mrs Waller,' she added, 'the paramount expediency of taking immediate, decisive steps for putting an end to the girl's preposterous fancy for the shoemaker.'

'How will your letter be conveyed to England?'

'By favour of Mr Dillwyn, the United States consul at this port, who has always been most obliging to us in that respect. Till lately, as you must be aware, my letters have been forwarded by him to New York, and thence *viâ* Canada to England; but now, in the actual state of affairs, he has means of direct communication with Great Britain. All,' added my mother, he requires is, that he be permitted to take a copy of the letter or letters he forwards, in order that he may, if challenged upon the subject, be able to prove that he has not suffered himself to be made the channel of military or political information that might be used to the injury of France.'

Later in the evening, when we happened to be speaking of the passing glance I had obtained of Mr Tyler, just before the hour appointed for my assignation with Father Meudon, my mother asked me, with some abruptness, what manner of man the American captain might be. I described him; and upon mentioning that he had a hare-lip, she exclaimed:

'Then I saw him as I was leaving Mr Dillwyn's office to-day. A commissary of police was with him, and so wild, so distraught an expression of face I have seldom seen. Poor man! his cross is indeed a heavy, afflictive one; and alas! the heavier, the more afflictive, that he rebels so fiercely against the burden that has been laid upon him.'

'Was he going to Mr Dillwyn's,' I asked, 'when you saw him?'

'Well, William, I did not notice; but it is very likely that he was, being an American himself, and a stranger here. Why do you ask?'

'It flashed upon me that—— But it is not likely Mr Dillwyn would shew him your letter; or if he did, that you have inadvertently written anything that could put him on the track of Webbe or his son.'

A flush of alarm tinged my mother's cheeks as she hastily said: 'Certainly Mr Dillwyn would not shew him my letter; and supposing he did, there was nothing in it that could possibly affect the Webbes—except, it may be—except—— Dear me, I fear I have committed a grave imprudence,' she added with heightening colour.

'In what respect, dear mother?'

'Webbe's name does not once occur in the body of the letter,' she hurriedly replied. 'That I am sure of; but in a postscript, there are, I think, these exact words: "The Jersey maiden is, I have little doubt, the wife, by this time, of Captain W.'s son. They were to be married at Honfleur, a town not very far from this, by water."'

'That would, I fear, be sufficient hint for Tyler, should it meet his eye—a most unlikely thing, however, to happen. Besides, the ceremony which was to take place early to-day, once concluded, there will be no tarrying, you may depend upon it, so near Havre, and *L'Espiègle* has swift wings.'

'I fervently hope no misfortune may overtake the young man, especially not through my fault or inadvertence: I should never forgive myself. But it is folly to worry ourselves in anticipation of a contingency that can never occur. Don't you think so?'

'Certainly I do,' I replied; and we echoed each other again and again as to the extreme improbability of Mr Tyler inquiring about the contents of a letter deposited with the American consul by a lady he had never before seen; or that, if he did inquire by some extraordinary chance—which chance *could* only arise from the circumstance that my mother was well known to the commissary of police, with him—that Mr Dillwyn would gratify his curiosity; and we were still harping upon the subject, when Father Meudon called to pay us a visit—a welcome one, turning, as it did, the current of our thoughts to politics, and such other mildly exciting generalities as make up the mundane gossip of reverend men. His confidence in the protracted duration of the Empire was, I found, much weakened; he thoroughly believed in the capitulation of Paris, and admitted that there were rumours, entitled to respect, of the actual or imminent abdication of the fallen emperor, either in favour of his son or absolutely.

'Let me, however, caution you,' added Father Meudon, 'that it is dangerous, when one is under the régime of *quasi* martial law, as we have for some time been, to talk above the breath of political events in a sense opposed to that entertained or promulgated by a general of division. Besides, direct communication with Paris is just now so difficult, and so much false news is flying about, that really one cannot be sure that Messieurs les Autorités may not prove to be in the right after all.'

We agreed with the reverend gentleman that it would be highly imprudent—in foreigners, doubly so—to circulate or echo reports offensive to the ruling powers, and freely promised not to offend in that particular. He had not, as his silence upon the subject abundantly testified, heard of the riot at La Belle Poule—not, at all events, that the shipwrecked seamen, who, he had assured a commissary of police, were citizens of the United States of America, were amongst the chief actors therein. That was well; and the worthy father left us in quite buoyant spirits, excited by his reluctant admission of the proximate, if not actual downfall of the imperial throne, which would of course be the signal of immediate peace.

The reverend father's visit naturally brought up the memory of the kindnesses I had received at his hands, and I read aloud the note he had left for me by the bedside. Webbe's half-burnt letter to Dowling happened to be on the table, and as I placed it beside that of M. Meudon's, the exact resemblance to each other of the letters, in the texture and colour of the paper, nay, in the colour of the pale, weak ink, struck me as an odd coincidence, and I was about to call my mother's attention to it, when our vivacious servant-maid announced that 'Monsieur Dillwyn, Consul pour les Etats Unis de l'Amerique,' was below, and wished to speak with madame immediately. There came our fit again! However, it was necessary to see Mr Dillwyn, and Annette being instructed to that effect, that tall, spare, high-mightiness of a gentleman presently made his appearance. He came to say that a brigadier of gendarmerie had called on him not very long after Mrs Linwood had left his office, and requested to see the letter which, he was informed, that lady had intrusted to his, the American consul's, care. Mr Dillwyn shewed the officer the copy which had been taken, and the brigadier of gendarmerie put it in his pocket, remarking that he could not himself read English, and walked away.

'The letter itself has been forwarded,' said Mr Dillwyn, 'as I promised it should be, and there is certainly nothing in the copy now in possession of the authorities that can compromise you, Mrs Linwood, or any one else, and I can hardly therefore comprehend the agitation which the announcement I have, upon consideration, thought it my duty to make, appears to excite. Indeed,' added the consul, 'I was for some time in two minds as to whether I need apprise you of an occurrence that can have no disagreeable result, and which I take to be a piece of hap-hazard official impertinence.'

'Did Mr Tyler of the *Columbia*,' said I, 'accompany the officer who took away the copy of Mrs Linwood's letter?'

'No—certainly not: but, now you recall it to my mind, Mr Tyler *did*, during the morning, one of the clerks informed me, inquire if Mrs Linwood, the lady who had just before left the office, had not left a letter there? But what of that, since the letter in question referred solely to family matters?'

I said it would be difficult, if not impossible, to explain why Mrs Linwood was so especially annoyed at finding that her private correspondence had been submitted to the inspection of the French police; and, finding neither of us was disposed to be more communicative, Mr Dillwyn forthwith took overpowering, high-mightiness leave.

Vain now to attempt concealing from ourselves that my mother's unfortunate postscript might have disastrous consequences in more than one direction; and, after long and painful cogitation, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could with the reflection, more or less well founded, that, as regarded evidence of complicity on our part with the escape of Harry Webbe, it would be impossible to prove that the words used applied either to him or his father; whilst, with respect to the young man's re-capture, time and distance were greatly in his favour. The brigadier's visit to the American consulate could not have taken place before twelve o'clock in the day, and before, therefore, the officers of justice could possibly reach Honfleur, Webbe, his son, and his son's spouse, might be hundreds of miles away. In addition to my mother's womanly concern for young Webbe, it was plain she was anxious for other reasons that his marriage with Maria Wilson should not be frustrated or delayed; and that she clung with an almost superstitious reliance to Captain Webbe's proverbial good-fortune, as a guarantee alike of the safety and the espousals of his son. On the morrow, I was to go forth, and, as circumspectly as possible, ascertain the exact state of affairs, with the adoption of which resolution, our anxious council terminated.

Various matters kept me within till the day was far advanced, so that it was close upon two o'clock when I stepped on board the *Columbia*, which I found berthed in the southern and most considerable of the wet-docks behind, or inland of, the town of Havre. Mr Tyler was not on board: he was gone, the chief-mate informed me, to attend the funeral of his son, which was to take place at three o'clock in the French Protestant Cemetery, at Ingouville. The mate, to whom I introduced myself simply as an English détenu, desirous of speaking with Mr Tyler upon private business, was very civil; and though I was obliged to frame my questions cautiously, I soon ascertained that the American captain had not left Havre since he entered it, and could not consequently have gone to Honfleur, if the police had.

'He'll never be the man he was again,' observed the mate; 'and it ain't much wonder either, for his dead boy, the only one left out of nine or ten, was an uncommon promising lad, and the very apple of his father's eye.'

'He was killed in fair fight, was he not?' I ventured to remark.

'Cuss such a fair fight,' rejoined the mate. 'The *Columbia* was boarded by a set of rascally pirates in the pay of a tarnation scoundrel that had marked our course and timed us up Channel! The cowardly young skunk that hooked it so clever the other night is the old sarpent's son!'

I felt I was treading upon dangerous ground, and I came away, after eliciting that Harry Webbe had exhibited the white feather as unmistakably during the sharp fight on board the *Columbia*, as he did in the *Le Renard-Scout* affair off Sercq. I hugged myself; it warmed the sickness at my heart to hear that. I was delighted to be able to look down with superadded, vengeful contempt upon the husband of Maria Wilson! Verily, youthful male nature in love—unless mine was a singularly depraved specimen—is a very despicable human nature. I was delighted to know that the life-partner of a beautiful, amiable girl, whose happiness, if it contributed to mine, I would have given my heart's blood to insure, was a confirmed poltroon! O William Linwood the younger, I blush to record this fact of you, but an unquestionable fact it is for all that.

I thought I would go see the funeral. I could accost Mr Tyler after it had taken place, and gather from his demeanour, if not from his speech, whether he had any hope of speedily avenging himself upon Webbe or his son. I arrived at the little Calvinist chapel just before the funeral procession from the Hôtel de France, to which Mr Tyler's son had been removed as soon as the *Columbia* came into Havre. It had been organised by the Pompes Funèbres rather in accordance with the father's purse and pride than with the mean chapel in which the body was received—the obscure burial-place which was to be *its* long, last home. A considerable number of respectable persons were in the chapel, amongst them the American consul; and the service, to those who understood the language, was impressively celebrated by a M. Ponsard, the French Calvinist divine. To my great surprise—though I hardly know why I should have felt surprise—Pope's familiar 'Vital Spark' was sung in French by the choir. The concluding lines:

O Sépulture, où est ta victoire?
O Mort, où est ton aiguillon?

singularly impressed me, chiefly because of the father's fierce sobs mingling with and appearing to dispute, deny, and so disputing, denying, to enhance the effect and power of the swelling, soaring 'Io triomphe'—the feeble murmur, it seemed, of earth-blinded, stammering unbelief, overborne, rebuked, silenced by a transcendent jubilate of Faith's tongues of fire!

I remained till all was done—till ashes had been rendered to ashes, dust to dust—and the Pompes Funèbres, the tedious part of their duty done, had gone off at a smart trot to their homes and stables. Mr Tyler, impatiently shaking himself free of condolences, walked sharply towards the town, I following, at a distance for a while, and remarking, inquisitively, how firm, how determined his step became as he approached the quays. There was *hopeful* anticipation in that firmly accelerated pace. I was sure of that before, taking advantage of an obstruction of the thoroughfare by the long-handled wheel-barrows then, and perhaps now, in use at Havre, I slipped round, and met him face to face in front of the custom-house, on Notre Dame quay. I was about to speak, when he fiercely broke out with:

'I have nothing, and wish to have nothing to say to you, young fellow. Look,' he added, 'here is the copy of your mother's letter: take it; it has, I hope, done its work—*my* work; and might in other hands have compromised you and yours. Out of my way! I am in haste!'

He could not prevent me following, and I did to the extremity of the north pier, where I witnessed the almost demoniacal cries of triumph with which he greeted the approach of a small cutter-smack from Honfleur, at the mast-head of which signals intelligible to him were flying.

Soon intelligible to me! The tiny cutter ran as far up the harbour as the flowing tide permitted, and immediately landed her passengers, some half-dozen gendarmes, and with them trembling, fettered, Harry Webbe. A literal howl of ferocious exultation from Tyler met the unfortunate young man as he stepped upon the quay, from which he shrunk back affrighted as if struck at by a sword or axe. My own enmity towards the craven captive vanished at once, and

with my usual insane thoughtlessness, I sprang forward to interpose between him and his deadly foe. The gendarmes thrust me roughly back, but the poor fellow had recognised me and my purpose; and his vain piteous cry for help rang in my ears for hours afterwards.

Yes, and I had soon pressing need of help myself. As I hurried along after the gendarmes and their prisoner, my steps were suddenly arrested by an enormous *affiche*, recently posted, it seemed, by the crowd in front, from which my own name stared at me in huge characters. Approaching nearer, I saw that it offered a reward of five hundred francs for the apprehension of a young Englishman of the name of William Linwood, but calling himself Jean Le Gros, who had committed a robbery in a dwelling-house at St Malo, and carried off, amongst other valuables, a seed-pearl necklace, with a gold cross attached, having the initial letter of Louise engraved on the back; pearl armlets, &c., &c.

'Tall, strongly framed, florid complexion, dark, wavy hair,' read a voice over my shoulder, upon which a hand was at the same moment firmly placed. 'Do you know, young man, I have a strong suspicion that you sat for that portrait.'

'What is that you say?' I exclaimed, turning fiercely round.

'Nothing more, monsieur,' replied the imperturbable gendarme, 'than that I believe you to be the individual designated by the affiche, and that I, as a rigorous consequence, arrest you as the perpetrator of the robbery alleged to have taken place at St Malo.'

MILTONIAN RELICS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The scenery around Cambridge is exceedingly flat and uninteresting, and to a poet must be extremely dispiriting. There are no soft shades to attract the muse, as Milton complains in one of his elegies. With the exception of some old timber on the road to Grandchester, a village about two miles distant from Cambridge, there is not a tree for miles around big enough 'for a man to hang himself upon when he is weary of the barrenness of the place.'* The Cam, too, is a most unpoetical stream, and the town itself poor enough; but there is a picturesque beauty about the college-walks which makes one almost forget the absence of scenic splendour elsewhere. Indeed, as has been remarked, 'there are few finer sights in the kingdom than the row of colleges' on the banks of the Cam—'Queen's, King's, Clare Hall, Trinity, and St John's—each with its garden and smooth-shaven green, its shrubs, its evergreens, and its ancient elms.' There are no elms in the grounds of Christ College, of which Milton was a student when at Cambridge; but there are some fine spreading chestnuts, which, with its stately garden and retired and shady walks, tend greatly to relieve the sombre aspect of the ancient building, and render it no unsuitable place for a solitary scholar

To hive up wisdom with each studious year.

In a smooth green circle at the foot of the garden stands the mulberry-tree which is said by tradition to have been planted by Milton. It is now a complete wreck, and is only kept from falling in pieces by numerous props and a casing of lead around the trunk. The few branches of which it can boast were, however, when the present writer last saw it, fresh and full of leaves.

Like the tradition in favour of the Stratford mulberry, which the Rev. Mr Gastrell cut down and cleft for firewood in 1756, the Cambridge tradition is uninterrupted and entire; nor, upon the whole, is it unsuitable to the character of Milton, who loved dearly throughout life to walk 'shrouded in cheerful shade.' It receives corroboration, too, from the fact that King James, about sixteen years previous to Milton's entering Christ's College, imported a number of mulberry-trees, and distributed them throughout England in the most likely places for rearing the silk-worm. Upon the supposition that Cambridge was one of these, the Miltonian mulberry must have been nearly twenty years old in 1625, when tradition says it was planted, which quite accords with the college gardener's estimate of its age, made in a statement to Mr Aris Wilmott in 1844.

A much more interesting, and, in this instance, an undoubted relic of Milton exists at Cambridge in the library of Trinity College. It is a manuscript volume written on coarse foolscap paper, and consists partly of a number of carefully prepared outlines of subjects intended by the poet for tragedies, and partly of copies—probably the first scrolls—of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Arcades*, and some of the earlier sonnets. The manuscript, which is wholly in the poet's hand-writing, is kept carefully locked up, and is never exhibited to strangers without special mandate, and in the presence of one of the college fellows. The spelling of the manuscript is extremely uncouth; the initial letters of most of the lines are in what printers would call small Roman; and the corrections and interlineations are so numerous, that the writing is not easily decipherable. Of the tragic 'arguments,' there are in all no fewer than ninety-nine, sixty-two being scriptural, and thirty-seven historical. Of the sixty-two scriptural subjects, fifty-five are from the Old Testament, and seven from the New; of the thirty-seven historical outlines, five belong to Scottish, and thirty-two to English history. It is curious to find amongst the Scottish subjects the pre-occupied one of *Macbeth*, which Milton, however, only proposed to take up at the time of Malcolm's conference with Macduff, and, consequently, *after* the murder of Duncan, 'whose matter,' says the poet, 'may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.'

To the published *poems* of Milton, again, the Cambridge copies bear a relation resembling that which the first *Hamlet*, as preserved in the Duke of Devonshire's library, bears to the second, which is on all our book-shelves. As some of the finest passages in the finest of Shakspeare's dramas were added after the first editions were printed, so some of the most exquisite of Milton's lyric bursts were written after the poems in which they are now found had been placed in the printer's hands. Of these amplifications—which were probably made on the proof-sheets—one of the most striking occurs in *Comus*. In the Cambridge manuscript the following couplet forms part of the Spirit's epilogue:

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where many a cherub soft reposes—

a thought which, in the printed poem, is expanded into an unrivalled series of the most graceful classical allusions; so that, but for the 'linked sweetness' of the versification, recalling us as if to listen to some enchanting choral melody, we might, as we transcribe the lines, fancy ourselves gazing on a picture by Titian:

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft; and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced

* So said Robert Hall, whose friends attributed the first outbreak of his mental malady to the depressing influence of the flat scenery of the Cam.

After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride:
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blessed twins are to be born—
Youth and Joy—so Jove hath sworn.

PARCHMENT-PAPER.

Paper is one of those substances of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the value and importance. How wonderful is it to reflect that, as the material productions of the soil, and the sustentation of life, depend mainly on the agency of animal and vegetable refuse, so one of our greatest comforts and conveniences, one of the most powerful agents in the advance of intellectual, social, and moral improvement, derives its origin from a no more dignified source than a pulp composed of old rags!

The merits of paper are known to all; but it still has its defects. It is not strong enough or durable enough for important legal documents; and its fragility renders it incapable of bearing the wear and tear of the school-room or lending library, in the shape of books, maps, &c. To remedy the former of these deficiencies, recourse is had to the skin of the sheep in the form of parchment; but for the latter there has been as yet no resource; at least none before the discovery which it is our purpose to introduce to our readers.

We are so accustomed to wonderful things now-a-days, that we seem almost to expect them in regular succession from month to month; still, our admiration is excited when we are told that a very cheap and simple process will give to paper the tenacity and toughness hitherto sought in parchment alone. The assertion rests upon authority to which we feel bound to defer as fully competent in such matters.

The only thing necessary for this purpose is, to provide a bath, in the form of some wide shallow dish, composed of dilute sulphuric acid, in the proportion of two parts of acid to one of soft water. The paper is drawn rapidly through this liquid, and immediately washed in fresh water, to remove the superfluous acid.

This, when dry, is called 'parchment-paper;' and if science will accept a term from us, the process might be called 'membranisation.' It appears that, under the influence of the acid, the fibres of the paper suffer some sort of contraction, so that they lay hold of one another, and cling together on some new principle of cohesion: we are not disposed to think that any chemical change takes place.

It is asserted that a ring of this kind of paper has actually sustained a greater weight than one of the same size of thin parchment. This being so, it is clear that a great economy may take place in the preparation of legal documents, and in the books and other requisites exposed to rough handling; for the process of membranisation is so simple, and the material used in it so cheap, that if done on the grand scale at the paper-mills, the extra cost will be quite a *minimum*. Perhaps this may occupy a place in the cheap-literature questions of our day. At present, a 'cloth' cover for an octavo volume costs a shilling. One of parchment-paper may probably be sold for half the money.

While on this subject, we shall dwell for a moment on certain other modes of effecting changes in paper, which may be useful in many ways, and are, to say the least, interesting in a scientific point of view.

If a bit of good white soap be boiled in soft water until an oily fluid is produced, and two coats of this fluid are laid with a brush upon any sort of paper, and when dry, coated again with a strong solution of alum, the paper so prepared will be converted into *leather*, without losing the appearance of paper. By this process, we have rendered even blotting-paper waterproof.

The same may be done by using an albuminous substance, as the white of eggs, which the alum will also convert into leather. Other ideas of the same kind are actively working in those busy heads which have done so much to advance the material comforts of our species within the last quarter of a century; and it is quite possible that in this, as in many other things, we may be still only on the verge of improvements to which no limit can be foreseen at present.

A VISION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

Like a huge landslip, lo, the monster glides
Solemn and dark, upon the swelling main,
Whose surge, upheaved by her tremendous sides
Indignant, dashes on the shores again.
Shout, multitudes! Guns, strain your iron throats—
Approving smiles, well pleased, let beauty lend;
Sound, trumpets, sound your high triumphant notes—
Frighted sea-monsters, to your caves descend;
To-day our ocean queen the earth disdains,
And o'er the subject deep, a mighty conqueror reigns!

Friendship no longer to the shore descends
With cheeks bedewed, while fond ones look their last,
As at the bedside of departing friends,
Ere death the bitterness of death to taste.
Securely walking, as on city street,
The self-same heaven above, though stars be strange;
Countrymen, neighbourhoods, and kindred meet,
Serene th' illimitable deep they range;
Many they love, and much of all they know,
Religion, language, laws, together with them go.

Thyself a navy! Offspring of man's mind,
Aspiring ever, and expanding still;
Pilot of labour wheresoe'er we find
The wilderness expecting human skill.
Earth calls—man hears—wide oceans intervene,
Crowds pine on this, hope points to other strands;
Our iron island oscillates between
The old and new, th' outworn and virgin lands;
Labour embarks with proud elated mien,
Glory and wealth with him, albeit as yet unseen.

Instinct with living fires, for purposed ends,
Submissive, pliant to the helmsman's skill,
From continent to continent extends,
From pole to pole the iron isle, at will.
Not belching death from her artilleried sides,
Not clothed with thunder, terror, rage, and pain;
On peaceful errands, olive-crowned, she glides,
Tyrannic only o'er the watery plain;
From teeming nations, scarce-requited toil,
Floats man to nature, labour to the soil.

Linking two hemispheres, the far and near,
Esteeming lightly distance, change, and time,
Ordained to trample on, and domineer
Over the wild dissociating brine;
Far as th' o'erarching western heavens extend,
Onward, still onward, tens of thousands come;
Thy sides food-seeking families ascend,
Descending thence, to their appointed home;
Men of one name, one language, and one birth,
Subduing and replenishing the earth!

John Fisher Murray.

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CHURCH-AFFAIRS IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

WE have a few real, and a great many pseudo-musical people among us at Ballygarriffe; and it lately occurred to some of them that the church-music required supervision and reformation; indeed, there could scarcely be two opinions on the subject. Plenty of singers there were, no doubt; but as the majority sang out of tune, and the whole out of time, the effect was decidedly far more ludicrous than devotional. Besides, we had a peculiarly evil-minded and perverse organ, which, in the hour of need, would puff, blow, groan, scream, and whistle—in short, do anything but play.

Miss Saunders, with the vicar's approbation, took the lead in effecting a plan of musical progress, and soon changed it from an adagio to a sforzato movement. Every one who could sing, and a great many who couldn't, were pressed into the service, enrolled in a choir, and met twice a week to practise in the church. The general effect of this preparatory exercise may be inferred from a story told with great glee and gusto by our worthy vicar himself. A clerical friend from a distance, who came to spend a few days with him, remarked one evening:

'This is certainly a delightful spot to reside in; but are you not greatly annoyed by the multitude of cats that infest it?'

'No,' said Mr Ringston; 'I never remarked that our cats were particularly numerous—why do you think they are?'

'Because, as I was walking to-day on the road above the church, I heard the most dismal and prolonged caterwauling that ever reached my ears, issuing apparently from within the walls; and it occurred to me that the cats here must muster strong, since they have effected a lodgment in the church itself.'

Long and loudly did our vicar laugh, when, on a comparison of time and place, it appeared that it was our choral practice which his visitor attributed to the vocal efforts of the feline race.

But as order out of chaos springs, our church-music did at length become tolerable. The organ was repaired, and began, like Dandie Dinmont's dogs, 'to behave itself distinctly before company.' A new bellows-blower was elected in the person of a smart urchin, named Thady Lynch; the former official having been so inveterate a smoker that he used to seize every opportunity to step out of church and solace himself with a pipe; and it was always necessary to keep an active vidette on the *qui vive*, in order to summon him in time for the musical portion of the service. This office of call-boy having been satisfactorily filled by Master Thady, he in due time succeeded to the functions of the deposed smoker. The boy really threw his whole soul into the business; he blew the bellows of the renovated organ with the enthusiastic *furore* of a first-rate maestro, and considered himself the very head and front of our oft-offending choir. One fine Sunday, when the congregation was a particularly large one, we were all assembled in the square choir-seat, which is situated on one side of the organ, and within full view of the whole church. The morning-prayers were being read, and we were all prepared to commence the *Venite* with striking effect, a new and somewhat peculiar chant having been practised during the week, when, with eyes opened, and arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in rushed Thady. Regardless of the prayers and of the kneeling people, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

'Ladies! ladies! ye must all sing like divils, for the bellows is bruk!'

It was too true; and with such voices as suppressed laughter left us, and I fear with a very slight remnant of the devotional feelings which Master Thady's escapade was so well calculated to put to flight, we sang the chants and psalms, unaided by his efforts.

Our vicarage is under lay-patronage, and the emolument is very small. The consequence is, that the non-resident nobleman, who possesses a considerable portion of Ballygarriffe, generally appoints some friend or favourite of his own, without much regard to the fitness for his post of the individual selected; the only *sine quâ non* being that the vicar should possess a private property sufficient for his support, and just rendering a pretty house and garden at a pleasant watering-place and one hundred a year an agreeable addition, and a sufficient recompense for performing the very light duty attached.

There is a traditional memory amongst us of an incumbent who flourished at Ballygarriffe some fifty years ago, and who must certainly have been a queer specimen of the country clergy of his day. The facetious bishop of the diocese is reported to have said to him one day, after having attended service at his church:

'Mr Smith, this is not right: I find, my good sir, you actually make the commandments insinuate atheism.'

'My lord, I don't understand'—— said the poor man, quite astounded.

'Yes, Mr Smith, you read the fourth commandment thus: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, *they say*, and all that in them is."'

'Oh, my lord!' cried the vicar, much relieved, 'sure the people here would not understand one bit what I meant, if I said "thee see," as the clipping English

do. Ask any one about here, my lord, what he calls the water abroad there, and he'll tell you "they say."'

This little difficulty being happily got over, his lordship proceeded to examine a juvenile class, whom Mr Smith was accustomed to instruct in the catechism. He had, as he thought, thoroughly drilled them in the meaning of every recondite word and phrase in that manual of religious instruction; explaining, for example, that 'our spiritual pastors and masters' meant first the bishop, and then the inferior clergy. Being 'guiltless,' he told one dull girl, meant being without guilt; 'just,' he said, 'as if you had broken the point off your needle, you would call it a pointless needle.'

The examination commenced, and the boys and girls of Ballygarriffe got triumphantly through the letter of the catechism.

'Now let us come to the meaning of the words,' said the bishop, smiling kindly on the row of open eyes and rosy cheeks before him.

'What is being guiltless, my dear?' he said, addressing a fair-haired damsel.

''Tis a pointless needle, my lord.'

'What do you mean by that, my child?'

'Mr Smith told us so, indeed, my lord.'

An explanation from the mortified vicar of course ensued.

'Well, well, my good sir,' said his diocesan; 'at all events, we must confess *rem acu tetigistis*.'

'Who is your spiritual enemy?' he asked, reverting to an eager-looking, bright-eyed little fairy, who stood in the class, next to the heroine of the needle.

'The bishop, my lord!' was the energetic reply.

'Thank you, my dear!' said the good-natured prelate, laughing till his portly sides shook; 'you certainly deserve a premium.'

'My lord, my lord!' cried the poor vicar, 'indeed, she thought it was her spiritual pastors and masters you asked her about.'

'Oh, make no apology, my dear sir. I think, with your permission, we'll wind up the examination with a distribution of a certain package of gingerbread which I see my servant bringing, and which I have no doubt our young friends here will decidedly prefer to theological questions.'

And so happily ended the episcopal visit.

Mr Smith had one favourite sermon which he constantly preached. It began in these words: 'There are three kinds of people in this world—three kinds of people, my friends—the bad, the good, and the indifferent!'

But if Mr Smith was neither an expert theologian, nor an eloquent orator, he was something better, even a humble follower of Him who went about doing good. The widow and the orphan, the fatherless and the afflicted, lost a kind friend on that day when the weeping population of Ballygarriffe followed their old vicar to his last home.

The first of his successors of whom I can speak from personal recollection was Mr Colvile, a pleasant, gentlemanly, gray-haired little man, but an oddity to boot, and an extremely low churchman. He happened to be cast on the evil days when Oxford theology began to assert itself; and although we had comparatively little of high-church assumption amongst us, yet sufficient of the spirit made itself manifest in some neighbouring parishes to cause our vicar to uplift his voice against what he termed 'the dim religious light which came through their painted windows and stained pulpits.'

Falling, however, into the common error of 'mistaking the reverse of wrong for right,' our vicar was very near throwing the church overboard altogether. Not a thing in the way of repair or adornment would he suffer to be done to the neglected edifice, whose high, dark, narrow pews resembled, as we sometimes told him, the cities of the Amorites, 'great, and high, and walled up to heaven.' Mause Headrigg herself was not more opposed than he to the keeping of fast or festival. Even the great Christian holiday of Christmas, I often thought, he observed under protest; pretty much as an ancient Covenanter might have done under terror of the thumb-screw. The church, built before his time, lay, by some accident, curiously enough, north and south, instead of east and west. I often taxed him jestingly with having by some necromancy given it a twist round, in order to prevent his congregation from 'bowing to the east,' and he used to laugh heartily at the accusation. Calvinist though he was, he was far kindlier than his creed: his bright joyous nature refused to be acidulated by the potent vinegar manufactured at Geneva. The alkali was too strong for the acid. 'The five thorny points' became in his kind hands as innocuous as so many daisies.

One evil habit, characteristic of his party, however, he retained—that of delivering the longest, most rambling, and most thoroughly extempore discourses it was ever my fate to listen to. He literally took no thought beforehand what he should say; and being endowed with a strong sense of humour, if any sudden crotchet passed through his brain while preaching, however *mal-à-propos* it might be, it was sure to find instant utterance.

'The day of judgment, my friends,' he said once, 'will come upon you suddenly, just like a railway whistle.'

Preaching one day, as he often did, against the efficacy of works:

'Yes,' he said, 'salvation is to be had free, gratis, for nothing!'

Then his metaphors—he described the Christian in his course of life 'rolling up-hill, like two inverted cones!' The arch enemy of mankind he designated one day 'A roaring serpent!'

Preaching, on one occasion, rather well and solemnly on that Great Name which is not to be taken in vain, he said:

'Yes, it is a Great name, an Eternal name, an Unchangeable name—not,' he continued, while his blue eyes suddenly twinkled at the conceit, 'like ladies' names, which they are all, young and old, so anxious to change.' Fancy for a moment the effect of this coming from the pulpit. Of course, every boy and girl in the church was convulsed, and even the most staid and sober members of the congregation found it difficult to preserve their gravity. It was not often that he scolded us, but on one occasion he was very angry. He had preached a charity sermon for I forget what object, and the collection was very small, consisting in a great part of fourpenny-pieces. Against this obnoxious coin Mr Colvile launched into a tirade next Sunday.

'You will not give,' he said, 'crowns, half-crowns, or any of the liberal denominations of coin; no, all you can find it in your hearts to bestow are these miserable bits of silver, these *collapsed sirpences!*'

Poor Mr Colvile! While he was with us, we were constantly wishing to exchange him for some more efficient clergyman; but we did not know when we were well: we did not consider how often King Log is to be preferred to King Stork. Our vicar was not prosperous in the world: many things went against him. He lost his wife, an excellent and sensible woman; of his children, some died, and some turned out badly, He got into pecuniary difficulties, yet the old buoyant spirit bore him bravely through all. He left Ballygarriffe for some remote preferment; and soon afterwards, we heard he was engaged to be married to an elderly maiden lady, who, rich, austere, tall, and sallow, was, according to numerous precedents in the courts of Cupid, captivated by the poor, merry, blue-eyed little vicar.

'She refused me at first,' quoth he, in relating the

history of his courtship to a friend; 'but I told her it was not of the least use, for that I would still go on, "faint yet pursuing."' And so it came to pass that he captured his fair Philistine; and the match, thanks to the indomitable good temper of the bridegroom, and the really excellent qualities of the somewhat sombre bride, has turned out a very happy one.

'I hate young children,' said the new-married lady, who certainly, as the French say, 'accused' fifty years, as she turned crossly away, while her husband stopped to caress some of his juvenile parishioners.

'My love,' he replied, 'you can't think how differently you will feel when you have babies of your own.' The lady smiled and bridled, and even condescended to pat the curly head that was nearest to her, perfectly unconscious of the gently wicked badinage. The prophecy, so far as I have heard, however, still remains unfulfilled.

Great things at first were expected at Ballygarriffe from Mr Colvile's successor, our present fat and rubicund vicar. He purified, adorned, and altered the church, making clean the outside of the cup and the platter with very commendable zeal; but, alas, for the weightier matters of the law! We need not go to a certain neighbouring hierarchy to look for domineering priests, while we have Mr Ringston amongst us. 'The *autos* of his autocratic mouth' enters into everything. Nothing must be done without him, and, according to his own account, everything has been done by him. His achievements and adventures, as detailed by himself, would be both curious and interesting, but for one slight drawback: their origin may, in almost all cases, be traced to the erudite writings of Joseph Miller, Esq., or the German baron, Münchausen, or some other more modern, but scarcely more veracious chronicler. 'You see,' said a friend of his one day apologetically, 'he is so accustomed to making out interesting anecdotes for missionary meetings, that it is difficult for him to be always quite certain whether he is adhering to the exact truth or not.' He certainly does come out very strong on the missionary question, especially as regards the conversion of the Hindoos. Mr Ringston has still a dutiful party of ladies under his direction, who meekly manufacture pen-wipers, pincushions, bookmarkers with texts in sample stitch, babies' pinafores, with a variety of other miscellaneous property, and send them out annually on behoof of those dear, misguided, but still amiable sepoys.

I got lately into sad disgrace with the sisterhood, by intimating that bullets, as presented from the mouth of a rifle, were the only offering I felt disposed to make to their fiendish pets. I asked our vicar one day, with a grave face, whether he had lately had any interesting missionary intelligence from the settlement of Borioboola-gah.

'I am not sure,' he replied hesitatingly: 'ah, yes, I think there was. I am certain the labours of some of our dear brethren have been greatly blessed in that important locality; but I 'll look at the reports when I go home, ma'am, and let you know all the particulars.' I fancy some one subsequently enlightened him as to the source whence information respecting that celebrated station was to be derived, for he has fought very shy of missionary topics with me ever since.

With respect to Mr Ringston's sermons, the only way in which he can succeed in keeping us awake during their delivery is by scolding us, which he does at times with a vengeance. A few Sundays since, a little child in the congregation began to cry, and said quite audibly to his attendant: 'Will you come away, Mary; he's going to beat us!' In point of vehemence and loudness, Spurgeon is a mouse compared with our vicar, when he gets into a proper pulpit passion. But on ordinary occasions, when his dulness is gentle, his discourses are so thoroughly somniferous, that we are forced in self-defence to have recourse to every innocent mental excitement which may help to keep us awake. The good old lady in Longfellow's tale, who was quite content with having 'a handsome bow on the congregation side of her bonnet,' would have had no chance of admiration on such superficial grounds at Ballygarriffe. Every side of every one's bonnet is thoroughly criticised during sermon-time.

Our vicar is essentially 'of the earth, earthy.' He has taken to holding evening-service on Sundays before dinner, on the principle, I suppose, of 'duty first, pleasure afterwards.'

'You know,' remarked a young lady, one of his chief upholders, in a pathetic voice, 'poor Mr Ringston does not look like a man who *could* preach after dinner.'

One day, while taking my accustomed walk along the river-side, I met our vicar proceeding leisurely to pay a round of pastoral visits. It happened that some time before the family of a rich shopkeeper from the next town had come to reside at a very handsome villa near Ballygarriffe. But though they probably possessed as much money as half the other residents put together, their want of 'blue blood' of course prevented their being received into our circle.

'Good-morning, ma'am,' said Mr Ringston as he passed me, laying, as he always does, a peculiar emphasis on the 'ma'am.' 'I am going to pay a visit to the Carrolls.'

I made some slight reply, and he went on. When returning, I met him just issuing from the gate, while a peculiar blandness was diffused over his ruddy visage.

'Well,' he exclaimed, 'I have had a delightful visit!'

'I am glad,' I said, 'that you found Mr and Mrs Carroll so agreeable. I believe they are most worthy, excellent people in their line of life.'

'O yes,' responded our vicar fervently; 'and besides, they are people of sound judgment, of clear and admirable intellect. Mr Carroll told me that I could have the use of all the horses in his stable, whenever I wished; and before I had been five minutes in the drawing-room, Mrs Carroll rang the bell, and ordered in cake and wine. Mr Carroll then suggested champagne, and it was brought in immediately.'

The dull and stupid amongst us, the deficient in intellect, *alias* in cake, horses, and champagne, are constantly wishing that our vicar could be fairly sent off to convert the sepoys, or be consecrated bishop of Borioboola-gah.

'MOVE ON.'

It is becoming more and more difficult in the overcrowded streets of London to obey the familiar police injunction, 'Move on.' It is no easy matter to move on. Many thousands experience an analogous difficulty in connection with the financial and social affairs of everyday life; but it is nothing in comparison with the battle which our bodies must maintain in forcing a bodily passage through the metropolitan thoroughfares. Men have been, are, and will be, 'disappointed in the City' *occasionally*; but they are sure to be so when they wish to make an expeditious progress *to* and *through* that labyrinth.

The truth is, that no extension of the metropolis will prevent a certain district of it from being the heart and centre. The Bank, the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, the Glyns' and the Rothschilds' establishments, the commercial, auction, and sale rooms, the insurance offices, the brokers' offices, the offices of the great companies—are as much in the heart of London now as they were when London was only half as populous. Notting Hill and Kilburn can no more despise or neglect the 'City,' than could Westminster or Marylebone half a century ago. The

more there are of us, the more of us must go to be 'disappointed' or otherwise in the City.

Two phases of this subject are troubling our social reformers—How to accommodate the streets to the vehicles; and how to accommodate the vehicles to the streets? Nearly all the openings of new streets in the metropolis, within the last twenty or thirty years, have been direct boons to passengers both of the pedestrian and the vehicular kind, in shortening the distances between certain places, and in providing wide, straight streets, instead of narrow, crooked lanes.

All these openings of new streets, however, fail to meet the wants of the public. The lord mayor is perpetually called upon to make people and vehicles 'move on,' which it is next to impossible for them to do. We have no Louis Napoleon in England, who can order half a city to be pulled down, and replaced in three or four years, with miles of splendid houses. We have bills and acts, and committees and commissions, and boards and corporations, and companies in such number, that each obstructs all the others; whereby the settlement of the details for making a new street becomes an immensely difficult affair. At this present moment, the evil of too great a multiplicity of masters is shewn in the discussions concerning new government-offices and new drainage for London; one authority puts a veto on the decisions of a previous authority, and nothing is done. The English drag in such matters is too tight; it produces too much friction and stoppage.

Pending the discussions on new streets, endeavours have been made, and are being made, and will doubtless continue to be made, to guide the opposing streams of traffic through the existing thoroughfares with more system than in former days. The conventional plans observed by foot-passengers keeping on the right of the foot-pavement, and of vehicle-drivers keeping on the left of the carriage-way have, until recently, been almost the only approach to system in the matter. An additional regulation, laid down by the lord mayor, has been very advantageous in the particular locality to which it applies—namely, London Bridge. Between ten and six on one day in 1853, it was ascertained that the numbers of foot-passengers, equestrians, and vehicles passing over this bridge were respectively 63,080; 114; and 11,498. To facilitate the passage of this stupendous traffic, it was ordered that, as the bridge is wide enough for four lines of vehicles abreast, all the wagons and slow vehicles should occupy the two lines near the curb, while all the omnibuses and fast vehicles should maintain their double stream in the centre of the roadway. The improvement hence resulting has been so marked, as to render many of our street-reformers hopeful of further benefits.

Near the Mansion House, the difficulty of obeying the command to 'Move on' is so great, that the lord mayor has much troubled the equanimity of the 'bus-men by his urgency in the matter. A letter recently appeared in the *Times*, which, if really written by a 'bus-man, is a curiosity worth preserving; but the great journal has not unfrequently inserted communications in which pungent sarcasm or wholesome truth is given under a mask. The reader may take his choice between these two suppositions; but the letter contains a kernel worth a little cracking:

'Mr Editer of the *Times*—You seems to be the sort of thing wot puts a poor man in heart when he gets blowed up by majestraters, and hunted by the bobbies, so me and my mates have got me to write to you about the lord mayor, who says he 'll have us fined and punished if we offends in blocking up the streets as we drives our omnibusses. Now what are we to do? We has a time-keeper at starting, and two or three kids along the road, with a little book—with lots of swells, inside and out, to make us go fast to catch the rail, and do their business—and then theres the bobbies at every corner who cant see great carts unloading all day long at common councilmen's shops and places because they gets figged and we has to pay toll to them ere chaps—or we should all be carpetted—but we does it for peace and custom. Now taint a much use on us writing about offending and the like—without giving a remedy which I think I can, for me and my mates all know what is right and what ought to be done, and we all say that London Bridge is a sample of what ought to be done—the passengers, our masters, and the large shopkeepers would hollow a little; but it would be for al our goods, and if so, why not do it?

'1. First we say—I wouldn't have a cart load or unload in the principal streets between 10 and 4.

'Second, 2. We say—No touting at all, and omnibuses should take up at diffrent stations—say Aldgate, India House—Exchange, Mansion House, King and Queen Street—Peel's Monument, Newgate bottom of Hobborn—St Pauls and Faringdon Street. Well, then, if the fast carts and cabs and omnibuses keep on the sides and the slow things in the middle we should all get on (I 'm not speaking now Cannon Street is up)—but the princerpal thing what obstructs is them great vans and carts at the great shops all day long. I am, sir, A GREAT WESTERN BUS MAN.

Oct. 4.

A problem much discussed within the last few years relates to the availability of iron tramways in the London streets. Looking around for evidence, observers have found that New York furnishes an illustration of the system.

These American railway-carriages, or, as they are there called, 'cars,' work on rails laid down on busy streets open to the traffic of any other kinds of vehicle; for the rails being on, or indeed slightly below, the level of the road, generally offer no insurmountable obstacles to other traffic. The cars are almost double the length of a London omnibus; they have seats for twenty-four persons; but not being licensed in regard to number, their capacity is limited by little else than the conscience of the driver or the briskness of trade; and thus the mass of wedged-up humanity on special occasions reaches seventy or eighty persons. On Sundays, being the only public vehicles that run, they are generally crowded. So remarkably, however, does the rail-system lessen the friction and difficulty of draught, that the number of passengers, whether twenty or sixty, seems to exercise very little influence on the ease with which the horses draw the car. The car has two entrances, one at each end; so low that ingress and egress are very easy, insomuch that it is not necessary to come to a full stop either to take up or set down. The driver stands like an ancient charioteer, guiding the reins from either platform indifferently, according to which end of the car is foremost; for the vehicle is never reversed on the rail; if one end leads when going north, the other will take the lead going south. At the terminus of the line, a slight touch releases the horses, which know exactly what to do; they turn like a good plough-team at the end of a furrow, to be attached at the opposite extremity; and the car presently starts off again in the opposite direction. The line itself is of the simplest possible character; there is no necessity for large sweeping curves of rail, revolving turntables, or shifting from line to line. The wheels are very small, and are rendered nearly invisible by the floor of the car being so near the ground. When the rails are in proper order, the motion of the car is much smoother and more pleasant than that of an omnibus on a common road. The interior fittings vary; some of the cars are old and dingy enough; while others are as light as crimson velvet, stained glass, and painted panels can

make them. There is no 'knife-board,' no perilous scaffolding of shin-cutting iron steps whereby to mount to the top. The conductor travels to and fro in the car in an easy way to collect the fares; and the passengers are thus spared the annoyance of waiting while an ancient female fumbles among a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends in her pocket or bag for the coins—or in America the dollar-notes, &c.—necessary. Passengers mostly walk in and out without troubling him; but he or they will pull a bell to bid the driver check his speed a little. These cars make more journeys each in a day than any London omnibus, and work all night as well as all day: relays of men being engaged. There is a uniform fare of five cents—twopence half-penny—for all distances within the city.

Such, then, being the railway-cars of New York, the question arises—whether such a system, if applied with modifications to suit the different circumstances of the two cities, would enable Londoners to 'move on' more pleasantly and quickly through the public streets than is now possible. Under present circumstances, the chief obstacle, perhaps, would be the difficulty of laying down the rails through the City; for the passengers would not be content to be dropped half a mile or so from the centre of the arena of commerce. The oldest part of New York is much smaller than the ancient and narrowest part of London; and the rail can, in the former city, be driven closer to the places of business; but even without the whole advantage derivable, much might be gained by adopting the system wherever it could be worked with facility. The truth is, however, that there would be more obstacles than material ones to be surmounted. Numerous prejudices have to be overcome before any one practical plan is adopted. The proposal to lay down a double line of rails along our wider roads, with large and comfortable carriages, drawn so easily that two horses would do the work of eight, would probably raise a storm of opposition; vested interests would rise in battle-array against it, antagonistic among themselves, but all antagonistic against the plan. And even if the proposal were accepted, there would then arise trouble in determining who should put it in operation. We are a famous people for effecting objects by joint-stock companies; a joint-stock company has purchased most of our metropolitan omnibuses, and has promised a world of good things as a consequence of the purchase; but he must be a sharp-sighted man who can detect much improvement arising out of this matter. And if it be not a company that construct street-railways, who shall it be?

Supposing the question of authority be determined, the plan has been advocated somewhat in the following form: The street-rail might be made the means of connection between different railway-stations with great advantage. It could be carried across the bridges, for it does not require the nicety of levels and the largeness of curves necessary to the locomotive system. Several of the London roads would admit of the rail being laid down, though it is doubtful if it could be carried to all the central parts of the city. Three lines of route appear to come within its range—from Paddington, by way of the New Road and City Road, to the back of the Bank; from King's Cross, by the new Victoria Street, to Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street; and from Islington, by Aldersgate Street, to the General Post-office. The determination once aroused, other routes could doubtless be found practicable. The rail, it is asserted, would not impede other traffic half so much as an unnecessary crowd of omnibuses. No new routes would have to be cut through masses of buildings, for the rail would follow the ordinary roads. There would be a great economy of horse-labour; because the same pair of horses would draw thrice as many persons by the new system as by the old.

It is especially worth remembering that such a system might be a means of completing the railway communications through or around the metropolis. Millions sterling have been spent, and millions more are threatened, to effect this connection by the ordinary costly locomotive system, at the rate of two or three hundred thousand pounds per mile; but surely a less ambitious plan would do partial good at a far lower cost; a road-rail might be worked with horses from one station to another, and might be made a means of expediting and facilitating the transfer of passengers from the dominions of one great company to those of another. Her Majesty, one of the best railway travellers in the kingdom, has lately been the means of shewing that the same passenger carriage may travel from Banchory, in Aberdeenshire, to Windsor, about 600 miles, without any disruption or change at the London stations: it suggested one mode of supplying a want much felt; and the humble inexpensive road-trams might supply in a smaller degree a kind of service for which the public would be thankful—still leaving the companies, if they so chose, to make proper lines of railway to connect their various systems.

The public mind requires much hammering before a useful idea becomes imbedded therein; and the advocates of road-tramways will need to use the hammer steadily and skilfully; but it is at anyrate proper that they should be heard, in order that we may all be enabled to assist each other in determining how to—'move on.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the gendarme grasped me by the collar, I, William Linwood, must have changed my nature, had I not gratuitously aggravated the danger of my position by roughly shaking off the officer's hold, and forthwith knocking down the functionary, entirely unskilled in the noble art of self-defence as practised in the English prize-ring. The mad act received its immediate chastisement; and but for the resolute interposition of a *sergent de ville*, who fortunately came up at the moment, the patriotic mob, hotly indignant at seeing a French *autorité* floored by an Englishman, and a robber to boot, would very soon have left justice little or nothing to do in the way of punishing the audacious criminal. As it was, though I lost my 'dark wavy hair' by handfuls, and was unmercifully cuffed, scratched, and pommelled, I had no bones broken; and assisted by two flanking gendarmes, each with an arm tightly locked in his, and guarded by four others in front and rear, I managed to walk along, defiantly erect, amidst the derisive *huées* of the crowd, towards the jail, and soon found myself safely deposited in the cell adjoining that which had just before received Harry Webbe.

The astounding suddenness of the surprise, the atrocious nature of the accusation launched against me, brought on, as soon as I was alone, a paroxysm of convulsive, rageful laughter; and I was still screaming and gesticulating like a caged maniac, when Father Meudon, who, chancing to be in the town, had heard of my mishap, entered the cell, accompanied by the civil and considerate sergent de ville. The officer, at M. Meudon's request, left us together, and the good father succeeded, with some difficulty, in subduing me to calmness and common sense.

The 'robbery' imputation did not at all disturb him.

'That accusation,' said he, 'is, I can have no doubt, a mere flash in the pan; but there are, I hear, other charges against you, my imprudent young friend, which give me much uneasiness. It can be proved that you have travelled in France with false passports, and under two false names—those of Le Gros and Piron—which is a highly penal offence. You are also suspected of having actively abetted the escape of a prisoner of war on parole, and that, by the military code, is punishable by—death!'

'I assure you, with all solemnity, that I had no hand whatever, directly or indirectly, in the escape—the ultimately baffled escape—of Harry Webbe.'

'I am rejoiced to hear it. Your rash young countryman will, I greatly fear, be made to expiate his offence by the last dread penalty.'

'Great God!'

'And many hours, rely upon it, will not be suffered to pass before the irreversible sentence is passed and executed. Power to enforce their ruthless will is about to depart from the violent men who now hold military rule here; and what they purpose doing must be done speedily, if at all.'

'Is there no hope, no chance of escape for the unfortunate young man?' I asked with emotion.

'*Hélas!* I fear, none whatever. His breach of parole, especially as he was actually *gardé à vue*, might have been, if not forgiven, mercifully judged, if one of your fellow *naufragés*, Mr Tyler, had not denounced him to be the son of the notorious Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer. The nephew of Captain Le Moine, an officer deeply lamented here, not long since deposed before the authorities, that that son, after having with his own hand slain the commander of *Le Renard* in the action between that vessel and the *Scout*, had the audacity to enter France as a spy of the Bourbons, was detected and denounced at Avranches by himself, Auguste Le Moine; and only effected his escape by the careless or criminal connivance of Captain Jules Renaudin of *L'Espiègle*. That is the fatal charge which has kindled the fires of hate and vengeance in the breasts of his judges, and will wither up any inclination that might else prevail to deal mercifully with the unhappy youth. The imminent fate of your countryman affects you very painfully, I perceive,' added M. Meudon.

'Very painfully, indeed. Does the young man admit that he is the person by whom Captain Le Moine was killed, and whom the nephew denounced at the Avranches banquet?'

'Denounced at the Avranches *banquet!*' echoed Father Meudon, with a piercing look; 'I was not before aware that it was at a banquet in Avranches that Auguste Le Moine detected the Bourbons' spy! As to the accused's admission or non-admission,' added the reverend father, 'that he is the person inculpated, that will be of little consequence in face of Auguste Le Moine's sworn deposition, and the proof by Mr Tyler of his identity.'

'Proof, you mean, that he is Captain Webbe's son?'

'Precisely; that will be quite sufficient to seal his doom, unless—unless,' added M. Meudon, continuing to regard me with an anxious, searching look—'unless Captain Webbe's son can designate and *produce* some other person by whose hand he can prove Captain Le Moine fell, and whom young Le Moine afterwards confronted at the Avranches banquet! In that case—an impossible case, I must suppose—the real offender would unquestionably be substituted for Monsieur Webbe *fils*, both before the military tribunal and at the place of execution; and that too, I repeat, before another day shall have fled into a past eternity.'

'That stern, staring silence,' resumed M. Meudon, after a few moments' pause, 'thrills me with a fear—an undefined, shadowy fear, that you have not confided in me so unreservedly as for your own safety's sake I would fain believe you have. Well, I have no right to press you for that fuller confidence. Early to-morrow, I will see you again; at present, I shall serve you best by going at once to the Rue Bombardée. Adieu, young man; and assure yourself that, under all circumstances—in any conceivable extremity, you may count upon my poor services—upon the zealous exertion, in your behalf, of all the influence I possess with the authorities of Havre.'

The sergent de ville let him out, and as the heavy door closed sullenly behind them, shutting me back into the dark silence, an inexpressible horror seized me. The reality of the frightful peril I had exposed myself to, and which I had never before quite believed in, confronted me in terrible distinctness. Harry Webbe, there could be no doubt, to save himself, would denounce me; and if he did not, could I, dared I permit him to suffer in my stead? Impossible! I was brave enough, as the reader knows—that is, I could rush upon, grapple with, defy death in the tumult of battle, in the conflict of elemental warfare, or in the excitement of passion; but to sit there in solitary gloom, fettered, powerless, though full of lusty life—to await the deliberate approach of the King of Terrors, whilst counting his stealthy, soundless steps by the hands of the dial, whose tiny round measured the all of time remaining between me and eternity, was beyond my strength, and for a while I was overborne, prostrated by fear, by a shuddering, nameless dread of the dark, fathomless gulf which, as M. Meudon talked, seemed to yawn beneath my feet!

Not, however, for long did that trance of terror hold me in thrall. Gradually my soul grew calmer, stronger, and soon the current of my changeful thoughts was bent as strongly in a hopeful direction. Might not, I argued—might not Father Meudon have consciously or unconsciously exaggerated the danger? Unquestionably he might. Then could I not, through him, warn young Webbe to appeal to Auguste Le Moine himself to confirm his solemn denial of being the person he, Le Moine, had denounced; an appeal which could not with any decency be rejected, and which, the *enseigne* being absent in Paris, would defer the catastrophe till the power to murder either of us had been taken from the Bonapartist authorities of Havre? Again, there was no doubt that Captain Webbe was still at large; and he, a man of boundless resource and daring, would, we might be sure, leave no means untried to extricate his son; ay, and—a minor, but still important consideration with him—to extricate me from the fearful strait to which his own unscrupulous machinations had conducted us!

The entrance of the head jailer and the sergent de ville—the latter with a note in his hand—broke in upon my sanguine dreaming, and flung me back into the sinister reality of my actual position.

'An individual who says he is a friend of yours,' said the sergent, 'has requested to see you, and when informed that he was too late for to-day, wrote and requested me to place this note in your hands, the answer to which he awaits. You understand, monsieur,' added the officer, 'that it is necessary we should see what your friend has written?'

'That is only reasonable,' I said, taking the note. 'I will first read it to you myself;' and tearing it open, I read as follows:

'Mon cher Monsieur Linwood—I arrive from Honfleur to warn you of the abominable trick which that relative of mine, and for all that, true daughter of the devil, Madame de Bonneville, was about to play you, and find myself, from having been delayed, too late. Mademoiselle Clémence, who discovered what was going on, and insisted upon my coming, will be inconsolable. I pray you, therefore, to tell me what

is the earliest hour to-morrow at which I can see you, as mademoiselle, who is, you know, somewhat *vive*, and extremely dislikes being kept in suspense, will count the moments of my absence from her with grave inquietude.—Votre serviteur, JACQUES SICARD.'

'Jacques Sicard, and from Honfleur!' exclaimed the sergent de ville. '*Sacristie*, but that is droll enough! We have a *mandat d'arrêt* from the deputy procureur-general of Honfleur, brought by the officers who seized the other young Englishman at that place, commanding us to search out the said Maître Jacques Sicard, and lodge him safely in the hands of justice.'

'You have an arrest-warrant for Jacques Sicard!' I exclaimed. 'At whose instance, for the love of Heaven; and for what offence?'

'At the instance,' replied the sergent, taking a paper from his pocket, and glancing at it, 'of Louise de Bonneville, *veuve, née* Féron; and for the crime of complicity in the robbery which you, Monsieur Linwood, are charged with. Had we known this before,' he added with a laugh, 'we should not, *morbleu*, have refused the young man admittance here. But he is in the waiting-room, so there is no harm done. *Allons, camarade.*'

The sergent and jailer hurried off, and I listened to catch the first sound that might indicate Maître Sicard's dawning comprehension of the pretty predicament he had quietly walked into. It was not long delayed. First, an inarticulate scream of surprise and indignation, followed evidently by an attempt to fly, easily defeated by the prison guardians; then a swift crescendo succession of yells, expostulations, threats, mingled with the gruff deep bass maledictions of the officers, irritated by his frenzied kicking and plunging; the uproar increasing in violence and volume as it approached the door of my cell, which arrived at, was flung open, and in staggered five or six gendarmes, bearing Sicard in a horizontal position by the legs and shoulders; he the while striking out viciously with his arms and heels, and calling wildly upon saints and angels, and myself especially, the instant he caught sight of me, to deliver him from the villains that were strangling him.

'On m'assassine, Linwood! On m'assassine!' he screamed as his bearers threw him roughly down upon one of the beds in the cell. He could not, however, have been much hurt, for he was upon his feet in a twinkling, apostrophising his captors with foaming fury. 'Hundred thousand devils!' he shouted. 'But this is infernal!—impossible! It is the end of the world! Why, what, how, sacred thunder, can this be, that I, Maître Jacques Sicard, a respectable bourgeois of St Malo, am outraged, massacred in this manner?'

'"Jacques Sicard,"' said the sergent de ville, reading from a paper, '"*bottier par état*, domiciled at St Malo." Here follows,' continued the officer, 'a description of Maître Sicard's person, which it might not perhaps be agreeable to that individual to hear read; we will therefore pass it. The mandat d'arrêt further declares'——

'What is that?—mandat d'arrêt!' interrupted Sicard, whom a vague apprehension of the truth was fast subduing to submissiveness. 'What is that, if you please, monsieur?' he added, wiping his streaming forehead.

'A mandat d'arrêt,' resumed the sergent, 'which sets forth that Jacques Sicard, bottier par état, domiciled at St Malo, is charged by Louise de Bonneville'——

'How! what is that again! Why, sacred thunder, that person is my own near relative!'

'And "une fille du diable," nevertheless,' said the officer, 'if this note of yours is to be believed.'

'That is correct; that is demonstrable. Still'——

'Maître Sicard,' said the officer, 'had better keep silence, if he can, till I have read the mandat d'arrêt—Is charged by Louise de Bonneville, veuve, née Féron, with complicity with one William Linwood, *alias* Le Gros, an Englishman, in robbing the said Louise de Bonneville, née Féron, of a seed-pearl necklace, to which a gold cross is attached with L, the initial letter of said Louise de Bonneville's baptismal name, engraved thereon'——

It was useless to read further: Sicard dropped down as if he was shot. 'C'est la foudre,' he groaned: 'I am betrayed—annihilated—lost!'

He was at all events dumbfounded, and the other officials having retired, Monsieur le Sergent addressing me with great politeness, asked if I had any objection to Maître Sicard's remaining where he was for the night. To which I answered that I should esteem it a favour if he were permitted to do so.

'It is well, monsieur. This prison happens to be overcrowded just now; and as there are two beds here, permission to remain together may be accorded till further orders from superior authority. This is the more readily granted, I must tell you,' pursued the officer, 'forasmuch that Le Père Meudon, whom everybody esteems, not only engaged me to render you all the civilities in my power, but assured me that the charge of robbery would turn out to be an absurd, if not criminal blunder. I hope, notwithstanding the apparently criminating dismay of Maître Sicard, that it will prove so; and I have to add that any refreshments you may choose to order can be furnished from a restaurant close by, wine and *liqueurs* in moderation, inclusive.'

I thanked him; and Maître Sicard, upon being asked what he would prefer for supper, having with indignant pantomime expressed his utter disgust at all things under the sun, I left the matter to the worthy sergent himself, stipulating only for some excellent brandy and cigars.

By that time my naturally joyous, mercurial temperament had recovered, and something more, from the depression caused by Father Meudon's sepulchral croaking: the menacing shadows which had seemed to overhang the future—the immediate future—had vanished utterly; and I have never been, that I remember, in better cue for a jolly carouse, than on the night when I was a prisoner in a French jail, charged with felony, and in all likelihood to be dragged on the morrow before, and sentenced capitally by, a military tribunal, as a convicted spy! Who shall read me the riddle of that buoyant confidence under conditions so overwhelmingly adverse to such a state of mind! Is it that not only do sinister events cast shadows before, but that the silver lining of the threatening cloud also darts onward its avant-courier rays of light to cheer the gloom of the troubled soul, and rekindle in its darkened depths the lights of Hope and Faith! Possibly; but my own commonplace interpretation in this particular instance is, that the exultation of spirit I experienced was owing to an unreasoning conviction, based upon previous lucky escapes, that something or other would turn up to shield me from apparently inevitable destruction—a conviction strengthened, sublimed by the secret assurance, simmering softly at my heart, and unblabbed of openly even to myself, that Maria Wilson was not yet at all events the wife of Harry Webbe.

I vainly strove to rouse Maître Sicard from his despondent state. He refused to be comforted. 'My dear fellow,' said I at last, 'do you know that this sudden prostration is, under the circumstances, exceedingly absurd, you having been of course previously aware that I had been arrested upon the charge of robbing that unscrupulous fille du diable, as you have very properly named Madame de Bonneville.'

'I know that!' savagely exclaimed Sicard. 'Thousand thunders, if I *had* known it, I should not be here now—veritable, decided ass, as I have admittedly proved myself to be! No, Monsieur Linwood, I was not even aware that Madame de Bonneville had discovered the abstraction from the armoire of a seed-pearl necklace, to which a gold cross is attached, with initial letter of said Louise's baptismal name engraved thereon, and which letter I was gobe-mouche enough to be persuaded *could* only stand for Lucy. Ah, mon Dieu!—— I tell you, Monsieur Linwood,' he went on to say when sufficiently recovered, 'that that traitress Fanchette helped me to mend the fractures of the armoire doors, in order that madame might suspect nothing; and I, in acknowledgment, presented her with a first-rate pair of boots—— But what's the use of talking!'

'What trick was it then that Mademoiselle Clémence discovered that her reputed mother was about to play me?'

'That she had formally accused you of travelling in France under a false name—that of Jean Le Gros, to be sure.'

'Well, but my dear Sicard, Madame de Bonneville, bad as she may be, will never proceed to extremities against you—her relative.'

'But, sacred thunder, that is precisely what she will do! You don't know that she has become a tigress—an unchained fury, resolved, *coûte qui coûte*, to be revenged upon you and me: upon you for not marrying Clémence; upon me for persisting, spite of madame's maledictions, that I *will* marry her. Naturally, I hoped that time would mollify her rage; but do you not see that she has passed the Rubicon, by publicly accusing me, her relative, as you say, of robbing her in conjunction with you? Yes, and Fanchette can prove that by my own confession. I shall be sent to the galleys, that is quite clear, and her threat, only a few hours old, that she would effectually dispose of my insolent pretensions—insolent pretensions was the phrase—will be realised.'

I persisted in asserting that he was really scaring himself with shadows; that Mr and Madame Waller—who, I doubted not, would arrive in France before many days had passed—would prove beyond question that the articles I had taken were theirs, and had been stolen from them with their child many years since by Louise Féron; that 'fille du diable' knowing this as well as I did, would consequently never venture, I urged, to appear before the tribunals in support of the accusation—and so on. This view of the case revived Sicard's spirits, and he was becoming himself again, when I, unawares, knocked him over again.

'Tell me,' said I, 'what is the punishment awarded by the Code Pénal to travelling in France with false papers, or under a false name?'

'Two years of prison, with or without hard labour (*travaux forcés*), according to whether there are or are not extenuating circumstances. In your case,' he added, with a tinge of *malice*, 'hard labour will no doubt be awarded.'

'That is pleasant hearing,' said I. 'Of course, then, you took especial care that Madame de Bonneville should not know it was you that furnished so-called Jean Le Gros with the passport of the sick lieutenant lodging at your house?'

Sicard sprang up bolt on end, as if impelled by a galvanic shock. 'Hundred thousand thunders!' he screamed; 'of course she knows it, and through that accursed Fanchette! Ah, there is no longer any chance. It is all over with me. I am finished—destroyed; that is certain—demonstrable!' and down he fell again in hopeless self-abandonment.

'Come—come,' I remonstrated; 'two years of prison is not, after all, the guillotine, nor one's lifetime. We shall survive it, never fear.'

'And in the meantime my shop,' he groaned—'and my three years' toiled-for connection, and my stock-in-trade left in charge of Dubarle—and Clémence—— Say no more; I am definitively done for—finished—massacred! And all, *sacre bleu*, in consequence of my good-nature. Oh, it is desolating—lamentable!'

I ceased endeavouring to console him by words, and awaited what effect the *petit souper*—a very excellent one, brought in and nicely set out under the superintendence of the sergent de ville—might have in restoring his equanimity, which it was essential should be restored, if only that I might learn what had occurred at Honfleur.

The odour of the roast *poulet*, &c.; the glug-glug of the wine as I poured it out, had, as I anticipated, a vivifying effect. Sicard turned his face from the wall towards the table, sniffed approvingly; and finally remarking, by way of apology, that if a man was sentenced to be hanged, it would be necessary to eat in the meantime, got up, seated himself at the table, and when he was fairly at it, ate voraciously, though occasionally catching himself back, as it were, from the gratification of his appetite, to gaze around despairingly upon the gloomy cell, and exclaim: 'But really this is desolating!—lamentable! Nevertheless, one must always eat; that is certain—demonstrable!'

The supper done, we were locked in for the night; and by the time he had consumed two or three glasses of strong brandy-punch, and as many cigars, Maître Sicard had, in a comparative sense, cast dull care behind him, and willingly consented to relate his experiences in connection with Madame de Bonneville, Clémence, and those sons of Satan, the Webbes, since I parted with him at the Messageries Impériales, St Malo.

As the night was chilly, I proposed that we should get into and sit up in bed; in which position, with the aid of cigars, and brandy-and-water *ad libitum*, he could narrate and I listen in tranquillity and comfort. This was agreed to; we were quickly placed, and Sicard led off *con spirito*.

'I felt a lively satisfaction, Monsieur Linwood,' he began, 'in knowing you were definitively gone; in which state of mind my steps naturally took the direction of the Rue Dupetit Thouars, to impart and share that satisfaction with Mademoiselle Clémence. Ah! with what kindness, with what graciousness did the dear girl receive me!—with what a charming solicitude did she listen to my account of the devices I had recourse to in effecting your escape! Fanchette was there—not precisely at first, she was gone out to post a letter—but before long, and took—sly serpent as I now comprehend—as lively an interest as did her young mistress in what had been done. Never have I passed two such delightful hours, never experienced such effusion of soul, such exquisite *tendresse*—*Bref*, I was happier than a king, and bade Clémence adieu in a state of exalted felicity, after having assisted Fanchette to mend the armoire with some carpenter's glue, which would, she remarked, prevent the *pièces d'accusation* from being missed till, at all events, your purpose in taking them had been accomplished. My last words that evening to Mademoiselle Clémence, who could not shake off the nervous dread with which the thought of encountering Madame de Bonneville inspired her, were these: "Fear nothing, *ma belle*. I promise thee once more, upon the faith of a Frenchman and thy devoted lover, that I will watch over and effectively protect thee from thy real or pretended mother and my relative." I have loyally endeavoured to redeem that pledge,' added Sicard, with a groan—'and—here I am.'

'Early the next morning,' he resumed, 'that detestable traitress Fanchette came to my shop for the boots I had promised her. I fitted her splay-feet *à merveille*, and she walked off *chaussée* as she had never

been before. Mademoiselle Clémence, she told me, had a slight nervous headache, but would receive me in the evening. "Bon! all goes well," I say to myself; "and now I must turn my attention to business, which, after all, must be minded, whether one is in love or not." There were arrears, as you may suppose, to bring up; and it was eight o'clock in the evening before I had finished and was suitably dressed for a visit to my charming *fiancée*. At last I am ready, and take my way to the Rue Dupetit Thouars. I arrive there, find the magasin closed, and knock at the door; the blows seeming at the same time to strike upon my heart. There is no answer; I can see no light in the house, and I am getting wild, distracted, when one of the workwomen comes up, recognises and addresses me:

"Ah, Monsieur Sicard," she says, "the magasin has been closed since before five o'clock. Madame de Bonneville returned in the morning; there was a terrible scene—madame, with mademoiselle sobbing as if her heart would break, quitted the house together, and have since, I hear, left St Malo by diligence, accompanied by Fanchette."

'I am thunderstruck at hearing that,' continued Sicard; 'my head turns round, and I am near falling on the *pavé;* but innate force of character sustains me, and I perceive that the time is come for redeeming my promise to Clémence, of, at all costs and hazards, watching over her safety. I hasten, therefore, to the Messageries. The diligence is gone long since, and in it, I am told, were Madame and Mademoiselle de Bonneville and servant. I can only follow in a hired vehicle; and as there is no alternative, I accept that expensive mode of travelling, order a voiture with two horses to be prepared; hurry to the sous-prefecture, get my passport *visé;* my *paquet* is soon made, and I am off in pursuit of the fugitives, leaving, of necessity, my business in charge of Alexis Dubarle, a good workman and *bon enfant* enough, but *bon vivant*—gourmand even, when he has the means. And now he will probably have command of the *caisse* of my establishment for two years to come. Oh! it is crushing—insupportable—infernal! Push the carafe a little further this way, if you please, Monsieur Linwood.

'Well,' resumed Sicard, after a reviving draught of punch, 'I follow the diligence in my two-horsed vehicle; but so many delays occur, that I lose instead of gaining upon the *fuyards*, and arrive at Honfleur full twelve hours later than they. Madame de Bonneville, Clémence, and Fanchette are, I discover, at the Toison d'Or. I—for economy, in presence of the eventualities before me, could not be disregarded—take lodgings at an auberge. The next morning, at about eleven o'clock, I present myself at the Toison d'Or, inquire for Madame de Bonneville, and am conducted to her apartment. Ah, my friend Linwood,' exclaimed Sicard, 'I find myself in presence of a tigress—of a tigress *enragé*, and a terrified lamb; for Clémence, whose eyes I notice are swollen with weeping, and who trembles with fear, is there also. Instantly I am assailed, overwhelmed with insults, maledictions, threats—imperious commands to immediately leave the hotel! Vainly I endeavour to bear up against that hurricane of rage, to obtain ever so brief a hearing. It is impossible; I am compelled to yield, and literally driven away by a merciless torrent of taunt, sarcasm, and abuse.'

'You, of course, soon returned to the charge?'

'Not I, morbleu! I had not the courage; besides, it would have been useless. I determined, however, not to leave Honfleur while my virago relative remained there, and to watch sedulously for an opportunity of seeing Clémence alone. Nothing, however, came of it; and I was no further advanced till early in the morning of yesterday. I had, with many others, been observing the departure of the corsair-cutter, *Espiègle*, which had come into Honfleur during the night, and sailed again with a light breeze just before dawn. When she had disappeared round a projecting point of land, I walked away to get my breakfast, but had not gone far, when a *commissionaire* popped a note into my hand, addressed to Monsieur Sicard, de St Malo. I will give it you, in a hundred times, to guess who the writer was!' added Sicard with vivacity.

'I will guess it the first time—Captain Webbe, *alias* Jacques Le Gros.'

'You are right. The note stated that the writer was in a position to place my affair with a certain young *demoiselle en bon train*, and would do so if I would call without delay at the Trois Rois de Cologne, and ask to see Monsieur Baptiste. Of course I was only too happy to accept the invitation, and, arrived at the Trois Rois, I was, to begin with, introduced to his tall, handsome son. You know what a tongue the old *gredin* has,' continued Sicard, 'and will not therefore be surprised to hear that he explained most admirably everything in his previous conduct that might, he said, have appeared strange or equivocal to me; and having so far cleared the ground, he presented his plan of present battle.

'Madame de Bonneville,' he said, 'was determined to discover through him where you, Linwood, were, in order to bring about, *bon gré, mal gré*, the marriage which she had at heart. "Linwood is at Havre at this moment," continued the Sieur Webbe, "and I do not doubt would be induced, notwithstanding all that has passed, to forthwith espouse Mademoiselle Clémence, if Madame de Bonneville could obtain speech of him, so potent are the influences which she could bring to bear for that purpose. Now, observe," he went on rapidly to say, "that I am here to marry my son to a young English lady—her father at least was an Englishman—of the name of Wilson, of which young lady Madame de Bonneville is guardian conjointly with myself, and she will effectually interfere to prevent the union of the attached young couple unless I first aid her to accomplish the marriage of Clémence with young Linwood. Fortunately, she does not yet know that I and my son have arrived here; for if she did, her jealous vigilance would be redoubled, and there would be no chance of a fortunate solution of our difficulties. Neither of us dare consequently shew out of this house; and what I require is an intelligent, trustworthy friend to be a medium of communication between us and Mademoiselle Wilson. If you will undertake the office, I pledge you my word of honour that an hour after my son's marriage, I will present myself with you before Madame de Bonneville, and defy her—you can easily understand under what menace—to withhold her consent to your union with so-called Clémence de Bonneville, and really Lucy Hamblin."

'There was an immense deal more to the same tune,' drowsily continued Sicard, 'which I am too sleepy to relate; but the end of it was, that I undertook the business—and a very awkward, delicate business it was —— I—I'll tell you why some day, and why Monsieur le Capitaine particularly chose—chose me to—to—— What was I saying? Oh, ah, yes! that after being crammed to the throat with instructions—cautions—promises—morbleu! wasn't he lavish of *them*—I carried notes and messages to and fro the Rue du Marché all the day long—— She was a charming jeune Anglaise—extremely charming, especially when dressed for the wedding, which—which was fixed to take place at seven in the evening—very charming, when she stood at the altar with le jeune Webbe—even Clémence—I thought—Clémence—Clém'——

'Wake up, and go on, will you?'

'Hein! what is it—what do you shake—shake'——

'Go on, I say, or I'll murder you!'

'To-morrow—to-morrow,' he murmured, as his heavy head dropped helplessly upon the pillow.

'Were they married?—answer that,' I shouted, 'or, by Heaven, I'll throttle you.'

'Married — married — parbleu — I understand! — charming! — even Clémence' ——

I might as well have shaken a log of wood; and I jumped back into my own bed in a state of indescribable agitation and dismay.

AN AMERICAN DIOGENES.

When Philip of Macedon announced his intention to invade Corinth, the inhabitants of that city, overlooking, or feigning not to perceive, their utter incapability of resistance, affected to make great preparations for defence; while Diogenes, who, like many of us, even at the present time, delighted to ridicule the follies he did not himself commit, rolled about his tub in an excited, bustling manner, by way of deriding the fussy, fruitless show of opposition made by the feeble Corinthians. The transatlantic Diogenes, however, when he observed the foolish, aimless bustle made by the modern Corinthians of the world, in pursuit of the sacred dollar and its glittering accessories, instead of rolling about his tub, quietly sat down in it, and wrote an interesting book, replete with pithy, original observations, but strongly tinctured with the inevitable dogmatism that ever attends the one *soi-disant* wise man who assumes to be the teacher of all the rest of his race. Henry D. Thoreau, the American Diogenes, if we may presume to term him so—assuredly we mean no offence—is a graduate of Harvard university, a ripe scholar, and a transcendentalist of the Emersonian school, though he goes much further than his master; his object, apparently, being the exaltation of mankind by the utter extinction of civilisation. When Nat Lee was confined in Bedlam, the unfortunate dramatist roundly asserted his perfect sanity, exclaiming: 'All the world say that I am mad, but I say that all the world are mad; so being in the minority, I am placed here.' Now, the truth, as it generally does, may have lain between the two extremes; and in like manner, Mr Thoreau, when he lazily lived in a hut, in a lonely wood, subsisting on beans, was not half so mad as his neighbours, the 'cute New Englanders, supposed him to be; nor, on the other hand, were they so mad as he considered them, though they lived in comfortable houses, in towns, and ate beef and mutton, which they consequently worked hard to pay for.

Mr Thoreau had 'tried school-keeping,' but without success, because he 'did not teach for the good of his fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood.' He had tried commerce, but found 'that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.' He had tried 'doing good,' but felt satisfied that it did not agree with his constitution. Indeed he says: 'The greater part of what my neighbours call good, I believe in my soul to be bad; and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good-behaviour.' At last, as he could fare hard, and did not wish to spend his time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or a house in the Grecian or Gothic style, he concluded that 'the occupation of a day-labourer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days' work to support a man for the whole year. Besides, the labourer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.' So, borrowing an axe, he boldly marched into the woods of Concord, where, on the pleasant bank of Walden Pond, he built himself a hut, in which he lived alone for more than two years, subsisting chiefly on beans planted and gathered by his own hands. In the book,* already adverted to, his thoughts and actions during this period are pleasantly and interestingly related; though, like all solitary men, the author exaggerates the importance of his own thoughts, his *I* standing up like an obelisk in the midst of a level, though by no means barren expanse.

The building of his hut gave rise to many reflections. He wondered that in all his walks he never came across a man engaged in so simple and natural an occupation as building his own house. 'There is,' he says, 'some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house, as there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families, simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are thus engaged.' So, as he hewed his studs and rafters, he sang—if not as musically, at least quite as unintelligibly as any bird—

> 'Men say they know many things;
> But lo! they have taken wings—
> The arts and sciences,
> And a thousand appliances;
> The wind that blows
> Is all that anybody knows.'

As Mr Thoreau squatted, he paid no rent; but the glass, ironwork, and other materials of his hut, which he could not make himself, cost twenty-eight dollars. The first year he lived in the woods, he earned, by day-labour, thirteen dollars, and the surplus produce of his beans he sold for twenty-three dollars; and as his food and clothing during that period cost him thirteen dollars only, he thus secured leisure, health, and independence, besides a comfortable house, as long as he chose to occupy it. Rice, Indian meal, beans, and molasses, were his principal articles of food. He sometimes caught a mess of fish; and the wood gratuitously supplied him with fuel for warmth and cooking. Work agreed with his constitution as little as 'doing good.' He tells us: 'I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie, amidst the pines, and hickories, and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not times subtracted from my life; but so much over and above my usual allowance. This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting.'

As he walked in the woods to see the birds and squirrels, so he sometimes walked in the village to see the men and boys. The village appeared to him as a great newsroom: its vitals were the grocery, the bar-room, the post-office, and the bank; and as a necessary part of the machinery, it had a bell, a big gun, and a fire-engine. The houses were arranged to make the most of mankind, in lanes and fronting one another, so that every traveller had to run the gantlet, and every man, woman, and child might get a lick at him. But to one of his village visits there hangs a tale, which he shall tell himself: 'One afternoon, when I went to the village to get a shoe from the cobbler's, I was seized and put into jail, because I did not pay a tax to, or recognise the authority of, the state, which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle, at the door of its senate-house. I had gone down to the woods for other purposes. But wherever a man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to

**Walden, or Life in the Woods.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

belong to their desperate odd-fellow society. It is true, I might have resisted forcibly, with more or less effect, might have run a *muck* against society; but I preferred that society should run a *muck* against me, it being the desperate party. However, I was released the next day, obtained my mended shoe, and returned to the woods in season to get my dinner of huckleberries on Fair Haven Hill.'

Mr Thoreau failed in making any converts to his system; one person only, an idiotic pauper, from the village poor-house, expressed a wish to live as he did. An honest, hard-working, shiftless Irishman, however, seemed a more promising subject for conversion. This man worked for a farmer, turning up meadow, with a spade, for ten dollars an acre, with the use of the land and manure for one year, while a little broad-faced son worked cheerfully at his side. So as Mr Thoreau relates: 'I tried to help him with my experience, telling him that he was one of my nearest neighbours, and that I, who looked like a loafer, was getting my living like himself; that I lived in a tight, light, and clean house, which hardly cost more than the annual rent of such a ruin as his commonly amounts to; and how, if he chose, he might in a month or two build himself a palace of his own; that I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard, and it cost me but a trifle for my food; but as he began with tea, and coffee, and butter, and milk, and beef, he had to work hard to pay for them, and when he had worked hard, he had to eat hard again to repair the waste of his system. And so it was as broad as it was long—indeed, it was broader than it was long, for he was discontented, and wasted his life into the bargain. I told him that as he worked so hard, he required thick boots and stout clothing, which yet were soon soiled and worn out; but I wore light shoes and thin clothing, which cost not half so much; and in an hour or two, without labour, but as a recreation, I could catch as many fish as I should want for two days, or earn enough money to support me a week. If he and his family would live simply, they might all go a huckleberrying in the summer for their amusement.'

Puzzled, but not convinced, the Irishman and his 'greasy-faced wife' stared and scratched their heads. Such teaching must have sounded strangely to them, who had crossed the Atlantic to do their share of work in the world, and enjoy its reward in the form of tea, coffee, butter, and beef. Patrick, however, was silly enough to leave his work for that afternoon, and go a-fishing with the philosopher; but his 'derivative old-country mode of fishing disturbed only two fins.' So he wisely went back to his work the next morning, probably studying the proverb of his country which teaches, that 'hunger and ease is a dog's life;' and our author thus rather uncourteously dismisses him: 'With his horizon all his own, yet he a poor man, born to be poor, with his inherited Irish poverty, or poor life, his Adam's grandmother and boggy ways, not to rise in this world, he nor his posterity, till their wading, webbed, bog-trotting feet get *talaria* to their heels.'

Another Irishman, of a very different stamp, a squatter in the woods of Walden, might have proved a more facile subject for conversion; but he died just after making Mr Thoreau's acquaintance. This man's name was Quoil; and when he did work, which was very seldom—for he liked work as little as Mr Thoreau himself did—followed the occupation of a ditcher. Having, however, been a soldier in the British army, his American neighbours gave him the brevet rank of colonel. Colonel Quoil, Mr Thoreau tells us, 'was a man of manners, like one who had seen the world, and capable of more civil speech than one could well attend to. He wore a greatcoat in midsummer, being affected with the trembling delirium, and his face was the colour of carmine. He died in the high-road. Before his house was pulled down, when his comrades avoided it as "an unlucky castle," I visited it. There lay his old clothes curled up by use, as if they were himself, on his raised plank-bed. His pipe lay broken on the hearth, instead of a bowl broken at the fountain. The last could never have been the symbol of his death, for he confessed that though he had heard of Brister's spring, he had never seen it; and soiled cards—diamonds, spades, and hearts—were scattered over the floor. One black chicken—black as night, and as silent—still went to roost in the apartment. In the rear, there was the dim outline of a garden, which had been planted, but had never received its first hoeing, though it was now harvest-time.'

The natural sights and sounds of the woods, as described by Mr Thoreau, form much pleasanter reading than his vague and scarcely comprehensible social theories. He says: 'I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement to society and the theatre, that my life itself was become my amusement, and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes, and without an end. As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish-hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond, and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door, and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half-hour I have heard the rattle of railroad-cars—now dying away, and then reviving like the beat of a partridge—conveying travellers from Boston to the country. At night,' he continues, 'when other birds are still, the screech-owl takes up the strain, like mourning women in their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. "Wise midnight hags!" It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn grave-yard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side; reminding me sometimes of music and singing-birds, as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-o-o-o-o that I never had been bor-r-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then *—that I never had been bor-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the further side with tremulous sincerity; and *bor-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods. In the meanwhile, all the shore rang with the trump of bull-frogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth; and the wine has lost its flavour, and become only water to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation, and water-loggedness, and distension. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passing round the cup with

the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk*, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water, from some distant cove, the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in its turn repeats the same, down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.'

Those were the summer sounds; in winter nights he heard the forlorn but melodious note of the hooting-owl, such a tone as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable plectrum. 'I seldom,' he writes, 'opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it: *hoo hoo hoo*, *hoorer hoo*, sounded sonorously, and the first three syllables accented something like *how der do*, or sometimes *hoo hoo hoo* only. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud *honking* of a goose, and stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings, like a tempest in the woods, as a flock flew low over my house. They passed over the pond, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore *honking* all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl, from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *boo hoo* him out of Concord horizon! What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and larynx as well as yourself? *Boo-hoo*, *boo-hoo*, *boo-hoo*. It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, to a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.'

'Sometimes,' Mr Thoreau continues, 'I heard the foxes, as they ranged over the snow-crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest-dogs, as if labouring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light, and to be dogs outright, and run freely in the streets; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilisation going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation. Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked a vulpine curse at me, and then retreated.'

Mr Thoreau went to the woods, because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see whether he could learn what it had to teach; so that when he came to die, he might not discover that he had not lived. After supporting animal and intellectual life for two years, at the cost of thirteen dollars per annum, he 'left the woods for as good a reason as he went there.' It seemed to him that he had several more lives to live, so he could not spare any more time for that particular one. He learned, however, by his experiment, 'that it is not necessary a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely. Moreover, if a man advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.'

Who is it, we have more than once mentally inquired, when penning the preceding sketch, that Mr Thoreau reminds us of? Surely it cannot be—yes, it is—no other than his renowned compatriot Barnum. As homespun, beans, and water differ from fine linen, turtle, and champagne, so do the two men differ in tastes, habits, disposition, and culture; yet we cannot think of the one without an ideal association of the other. In one respect only do they seem to agree—both have an antipathy to hard work; but while one prefers diminishing his wants, the other, increasing them, invents extraordinary schemes for their gratification. If Barnum's autobiography be a bane, Thoreau's woodland experiences may be received as its antidote; but, unfortunately, the former musters its readers by tens of thousands, the latter probably in hundreds only. It is to be hoped, however—though all of us have a reasonable predilection for beef, pudding, and the society of our fellow-creatures—that there are few readers of this Journal who would not prefer eating beans in the woods with Thoreau to living on the fat of the earth, in the best show in all Vanity Fair, with Barnum.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

I GIVE fair warning that this is likely to be a 'sentimental' chapter. Those who object to the same, and complain that these papers are 'not practical,' had better pass it over at once; since it treats of things essentially unpractical, impossible to be weighed and measured, handled and analysed, yet as real in themselves as the air we breathe and the sunshine we delight in—things wholly intangible, yet the very essence and necessity of our lives.

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another? Various last-century poets have indulged in 'Odes' to it, and good Mrs Barbauld wrote a 'Search' after it—a most correct, elegantly phrased, and genteel little drama, which, the *dramatis personæ* being all females, and not a bit of love in the whole, is, I believe, still acted in old-fashioned boarding-schools, with great éclat. The plot, if I remember right, consists of an elderly lady's leading four or five younger ones on the immemorial search, through a good many very long speeches; but whether they ever found happiness, or what it was like when found, I really have not the least recollection.

Let us hope that excellent Mrs Barbauld is one of the very few who dare venture even the primary question—What is Happiness? Perhaps, honest woman! she is better able to answer it now.

I fear, the inevitable conclusion we must all come to is, that in this world, happiness is quite *indefinable*. We can no more grasp it than we can grasp the sun in the sky or the moon in the water. We can feel it interpenetrating our whole being with warmth and strength; we can see it in a pale reflection shining elsewhere; or in its total absence, we, walking in darkness, learn to appreciate what it is by what it is not. But I doubt whether any woman ever craved for it, philosophised over it, or—pardon, shade of Barbauld!—commenced the systematic search after it, and ever attained her end. For happiness is not an end—it is only a means, an adjunct, a consequence. The Omnipotent Himself could never be supposed by any, save those who out of their own human selfishness construct the attributes of Divinity, to be absorbed throughout eternity in the contemplation of His own ineffable bliss, were it not identical with His ineffable goodness and love.

Therefore, whosoever starts with 'to be happy' as

the *summum bonum* of existence, will assuredly find out she has made as great a mistake as when in her babyhood she cried, as most of us do, for the moon, which we cannot get for all our crying. And yet it is a very good moon notwithstanding: a real moon too, who will help us to many a poetical dream, light us in many a lover's walk, till she shine over the grass of our graves upon a new generation ready to follow upon the immemorial quest, which, like the quest of the Sangreal, is only possible to pure hearts, and which the very purest can never fully attain, except through the gates of the Holy City—the New Jerusalem.

Happy and unhappy women—the adjectives being applied less with reference to position than to character, which is the only mode of judgment possible—to judge them and discourse of them is a very difficult matter at best. Yet I am afraid it cannot be doubted that there is a great average of unhappiness existent among women: not merely unhappiness of circumstances, but unhappiness of soul—a state of being often as unaccountable as it is irrational, finding vent in those innumerable faults of temper and of character which arise from no inherent vice, but merely because the individual is not happy.

Possibly, women more than men are liable to this dreary mental eclipse—neither daylight nor darkness. A man will go poetically wretched or morbidly misanthropic, or any great misfortune will overthrow him entirely, drive him to insanity, lure him to slip out of life through the terrible by-road of suicide; but he rarely drags on existence from year to year with 'nerves,' 'low spirits,' and the various maladies of mind and temper that make many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them.

Why is this? and is it inevitable? Any one who could in the smallest degree answer this question, would be doing something to the lessening of a great evil—greater than many other evils which, being social and practical, shew more largely on the aggregate census of female woe.

Most assuredly, however unpoetical may be such a view of the matter, the origin of a great deal of unhappiness is physical disease; or rather, the loss of that healthy condition of body, which in the present state of civilisation, so far removed from a state of nature, can only be kept up in any individual by the knowledge and practice of the ordinary laws of hygiene—generally the very last knowledge that women seem to have. The daily necessities of water, fresh air, proper clothing, food, and sleep, with the due regulation of each of these, without which no human being can expect to live healthily or happily, are matters in which the only excuse for lamentable neglect, is still more lamentable ignorance.

An ignorance the worse, because it is generally quite unacknowledged. If you tell a young girl that water, the colder the better, is essential to every pore of her delicate skin every morning; that daily outdoor exercise, short of extreme fatigue, regular meals, employment and amusement, are to her a vital necessity; that she should make it a part of her education to acquire a certain amount of current information on sanitary science, and especially on the laws of her own being, physical and mental: tell her this, and the chances are she will stare at you uncomprehendingly, or be shocked, as if you were saying to her something 'improper,' or answer flippantly: 'Oh, yes; I know all that.'

But what good does it do her?—when she lies in bed till ten o' the clock, and sits up till any hour the next morning; eats all manner of food at all manner of irregular intervals; is horrified at leaving her bedroom window two inches open, or at being caught in a slight shower; yet will cower all day over the fire in a high woollen dress, and put on a low muslin one in the evening. When she wears all winter thin boots, gossamer stockings, a gown open at the chest and arms, and a loose mantle that every wind blows under, yet wonders that she always has a cold!—and weighs herself down in summer-time with four petticoats heaped one over the other, yet is quite astonished that she gets hot and tired so soon! Truly, any sensible, old-fashioned body, who knows how much the health, happiness, and general wellbeing of this generation—and, alas! not this generation alone—depend upon these charming, lovable, fascinating young fools, cannot fail to be 'aggravated' by them every day.

However humiliating the fact may be to those poetical theorists who, in spite of all the laws of nature, wish to make the soul entirely independent of the body—forgetting that if so, its temporary probation in the body at all would have been quite unnecessary—I repeat there can be no really sanitary state of mind without a sane condition of body; and that one of the first requisites of happiness is good health. But as this is not meant to be an essay on domestic hygiene, I had better here leave the subject.

Its corresponding phase opens a gate of misery so wide that one almost shrinks from entering it. Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon: of these, I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind—sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary—which is called 'an unhappy disposition.'

Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftenest traced to something connected with the affections: not merely the passion called *par excellence* love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise—if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have 'more head than heart,' she may be a very clever agreeable personage, but she is not properly *a woman*—not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular—she 'loves much.' And loving is so frequently identical with suffering, either with or for or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers, that we meet with among women.

Charity cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is unhappy. I do not think this fact is enough recognised by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun—except sunshine—and then they wonder that it does not flower!

One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, 'everything she can possibly want,' absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humours by which people mean no harm—only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself when she counts them up, they are so very small—yet they are there.

'I can bear anything,' said to me a woman, no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue

eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; 'I can bear anything, except unkindness.'

She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures, who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be 'a great offence;' where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralised by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them—Christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time—and they feel that you try—to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy, unless you are happy yourself.

Naming the affections as the chief source of unhappiness among our sex, it would be wrong to pass over one phase of them, which must nevertheless be touched tenderly and delicately, as one that women instinctively hide out of sight and comment—I mean what is usually termed 'a disappointment.' Alas—as if there were no disappointments but those of love! and yet, until men and women are made differently from what God made them, it must always be, from its very secretness and inwardness, the sharpest of all pangs, save that of conscience.

A lost love. Deny it who will, ridicule it, treat it as mere imagination and sentiment, the thing is and will be; and women do suffer therefrom, in all its infinite varieties: loss by death, by faithlessness or unworthiness, and by mistaken or unrequited affection. Of these, the second is beyond all question the worst: since there is in death a consecration which lulls the sharpest personal anguish into comparative calm; and an attachment which has always been on one side only, has a certain incompleteness which prevents its ever knowing the full agony of having and losing, while at the same time it preserves to the last a dreamy sanctity which sweetens half its pain. But to have loved and lost, either by that total disenchantment which leaves compassion as the sole substitute for love which can exist no more, or by that slow torment which is obliged to let go day by day all that constitutes the diviner part of love—namely, reverence, belief, and trust, yet clings desperately to the only thing left it, a long-suffering apologetic tenderness—this lot is the hardest for any woman to have to bear.

> What is good for a bootless bene?
> —And she made answer, Endless sorrow.

No. There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself: a life full of the calmest and truest happiness—because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the best of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognised clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

It is a hard thing to say—and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation—that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness—not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women, is, with very rare exceptions, at once the index and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character. Nor can it be too early impressed upon every girl that this condition of mental *malaise*, whatever be its origin, is neither a poetical nor beautiful thing, but a mere disease, and as such ought to be combated and medicined with all remedies in her power, practical, corporeal, and spiritual. For though it is folly to suppose that happiness is a matter of volition, and that we can make ourselves content and cheerful whenever we choose—a theory that many poor hypochondriacs are taunted with till they are nigh driven mad—yet, on the other hand, no sane mind is ever left without the power of self-discipline and self-control, in a measure, which measure increases in proportion as it is exercised.

Let any sufferer be once convinced that she has this power—that it is possible, by careful watch, or, better, by substitution of subjects and occupations, to abstract her mind from dwelling on some predominant idea, which otherwise runs in and out of the chambers of the brain like a haunting devil, at last growing into the monomania which, philosophy says, every human being is affected with, on some one particular point—only happily he does not know it; only let her try if she has not, with regard to her mental constitution, the same faculty which would prevent her from dancing with a sprained ankle, or imagining that there is an earthquake because her own head is spinning with fever, and she will have at least taken the first steps towards cure. As many a man sits wearying his soul out by trying to remedy some grand flaw in the plan of society, or the problem of the universe, when perhaps the chief thing wrong is his own liver, or overtasked brain; so many a woman will pine away to the brink of the grave with an imaginary broken heart, or sour to the very essence of vinegar, on acccunt of everybody's supposed ill-usage of her, when it is her own restless, dissatisfied, selfish heart which makes her at war with everybody.

Would that women—and men too, but that their busier and more active lives save most of them from it—could be taught from their childhood to recognise as an evil spirit this spirit of causeless unhappiness—this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet, which first shews itself in such a charming and picturesque form, that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually 'possessed:' cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic asylum than for the home-circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine rather than shadow, or permanent gloom.

Oh, if such women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! how the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and bear what He allows of evil—like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

And here, if the subject were not too solemn to be more than touched upon, yet no one dare avoid it who believes that there are no such distinctions as 'secular' and 'religious,' but that the whole earth, with all therein, is, not only on Sundays, but all days, continually 'the Lord's'—I will put it to most people's experience, which is better than a hundred homilies, whether, though they may have known sincere Christians who, from various causes, were not altogether happy, they ever knew one *happy* person, man or woman, who, whatever his or her form of creed might be, was not in heart, and speech, and daily life emphatically a follower of Christ—a Christian?

Among the many secondary influences which can be employed either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as one often referred to in the course of these pages, constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong tendency to nervous depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied. At what, matters little: even apparently useless work is far better for them than no work at all. To such I cannot too strongly recommend the case of

> Honest John Tomkins the hedger and ditcher,
> Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer,

but always managed to keep in a state of sublime content and superabundant gaiety; and how?

> He always had something or other to do,
> If not for himself—for his neighbour.

And that work for our neighbour is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory of the two, because it takes us out of ourselves; which, to a person who has not a happy self to rest in, is one good thing achieved; this, quite apart from the abstract question of benevolence, or the notion of keeping a balance-sheet with heaven for work done to our fellow-creatures—certainly a very fruitless recipe for happiness.

The sufferer, on waking in the morning—that cruel moment when any incurable pain wakes up too sharply, so sharply! and the burden of a monotonous life falls down upon us, or rises like a dead blank wall before us, making us turn round on the pillow longing for another night, instead of an insupportable day—should rouse herself with the thought: 'Now, what have I got to do to-day?' (Mark, not to enjoy or to suffer, only *to do*.) She should never lie down at night without counting up, with a resolute, uncompromising, unexcusing veracity, 'How much have I done to-day?' 'I can't be happy,' she may ponder wearily; ''tis useless trying—so we'll not think about it; but how much have I done—how much can I do to-morrow?' And if she has strength steadily to fulfil this manner of life, it will be strange if, some day, the faint, involuntary thrill that we call 'feeling happy'—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January—does not come and startle into hope the poor wondering heart.

Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organisation, is Order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy and 'littery,' where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion, and irregularity of doing things at all times and seasons, or not doing anything in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed work, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labour, leisure, food, and sleep—oh, what a Paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone, and calm, and strength.

> Order is Heaven's first law,

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice—to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untried none of these secondary means which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.

There is another maxim—easy to give, and hard to practise—Accustom yourself always to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over—lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best, instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and oh! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own, assured that if any one can help us, they can and will; while others we never think of burdening with our cares at all, any more than we would think of putting a butterfly in harness.

The disposition which can bear trouble; which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life, as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently, and let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up, and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long invisible to the pure of heart—this is the blessedest possession that any woman can have. Better than a house full of silver and gold, better than beauty, or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.

While, on the other hand, of all characters not radically bad, there is none more useless to herself and everybody else, who inflicts more pain, anxiety, and gloom on those around her, than the one who is deprecatingly described as being 'of an unhappy temperament.' You may know her at once by her dull or vinegar aspect, her fidgety ways, her proneness to take the hard or ill-natured view of things and people. Possibly she is unmarried, and her mocking acquaintance insult womanhood by setting down that as the cause of her disagreeableness. Most wicked libel! There never was an unhappy old maid yet who would not have been equally unhappy as a wife—and more guilty, for she would have made two people miserable instead of one. It needs only to count up all the unhappy women one knows—women whom one would not change lots with for the riches of the Queen of Sheba—to see that most of them are those whom fate has apparently loaded with benefits, love, home, ease, luxury, leisure, and denied only the vague fine something, as indescribable as it is unattainable, the capacity to enjoy them all.

Unfortunate ones! You see by their countenances that they never know what it is to enjoy. That thrill of thankful gladness, oftenest caused by little things—a lovely bit of nature, a holiday after long toil, a sudden piece of good news, an unexpected face, or a letter that warms one's inmost heart—to them is altogether incomprehensible. To hear one of them, in her rampant phase, you would suppose the whole machinery of the universe, down even to the weather, was in league against her small individuality; that everything everybody did, or said, or thought was with one sole purpose—her personal injury. And when she sinks to the melancholy mood, though your heart may bleed for her, aware how horribly real are her self-created sufferings, still your tenderness sits uneasily, more as a duty than a pleasure, and you often feel, and are shocked at feeling, that her presence acts upon you like the proverbial wet-blanket, and her absence gives you an involuntary sense of relief.

For, let us pity the unhappy ever so lovingly and

sincerely, and strive with all our power to lift them out of their grief, when they hug it, and refuse to be lifted out of it, patience sometimes fails. Human life is so full of pain, that once past the youthful delusion that a sad countenance is interesting, and an incurable woe the most delightful thing possible, the mind instinctively turns where it can get rest, and cheer, and sunshine. And the friend who can bring to it the largest portion of these, is, of a natural necessity, the most useful, the most welcome, and the most dear.

The 'happy woman'—in this our world, which is apparently meant to be the road to perfection, never its goal—you will find too few specimens to be ever likely to mistake her. But you will recognise her presence the moment she crosses your path. Not by her extreme liveliness—lively people are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her—as an evening sunbeam across your parlour wall. Like the fairy Order in the nursery-tale, she takes up the tangled threads of your mind, and reduces them to regularity, till you distinguish a clear pattern through the ugly maze. She may be neither handsome, nor clever, nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel 'comfortable,' because she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complainings, for she makes none. Yet mayhap, since it is the divine law that we should all, like our Master, be 'made perfect through suffering,' you are fully aware that she has had far more sorrow than ever you had; that her daily path, had you trodden it, would be to you as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to her it is safe and bright. She may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full, and it is so pleasant to see any one enjoy! Her sorrows she neither denies nor escapes; they come to her naturally and wholesomely, and passing over, leave her full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same.

Thus, whatever her fate may be—married or single, rich or poor, in health or sickness—though a cheerful spirit has twice as much chance of health as a melancholy one—she will be all her days a living justification of the ways of Providence, who makes the light as well as the darkness, nay, makes the light out of the darkness—a help and a peacemaker to her fellow-creatures, because she is at peace in herself; undoubtedly, as is plain to all, a Happy Woman.

ETYMOLOGY OF NAMES OF PLACES.

It might give us a more intelligent idea of many places in our native country, if we knew the meaning of certain syllables, mostly Celtic, which form part of their names. Thus, *Aber*, as in Aberconway, Aberdeen, means the mouth of a river. [Berwick and Perth are believed to be *Aberwick* and *Abertay*.] *Auch*, as in Auchinleck, is a field. *Ard*, as in Ardagh, is a height. *Bal*, as in Balgowan and Ballymena, is a village. *Ben* is a hill. *By* or *bye* (Danish), as in Tenby, Rugby, is a small town or settlement. *Car* and *Caer*, as in Carstairs, Caernarvon, mean a fort [connected with *cathedra*, a seat or chair]. *Combe*, as in Nettlecombe, Cwmneath, is a lengthy hollow. *Craig*, as in Craigphadrig and Carrickfergus, is a rock. *Drum*, as in Drumcondra, Drummore, is a ridge. *Dun*, a fortified hill. *Ey* (Danish), as in Anglesey, Chelsea, is an island. *Glass*, as in Glasgow, is green. *Ham*, a dwelling or small town. *Hurst*, a wood. *Hope*, as in Wallop [Wellhope]. Trollop [Troll-hope], is a hollow in the side of a hill. *Innis* and *Inch*, an island. *Inver*, the mouth of a small stream joining a larger. *Ken*, the head, usually applied to a place at the head of a lake, as in Kenmore, or the top of a height, as in Kinnaird. *Kil*, a cell or burial-place. Places bearing names with this syllable were mostly the hermitages of early Christian saints. *Knock* and *Law* both mean a hill. *Lin*, a pool [Roslin, the promontory at the pool]. *More*, great [Drummore, the great ridge]. *Ness*, a headland [same word as *nose*]. *Rath*, a fort [*Rath*-drum, Logie*rait*, Cape *Wrath*, are examples]. *Ross*, a promontory. *Stade* (Anglo-Saxon), a town or dwelling. *Stowe* and *Stock* (Danish), a dwelling-place. *Strat*, a street or road. *Thorpe* (Anglo-Saxon), a village. *Wick* (Danish), a bay or a bend in a river; secondarily, a harbour. *Worth* (Anglo-Saxon), a village.—*Chiefly from Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations, Dublin*, 1855—a remarkably accurate and intelligent little book.

LOST AND FOUND.

Solemnly, silently, sullenly slow—
It is the mourners—
See how they go
On through the rains, and the dabbled slush;
In the gray of the day, and the lonely hush
Of the wailing winds, weary with weeping.

Stretching above in the comfortless air,
For it is winter,
And they are bare,
Chestnut and sycamore, gaunt and gray,
Overhead, o'er the dead motionless clay
Bend down silently, thinking her sleeping.

Through the long avenue echoes the tread
Of the crowd, thronging
After the dead,
Living, they knew not as I did know,
Yet, alas! as they pass, I may not go
To mingle my woe with their sadness.

Loveliest, proudest, and gayest of all
Those haughty rich ones
That swarmed in the hall.
Yet for me, lowly, unheeded, unknown,
She, apart bent her heart down from its throne,
To fill me with joy—and with madness.

Like some grand meteor that startles the night
With its great glory
Transcendently bright,
So on my soul-night a moment she shone,
Sudden light, darker night for she was gone,
Gone! Be still, heart, and cease this wild beating.

Yet, I shall follow where *They* dare not go,
Ha! those same mourners
Solemn and slow.
For *it* is creeping up, up to my heart,
Rampant pain, through each vein leaps like a dart.
Ah! new pain adds new joy to our meeting.

Now is that wintry sky shut from my sight,
All, all is darkness
Deeper than night.
Here I no longer stay, mourning alone;
Earth, farewell. Hush that bell; make no sad moan:
Two souls are united in paradise.

J. H. B.

THE LAUGHING HYENA.

Mr Timbs, in *Popular Errors Explained*, supposes the name of this animal to have originated in the belief among the Greeks and Romans that the hyena could charm shepherds by imitating the human voice. Let him only visit the Zoological Gardens, and he will find from observation of the hyena there, that the name describes perfectly a peculiarity of the animal, whose broken roar bears a singular resemblance—not pleasant to nervous people—to an exaggerated human laugh.

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HAPPINESS AND HEALTH.

A HALE gentleman of ninety-four had one evening contributed largely to the entertainment of a social party by his performances on the violin. After his departure, the remainder of the company set themselves to speculating on the causes of the good health and soundness of condition which he continued to enjoy at so advanced an age. After many theories had been discussed, one gentleman, who happened to be a near relative of the venerable violinist, told his companions that 'he believed they were all wrong—upon good grounds of observation, it was his conviction that Mr —— owed his singular length of days and good health to nothing else than his playing on the violin! He had been a player on that instrument *for the last seventy-eight years*, had during that time played more or less every day, enjoyed it keenly, made others happy by his strains, and derived happiness from seeing them happy: lively music had been the very salt of life to him—he scarcely ever knew what it was to be dull or in low spirits. As there was no other special circumstance in his condition, it became apparent that Mr —— had reached an unusual age, in unbroken health and strength, solely by his playing on the fiddle!' The company was startled at first, but, after a little reflection, they fully admitted that, in all probability, the right explanation had been given.

And it undoubtedly was so. It is now quite settled amongst physiologists, that cheerfulness sustains, and care depresses health, and that a certain amount of happy sensations is necessary to the prolongation of life. The doctrine works out its verity in a striking manner wherever there are large bodies of men concerned, as in military or naval expeditions. That officer, it is acknowledged, is sure to have the healthiest regiment or ship's crew who best can sustain their cheerfulness or keep them in merriment; and for this reason it becomes a matter of *serious concern* to encourage the men in the getting up of plays and sports among themselves. This was done with the best effects by Captain Parry during his compulsory wintering in the Arctic regions. We will, on the same grounds, pledge any reputation we may have for wisdom to the conclusion that, in two families of young children, brought up in circumstances otherwise identical, and starting with equal advantages in point of constitution, that will be the healthiest, and come to be the most satisfactory set of men and women, which has been in the hands of parents of cheerful and kindly dispositions; which has been most encouraged under decent bounds, to laugh, to play, to dance, to sing; has been least frowned at, awed down, and frightened; which, in short, has been made the *happiest*.

Health all admit to be necessary to happiness. It is a commonplace of little direct value to mankind. Happiness is one of the pre-requisites of health—*there* is an apothegm comparatively new, and of great value. Yes, it is so in this world, that without a fair measure of happiness—that is, a tolerably continuous flow of easy, cheerful, and agreeable sensations—there can be no consistent good health, and, consequently, no such thing as long life. When a friend, therefore, wishes one 'long life, health, and happiness,' he uses a needlessly long formula. If he were to wish us happiness only, he would be doing all that could be desired in the case.

As the world now is, we certainly see in it a vast amount of unhappiness—the unhappiness which arises from want of physical necessaries—the unhappiness arising from the cares connected with social responsibilities—the unhappiness arising from moral aberrations, from misapplied and mistreated affections, from the infinite variety of tyrannies and cruelties we exercise towards each other. Most sad is the scene consequently presented even in the most advanced communities. Yet this comfort is seen through all—knowledge has a manifest control over the matter, by the improved conditions, the better regulations, the more equable distribution of means, which it introduces, as well as by the control which it gives us severally over our various emotions; and knowledge we know to be a power altogether unlimited. We may therefore fairly expect that happiness will be extended even till it overspreads all. Such appears to have been the constitution of humanity. While the humbler animals were as well at the beginning as they could be, man was made to start with only great potentialities; the perfection of his state in the world was only to be reached through the use of his reasonable mind working out the best conditions for itself.

There is little immediate good in contemplating the matter in this general point of view. Enough for practical purposes that we see the direct bearing of happiness upon health, and consequently, it may be said, on the highest secular interests of society. This brings us at once to the duty we are under towards our fellow-creatures with regard to what we can do for their happiness.

If it be true—and there seems no reason to doubt it—that every one of us, however humble or insignificant, has some influence over the sensations and experiences of some one else—it may be as a member of a household, or as one of many in a workshop, or

as a householder in a 'neighbourhood'—the duty of trying to diffuse a happy state of feeling instead of the opposite, may well come upon us with a deeper sense, if we remember what are the ultimate effects of our conduct—that these are really a *life and death matter* to our neighbours. None of us, it is to be presumed, wish to murder our neighbours. Well, but consider that to take from their happiness in any sensible degree is to shorten their expectation or chance of life. Is it not, then, a partial murder to make them unhappy? Make them, on the contrary, happy even in the smallest degree, cheer them with but a kind word, lessen by the simplest act of friendly help the load of their cares, and you positively add to their days upon the face of the earth. Can you in any way come nearer to the power of divinity itself, than in thus doing what in you lies to foster and prolong what divinity alone can give?

The humblest person may also exercise an influence in this matter by the opinions regarding it which he forms, avows, and acts upon. It is to be feared that with many, happiness is not a thing quite respected as it ought to be. They confound it with pleasure, or they are more disposed to think of the serious than of the cheerful parts of life. The puritan view actuates some: there is even such a thing as a puritan severity without any visible connection with religion—solely from natural austerity, or from twisted and perverse sentiments. Thus in many ways, even to the enactment of laws, a check is imposed on the happiness of society. We would most respectfully appeal to all the well-meaning, but erring mortals here concerned, to reflect on what it is to deliberately will that such and such people shall be less happy than they seem inclined to be, or, what comes to the same thing, that they shall only be happy in a certain prescribed way. There may be some unpleasant-looking adjuncts in the case. A thousand people cannot meet in one place for any kind of pastime, but there will be some rude and reckless emotions amongst them. They may not always eat and drink what is sure to do them good. Still the great question remains, is there not more benefit from the happiness they have had together, than harm from these little drawbacks? And it may also be asked, can we safely dispense with the happiness, even were it only to be purchased at a greater cost? Can human beings be moral, without being allowed a certain daily pabulum of happiness, as well as other necessaries? It is much to be feared not: at least, we have always found that a too austere frame of life, imposed upon them by whatever force, and for howsoever good purposes, only led to a reaction in which all decent restraints were swept away. There is one thing, too, which very good people never think of, but which they ought seriously to lay to heart—namely, the effects of high-strung virtue, its tastes, habits, and opinions, in creating or promoting the growth of its opposite—as, for example, through the privilege it assumes of avoiding all contact of the erring, or through the discouraging effect of a condemnation which they mean to be wholesome, and therefore make more severe than the delinquent can own to be just. It is doubtless in great part owing to this very cause, that there is never so large and wretched a class of abandoned or refuse people in rude as in civilised communities. We would have the good, then, to try to work out their good designs and wishes less in the condemnation of errors than in measures for their prevention, among which, they may be assured, none can be more effectual than the promotion of a reasonable and innocent happiness. By this the lives of men are made more healthy; their dependence on hurtful stimulants is lessened; they become altogether a more satisfactory spectacle to both God and man.

FRENCH JUSTICE IN ALGERIA.

THE FELON BUSH.

Scene I.—The interior audience-chamber, presided over by the French Resident, who is surrounded by his suite. Inside—the kaïds and other native official personages; outside—complainants, witnesses, messengers, and the whole medley of the Arab population.

French Resident. (To his chaouch—a sort of beadle, constable, and crier united.) Admit a complainant.

The Chaouch. Instantly. (He opens the door, and leads in by the arm a young man tolerably well dressed, with a pale face, a sprouting beard, very restless eyes, and in general aspect timid and embarrassed. The youth casts an uncertain glance over the assembly, and begins shouting, without knowing where to address himself.)

Plaintiff. I have been robbed! I have been robbed!

F. R. Of what have you been robbed? And where did the robbery take place?

P. (Without attending to the question.) I come to make a complaint. I have been robbed. (He turns his head in every direction, not knowing to whom he has replied, and seems completely in a maze.)

Chaouch. But don't you see? Look towards the Agha (the title the Arabs generally give to the chief officer of the bureau), since he is the person you have to address. There; see where he is! Turn yourself in that direction.

P. I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I have been robbed!

F. R. You have already said so. But answer me. Of what have you been robbed? and in what tribe did the robbery take place?

P. I beg your pardon. I do not understand you. (Shouting)—I do not understand French.

F. R. But I fancied I spoke to you in the purest possible Arabic. You cannot have listened attentively. (Raising his voice)—Open your ears; I am speaking to you in Arabic, and not in French.

C. (To the plaintiff.) How's this! Don't you know he is speaking Arabic?—he speaks it better than you or I. By the head of the prophet, your senses must be turned topsy-turvy.

P. (To the chaouch.) I thought that as he was dressed French fashion, he talked in the same way. But I did understand the last words he said. True; he speaks Arabic. That will be convenient for the settlement of my business.

F. R. Well, then, since you understand me now, just answer my first questions. Of what have you been robbed? and where did the robbery take place?

P. Bou Tekrouide has stolen my mule.

F. R. What! Bou Tekrouide, the kaïd of the Ouled Medaguin? You doubtless mean to say, some of his people; for he himself has mules enough without stealing them on the highway.

Bou Tekrouide. (To the plaintiff.) Ah! Si Hhamed, you are a mylord (a title ordinarily given by the Arabs to their *marabouts*, priests, or saints); can you really assert that I have ever stolen anything from any one?

P. It was not you; but it was your people.

F. R. Tell me how the affair happened, that I may be a little enlightened upon the subject.

P. (Somewhat more at ease.) I went to borrow a

sidi krelil (a law-book) from the Ouled Sidi Calhha, marabouts of the Ouled Medaguin. I arrived there in the evening at nightfall, and I tied up my mule, without suspicion, at the door of my host's tent. The ground was perfectly naked; there was not a single hiding-place for thieves. And, besides, I thought that the Ouled Medaguin, like other people, would respect the property of their marabouts, for fear of drawing down the vengeance of Heaven. I went to rest, then, in perfect tranquillity. During the night, I arose to go and breathe the air, and went up to a bush which I met with, at twenty paces' distance from the tent. When I lay down again, the idea of this bush continued to haunt me. It appeared to me that I had not seen it on arriving the previous evening. Nevertheless, I went to sleep again. A few instants afterwards, I was once more awake; and, casting a glance upon my mule, I perceived in front of her a bush, on which she seemed to be browsing. I looked towards the position of the other, and could see nothing of it. The two bushes were so exactly alike, that the thought struck me that perhaps the ancestor of the Ouled Sidi Calhha—Allah have mercy upon him!—had done me the favour to transport the former to my mule, to replace her straw, which was running short. I could not, in fact, admit the possibility of the bush's having travelled alone, without the aid of some supernatural power. I was puzzled and absorbed in my reflections, still gazing at my animal. All on a sudden, I observed my bush to shake and tremble; and then a man got out of it, jumped upon the back of my mule, and started off at full gallop. I was robbed. The bush was a man. It was an Ouled Medaguin—may Allah curse them! I comprehended then, to my sorrow, the marvellous travels of that diabolical bush; and that I should take the air close by it, and see nothing all the while! By the benediction of my grandfather, Si Hhamed—Allah have mercy upon him!—it is too bad.

F. R. It is certainly a singular mode of stealing.

Bou Tekrouide. Gracious Allah! there is nothing at all surprising in it. The Ouled Medaguin are always in that way. I am their kaïd, but I do not attempt to conceal their little failings. They are thieves, 'tis true; but that is the very reason why people should be cautious when they pass the night in their company.

F. R. A pleasant answer! Are you not aware that it is your duty to protect strangers, and that the orders on this subject are precise? And, then, who would mistrust a bush, and suppose it to be the means of such diabolical tricks?

B. T. But bush-thieving is well known throughout the whole country. (With some pride)—The Ouled Medaguin are the inventors of it. Under the Turks, when the police was inefficient, they practised it on a grand scale. I shall never forget the thirty camels and seventeen mares that were carried off in this way in one single night, from a caravan which came from the south to purchase grain. Forty-seven Medaguins, exactly the number of the stolen animals, transformed themselves into bushes, and insensibly approached, to be eaten by their future prey, under the very noses of the masters and the watchmen whom they had appointed. Then, at a given signal, every bush sent forth its man, and every man took possession of his beast, to the great astonishment of the people, who believed the whole thing the work of the devil, and took the Ouled Medaguins to be his ministering demons.

F. R. Faith! they were not far from the truth. The devil alone can have sent into the world such people as the Ouled Medaguin. Is there no possibility of improving them, except by utter extermination?

B. T. Oh, but they are greatly changed, ever since you have governed the country. Certainly, they would take good care now how they played such a trick. Some time ago they decided, in their council of notables, to give up bush-thieving, as carrying things a little too far; and therefore I am greatly surprised to hear what has happened to Si Hhamed. It is really incredible.

F. R. It is perfectly credible, according to my ideas. It is, moreover, a very easy matter to set right; you will tell your people that I allow them a fortnight to restore the mule, and to catch the thief. If, at the end of that time, they have not done so, they shall reimburse its value to the owner, and pay into the treasury a fine of ten times that amount. (To Si Hhamed)—How much was your mule worth?

P. My mule! She was the handsomest mule in the place. Every one will testify that such a mule was never seen for perfection of form and swiftness of pace. She was worth at least two hundred *douros*. I refused a hundred and eighty at the last market.

B. T. Two hundred douros for your mule! May Sidi-Ben-Abd-Alla blind my eyes and cripple my limbs, if she was worth so much as thirty!

P. By the justice of the Master of Worlds!—by the benediction of the Holy Chamber, I have only spoken the truth! May Sidi-Bou-Krari wither my tongue, and punish me to the twentieth generation, if I have lied!

F. R. In this fashion, I see it is impossible to arrive at the truth by means of either testimony. You both of you swear with equal facility; and the assertion of the one is as good as that of the other. I shall elsewhere obtain information as to the value of the mule; and as that is not required till the interval allowed the Ouled Medaguin has elapsed, I shall have plenty of time for it. (To Si Hhamed)—You may now retire; you will return in a fortnight. (To Bou Tekrouide)—And you, remember my conditions.

B. T. I will do what Allah has written. Do not require impossibilities.

F. R. I shall know how to appreciate your efforts.

ARAB LOVE.

SCENE II.—A female plaintiff is introduced, a girl of eighteen, beautiful both in face and figure, of the Arab type in its purest form, and as simply and neatly dressed as a woman of the middle rank can be. Unlike the plaintiffs of the other sex, she seems perfectly competent to state her case, and expresses herself with a clearness and decision that are rarely met with in Arab women. It is evident that she is under the influence of some genuine and powerful sentiment; in other words, that her soul is illumined by a ray of faith. She commences speaking, without requiring to be interrogated.

Plaintiff. I am come to you, because here neither justice nor truth is to be found, except amongst the French. It is useless for them to deceive us, and shut us up in our tents; we see your works, and we know you well.

French Resident. My daughter, your words impress me with a favourable opinion of you. Speak without fear; and be assured that everything possible shall be done to aid you.

P. Oh! I do speak without alarm. It is not here that a woman need be afraid—I have never felt more at ease.

F. R. Quite right, my child. What complaint have you to make? Has any injustice been done to you?

P. I will tell you all, and that truly; for you are the only one who can understand me, and support my rights. My name is Ourida Bent Douni; I am the daughter of Douni Ben, the *khhab* of the tribe of the Beni Todjar, and I have to complain of my own father, who wants to force me to marry his neighbour, Mammar Belasenan, an ugly and infirm old man.

F. R. How came your father to entertain so unfortunate an idea? Could he be seduced by the dowry offered by Belasenan? Does he wish, like so many others, to sacrifice his child for a few crowns?

P. No; the dowry has nothing to do with this affair. My father wishes to marry Belasenan's daughter; and Belasenan refuses to yield her, except on condition that I am given in exchange. I have resisted this with all my strength; because the man to whom I am to be transferred fills me with aversion. My refusal has brought upon me my father's anger, with blows and bad treatment of every description. They bound me fast. Here; look at my arms still bruised by the rope, which I broke—or rather which (the plaintiff here falls into a most becoming state of embarrassment)—which was broken for me. For, without that aid, I know not what would have become of me.

F. R. Let us see, my child; lay aside all bashfulness. It is desirable you should tell me what that aid was, although I fancy I can guess it. Since you seem to understand our nation so well, you ought to know that a sincere attachment is always respected and honoured amongst us, and that we despise only hypocrisy and falsehood. Speak without hesitation. Tell me all you have on your mind.

P. (With a burst of natural feeling.) Yes; I will tell him. And why not? Ought I to conceal anything from you? It was not I myself who broke my bonds; I had not sufficient strength for that. It was Hhabib Oulid Galb, a brave horseman, and one of your Makrezen.

F. R. Whom you prefer to Belasenan, do you not?

P. Yes; I love him. Why not avow it? What harm is there in that? I had much rather die at once, than belong to any other man than him!

F. R. Good, very good, my child; your sincerity and openness of heart do you the greatest possible honour. I give you my word, you shall have satisfaction. But let me have a full and clear explanation: did Oulid Galb carry you off?

P. Oh, I am not ashamed to tell you all. We have loved each other for more than a year, ever since Ben Tâm's wedding, where he saw me dance with the women of the tribe, and where I witnessed his performance of the exercises better than any other rider of all the assembled *goums*. Afterwards, being aware of my father's violent temper, he often tried to persuade me to elope with him. I always refused: but my patience was at last exhausted. On finding myself bound fast and beaten, I sent Bent Soudan, our negress, to inform him; but I swear, by the head of the prophet, that we came at once straight to you.

F. R. I believe you. He accompanied you hither. He is here, then?

P. Yes, certainly, he is here; but of course he did not dare to present himself with me.

Orders are immediately given for the introduction of Oulid Galb, who does not keep the court waiting long. He is a handsome young man, with a countenance at once mild and energetic, and in complete and orderly horseman's costume. A glance is sufficient to justify the plaintiff in preferring him to the decrepit Belasenan. His attitude betrays a certain degree of uneasiness, but only from the fear lest his wishes should be disappointed.

P. (To the cavalier.) Fear nothing. I have told the Agha all: he knows everything.

Oulid Galb. (Evidently more at his ease.) Glory to Allah! You were right to tell him; for, as for me, I should have found some difficulty in doing so.

F. R. Very well. I see I shall be able to make short work of it. (To Oulid)—Will you marry this woman? (The young man shouts the most decided 'Yes!' that ever was heard under like circumstances.) And you: will you take this man for your husband? (Ourida emits another 'Yes!' not more pointedly affirmative, but certainly shriller, than the former one.) After your mutual consent, in the name of Allah, who has inspired your love, I declare you man and wife. (To the kadi)—Draw up the act of marriage immediately.

The Kadi. (A little out of countenance.) But, Sidi, Sidi Krelil, in the chapter on the union of the sexes——

F. R. My friend, I know very well what Sidi Krelil says. He would direct me to restore the daughter to her father, and, in spite of her repugnance and her protestations, would make her marry a man whom she detests, and who is old enough to be her grandfather. But, then, you easily foresee what would happen if I were mad enough to follow his rules. Either Belasenan would murder this poor girl, or else she would elope with the man whom she loves, thereby causing a great public scandal. Is not the dilemma plain to you all? (Here a slight murmur of assent arises in the assembly, piercing the thick strata of prejudice which envelop it.) Now, since by obeying the law you want to revive, I cause an evil or a crime; and since by violating its directions, I produce nothing but good, is it not better to take the latter alternative?

The Kadi. But it is nevertheless written in the commentaries of Sidi El Khhal, that——

F. R. Your Sidi El Khhal tells us no more about the matter than Sidi Krelil. Those who make laws, and those who write commentaries upon them, can say but one and the same thing; namely, that they must be obeyed. But when a law is not in harmony with the human heart, it is constantly violated, however cruel may be the penalties which enforce it. The law in question has been absurdly enacted in flagrant opposition to the human heart; and one of the two, either the law or the human heart, must necessarily sometimes give way. The law has yielded in the present instance, and why? Because the law is the work of man, while the human heart is the work of Allah. But I fear you do not comprehend this logic.

The Chiefs (in chorus, nine-tenths of whom fancy they are listening to a Chinese oration). What admirable words! It is the spirit of Allah speaking by your mouth!

F. R. (To the kadi.) Well! Does your conscience now permit you to draw up the act in question?

The Kadi (in a fit of common sense, which now and then seizes him). By the justice of Allah! With all my heart. It can do nothing but good.

F. R. Note well, all you who hear me. I wish the Arabs practised less the crimes of falsehood, theft, and murder, and more frequently married the women they love.

The Chiefs (in chorus, with a charming smile, before which the last layer of prejudice promises to vanish). Sidi Boukrari! I call that speaking!

Ben Safi. Oh, certainly. You do quite right in marrying this poor girl. I know her father, who is an old curmudgeon that would skin his own child alive for a douro.

F. R. I never had any doubts on that subject. (To the kadi)—Where is the act? There is no need to mention any dowry for the father; for if he should come to claim it, you will tell him that the blows he gave his daughter will be reckoned as a set-off against it.

The kadi draws up the act, with the usual forms, gravity, and spectacles. The precious paper is then presented, by the French resident himself, to the newmarried couple, who, in their eagerness to seize it, run a risk of tearing it in pieces. Glories to Allah, cries of joy, and innumerable benedictions, flow from their mouths. They depart at last, after two or three times mistaking their way out, in their delirium of happiness. The assembly, involuntarily affected by

the scene, and unused to a sincere display of warm and natural sentiment, are decidedly satisfied with this daring violation of the law.

THE NUN OF KENT.

In the year 1525, Henry VIII. being king, there lived in the parish of Aldington, in Kent, a certain Thomas Cobb, bailiff or steward of the archbishop of Canterbury, who possessed an estate there. Among the servants of this Thomas Cobb was a country girl called Elizabeth Barton—a decent person, so far as one can learn, but of mere ordinary character, and until that year having shewn nothing unusual in her temperament. She was then, however, attacked by some disease, which reduced her, after many months of suffering, to that abnormal and singular condition in which she exhibited the phenomena known to modern wonder-seekers under the name of somnambulism or clairvoyance. The scientific value of such phenomena is still undetermined; but that they are not purely imaginary, is generally agreed. In the histories of all countries and of all times, we are familiar with accounts of young women of bad health and irritable nerves, who have manifested at recurring periods certain unusual powers; and these exhibitions have had especial attraction for superstitious persons. In the sixteenth century, when demoniacal possession was the explanation received of ordinary insanity, it would not seem illogical to recognise in a manifestation still more uncommon, the presence of a supernatural agency; and we cannot easily make too great allowance for the moral derangement likely to follow, when a weak girl found herself suddenly possessed of powers which she was unable to comprehend. Bearing this in mind, the story we are proceeding to relate will not be altogether unintelligible.

This Elizabeth Barton, it seems, 'in the trances, of which she had divers and many, consequent upon her illness, told wondrously things done and said in other places whereat she was neither herself present, nor yet had heard report thereof.' To simple-minded people, under the beliefs then impressed by the church, the natural explanation of such a marvel was, that she must be possessed either by the Holy Ghost or by the devil. The archbishop's bailiff, not feeling himself able to decide in a case of so much gravity, called in the advice of the parish priest, one Richard Masters; and together they observed carefully all that fell from her. The girl had been hitherto well disposed, as the priest probably knew; she had been brought up religiously; and her mind running upon what was most familiar to it, 'she spake words of marvellous holyness in rebuke of sin and vice;' or, as another account says, 'she spake very godly certain things concerning the seven deadly sins and the ten commandments.' This seemed satisfactory as to the source of inspiration. It was clearly not a devil that spoke words against sin, and therefore, as there was no other alternative, it was plain that God had visited her. Her powers being thus assuredly from Heaven, it was plain also, by a natural sequence of reasoning, that she held some divine commission, of which her clairvoyance, or whatever it was, was the miracle in attestation.

What the commission might be, was not immediately conjectured; but it was obvious that an occurrence of such moment was not to be kept concealed in the parish of Aldington; the priest mounted his horse, and rode post-haste to Lambeth with the news to the archbishop of Canterbury; and the story having lost nothing of its marvel by the way, the archbishop—poor old Warham—who was fast sinking into dotage, instead of ordering a careful inquiry, and appointing some competent person to conduct it, listened with greedy interest; assuring Father Richard that beyond doubt 'the speeches which she had spoken came of God; and bidding him keep him diligent account of all her utterances.' Cobb, the bailiff, being encouraged by such high authority, would not keep any longer in his kitchen a propheteess with the archbishop's imprimatur upon her; and so, on returning, as soon as the girl was sufficiently recovered from her illness to leave her bed, he caused her to sit at his own table with his mistress and the parson. The story spread rapidly through the country; inquisitive foolish people came about her to try her skill with questions; and her illness, as she subsequently confessed, having then left her, and only her reputation remaining, she bethought herself whether it might not be possible to preserve it a little longer. 'Perceiving herself to be much made of, to be magnified and much set by, by reason of trifling words spoken unadvisedly by idleness of her brain, she conceived in her mind that having so good success, and furthermore from so small an occasion, and nothing to be esteemed, she might adventure further to enterprise, and essay what she could do, being in good advisement and remembrance.' So it is written of her in a Rolls House manuscript. Her fits no longer recurred naturally, but she was able to reproduce either the reality or the appearance of them; and she continued to improvise her oracles with such ability as she could command, and with tolerable success.

In this undertaking she was speedily provided with an efficient coadjutor. The Catholic Church had for some time been rather unproductive of miracles, and as heresy was raising its head and attracting converts, so favourable an occurrence as the present was not to be allowed to pass without results. The archbishop sent his comptroller to the prior of Christchurch at Canterbury, with directions that two monks whom he especially named—Doctor Bocking, the cellarer, and Dan William Hadley—should go to Aldington to observe. At first, not knowing what was before them, both prior and monks were unwilling to meddle with the matter. Beginning to inquire into it, however, they soon perceived to what account it might be turned. Bocking—selected, no doubt, from previous knowledge of his qualities—was a man devoted to his order, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of furthering its interests. He quickly discovered material in Elizabeth Barton too rich to be allowed to waste itself in a country village. Whether he himself believed in her or not, he was anxious to insure the belief of others, and he therefore set himself to assist her inspiration towards more effective utterance. Conversing with her in her intervals of quiet, he discovered that she was wholly ignorant, and unprovided with any stock of mental or imaginative furniture; and that consequently her prophecies were without body, and too indefinite to be theologically available. This defect he remedied by instructing her in the Catholic legends, and by acquainting her with the revelations of certain female saints. In these women she found an enlarged reflection of herself; the details of their visions enriched her imagery; and being provided with such fair examples, she was able to shape herself into fuller resemblance to the traditionary models.

As she became more proficient, Father Bocking extended his lessons to the Protestant controversy, which was then in its early stages of agitation; initiating his pupil into the mysteries of justification, sacramental grace, and the power of the keys. The adept damsel redelivered his instructions to the world in her moments of possession; and the world, with its great discernment, discovered a miraculous manifestation in the marvellous utterances of the untaught peasant. Lists of these pregnant sayings were forwarded regularly to the archbishop, some of which may still lie mouldering in the Lambeth library. It is idle to inquire how far the girl was as yet conscious of

falsehood. She was probably deep in lying before she was aware of it. Fanaticism and deceit are curiously related to each other; and not unfrequently is a deceiver the person first deceived, and the last who is aware of the imposture.

Father Bocking's instructions had made her acquainted, amongst other things, with sundry stories of miraculous cures. The healing of diseases by supernatural means was a matter of ordinary belief, and seemed a more orthodox form of credential than the mere faculty of second-sight, which alone the girl had hitherto exhibited. Being now cured of her real disorder, yet able to counterfeit the appearance of it, she could find no difficulty in arranging in her own case a miracle of the established kind, and so striking an incident would obviously answer a further end. In the parish was a chapel of the Virgin, which was a place of pilgrimage; the pilgrims added something to the income of the priest; and if, by a fresh demonstration of the Virgin's presence at the spot, the number of these pilgrims could be increased, they would add more. For both reasons, therefore, the miracle was desired; and the priest and the monk were agreed that any means were justifiable which would encourage the devotion of the people. Accordingly, the girl announced, in one of her trances, that 'she would never take health of her body till such time as she had visited the image of our Lady' in that chapel. The Virgin had herself appeared to her, she said, and fixed a day for her appearance there, and had promised to present herself in person, and take away her disorder. The day came, and a vast concourse of people had been collected by the holy fathers to be witnesses of the marvel. The girl was conducted to the chapel by a procession of more than two thousand persons, headed by the monk, the clergyman, and many other religious persons, the whole multitude 'singing the Litany, and saying divers psalms and orations by the way.'

'And when she was brought thither,' says the record, 'and laid before the image of our Lady, her face was wonderfully disfigured, her tongue hanging out, and her eyes being in a manner plucked out and laid upon her cheeks, and so greatly deformed. There was then heard a voice speaking within her belly, as it had been in a tonne, her lips not greatly moving; she all that while continuing by the space of three hours or more in a trance. The which voice, when it told of anything of the joys of heaven, spake so sweetly and so heavenly, that every man was ravished with the hearing thereof; and contrary wise, when it told anything of hell, it spake so horribly and terribly, that it put the hearers in a great fear. It spake also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confession, and many other such things. And after she had lyen there a long time, she came to herself again, and was perfectly whole. So this miracle was finished and solemnly sung; and a book was written of all the whole story thereof, and put into print; which ever since that time hath been commonly sold, and gone abroad among the people.'*

The miracle successfully accomplished, Aldington was considered to be no longer a fit residence for a saint so favoured and distinguished. The Virgin, it seems, informed her that she was to leave the bailiff's house, and devote herself exclusively to religious services. She was to be thenceforth 'Sister Elizabeth,' especial favourite of the Virgin Mary; and Father Bocking was to be her spiritual father. The priory of St Sepulchre's, Canterbury, was chosen for the place of her profession; and as soon as she was established in her cell, she became a recognised priestess or propheteas, alternately communicating revelations, or indulging the curiosity of foolish persons who desired to consult her, and for both services consenting to be paid. The church had by this time spread her reputation through all England. The book of her oracles, which soon extended to a considerable volume, was even shewn by Archbishop Warham to the king. Henry sent it as a curiosity to Sir Thomas More, desiring him to look at it, and give an opinion on its merits. More pronounced it 'a right poor production, such as any simple woman might speak of her own wit;' and Henry himself is said to have 'esteemed the matter as light as it afterwards proved lewd.' But the world in general was less critical. 'Divers and many, as well great men of the realm as mean men, and many learned men, but specially many religious men, had great confidence in her, and often resorted to her.'* They 'consulted her much as to the will of God touching the heresies and schisms in the realm;' to which questions, her answers, being dictated by her confessor, were all which the most eager churchman could desire. Her position becoming more and more established, her visions, which had formerly been occasional, took a shape of regularity. Once a fortnight, she was taken up into heaven, mingling in the spirit with saints and angels, and reporting of heavenly delights. The place of ascent was usually the priory chapel, to which it was essential, therefore, that she should have continual access, and which, in consequence, she was allowed to enter at her pleasure. What she was accustomed to do there, when alone, was never clearly known; but she related many startling stories, not always of the most decent kind, touching attempts made by the devil to lead her more or less astray. Devils and angels, indeed, alternately visited her cell; and on one occasion, Satan burnt a mark upon her hand, which she exhibited publicly, and to which the monks were in the habit of appealing when there were any signs of scepticism in the visitors to the priory. On the occasion of these infernal visits, exceedingly unsavoury 'smokes' were seen to issue from her chamber; with which, however, it was suspected subsequently that a quantity of brimstone and asafetida, found among her properties, had been in some way connected. But as yet the dupes of the imposture had no suspicion of a trick; and she was held up by the clergy as a witness, accredited by miracles, to the truth of the old faith, a living evidence to shame and confound the infidelity of the Protestant sectaries. She became a figure of great and singular significance; a 'wise woman,' to whom persons of the highest rank were not ashamed to have recourse to inquire the will of God, and to ask the benefit of her intercessory prayers, for which also they did not fail to pay at a rate commensurate with their credulity.

This position the Nun of Kent, as she was now called, had achieved for herself, when the question was first agitated touching the divorce of his wife, Catherine of Aragon, by Henry VIII. The monks at the Canterbury priory eagerly espoused the side of the queen, and the nun's services were at once in active requisition. Absurd as the stories of her revelations may seem to us, she conducted herself, in the dangerous course on which she now entered, with the utmost audacity and adroitness. The pope and the English bishops had hesitated about pronouncing Henry's marriage with his brother's widow inviolable or the contrary; but the nun issued boldly, 'in the name and by the authority of God,' a solemn prohibition against his majesty; threatening that, if he divorced his wife, he should not 'reign a month, but should die a villain's death.' Burdened with this message, she forced herself into the presence of Henry himself; and when she failed to produce any effect

* Letter of Cranmer.

* 25 Henry VIII. cap. 12.

upon his scepticism, she turned to the hesitating ecclesiastics who formed his council, and roused them into some temporary opposition to the proceeding. The archbishop bent under her denunciations, and, at her earnest request, introduced her to Cardinal Wolsey, then tottering on the edge of ruin, and who, in his confusion and perplexity, was frightened by the woman's menaces, and did not know what to think of her pretensions. She made herself known, too, to the papal ambassadors, and through them she went so far as to threaten Pope Clement, assuming, in virtue of her divine commission, an authority above all principalities and powers.

It is matter of history, that after prolonged and various negotiations with the pope, with the view to induce his holiness to annul his marriage with Catherine, Henry at length accomplished the desired divorce, with the sanction of the English prelates, and on his own responsibility married Anne Boleyn. This proceeding, though generally acquiesced in by the nation, was nevertheless an occasion of great scandal to the higher papist party, and particularly to large numbers of the clergy. Prior to the marriage, Henry had taken the Lady Anne with him to the court of France, to have her there publicly recognised by King Francis as the future queen of England; and on returning, having been delayed at Calais for a fortnight by gales in the Channel, Te Deums were offered in the churches for the king's deliverance; since, had he embarked before the storm, he might have probably suffered shipwreck. There was at the time great apprehension of such a catastrophe among his loyal subjects; and perhaps a sort of hope on the part of some that he might thus be hindered from proceeding in the course on which he was bent. On an occasion of such interest, it would have hardly been becoming in a prophetess to be unconcerned about what was going on. Accordingly, we find the Nun of Kent was, with more frequency than usual, admitted to interviews with angels. Under celestial instructions, as she said, she denounced the meeting between Henry and Francis as a conspiracy against Heaven; and declared that if the former persisted in his resolution of marrying Anne Boleyn, she was commissioned by God to tell him that he should lose his kingdom. She did not specify the manner in which the sentence would be carried into effect, but, in different revelations, fixed the date of its infliction variously at one month or six months after the marriage. The marriage, however, eventually took place; and though several consequences followed thereupon, the fulfilment of the nun's prediction was not one of them. The one month, six months, nine months passed over, and Henry was still the king of England. His child—the renowned Elizabeth—was born and was baptised, and no divine thunder had interposed; only a mere harmless verbal thunder, from a poor old man at Rome—the poor old pope, namely, who, in his aimless vacillation, had not dared either to sanction or forbid the marriage.

The nun, however, and her friar advisers were counting on other methods of securing the fulfilment of the prophecy of a more effective sort than supernatural agency. The career on which they had entered was too fascinating to allow them to forsake it on the failure of their immediate expectation. The first revelation not being answered by the event, a second was produced as an interpretation of it; which, however, was not published like the other, but whispered in secret to persons whose dispositions were known to be unfavourable towards the king. It was now intimated that, though Henry continued king in the sight of the world, yet God did not acknowledge him; and the disaffected were left to draw the inference, that they were no longer bounden to be his subjects;' 'which,' said the report of the commissioners, 'might have put the king and the queen's grace in jeopardy of their crown and of their issue, and the people of this realm in great danger of destruction.'

Here, then, we find the nun and her accomplices floundering in the labyrinths of treason. They were in correspondence with the pope, who had threatened Henry with excommunication; the nun had attested her divine commission by miracles, and had been recognised as a saint by an archbishop of Canterbury; the regular orders of the clergy throughout the realm were known to regard her as inspired; and when it was recollected that the king was distinctly threatened with dying 'a villain's death,' and that these and similar prophecies were carefully written out, and were in private circulation through the country, the matter assumed a dangerous complexion; it became at once essential to ascertain how far, and among what classes of the state, these things had penetrated.

Accordingly, in the middle of November 1533, we hear of a commission sitting at Lambeth, composed of Cromwell, Cranmer, and Latimer, for the purpose of ravelling out the threads of this strange story; from which, when the whole was disentangled, it appeared that the divorced Queen Catherine, her daughter, the Princess Mary, and a large and formidable party in the country, had come to the opinion, on the faith of the aforesaid revelation, that the king had forfeited his crown; that his death—either by visitation of God or by the visitation of man—was expected daily; and that whether his death took place or not, a revolution was seemingly impending, which would place the princess on the throne. No sooner were the commissioners in possession of the general facts, than the principal parties—that is to say, the nun herself, and five of the monks of Christ Church at Canterbury—were arrested, and sent to the Tower to be 'examined.' A common method of 'examining,' in those days, was by that delicate process called 'torture,' which probably the monks endured, to bring them to confession. The nun, however, was not tortured. On her first arrest, she was obstinate in maintaining her prophetic character; and she is said to have been detected in sending messages to her friends, 'to animate them to adhere to her and to her prophecies.' But her courage shortly ebbed away under the hard reality of her position. She began to make confession—a full confession, in which her accomplices joined her; and the half-completed web of conspiracy was ravelled out. They did not attempt to conceal that they had intended, if possible, to create an insurrection. The five monks —Father Bocking, Father Rich, Father Rysby, Father Dering, and Father Goold—had assisted the nun in inventing her 'revelations;' and as apostles of disturbance, they had travelled about the country to communicate them in whatever quarters they were likely to be welcomed. When it is remembered that Archbishop Warham had been one of the foremost dupes of this woman, and that even Wolsey's experience and ability had not prevented him from believing in her power, we need not be surprised to find high names among those who were implicated. Vast numbers of abbots and priors, and of regular and secular clergy, country gentlemen, and London merchants, were included in the list. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, had 'wept for joy' at the first utterances of the prophetess; and Sir Thomas More, 'who at first did little regard the said revelations, afterwards did greatly rejoice to hear them.' The nun, too, had frequently communicated with the 'the Lady Princess-Dowager' (the late queen, Catherine) and 'the Lady Mary, her daughter.' Father Goold was proved to have travelled to Bugden, where Catherine resided, with communications from the nun, 'intended,' says the act of attainder, 'to animate the said Lady Princess to make commotion in the realm against our sovereign lord;' and to assure her, on the strength of a recent revelation, that her cause would prosper. The

conspirators, however, had deemed it prudent to wait until the pope should have pronounced sentence against Henry for his contumacy, and absolved the English nation from its allegiance. On such sentence being published, the nun was in readiness to blow the trumpet of insurrection, and had already organised a corps of fanatical friars, who, when the signal was given, were simultaneously to throw themselves into the midst of the people, and call upon them to rise in the name of God, and forcibly overturn the government. The scheme, in the form which it had so far assumed, was indeed rather an appeal to fanaticism than a plot calculated to lay hold of the deeper mind of the country; but as an indication of the unrest and dissatisfaction which was stealing over the minds of men, it assumed an importance which it would not, at other times, have received from its intrinsic character. The guilt of the principal offenders, however, admitted of no doubt; and as soon as the commissioners were satisfied that there was nothing further to be discovered, the nun, with the monks, was brought to trial before the Star-Chamber—a trial which was followed by an immediate conviction.

The poor girl finding herself at this conclusion, after seven years of vanity, in which she had played with popes and queens, and princesses and archbishops, now, when the dream was thus rudely broken, in the revulsion of feeling could see nothing in herself but a convicted impostor. Much as we may condemn, we can hardly refuse to pity her. The misfortunes of her sickness had exposed her to temptations far beyond the strength of an ordinary woman; and the guilt which she passionately took upon herself, rested far more truly with the knavery of the Christ Church monks and the incredible folly of Archbishop Warham. But the times were too stern to admit of nice distinctions. No immediate sentence was pronounced; but it was thought desirable, for the satisfaction of the people, that a confession should be made in public by the nun and her companions. The Sunday following their trial, they were accordingly placed on a raised platform at Paul's Cross, by the side of the pulpit, and when the sermon was over, they one by one delivered their 'bills' or confessions to the preacher, which by him were read to the assembled crowd. The nun's statement ran as follows: 'I, Dame Elizabeth Barton, do confess that I, most miserable and wretched person, have been the original of all this mischief, and by my falsehood I have deceived all these persons (the monks who were her accomplices), and many more; whereby I have most grievously offended Almighty God, and my most noble sovereign the king's grace. Wherefore, I humbly, and with heart most sorrowful, desire you to pray to Almighty God for my miserable sins, and make supplication for me to my sovereign for his gracious mercy and pardon.' After this acknowledgment, the prisoners were remanded to the Tower, and their ultimate fate reserved for the consideration of parliament, which was to meet about the middle of the ensuing month of January.

When parliament assembled, the memorable act was passed (25 Henry VIII., c. 21) declaring the abolition of the papal authority in England; accompanied, however, by a declaration that in separating from the pope the kingdom was not separating from the unity of the faith. This arduous business finished, the case of the Nun of Kent and her accomplices was proceeded with. Their offence being plainly high treason, and their own confessions removing all uncertainty about their guilt, the sentence which followed was inevitable. The bill of attainder was most explicit in its details, going carefully through the history of the imposture, and dwelling on the separate acts of each offender. On the 21st of March, after being deliberately considered by both Houses, it received the royal assent, and remained only to be carried into execution. The nun herself, Richard Masters, and the five friars, being found guilty of high treason, were to die; the Bishop of Rochester, Father Abel, Queen Catherine's confessor, and four more, were sentenced for misprision of treason to forfeiture of goods and imprisonment. All other persons implicated, whose names did not appear, were declared pardoned at the intercession of Queen Anne.

The chief offenders suffered at Tyburn on the 21st of April 1534, meeting death calmly, as we are told; receiving a fate most necessary and most deserved, yet claiming from us that partial respect which is due to all persons who will risk their lives in an unselfish cause. For the nun herself, we may feel even a less qualified regret. Before her death, she was permitted to speak a few words to the people, which at the distance of three centuries will scarcely be read without emotion:

'Hither am I come to die,' she said; 'and I have not been the only cause of mine own death, which most justly I have deserved, but also I am the cause of the death of all these persons which at this time here suffer. And yet I am not so much to be blamed, considering that it was well known unto these learned men that I was a poor wench without learning, and therefore they might have easily perceived that the things which were done by me could not proceed in no such sort; but their capacities and learning could right well judge that they were altogether feigned. But because the things which I feigned were profitable unto them, therefore they much praised me, and bare me in hand that it was the Holy Ghost and not I that did them. And I being puffed up with their praises, fell into a pride and foolish fantasye with myself, and thought I might feign what I would, which thing hath brought me to this case, and for the which I now cry God and the king's highness most heartily mercy, and desire all you good people to pray to God to have mercy on me, and on all them that here suffer with me.'

And so ended, very tragically, a singular delusion and imposture; ended in the only way it could end, inasmuch as it was not successful, which, had it been, the kingdom must have been shaken with prolonged turmoil and misery, and the great event which is called 'the Reformation' might have been indefinitely postponed.*

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE gloomy night-hours which, as they crept slowly away, brought again into distinctness shadowy images of terror that I had for a time cast behind me, did anything but weaken or allay the savage irritation which possessed me; and so insupportable did suspense at length become, that long before the first rays of the gray cold dawn looked in through the one, high-up, strongly barred aperture by which light was grudgingly admitted to the cell, I once more sprang out of bed and shook the snoring shoemaker till I got him partially awake. By dint of determined importunity, I elicited a confused, fragmentary account of all that to his knowledge had passed at Honfleur, with which I was the more content, that the master-fear his half-told story had evoked, was, I clearly ascertained, without foundation.

* The details of this story are derived from state-papers and manuscripts preserved in the Rolls House collection, and are here condensed and pieced together into a continuous narrative from Mr Froude's *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. Mr Froude's language has been in great part adopted, as, in following him, it would have been sheer affectation to try to relate the story in different words.

I am admonished by a glance at the crowded incidents of the next four-and-twenty hours, and the rapidly narrowing space into which they must be compressed, to give the remainder of Sicard's prolix, disjointed story in my own words: I do so, at the same time helping out the halting narrative with information subsequently obtained.

Captain Webbe was apprised by a note from Madame Dupré, left for him at Les Trois Rois, mentioning that Madame Broussard and daughter were already in Honfleur, but, to the best of the writer's belief, were not aware that Miss Wilson and herself had arrived. Madame Dupré had also learned through a chattering servant at her lodgings in the Rue du Marché, who was well acquainted with the people at the Toison d'Or, that Madame Broussard, calling herself Madame de Bonneville, had been followed from St Malo by a fiery-tempered young man, who had made quite a scene at the hotel, and loudly accused the lady, in the hearing of several persons, of being a confederate with the '*scélérat* Webbe'—a phrase which he had twenty times repeated. Madame Dupré added, that the wench's garrulous gossip had given rise to vague feelings of alarm and distrust in Miss Wilson's mind, which, if not set at rest, would, to say the least, cause the postponement of her marriage with Mr Harry Webbe.

A glimpse of Sicard as he passed a window of Les Trois Rois, not only shewed Webbe the fiery-tempered young man that had made a scene at the hotel, but suggested to his fertile ingenuity a ready means of dissipating Maria Wilson's suspicions; a result which the impressionable, enthusiastic bootmaker, after being thoroughly crammed with instructions, cautions, and promises, completely achieved. All essential preliminaries being arranged soon after noon, it was finally settled that the wedding should take place at the French Protestant chapel at seven in the evening of that same day. The bride and bridegroom being British subjects as well as Protestants, the civil, which should have preceded the sacerdotal ceremony, and would have required certain formalities to be previously complied with, was not deemed to be essential by the officiating minister; and Webbe kept of course whatever doubts he might have felt upon the subject to himself. Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson would be perfectly satisfied with an ecclesiastical marriage, and should the civil ceremony be thereafter found essential to its validity, it could at any time be gone through with; his son, meanwhile—the only important point—being *de facto* the young lady's husband. Arrangements were made for the immediate departure of the newly wedded pair; and before sundown on the morrow they would, it was expected, be safely landed, *L'Espiègle* aiding, in Jersey, safe out of adverse fortune's reach.

Ten minutes previous to the appointed hour, Harry Webbe and Jacques Sicard left Les Trois Rois, and Madame Dupré and Maria Wilson their lodgings in the Rue du Marché in close carriages, arriving at the Calvinist chapel at nearly the same time. The minister was in attendance; and the trembling bride, clinging to rather than leaning upon Madame Dupré for support, advanced with the bridegroom and Maître Sicard, who was to give the bride away, towards the altar.

Meanwhile, the carriage had no sooner driven off from Les Trois Rois, than Captain Webbe sallied forth in the direction of Le Toison d'Or, for the purpose of announcing his vexatiously delayed arrival to his good friend Madame de Bonneville, and especially to keep, in nautical phrase, that dangerous lady well in tow, till Mr and Mrs Harry Webbe had left Honfleur many leagues behind them.

The privateer captain's star was not that evening in the ascendant. Madame was out; mademoiselle confined to her chamber with nervous headache; and Fanchette herself in a state of semi-distraction. Her mistress was, she feared, in the custody of justice as a presumedly fraudulent bankrupt, a rigour which the sudden closing of the establishment at St Malo, and her flight therefrom, would no doubt justify. To Webbe's impatient queries as to the grounds of her apprehensions, Fanchette replied that since about noon, madame had been in a state of wild excitement, going in and out as if crazed with rage or terror; that about an hour before Captain Webbe called, several gendarmes had come to the hotel, and demanded to speak with Madame de Bonneville, who, after a brief private parley, left the house with them, and had not since returned.

Webbe's explosive malediction indicated a truer interpretation of Madame de Bonneville's furious excitement, and her departure in company with the gendarmes, than Fanchette's. It had, in fact, come to her knowledge that Sicard had arranged with the French Protestant minister to celebrate the marriage of a youthful Englishman and woman, who, she doubted not, were young Webbe and Maria Wilson; although, so cleverly had Sicard managed, she was unable to discover the whereabout either of her ward or the captain's son. Thoroughly determined not to be foiled, she had at last, with much reluctance, placed herself in communication with the authorities of Honfleur; and the visit of the gendarmes, whom Mr Tyler had caused to be despatched in hot haste from Havre, was the consequence.

Without further acknowledgment of Fanchette's frank communication than the before-mentioned comprehensive execration of human kind in general, and Madame de Bonneville in particular, the privateer captain hurriedly left the hotel. Not a minute too soon either. The marriage-ceremony had been interrupted almost at the commencement, and Harry Webbe torn from his fainting bride by the rude hands of gendarmes, and marched off to prison; Madame de Bonneville remaining but a few minutes behind, to discharge a torrent of bitter reproaches at the insensible girl and Madame Dupré; which duty accomplished, she seized Sicard by the arm, and marched with him out of the chapel; greatly to that gentleman's mystification and astonishment, he hardly knowing whether he was taken into the custody or into the renewed good graces of his formidable relative.

Into her renewed good graces he had, after a few minutes, no manner of doubt, until an hour or more having elapsed, he found himself at his auberge lodgings, reckoning up recent occurrences, and by the brain-clearing illumination of a quiet pipe, perceived, to his extreme disgust, that although he had not been permitted a word with or a glimpse of Mademoiselle Clémence, he had been pumped dry of every particular known to him concerning Webbe, concerning me, William Linwood, and my whereabout, which the wily woman was desirous of ascertaining. That information determined her to prevent at all hazards my escape to England with the proofs of her crime in my possession. A *primâ facie* case to sustain an accusation of robbery was easily made out; and Jacques Sicard was recklessly included therein, when, on the morrow, the desperate woman heard that he had suddenly set out for Havre, after a stolen interview with Clémence. Active search, untiringly urged by the two officers who were maltreated in the mêlée at La Belle Poule, was made for M. Baptiste, but without the slightest gleam of success; and the gendarmes were fain to content themselves with the recapture of Webbe the younger.

The morning found me still anxiously, not to say despondently considering the chances of the future; a debate which was before long joined in, though not much enlightened by Maître Sicard. After breakfast, we adjourned to the quadrangle, which served for a

common exercise-ground. Harry Webbe was not with the prisoners there, amongst whom we soon noticed a certain agitation of a hopefully expectant, if not positively exultant kind, presently explained to arise from a generally entertained conviction that the last hour of the empire had at length struck—a consummation which suggested a more or less well-founded hope that the restoration would signalise its advent to power by an act of clemency that would reach many of the inmates of that abode of crime and suffering. In proof of the correctness of the general belief, a large white flag, '*le pavillon sans tâche*,' as legitimists loved to call it, which flew out from the summit of the tower of St Thomas's Church at Ingouville, was pointed to.

'*Drapeau de Capucin!*' growled one of the jail officers—most of whom were old soldiers—as he passed us, and noticed the object we were gazing at, 'may be welcomed by Capuchins; but the flag of France still waves over the ramparts and the Hôtel de Ville, and will continue to wave over them for a long time to come yet, traitors and cowards notwithstanding.'

It is well known, I may be here permitted to remind the reader, that the soldiery of France refused to believe, even when disbelief seemed impossible, in the final defeat of the empire—a sad illustration of which feeling was the battle of Toulouse, fought by Marshal Soult after he had been formally, though not officially, apprised of his fallen master's abdication. General Véray, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and military commandant at Havre, was well known to be as stubbornly sceptical upon that point as the marshal, and sternly resolved, moreover, to guard the trust confided to him by Napoleon till *la force majeure* wrenched the sword of authority from his grasp. It thus happened, that whilst everybody in Havre, himself included, well knew that the French senate had solemnly proclaimed the new government, General Véray remained only the more fanatically resolved than ever to act as if Louis XVIII. was still a proscribed exile, and the soil of France unprofaned by the footstep of a single hostile soldier. It was this, I knew, which excited the fears of Father Meudon. Still, the passionate declaration of the prison official did not seem to me to confirm the good man's fears. The clergy of St Thomas, I must have mentally argued, would not have hoisted the Bourbon banner unless perfectly assured of impunity; and the blessed consequences to myself and mine of the change of dynasty, and all which that change involved, so lifted me, that I sprang forward with a joyous shout to greet poor Harry Webbe, who at that moment dismally emerged into the yard.

In such a state of nervous terror was he, that he staggered back with a faint cry of alarm, not immediately recognising me, or at least not my purpose in so boisterously accosting him. Recovering himself, he held out his cold shaking hand, and with a sickly smile returned my greeting. I told him of the great news, but it failed to excite a throb of hope in his fear-palsied heart; and when, taking him aside, I explained to him, as Father Meudon had to me, that his breach of parole would not, if he were brought to trial before the Bonapartist authorities, be visited upon him capitally, or even with severity, except to punish him for the death of Le Moine and his supposed subsequent entry into France as a Bourbon spy; the falsity of which charge he could, if necessary, demonstrate, without destroying or jeopardising me, by simply appealing to the testimony of Auguste Le Moine himself for its disproof—he turned sadly, impatiently away; and I plainly saw that to trust in his firmness or manly feeling, in the trying ordeal to which he *might*, after all, be subjected, was in very truth to lean upon a broken reed.

All the more welcome, therefore, was the sight of that white flag, studded with golden *fleur de lis*, waving and glittering in the morning sunlight; and I was half-unconsciously whistling the first bars of the old royalist air of *Vive Henri Quatre*, when I was politely invited by my friend the sergent de ville to return to my cell.

My mother awaited me there; and her joyous aspect—joy-heightened by preceding grief and tears—confirmed my mounting spirits. The streets, she said, were full of gaily dressed folk, making holiday of the assured downfall of the imperial régime; and white cockades, it was said, were in the pockets of nine out of ten of the fickle populace; though, from dread of General Véray and his exasperated soldiers, not as yet openly displayed.

'This at length accomplished revolution in French state-affairs,' said my mother, 'not only assures your safety, but that of Henry Webbe; which, as my indiscretion led to his recapture, I am most heartily glad of. It was only,' she added, 'in the first *moments* of bewildering surprise caused by the intelligence of your arrest that your father and I were disquieted by the accusation of robbery—a charge which of course you know from the prison authorities has been already formally withdrawn.'

'Indeed, I know nothing of the kind.'

'There is no doubt, at all events, of the fact. We had it,' said my mother, looking furtively around, and sinking her voice to a whisper, 'from Captain Webbe himself, who called on us soon after it was light this morning.'

'From Captain Webbe himself! You astonish me.'

'You can't, my dear boy, be more astonished than we were to find that "*le bon campagnard*, Pierre Bonjean, from the neighbourhood of La Heve, called to inquire after the young monsieur whose life he had the honour to assist in saving," was ubiquitous, indomitable Kirke Webbe! Kind, excellent Father Meudon came in whilst we were talking together, and Webbe, with that instinctive sagacity which never misses a favourable chance, instantly avowed himself to be the notorious Captain Webbe, of the late *Scout* privateer; and having thus thrown himself upon the reverend father's honour, so improved his opportunity, that they left our house together, in furtherance of some plan to render Harry Webbe's deliverance doubly sure.'

The sergent de ville entered to say that the ten minutes granted to madame, without the usual previous reference to superior authority, were expired, and that it was absolutely necessary she should go forthwith.

'Cannot my son leave this dreadful place with me?' she asked; 'the charge upon which he was apprehended being, as you must be aware, formally withdrawn.'

'It is true, madame,' replied the officer, 'that the charge of robbery has been withdrawn; but—but'—— the man, I noticed, avoided my mother's eye—'but there are certain formalities to be observed which will at least *delay* monsieur's deliverance.'

My mother's glance rested for a moment disquietedly upon the man's partly averted face, and then resolutely putting away, as it were, the vaguely uneasy feeling excited by his manner, she embraced me, and withdrew; remarking that Father Meudon would see me shortly, and by that time she hoped the formalities spoken of would have been complied with.

It was about half an hour afterwards when M. Meudon entered the cell, and startled me by his strange air and manner; and the more so, that he evidently strove to appear cheerful and unconcerned. It would not do. The expression of *bonhomie* habitual with him had vanished, and been replaced by the palely gleaming lustre which the soul, in presence of a great catastrophe or a mighty deed—the light of battle, for instance, seen on the charging soldier's face—seldom fails to impress upon the most common-place features. His greeting, too, was confused and awkward. Seating

himself upon Sicard's bed, he first mechanically offered me his unopened *tabatière*, and immediately returned it to his pocket, without observing that I had no opportunity of helping myself to a pinch, if so inclined: next, as hastily drawing forth two letters, he gave me one, saying:

'It is sent to you by Le Capitaine Webbe. This is for his son. I will deliver it whilst you are reading your own; and return almost immediately.'

This was Webbe's note:

'My dear Linwood—"Finis coronat opus." I think that was how we used to write it when I sported yellow stockings, and the o'erarching heavens shone, and dripped, at their sweet will, upon my hatless head: yes, Finis coronat opus, freely rendered by it 's the last deal and the last broadside which wins the rubber and the battle. Quite true; and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the final, crowning stroke of our long tussle with the Féron has been the formal, explicit withdrawal of the charge of "vol avec effraction" preferred against you and the bootmaker; she having lodged in the greffier's office at Honfleur, a circumstantial declaration upon oath, that the articles she missed, and believed you to have stolen, have since been found: it would have been absurd, you will admit, for Captain Webbe and the Féron to have fought à l'outrance till, like the Kilkenny cats, they had mutually devoured each other; and the final result is, that my son, whom the Restoration, and not one hour too soon, gives back to life and love—a *handsome* present you will acknowledge, if he be not exactly Achilles redivivus—will yet espouse Maria Wilson; and Monsieur le Bottier de Paris même may, for any opposition on the part of Madame de Bonneville, raise Miss Lucy Hamblin to the dignity of Madame Sicard. Further, and to you the most interesting item of all, Madame de Bonneville, née Louise Féron, will make a frank circumstantial avowal of the fact and manner of the abduction of Mrs Waller's child; upon the reasonable condition of being guaranteed against a criminal prosecution. Thus then terminates with a flourish of trumpets our tragi-comedy, the green curtain ringing down upon—The Recovery of the Lost One; A Wedding—two possibly; and an uproarious tag, of "Long life to Captain Webbe, and may he live till he dies an admiral"—an aspiration which certainly beats the oriental compliment, "May he live a thousand years," into fits.'

'And I am quite sure, my dear Linwood, that you will not wantonly jeopardise so every way satisfactory a solution of the difficulties in which those dear to you have been so long involved, by any premature boyish boast of your *volunteered* part in an affair, the real hero of which, but for the fortunate Napoleon-catastrophe, would, there can be little question, have been despatched, before he was many hours older, with military honours, to paradise. Yours more sincerely than you believe, K. W.'

I had scarcely finished reading this curious epistle when Father Meudon reappeared, looking as painfully pre-occupied as before.

'This letter,' said I, 'from Le Capitaine Webbe is written in more hopeful characters than those which I imperfectly read upon that ominous brow of yours, Father Meudon.'

'Since that letter was written,' he replied, 'I have met with Monsieur Tyler, and gathered from the outpourings of his unchristian rage that the *vieux tête de fer*, General Véray, is resolved to avenge the death of his friend, Le Moine, upon the young Englishman who broke his parole, should that deed of blood be the last exercise of his authority. I come,' added Father Meudon, 'from your mother whom the general's vindictive fury chiefly threatens, and I must not lose one precious moment in seeking to shield you from so cruel, so untimely a doom.'

'Surely,' I exclaimed bewilderedly—'surely the general, tête de fer as he may be, will not dare to display his Bonapartist feelings by a murder—for a murder it would be—in the face of a government that will hold him responsible for the atrocious deed?'

'Let us not, my young friend, deceive ourselves,' said the reverend father. 'The sentence which may doom both you and your young countryman in the next cell to a bloody death, would not be an illegal—at all events, not a grossly illegal one. More than that, the new government has vital need of the support of the military chieftains, who have won so much glory for France, so much renown and power for themselves; and you may be sure that much less legally justifiable deeds than the putting to death, by sentence of court-martial, of two Englishmen—one who had broken his military parole, the other a traitorous spy, it would be said—would not subject one of those celebrities to so much as a reprimand. General Véray has, be assured, no responsibility to fear. Still, do not be too much cast down. My military friend, Colonel Durand, has influence with the general; and I must invoke his good offices without further delay. Farewell. God bless you.'

He left me stunned, struggling as it were to break through a horrible dream—hardly the less horrible that I felt it to be a dream—a fantasy as far as it concerned myself; the instinctive, unreasoning conviction of my own ultimate deliverance, before spoken of, not having been sensibly shaken by M. Meudon's revelation. Of Harry Webbe's doom, on the other hand, I felt an equally unreasoning presentiment—a doom which, it would be said, I had largely, my mother in a less degree, helped to bring upon him—and impelled by that strong unreasoning presentiment, I hastened—the cell-doors being left open during several hours of the day to afford the prisoners access to the yard—as soon as I had sufficiently rallied my faculties, to warn and advise with the unfortunate young man.

We had, I found, exchanged characters, or at least moods of mind and temper. He was now as cock-a-hoop as not long before downcast and despairing. His father's letter, conveyed to him by M. Meudon, had wrought that change, confidently assuring him, as it did, that a brief interval only would elapse before he was liberated.

'Colonel Durand,' said he, 'who is well known for his "legitimate" leanings, will, my father tells me, supersede General Véray in the command here before we are many hours older. All shadow of peril will then have passed away, and I shall be free to immediately consummate the—the'——

He checked the ebullition of his jubilant thoughts, and looked away, as if half afraid that I should observe, perhaps resent, the triumphant, almost insolent radiancy which lit up his handsome countenance.

'Free to consummate what?' I sharply asked.

'To consummate a blessed purpose, Linwood'—he had sufficiently subdued himself to calmly reply—'the accomplishment of which I shall mainly owe to your chivalrous generosity—my marriage, namely, with Maria Wilson.'

'Indeed! There has, however, been already one slip between your lip and that cup, and there may be another.'

'There is no fear, my dear Linwood. To-morrow, or possibly to-day—who knows!—I shall be the happiest of men; thanks to you in a great degree. Let me add, whilst I think of it,' he went on to say, 'that after calmly thinking over the suggestion you made this morning, as to the course of conduct I was bound for your sake to pursue, in the event of a court-martial taking place—of which there is now, thank God, no fear—I fully resolved, come what come may, never to divulge that Le Moine fell by your hand.'

I was amazed, dumbfounded by the fellow's lying intrepidity of face and tongue, which he observing, and blushing to observe—he was not entirely depraved, it seemed—blurted out, that a man might have strong moral courage, however weak in merely physical nerve.

'Yes, strong moral or *im*moral courage: I see that plainly enough.'

The young humbug was but momently abashed, and evidently quite aware of the pleasure he was affording me, said jauntily:

'So confident are we all that the once interrupted ceremony will be definitively celebrated before another day has flown, that the ladies, my father tells me, have already arrived in Havre.'

'What ladies have arrived in Havre?'

'Madame de Bonneville and Mademoiselle Clémence, Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson. Immediately, therefore, this hateful jail-bondage is thrown off, I shall enter into that of wedlock, of which the fetters are Love's own sweet constraint.'

'Such sugar-plum stuff! I am almost tempted to believe I am talking to a girl in sex as well as heart.'

The only excuse I can offer for this unbecoming outburst is the fellow's ill-glozed, mocking taunts, which his mere words fail to convey an adequate idea of.

'Something I am not aware of must have occurred to vex you,' resumed the simpering rascal, who was not at all put out or ruffled by my rudeness. 'Ah, my dear Linwood, I only wish for your sake that a like happiness to that which awaits my acceptance'——

'Two ladies,' interrupted one of the prison officers, throwing wide the door—'two ladies, with permission to see Monsieur Webbe, Englishman.'

I leaped aside into a recess, and the next moment in glided the bright presence of Maria Wilson. Harry Webbe sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet her, and she refused not his impassioned embrace. How *could* she, I afterwards argued with myself, he being her almost husband, and in bonds; notwithstanding, however, which palliative consideration, I have ever since taken credit to myself for not having forthwith murdered the fellow with the heavy iron candlestick upon which my fingers closed with homicidal force. Madame Dupré, who closely followed Miss Wilson, caught sight of me, and imagining I was a partner in Harry Webbe's cell-domicile, acknowledged me by a friendly nod, followed by a slight scream as I rushed past her into the corridor—thence to the quadrangle—anywhere to escape from those poniard-like caresses, vows, kisses, tears!

The Bourbon flag was still flying from the tower of St Thomas's Church—a great fact, to which my attention was directed by one of the prisoners, who must have supposed I had not before observed it—a courtesy which I repaid by a coarse malediction upon flag and Bourbons both. Like Mr Dickens's vivacious Fanny, I was just then violently wishing myself dead—a state of mind not at all conducive to political enthusiasm. After a dozen or two furious turns up and down the yard, I bethought me of Sicard, and not seeing him, made for our cell, passing the open door of Webbe's with hasty strides and averted glance, though it was impossible to altogether avoid hearing that the lovers were cooing and billing, laughing and weeping, all in a breath.

I was *de trop* again! Jacques Sicard and Mademoiselle Clémence were sighing, sobbing, and embracing each other under the gaunt sanction of a tall, large-boned, fierce-eyed Frenchwoman. Clémence jumped up, blushing and confused; and Maitre Sicard, vainly striving to brace his voice up to a manly firmness, brokenly, huskily exclaimed: 'Ex—excuse this weak—weakness, Monsieur Linwood: I—I am a Frenchman—you—you know to the ends of—of my nails; but some—somehow there is something in tears—the—the tears of a charming, amiable maiden, which—which melts the stoutest heart! That is positive, demonstrable!'

'You here!' I thundered, addressing the Frenchwoman, from whom I had not turned my eyes; 'how dare you shew yourself here, Louise Féron?'

'How dare I shew myself here, Mr William Linwood!' retorted the virago. 'Well, I dare, that's all! Ay, and I shall dare much more than that, young man, if I find it useful or expedient to do so. Be advised by me—— Ah, mesdames, you are going!—our time must then be also expired. Come, Clémence!'

'Hélas!' spouted Harry Webbe, who had entered the cell with Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson—

> 'Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snowfall in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.
> Or'——

The measured tramp of armed men approaching along the stone corridor arrested his heroics, and took the colour out of his cheeks. 'Halte!' exclaimed a hectoring voice of command just without: the door was flung open, and at the entrance gleamed the bayonets of a company of grenadiers. The commanding officer stepped forward, bowed slightly to the ladies, and requested the sergent de ville and chief jailer, by whom he was accompanied, to point out his prisoners.

'They all three happen to be here,' replied the sergent de ville. 'Harry Webbe, Englishman,' he continued, reading from a paper, and placing his hand upon Webbe's arm, 'capitally charged with breach of his parole; William Linwood, capitally charged with aiding the escape of said Harry Webbe, and further, with having travelled in France under the assumed names of Jean Le Gros and Louis Piron; Jacques Sicard, Frenchman, charged with having furnished said William Linwood with a false passport, and aiding his escape from justice." You have them all three, Capitaine Dubourg.'

'What is the meaning of this?' exclaimed Madame de Bonneville. 'What are you going to do with these young men, Monsieur le Capitaine?'

'My duty, madame,' replied the officer, 'is to conduct them before a court-martial now sitting, by whose sentence they will be either shot or liberated within a couple of hours at furthest.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT sociology is a science worth studying, may now be accepted as a truth, after the well-deserved recognition it has had in the social conference at Birmingham. Was anything significant meant in selecting the town that makes all the muskets and bayonets for a demonstration eminently favourable to peace, hostile only to social evils? Birmingham has already made attempts, after its manner, towards the solution of some social problems. Seven thousand of its artisans are members of building societies; and a number more are about to purchase Aston Park, containing a fine old Tudor mansion, about three miles from the town, to be used as a people's park. Truly they have need of it in a place so befouled by smoke! The Mechanics' Institute, which did not flourish, has been replaced by a *Midland Institute*—an architectural ornament to the town—the scheme of which, as its promoters believe, involves a principle of real vitality.

Among noticeable items of things social, we find

from a recently published report, that in 1856 the visitors to Hampton Court numbered 161,764; and to Kew Gardens, 344,140.—A Normal School of Design is opened at the South Kensington Museum; and from the same establishment framed boards, striped with a series of colours, have been sent to various public institutions in the metropolis and elsewhere, to test the effect of the atmosphere on coloured surfaces. One half of each board is glazed, and will consequently be affected by light only, while the other will exhibit the combined influence of light and air. Periodical observations of the several boards will be taken.—The evening classes at King's College are re-opened; and at the Working Men's College, where Rev. F. D. Maurice is still the principal. Observe, too, government are willing to allow two working-men, students of this college, to compete in the civil service examinations.—The designs for subways, one of the subjects which our Metropolitan Board of Works have had under consideration, are on show at the Society of Arts. These subways are underground passages or tunnels along the streets, intended to receive all the gas and water pipes and telegraph wires, and give access to sewers, without disturbing the surface of the street—a frightful inconvenience in our busy thoroughfares. Some of the plans are highly ingenious, and embody a system of ventilation by means of existing chimneys. Now that the *Times* has had a leader on the scheme, we may hope that something will come of it.—Endeavours for the public welfare do indeed advance, notwithstanding the 'stringency' in the money-market and disturbance of trade: Halifax has scarcely got used to the novelty and pleasure of a people's park, ere Blackburn is put in possession of a similar enjoyment; and Wolverhampton, half-stifled by the smoke of the 'black country,' has started a Working Men's College, with fair promise of success. —And last, shewing what women can do when they have a mind, female clubs against celibacy have been formed in Var and Gironde on the other side of the Channel. Two hundred members constitute a club; they pay an annual subscription of ten francs each, which provides a sufficient dowry for the happy few who may be married within the year. With such an unequivocal allurement, they all in time get husbands; and to keep the club going, they continue their subscriptions for ten years after marriage.

The decimal-coinage question is not forgotten: another move in favour of it is to be made in the approaching session of parliament.—The dingy old museum at St Bartholomew's Hospital has been renovated by Mr Owen Jones, and now the visitor or student walks through a cheerful and elegant apartment with facilities for examination heretofore impossible. On the other hand, the hospital sustains a loss in consequence of Dr Stenhouse being obliged to resign the professorship of chemistry through ill health; his place is supplied by Dr Frankland from Owen's College at Manchester, a gentleman whose reputation ranks high among chemists.—The Photographic Society having taken to themselves a local habitation—they achieved a name some time ago—opened their session in their new rooms, in Coventry Street, which will serve for meetings, and for their public exhibitions. The society flourishes, and so does their art. Black leather is now used for photographs: by what is called the 'vitro-heliographic process,' pictures are taken on slabs of porcelain; and the sun is now made to supersede the draughtsman in preparing wood-blocks for the engraver. The block is first wetted with a solution of alum, and dried; then with a camel-hair brush is washed all over with a glue composed of soap, gelatine, and a solution of alum, which keeps the wood firm and free from damp. The surface for the image is then placed for a few minutes in a solution of chlorhydrate of ammonia, and exposed to the nitrate, after which the negative is laid on, and watched till a satisfactory impression appears, and this having been fixed, the block is ready for the engraver. This power of reproducing the images of objects implies, as is obvious, the most desirable accuracy of representation. And besides these we hear of transparent enamel photographs, of which the picture is preserved by enclosure between two plates of glass. Nothing shews better the popular appreciation of the photographic art than the success of the *Architectural Photographic Association*, which, set on foot last May, now numbers six hundred members. As their name indicates, they occupy themselves with taking pictures of buildings, and at times, of engineering works, for which purpose the art is peculiarly valuable. What the *Association* have already accomplished may be seen in many print-shops: views of the principal public and private edifices from all parts of Europe, and now we are told there is 'a certainty of the operations being extended into India, China, and other countries of Asia.' Photography is used, too, by surgeons to preserve the history of a 'case' by a series of pictures which shew the course of the disease or the cure.

The Manchester Exhibition having been closed at the time appointed, a meeting has been held to decide what shall be done with the building. The question was left unsettled. We are glad to learn that, so far as can be at present ascertained, no loss will fall on the promoters of the great experiment—for experiment it was. The Exhibition was open 142 days, during which time it was entered by 1,053,538 paying visitors. The receipts from all sources amounted to L.98,500; the expenses will hardly be less than L.100,000; but the sale of the building and fittings will bring a considerable sum to the credit side. The total of visitors is not so great as was anticipated; this, however, is a result which may be looked at from the circumstantial as well as from the sanguine point of view. We say it advisedly, that the great mass of our working-classes lack that necessary amount of previous cultivation which would enable them to understand and enjoy such a collection of historical portraits—to say nothing of other works of art—as was exhibited at Manchester. And we should not greatly err if we included a majority of those who claim to rank above the working-classes in the same category. We are of those who hold that the world will not go one jot the faster for being driven, and that education has much to do before the time shall be ripe for the influence of pictures. Meanwhile, we record that a statue has been erected to Madame de Sevigné at Grignan; to the poet Moore —Tom Moore—at Dublin; one in bronze by Steell, in Edinburgh, to the second Viscount Melville; and one on horseback to Lord Hardinge, in the court-yard of Burlington House. This is about as congruous a situation for a warrior, as the front of the Horse Guards would be for a statue of Sir Humphry Davy. Luckily, the equestrian figure is only to remain within the precincts of learning and science for three months, to be a sight for the Londoners, before it is shipped to its ultimate destination—Calcutta.

Mr Alvan Clark of Boston, United States, has made a discovery highly interesting to astronomers: it is, that certain stars in some of the northern constellations which have hitherto been regarded as single, are, in fact, double; and it brings matter to that important question respecting the changes stars undergo which are perceptible only after the lapse of years. Struve of Pulkowa, whose survey of the heavens is well known, did not observe the stars here in question as double when he was constructing his stellar charts.—Of discovering little planets there is no end; we are now at the forty-ninth, to which the French astronomers have given the name of *Pales;* the forty-fifth is *Eugenia*, in honour of the empress. Will the emperor bestow his name on the

fiftieth? or are globes not bigger than Paris too small for his ambition?—Photography is to aid astronomy yet further, and with a view to initiate a method of determining the positions and magnitudes, the Society of Sciences at Haarlem have offered a prize for the best photographs of stars. Whether Mr Bond of Cambridge, Massachusetts, will gain the prize, we know not; but he succeeded so well some months ago in photographing portions of the heavens, that the angles between the stars could be measured on the plate.—Professor Wolf, of Berne, is about to publish tables of observations of the solar spots made in Italy and Germany during the last century, as he is satisfied that they confirm his views as to the periodical recurrence of those spots within definite terms of years.—Mr Porro, the skilful optician, has invented a telescope, or helioscope, which has no dark glasses, and in which the glare and heat are so effectually neutralised, that observations can be carried on without annoyance to the gazer's eye. Seen through this instrument, the spots on the sun resemble bare patches of ground in a great field of snow.—Hansen of Seeberg is one of the most renowned astronomers of Europe; his *Lunar Tables*, the result of long years of careful observation, have just been published, at the cost of our own government, in a large quarto volume, copies of which, under direction of the astronomer-royal, have been presented to observatories in all parts of the world. Herein science is benefited, and praise should not be withheld from those to whom it is due. Already, the *Tables* have proved of good account, Mr Airy having, by means of them, settled a question which has long baffled astronomers—namely, the exact date of the eclipse which took place on the day of the battle of Larissa. It was May 19, 556 B.C. This may seem a dry question; it is, nevertheless, as the astronomer-royal says, 'valuable, not merely for its chronological utility, but also for its accurate determination of an astronomical epoch.'

Some further advances have been made towards utilising the electric light. M. Legrand, engineer of the French light-house board, recently threw a beam of electric light from the heights at Chaillot into the Champ de Mars at Paris, the illuminating effect of which was regarded as successful. The essential difficulty which has hitherto attended the use of carbon points, is said to be overcome in the new apparatus, in which mercury is substituted for charcoal.

Messrs Schuessel and Thouret of Berlin are exhibiting their new 'fire-preventive,' which is of such a nature that it protects alike the solidest and lightest of combustible substances. Small tables and other articles of furniture painted with it may be put into a large wood-fire for ten minutes, and suffer no hurt, the article being only 'partly carbonised where actually touched by the fire.' 'Wooden shavings,' say the inventors, 'prepared with our secret, being thrown upon a brisk fire, will not catch fire.' Sheets of paper will burn only where left uncoated; muslin, linen, woollens, the materials of curtains and bedding, cannot be made to propagate fire if but once rendered proof by the preventive. The substance, they say, is cheap, and it 'may be applied to articles mixed with the colour during the process of dyeing, or with starch during that of washing.' The appearance of wood prepared with it is not altered, nor has it any unpleasant smell.

Paper that will bear printing on without the usual preliminary wetting, has long been a desideratum; and we hear that such a kind of paper has not only been made, but that it has been worked up into printed books, and published. Printers of all degrees will rejoice when it becomes as available as the ordinary sorts of paper.

The *Cyclops* has sailed to aid in laying down the Red Sea telegraph.—Sir Charles Lyell is paying a geological visit of inquiry to Vesuvius: it might be worth his while, on the way home, to examine the deposits of coal and iron-ore which have lately been discovered at the foot of the Apennines.—Mr Henwood, whose mining surveys we have at times noticed, has lately returned from a survey of the Chanarcillo mines in Chili, and with valuable information for the Geological Society of Cornwall. His labours have thus taken him, in the space of twenty-three months, to the Himalayas, the Andes, to the Pyramids, and Niagara.—The use of sulphur to check the vine-disease in Portugal, has been found to protect the grapes at the expense of the wine, to which the mineral imparts a disagreeable flavour.—M. Trécul, in a communication made to the *Académie*, on the Circulation in Plants, shews that it is 'the circulation which produces the vessels; in other words, that it is the function which creates the organ.'—A suggestion has been made that the horse-chestnut, being now in demand for commercial purposes, rows of horse-chestnut trees *might* be planted with profit in the rural districts, by the road-sides, and in avenues across commons. But the best farmers say that we have too many trees already, and macadamisers dislike too much shelter for the roads. Orchards, it is said, might also be formed on the slopes of railway-cuttings—a question for the constructors to decide. Some years ago we mentioned that strawberry-beds would be likely to succeed on the slopes; and travellers on the Great Western may now see strawberries growing in certain places on the sunny side of the line.—M. Brown-Séquard, a distinguished physiologist, whose name has more than once been brought before readers of the *Journal*, has demonstrated the view originally put forth by Haller, that the irritability of the muscular system is independent of the nervous system—able to act without the co-operation of the nerves. He has now, he believes, established the fact, that the irritability 'depends on the action of the blood, rich in oxygen, upon the contractile organs' of the muscular system.

Alas for the hopes of bell-founders, clockmakers, and campanologists! *Big Ben* is cracked, and just as the quarter-bells were all cast and ready to hang. We hope the accident is not ominous. On the other hand, the great gun, or monster mortar, as some call it, has been tried with astonishing results in Woolwich marshes. A charge of 100 pounds of powder sent the ponderous 36-inch shell 2250 yards; and with 150 pounds it flew roaring far beyond the butt, and buried itself deep in the earth.—A patent process for blasting rocks by heat is announced: holes are bored in the rock, and then filled with a composition which splits the solid mass, not by explosion, but by the generation of a sudden and intense heat.—Accounts from Canada state that the works of the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal are advancing favourably; and that the booking of emigrants through from England to the west at one charge is quite successful.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

I POSSESSED some valuable diamonds which had been unset, and, as I was on a visit to Paris, I thought I would have them re-set. A friend—an old, dear, and valued friend—accompanied me to a jeweller's to make inquiries as to what would be the cost. The tradesman, after examining them carefully, pronounced them to be of great value, and said the cheapest form of setting would come to about thirty pounds. We did not, at the moment, decide about it, and as, shortly afterwards, business compelled me to leave Paris, I deferred the arrangement of my diamonds till my return. Just before I came away, I changed my maid—an Englishwoman—for a French *femme de*

chambre, the former having matrimonial designs; and, consequently, not being quite willing to trust the stranger, I undertook to pack my jewels, &c., myself. For this purpose, I had my jewel-case and desk brought to the drawing-room, and began arranging my ornaments and papers. Whilst I was thus occupied, two gentlemen called successively; the latter being Dr S——, the friend who had accompanied me to the jeweller's. During the time I chatted with him, I took out the diamonds, wrapped them in white paper, tied them with narrow ribbon, and sealed the tiny packet with *green* wax. I then placed it in a small box, and put it into my jewel-case. At that very moment my maid asked if she could speak with me, and excusing myself to Dr S——, I left him; never, of course, dreaming of locking up my half-packed jewels.

I was absent a few moments, and found everything, apparently, as I had left it. I finished my packing, and the jewels remained in their hiding-places till I had reached, and been some days in London. Then the wish to have the diamonds re-set returned, and I went to seek them, in order to take them to Roundell and Bridges. I opened the case, lifted off the lid of the small box, and found the diamonds gone! I searched every other box in the case, hoping I had mistaken their whereabout, but no—the diamonds were lost. I need not say how grieved and puzzled I was, and how inexplicable the loss appeared. No suspicion, however, of the only person present at their packing distressed me; I should as soon have suspected my nearest and dearest relative. Some time elapsed ere I again found myself in Paris; and then, from all sides, I heard the fame of Alexis, the 'subject' whose trance-powers approached the miraculous. A strong desire and curiosity awoke in my mind to ask *him* if he could, in his *clairvoyant* state, give me any tidings of my lost jewels.

I must mention here, that shortly after my return to Paris, I had received my former waiting-woman back again, and that I now made her accompany me to Alexis's house.

We were received with great civility by the mesmerist, who, having thrown his 'subject' into a sleep, desired me to place my hand in his, and ask him any question I chose. I obeyed, saying simply:

'Why do I come to you?'

'Madame a perdue quelque chose.'

'What is it?'

'Ah, je vois! A little packet it is of white paper, tied with ribbon, and with a *green seal*.'

I was startled.

'What does it contain?' I asked.

'Il contient des pierres blanches. Eh! *des diamans!*'

'You are right; now tell me—Where have I put it? I have lost it.'

'Non; madame ne l'a pas perdu. Elle a été bien volé.'

'Volé! mais—— Can you see the thief?'

'Oui, madame; il fait comme ça.' And he mimicked so exactly the face of my old friend, that my attendant exclaimed immediately:

'O ma'am, it is Dr S——!'

'What is his name?' I asked breathlessly.

'His Christian name is the same as my own. I can see no more.'

Alexander was my friend's name; the clairvoyant, Alexis. Need I say I left the mesmerist's, after paying my napoleon, fully assured of the culpability of my former friend. But what could have induced such a man to rob me? Some dire temptation it must have been. I would give him every opportunity of retrieving his error, but at the same time I would recover my lost diamonds. The opportunity for speaking to him occurred very shortly. We met a few days afterwards. Assuming a jesting air, I laughed, and said:

'By the bye, Dr S——, when do you intend to let me have my diamonds? You have carried on the jest quite long enough now, and given me a severe fright.'

He turned deadly pale; there was no mistaking his change of countenance.

'Your diamonds, Mrs ——; I don't know what you mean!'

'Why, you know you took them the night I was packing up—for a jest, of course—but it is really time to end it now. I *know* it was you who did it.'

'From a mesmerist, I suppose,' said he, but without expressing the least indignation at the charge. 'Really some day you will go mad about mesmerism!'

I confessed that I had been to Alexis.

'Well,' said he calmly, 'I shall go to him also.'

A few days afterwards he called on me, producing a written paper from Alexis, declaring that he did not mean Dr S—— by his description. I became indignant:

'You have bribed him to give it you!' I exclaimed. 'I also have again visited Alexis, and was reproached by him and the mesmerist for exposing them to a judicial trial for what they had told me. I believe you have the diamonds; I insist on your returning them.'

Again he grew deadly pale, and repeated: 'I did not take them.'

I was very angry. If he had resented such an accusation; if he had been violently angry with me, or very indignant, I should have believed him innocent; but that pale, troubled face, those calm, meek denials! I rang the bell. 'Shew Dr S—— out.' And turning from him indignantly, I left the room. Of course, we met no more.

Years rolled on. I thought I had lost both my friend and my diamonds. We were again in London. One morning my husband wanted something I had in my dressing-case. I carried it into his dressing-room, seated myself, and began looking for it. At length I opened the little box, memorable for having held the small white paper parcel. My husband will tell you that the next moment I startled him by a cry.

'What is the matter, Emily?'

'Oh!' I gasped, 'the diamonds—the diamonds!'

Yes, there they were: they had never left their first hiding-place. It happened thus: The box had a deep lid, the green wax was still wet when I shut it down; it adhered to the lid, and remained there. Every time before, when I had removed the lid, I had put it down as I took it off—the top upwards. Now, by a strange chance, I turned the top down, and behold the diamonds were within it. I leave you to imagine how grieved I was at my unjust suspicions of my dear old friend. If I had known where to find him, I should at once have written to beg his forgiveness. Happily, I at length heard of him. I was invited to dine with an old East Indian friend, who on my arrival said:

'I have an old friend of yours staying with me—Dr S——.'

'I am so glad. Shall I see him?'

'No. I told him you were coming, and he said he would dine at the club, for that you would not sit in the same room with him.'

'Did he tell you why he thought so?'

'No; he said you were angry with him.'

The meek, generous-hearted man had never even hinted at the cruel injustice I had done him. As soon as I returned home, I wrote him the most penitent of notes—and was forgiven. Thus I recovered both my friend and my diamonds; but I have never quite forgiven mesmerism for the pain it caused me; nor can I to this day explain by what unaccountable means Alexis was able to tell all about my loss, and yet to be so grievously far off the truth.

I must add, that I went to a *juge* about the diamonds,

and he would have given me a writ on Dr S——, but old friendship prevented me from exposing him in any way. How rejoiced I was that I had not done so!

VULGAR ERRORS IN LAW.

Verbal and written guarantee.—It is commonly believed that if a man accompanies his friend to a shop, and passes his word for the debt he may there contract, the guarantee is good in law. But this is a mistake: the purchaser is the person to whom credit is given, and the other can take the debt upon himself only by means of a *written* promise.

Tender in payment.—If you offer to a creditor what you conceive to be the just amount of your debt, you think you have made a legal tender; but that depends upon your discretion in making it. If you clog the offer with any condition, even the stipulation for a receipt in full, it is invalid: a legal tender, to be good, must be entirely unconditional.

Copper and silver as tenders.—Various good stories are told of revengeful debtors tendering in copper money the sums they were compelled to pay, and at so critical an hour of the day that their busy creditors would almost rather have done without. But this is all fudge. Copper coin is not a legal tender when the debt is of an amount that can be paid in silver or gold; and even silver is not legal to the amount of more than forty shillings. Bank of England notes are as good a tender as gold; but they again are convertible on demand at the Bank into gold at the mint price.

Civil liability of drunkards.—We all know that offences against the person are held to be aggravated rather than otherwise by their being committed under the influence of intoxication; but it is less known that a drunkard is securely bound by his written deeds. The signature of a drunken man is vitiated only when the drunkenness was produced by the contrivance of those to whom the bond was given, or when the intoxication went the length of depriving him entirely of reason.

Plants belong to the ground.—When you give up your occupation of a garden, and do not choose that the trees and shrubs you have planted should become the property of the landlord, you are tempted to cut them down if you cannot remove them. Don't; or you will subject yourself to an action at law. Leave your own flowers, too, and your own box-borders, or else prepare to stand the consequences of a contravention of the law.

Ladies, mind what you are about!—A lady thinks her property is her own till the marriage-knot is tied: but she is mistaken. From the moment she has accepted the offer of marriage, everything she possesses, or is to possess in reversion, becomes the property of her intended; and no deed involving its transfer, executed by her in the interval before marriage, is valid. The reason is that the intended covenanted for herself and her havings at the moment of the engagement, and she has no right to disappoint him.—These items are condensed from Mr Timbs's *Popular Errors Explained*, and serve as a specimen of the useful and sometimes curious information to be found in the book. It may be well to remark that, being matters of English law, they are not necessarily applicable to Scotland.

POSTAGE ENVELOPES.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. with M. de Velayer, who in 1658 established (with royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Velayer also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets* or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. Pelisson, Madame de Sevigné's friend, and the object of the *bonmot* that 'he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly,' was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and under the affected name of Pisandre, he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderi in her *pseudonyme* of Sappho. This strange *billet-doux* is still extant; one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a prepaying envelope.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE DARK HOUR ERE THE DAWNING.

She rocks her baby to and fro,
Crying aloud in anguish wild:
'I cannot bear that deadlier wo,
So, God of mercy, take my child.'
Poor soul! her act belies the prayer
She breathes into the midnight air—
It is before the dawning.

For while she speaks, her arms enfold
The babe with a still tighter clasp;
As fearing Death, so stern and cold,
Should hear, and rend it from her grasp.
She knows not—were that dark hour past—
Of hers, 'tis doomed to be the last,
The one before the dawning.

You had not wondered at the prayer,
If you had seen that hovel poor,
And known what *she* had suffered there,
Since first the grim 'wolf' forced the door:
But the prayer sped; the widow's pride,
Of sickness—not of hunger—died,
An hour before the dawning.

Half thankful, half remorseful, now
This only treasure, hers no more—
Tears raining on its marble brow,
She lays upon her pallet poor,
Then whispers: 'Would *I too* might die,
And so together we should fly
To seek a brighter dawning.'

The dawning came, and with it brought
Tidings of friends, and wealth restored;
They fell scarce heeded, as she sought
The little corpse, and o'er it poured
Her wild lament, her ceaseless moan
That such had found her all alone—
No child to share the dawning.

A hungry bee will strive to sip
Sweets even from a faded rose:
Thus hangs she on the pallid lip
So long, one almost might suppose
That she is striving with her breath
To thaw away the frosts of death,
Which yield not to the dawning.

And now she murmurs day by day:
'O God, that I had learned to wait;
'Tis so much harder than to pray,
As I have found, alas! too late.
I might have deemed the worst was past,
And that dark hour *must* be the last,
The one before the dawning.'

Ruth Buck.

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SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE.

'NOTHING succeeds like success,' says the universal voice of Great Britain, speaking from all mouthpieces —especially loud from the great national speaking-trumpet, the *Times* newspaper. In all departments of human work and human play, Englishmen honour those who are visibly, conspicuously successful. Success is a sort of certificate of merit that every one can read and understand. It is not written in Latin, intelligible only to the few; but it carries the translation of 'doctissimus' and 'optimus' deep into the minds of the crowd. They honour the man who has done the thing he willed to do; quite as often, too, they honour the man who has done a thing he never willed anything about, but which he hit upon 'by luck,' as men say. To succeed in the world is a sort of religious duty with some folk—the only one they are very assiduous in performing. These people generally do succeed, because to will a thing strongly, to turn our hearts and brains constantly towards an object, is going more than half-way towards the attainment of it. These people are praiseworthy—worthy of the praise they get. To succeed in ever so small an undertaking in life, argues the exercise of certain highly respectable moral and intellectual qualities—courage, perseverance, patience, self-denial, and intelligent observation and reflection. True, successful people are not always very great or very wise; but it does not become the unsuccessful to disparage their achievements, as they do frequently, while they are sick with envy at the result of these achievements.

The most common objects of so-called success in the world are, to make a fortune, to found a family, or to make one's self famous. It is these objects steadily pursued for many generations by a large proportion of the British people, that has built up and consolidated our material prosperity, and has helped largely in our intellectual and spiritual greatness.

What a Yankee would call 'the eloquential capabilities' of success in life are great. It would bear a deal of talking about; but we should consider much of what might, could, or would be said in its glorification as mere talking for talking's sake—at all events, in this country, where no one lives upon the fatalism of the Turk, but where we believe that a man, in the common phrase, is the architect of his own fortunes. Practically, all successful men in this country put forth the strength, intellect, and will that are necessary to succeed, and leave the rest to a higher power. They take care to keep their powder dry, and then put their trust in Providence.

'The race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong,' says the proverb. Solomon and other wise old men are gentle-hearted. This saying was meant as a kindly encouragement to the slow and weak, who are really anxious to make the best of their deficiency. The 'always' is their qualifying ray of hope. Let it shine ever before them, and lead them on to the utmost; but let no friend teach them to over-value its promise. It is false kindness which would lead the tortoise to disparage the hare's speed, or make the little Jacks of everyday life believe that giants will be easily overcome by them. God made the laws of nature like those of the Medes and Persians. Fire burns, water drowns a body heavier than itself, you do not gather grapes of thorns, wisdom from fools, nor tender acts from tigers. Let those who contend in the battle and the race rest assured that the strongest and the swiftest *must* win, if their other qualifications be on a par with those of their opponents. It is only when they are unusually defective in the will or power to turn their superiority to account they can fail. Hence the astonishment of the world when its Samsons and Atalantas are defeated; and the good-natured proverbs that cheer and encourage inferior people. 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Not always! So, courage, young Mediocrity! Do your best—it is sure to be worth something to the world, surer still to be worth immortality to your own soul. If you fail when you are doing your best towards God, it will count for you more than ten successes in the eyes of the world.

All honour to the successful man who succeeds, as most men do, by *fair* means! A successful rogue is rarely successful through a lifetime. The brilliant instances of roguery in the last few years go far to prove that. We are willing to admire the manly energy, courage, and industry which does something in the world. It is a beautiful thing to see a human being succeed in any right work—to see the requisite power put forth in the fittest way, and directed by adequate intelligence. Human skill in exercise has an irresistible charm for men; it is beautiful as well as useful; and we all love it; but we should love it no more than in reason.

The successful men of the world get credit for doing the work of the world. That portion of it that lies on and above the surface they do, in their day and generation; but those who have this visible, tangible something to shew for their labour, generally owe much to the unheard-of labours of their predecessors, who have been their *navvies*, and dug out rubbish, and laid the firm foundations of their edifices. To labour is the lot of man, and no one gains anything by shirking.

Glory is something superadded to the reward of labour; but the true reward never fails the steady, honest worker whose power is equal to his task. So much work done buys such and such wages—health, peace, and competence. The successful man does more than the ordinary labourer; having more than ordinary means and faculty, he achieves a conspicuous work, and is honoured of men. How is it that the world's successful men are often—not to speak paradoxically—disappointed men? Because happiness or content has not essentially any connection with success in the world. If happiness be our being's end and aim, the successful men of the world do not hit that mark as often as their admirers suppose. Perhaps because these admirers do not draw a distinction we wish to draw.

Success in the world is a different thing from success in life, although in many instances individuals have attained both. These are they who noble ends by noble means pursue. Still, if the prizes and blanks in the lottery of the world were identical with success or failure in the objects of this earthly existence, it would be a sadder life than it is on this planet of ours, which yet 'goes sobbing through space,' as the poet says. It is not so. Each man and woman among us—the feeblest, the least endowed with good gifts—may live a life, develop his powers to the utmost of his means, and exercise them not all for self. He will then have succeeded in life, done the best with the earthly mantle of his soul; and he will not wish to throw it up in disgust, or say to his Maker, 'Why hast thou formed me thus?' To quote the expression of Balzac, in speaking of discontent in life and suicide: '*La vie est un vêtement; quand il est sale on le brosse; quand il est troué on le raccommode; mais on reste vêtu tant qu'on peut.*' (Life is a garment; when it is dusty, we brush it; when it is torn, we mend it; but we remain clothed as long as we can.) This is not taking a high view of the matter; it is merely making the best of a bad matter; but the life is no such bad matter as the cynics declare. It is quite possible for mere ordinary folks like you and me to achieve a great success in life, though we are unsuccessful in the world. 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.' To rule one's own spirit, is to succeed in life—to live royally. Such self-subjection begets love and confidence in others. Women especially cling to those who are self-reliant and modest. It is true that some women love the proud and ambitious man who moves heaven and earth to compass his own honour; but such love is earthly in its nature, and dies out with prosperity or notoriety. Many a great man, too, has been unsuccessful in the world, but has lived successfully, working ever towards a high end, and pioneering the way for those who shall make a successful work before the world. The alchemists of the middle ages were many of them of this class; they did not deem their lives wasted or unsuccessful, though they did not achieve their definite purpose. The true way to succeed in life is to find out what God has fitted us for doing, and to do that as persistently as we can through all the lets and hinderances of our own nature, and the circumstances over which we have no control. We may fail in the special world's work we hoped to do, in the labour we loved; but we can learn to bear the disappointment, and take to something that may prosper with us. We can comfort ourselves by reflecting that another will do better what we had hoped to do, and that we can appreciate his worth, and praise him more meetly than another could who had not laboured in the same field. If we live in this spirit, we can never 'fail' in life—never sink down to wretchedness and weak despair. It will not make us unhappy to hear the sad laments of the poets over the mutability of this life; we can listen to Shakspeare's melancholy cry—

> When I consider everything that grows
> Holds in perfection but a little moment,
> That this huge state presenteth nought but shows, &c.—

and we can sympathise in it; but not so far as to forget that this rapid passing on from one stage to another of existence is merely a series of developments, of which what we call death is the closing one on earth—probably the opening one in another life. Success in this one consists in bearing with intelligent resignation, and working with intelligent energy, all that we are called upon to endure or to do. The two kinds of successful people—those who succeed in the world, and those who succeed in life—meet each with their reward: happy are they who succeed in both.

DROWNED, BUT NOT FOUND.

We are told that such are the numbers of London corpses now conveyed by the 'Funeral Trains,' that, upon arrival at the necropolises, the coffins get separated, and the processions mixed, so that you are as likely to be following another party as your own dear departed to his or her long home; a misapplication of sentiment sufficiently mortifying when you become aware of it, but not involving any lifelong wretched uncertainty, such as is suggested by the heading of this paper. Fancy the horror, even in the case of our dearest and nearest, of meeting him or her, on a sudden, above ground, whom we had concluded, years ago, to have been under water! Leaving out of the question our being her or his male or female relict, and our having chanced to marry again in the interim, or having published his or her *Remains*, without the smallest regard to private feelings, and taking the matter under as ordinary circumstances as such a thing can be taken, so that the little rencontre may occur in the most mitigated manner—not by moonlight or by twilight; not in Finsbury Square nor on Salisbury Plain, but—in Cheapside upon a Monday morning, yet how horrible is the bare idea of it! It is doubtful, perhaps, whether broad noonday and crowds of people going about their usual avocations would not heighten, by contrast, the terror of such a sight. As our gaze fell upon him or her, upon the opposite side of the roaring street, whom we had believed to be five fathom five in ocean, and to have suffered a sea-change these many years, how suddenly the hand would drop with which we were receiving our change, or with which we were hailing our omnibus. The poet has truly written that, for the most part, such supposed guests of Pluto (or Davy Jones) would find but an iron welcome upon their return. But *supposing that one had been their heir, and had spent the policy of their life-insurance!* I wonder what the poet would have said about it then. Having myself been secretary to a life-assurance company for many years, I know something about these matters. We, the company, are most unfeignedly distressed at the death of any of our customers, but we feel a satisfaction, melancholy indeed, but still a great satisfaction, in seeing the body, before we pay the piper—the policy. Within the present century, and soon after I was appointed to the Grand National and Provincial Costermongers' Friend Society, occurred the following circumstances: The G. N. P. C. F. S. did not confine itself to benefiting costermongers, of course, but took everybody's life it could get; amongst others, that of a young tinman, name, Robert Noggins, residence, Ipswich; peculiarity, weakness in the left leg—for which he wore an elastic stocking—insurance, four hundred pounds: a large sum for a tinman, we thought, and be sure we stuck it on to the premium, on account of the elastic stocking. He told our

doctor, in answer to the usual questions, that his uncle had died 'by accident'—tumbled off a tree with a rope round his neck, as we discovered afterwards; and as that sort of disease is in some measure hereditary, we were extra particular.

In rather less than five months after his admission, we received a letter from Joseph Noggins, his cousin and executor, written on mourning note-paper, in a black-edged envelope, with a black wafer:

'Ipswich, *November* 2.

'Gentlemen—I regret to have to inform you that my dear cousin Robert was drowned last evening at Lowestoft, while bathing from off the beach.'

'Drowned!' said our manager; 'ah, he doesn't say whether he 's found.'

So I wrote an answer of condolence to Joseph Noggins, saying that the company would like to shew their respect for the departed, by sending down some trustworthy person to attend the inquest. We were referred, by return of post, to the advertisement columns of the *Times*, wherein we read that L.25 reward was offered for the recovery of the body of Robert Noggins, and L.2 for that of his watch. The unfortunate deceased, with a sort of foreboding, as it almost seemed, of his affecting end, had lately insured himself for the same amount of L.400 in two other offices besides our own; so that the three companies clubbed together, and instead of replying to the lawyers' letters, which daily arrived, upon the subject of the policy, we sent down a detective officer to Lowestoft.

This was what that gentleman gathered there, upon the sea-shore and other places, sauntering about, as it might be pleasure-seeking: That Robert Noggins had been residing at Lowestoft for a fortnight previous to his untimely death, having been recommended to try sea-bathing for his weak left leg; that he did bathe every day, and sometimes in the morning, not from a machine, but from the beach; that he bathed from the beach as late as seven o'clock upon the 1st of November at high-water, and was never seen afterwards; his clothes were found above high-water mark, but not his watch and not his elastic stocking; moreover, he had taken a great bag with him when he went to bathe; that the fishermen all assert that they have had no experience of a Lowestoft body not being found; that since L.25 had been offered for this particular 'party,' they have done their best both inshore and upon the sandbanks, and believe the melancholy event to be all gammon. To this opinion, our detective, in conclusion, cordially assents. The three companies accordingly resisted Cousin Joseph's several claims, in the absence of more certain proofs of Robert's demise, and received, in due course, notice of action.

After an interval of six weeks, a letter arrives from the enemy's solicitor, with news that the body is found—found in the river Humber, at Kingston-upon-Hull, and the inquest is to be held upon it on the following day. Off I start, within an hour, northward, by express train, in company with two of our clerks; the distance is so great that fast as we travel, we don't arrive at Kingston in time. The inquest is closed. We have an interview with the coroner, and he declines to interfere. The cousin of the deceased and two intimate friends have identified the body upon oath, and every legal regulation has been complied with. Then said we: 'We suspect fraud;' and laid before him our reasons for suspecting it. At last, he consented to the reopening of the inquest for one day; in the meantime, and unknown to the other party, we got permission for a neighbouring surgeon to examine the corpse very particularly; we got counsel, the next morning, to cross-examine the witnesses very particularly also.

'How did they identify the deceased person?'

'By his forehead, which was a remarkably high one.'

'And was that'—with indignation—'the sole ground upon which they had come into that court and taken oath?'

'No; the deceased person had remarkably long nails, and the corpse had very long nails also. There was the mark of an elastic stocking, such as the deceased was known to have worn, still traceable upon the left leg; and fourthly, there was a tooth missing from the lower jaw, and the deceased was known to have had a bottom tooth extracted.'

Our own medical witness then deposed.

Had carefully examined the corpse upon the preceding evening, and did not consider the forehead to be a particularly high one; it was neither a high forehead nor a low forehead; there was no mark of an elastic stocking upon the left leg, so far as he (witness) could observe, at all; with regard to the length of the nails, the corpse had not any nails whatever (sensation); nevertheless, the action of water during a long period, which had destroyed the nails, had bared the skin beneath in such a manner as to give the appearance of long nails, perhaps, to a superficial observer. Fourthly, had examined the lower jaw very minutely; and although there was a space between the middle teeth, it arose from a decayed tooth whose stump was still remaining; no tooth in the bottom row had ever been extracted.

Our counsel pressed these contradictory assertions upon the attention of the jury, and commented upon the exceeding improbability of a body drowned at Lowestoft finding its way past the Wash and other convenient inlets to Kingston-upon-Hull. Finally, he threw out the delicate suggestion that Joseph Noggins, being, as we had discovered, a sexton, had opportunities of setting bodies afloat which were not enjoyed by everybody. All this opposed to the fact that the cousin and the two friends still swore to the similitude of their dear departed as stoutly as ever, so bewildered the jury, that they returned an open verdict, to the effect that there was not sufficient evidence to establish the identity of the body.

On the next day, the corpse was interred with considerable pomp, its three identifiers in deep mourning and tears following it in three funeral-coaches to the church-yard. One thing only was wanting to prove their entire conviction that it was poor Robert Noggins and no other, and that was, that they resolutely refused to pay the fisherman who found it the L.25 reward advertised for its recovery; and under these circumstances, the G. N. P. C. F. S. considers itself also justified in not paying the policy.

FROM ANCONA TO LORETTO.

The famous *Santa Casa*, or holy house of Loretto, has long been recognised as the principal attraction of the Marche; indeed, it is so well known to tourists, that I should have left my excursion thither unrecorded, had not this omission rendered my picture of local manners and customs incomplete.* Little as the Anconitans are given to locomotion, I never met an instance of one who had not visited the shrine at least once in his or her life, whilst many make it a point of conscience to repair thither every year. The distance from Ancona by the high-road is twenty miles—a journey of five hours, in that country of steep hills and slow coaches; but travellers are generally disposed to overlook the tedium of the way in their admiration of the scenery it discloses. Few, however, have any conception of the still more picturesque features of the circuitous route through which, one lovely evening in June, we pursued our pilgrimage to Loretto.

There was nothing very original or brilliant in our

* See *Chambers's Journal*, Nos. 151, 166, 187.

party. The V—— family—the same with whom we went to the rural christening—joined the expedition, too adventurous for any of our Italian friends; the consul, the Chevalier V——, this time escorting his wife and lively Polish daughters, very proud, as he protested, of the charge my uncle had delegated to him as his representative towards my cousins and unworthy self. He was a good man, that dear chevalier, in every acceptation of the term, but his sphere was certainly not a scrambling gipsying enterprise, such as we contemplated, and his presence would have proved hopelessly depressing, had it not been for the antidote furnished by the indomitable spirits of a lieutenant and two little midshipmen belonging to an English frigate lying in the harbour, who had obtained permission to accompany us. The fair hair and ruddy cheeks of the middies, reminding Madame V—— of her own absent boys, had pleaded irresistibly in their favour; their extreme juvenility too, she argued, screened her from any breach of the *convenances* she was always so solicitous to maintain. As to the young lieutenant, he was a married man, carried about his baby's likeness in a locket, and spent fabulous sums in presents for his wife. No anxiety could therefore be felt on his score, no dread of exciting the remonstrances of a certain black-browed parish priest, who, I very well know, left the poor lady no peace on the impropriety of throwing her daughters into the temptations of English male heretical society.

It had been arranged that we should walk the first five miles of the way, with the exception of the *consolessa*, who was provided with a donkey, as far as an unoccupied country-house, kindly placed at our disposal by its owners; thence, after needful rest and refreshment, we were to ascend the Monte d'Ancona, a lofty mountain, famed for a Trappist convent on its summit, and a magnificent range of prospect. To reach the top before daybreak, in order to see the sun rise, was an essential feature in our programme; it was the only subject connected with nature on which the Anconitans ever shewed any enthusiasm. Several of our acquaintances had, in their youth, they told us, braved the exertion and loss of rest to witness the *levata del sole* from the mount. Others regretted they had not the energy to attempt it. None ridiculed our undertaking. I felt very curious to behold what awoke such unusual admiration.

We were all in a cheerful mood, and not a little diverted, as we passed through the narrow streets on our way to the gate, at the astonishment excited by the appearance of Madame V—— on a very antiquated chair-saddle, upon her long-eared steed. The people flocked to look at her with unrestrained curiosity, till the consul turned suddenly round, and apostrophising the gazers, inquired sternly, whether they considered the foreign custom of riding upon an ass more wonderful than their own of being driven by a cow. The justness of this reasoning, or rather the energy with which it was enunciated, having produced an instantaneous effect in the dispersion of the crowd, we were suffered to proceed unmolested, followed by a second donkey laden with provisions.

Our route, immediately after quitting the town, lay near the cliffs forming the line of coast behind the promontory on which Ancona is built, in singular contrast to the sandy beach extending northward towards Sinigaglia and Pesaro. Sometimes the road quite skirted the edge of the precipice, and deviating from the undulations of the cliffs, would change the marine to a pastoral landscape, and lead to paths shaded by trees and flowering hedges, admitting occasional glimpses of mountains in the distance.

For the next two or three miles, our course lay entirely between hedges, screening the *possessioni*, or small farms, into which the land is subdivided from the road. It was rapidly growing dark; for it must not be forgotten there is no twilight in Italy, and the moon was not yet visible; so we had nothing to do but admire the fireflies which the midshipmen ruthlessly persisted in ensnaring in their caps and handkerchiefs, or laugh at the efforts of *l'officier marié*, as our friends had named the young lieutenant, to sustain a conversation in French. No fear of robbers crossed our minds; the consul and our countrymen were armed, it is true, but more as a security against danger in the vicinity of Loretto, than in the unfrequented districts we were traversing, where there were no travellers or wealthy householders to attract the gangs which swarmed on the papal highways.

At last, after the consul's lamentations on the weariness of the way began to find an echo in our own hearts, we emerged from a narrow path, shut in by steep banks, upon the *casino*. But it was not on its open doors, or the hospitable lights kindling for our reception, that our eyes were turned. I do not remember being ever so enchanted by any view as that now presented to us. I know not whether daylight would rob it of any portion of its beauty and soothing influence; I can only speak of it as it impressed me then—so calm, so pure, so still. We were standing on the verge of a lofty cliff that stretched precipitously forward like a crescent, and formed a bay on whose waters the moon, which had just risen, poured a flood of trembling silvery light; while on one side, dark, ominous, and frowning, rose the mount, projecting far into the sea, and towering in its sullen grandeur above the rippling waves which bore their snowy wreaths of foam in tribute to its feet. Clear and defined against the moonlit sky, with no trees or verdure to clothe its rocky steeps, there was something inexpressibly sublime in the aspect of this mountain, and the lonely character of the surrounding scenery. No sound invaded the perfect quietude of the hour except the reverential murmur of the sea, and faintly in the distance, the voices of some fishermen, whose barks were gliding forth, their sails filling with the evening breeze, and glistening in the moonbeams.

The preparations for supper were soon completed. The peasants left in charge of the house had eggs, and fruit and wine in readiness, and Madame V—— had taken care that our donkey's panniers should contain all the substantial requisites for a repast. The midshipmen delightedly superintended the laying of the cloth, and then summoned us to table, where their bibations of the sparkling Muscatel profusely supplied, did credit to the excellence of our friend the conte's vintage.

When the meal was over, the old *contadina*, who officiated as housekeeper, her Sunday costume and strings of pearls donned in honour of our visit, recommended us to take a little sleep before midnight, at which hour we were to set out for the mount in *birocci*—those primitive-shaped carts drawn by oxen or cows that I have elsewhere minutely described. This reasonable advice the consul forthwith enforced by example as well as precept, and was soon slumbering sonorously on a sofa in the dining-room. Not feeling inclined to follow his admonitions while the moonlight shone almost as bright as day, we all preferred exploring the casino and strolling in its vicinity, accompanied by the dear patient consolessa, who evidently did not think the convenances permitted her to lose sight of us, and consequently protested that she was not in the least fatigued.

The house was soon looked over. No arm-chairs, no couches, no ottomans; nothing but stiff high-backed cane sofas, that seemed intended for anything but repose. There was a billiard-room, and a little chapel, or rather recess, divided by a pair of folding-doors from the principal sitting-room, where mass was celebrated when the family were in the

country: but we could discover no books or traces of aught resembling a library. In fact, as I have before remarked, as most Italians consider reading *a study*, and have no idea of it as a recreation, all appliances thereto are generally left behind when they come professedly in search of health and mental relaxation to their *vileggiature*. From six weeks to two months is the utmost amount of time they devote for this purpose. What with looking after their farms and a little shooting, the men get through this period with tolerable satisfaction; to the ladies, it is always fraught with intense ennui.

The resources of floriculture with rare exceptions, are unknown to the women of the Marche. There was one lady of rank in Ancona who had laid out a garden at one of her country-houses with considerable taste. It was the only innovation I witnessed upon the orthodox quadrangular enclosure, fenced in by high walls with espaliers of lemons, and little three-cornered flower-beds, intersected by gravel-paths, which graced a few of the *casini* of the wealthiest proprietors. Her example, however, found no imitators; and with a soil and climate exquisitely adapted for their cultivation, flowers receive less attention and seem less prized in the Roman states than in any other part of Italy. Here, in this secluded villa, where the interest and occupation attendant on such a pursuit would have beguiled the weariness of the contessa's banishment from the fleas, bad smells, and stifling atmosphere which render Ancona, during the hottest months, a somewhat questionable Elysium, a small wood adjoining the house, a few rose-bushes planted round cabbages, and two or three cobwebby arbours, were all the evidences of ornamental gardening we could trace.

About midnight, we heard the slow dragging of wheels, and presently the peasants of the *possessione* came up with two birocci to the gate. Mattresses were then placed at the bottom of each, on which we were to sit; and after Madame V—— had carefully arranged the cloaks and shawls her prudent care foresaw would erelong be necessary, we took our places, and in good earnest commenced the ascent. Before long, the extraordinary and unnecessary steepness of the road became apparent. With a singular defiance of all engineering, it was carried abruptly up to the tops of hills, merely to descend with corresponding rapidity on the other side, reminding me more of the Russian sliding mountains than any other illustration I can think off, and occasionally becoming so disagreeably perpendicular, and so distressing to the poor cows, which panted loudly at every step, that we often preferred getting out to walk, to overtasking their strength and risking our own safety.

When the moon went down, the air became chill, and all of us gave tokens of weariness. As it approached three o'clock, our conductors, pointing to a faint break in the horizon, urged us to hasten our steps, as day would soon be dawning. Thus admonished, a few minutes of brisk walking brought us to the top of the mountain, which, so far as we could distinguish in the dull grayness pervading every object, was an irregular platform, on three sides overhanging the sea, and on the fourth commanding a wide dark boundless expanse, on which the blackness of night still rested. A little lower down, in a sheltered hollow, amid dusky groves of evergreen, cold, stern, and desolate, rose the white walls of the celebrated Trappist monastery. The strange tales current of the austerities of its inmates and of the disappointment or remorse which had driven them to its seclusion, seemed appropriate to the surrounding gloom and the spectral aspect of the building, when the tones of the matin-bell broke the oppressive silence that prevailed, and the *Ave Maria del giorno* summoned the monks to their orisons in the choir. Our guides, reverently uncovering, made the sign of the cross, and then flung themselves wearedly upon the ground, screened by a low parapet from the wind, which circled in keen gusts around; while we look forth upon the sea, and the glowing light that was stealing fast upon it.

Brighter and brighter grows that radiance, until, as by the lifting of a veil, the distant peaks of the mountains on the opposite Dalmatian shores become distinctly visible, thrown into bold relief by the illuminated background, and we span the breadth and borders of the beauteous Adriatic. Fleeting as a dream is that unwonted spectacle, for lo! the glorious sun has leaped upwards from his mountain-bed, and the glad waters quiver and exult beneath his presence. Higher and higher still he rises, and Night flies scared before him, as if seeking a refuge in that vague dim space where yet she holds her sway. It is a wondrous contrast, the golden sparkling sea, and sable land, nature's mingled waking and repose—but short-lived as wondrous, for like the gradual uprolling of a scroll, so does the darkness recede which covers the face of the fair and wide-spread prospect; and hamlets and towns, hills and valleys, fields thick with corn, olive trees and vineyards, seem to start into being while we gaze.

The peasants pointed out exultingly a number of towns distinguishable with the naked eye—Osimo, Loretto, Recanati, Macerata, besides many others, all with an individual history of their own, in feudal times having boasted an independent existence, and waged petty wars with each other. Nearly a hundred towns and villages are said to be discernible from this height; but it was not on any of these in particular that the attention of a stranger would be admiringly directed, but rather to the grand panoramic effect of the whole, bounded by its unrivalled background of Apennines, rising in terrace-like succession, till the last range blended with the clouds.

After nearly an hour's survey—it was much longer according to the chevalier's impatient calculation, in which he was abetted by the midshipmen—we prepared to depart. After bidding farewell to our birocci, we descended upon the opposite side of the mount on foot, accompanied only by a boy to act as guide, and not without casting many lingering looks at the convent, and longing for a glimpse of those white-robed monks, who—each isolated in his own cell, and occupied in the cultivation of the patch of ground whence he derives his subsistence—holding no communion of speech without the permission of the superior, except on three great festivals in the year, and never permitted to go beyond the walls of the convent, have voluntarily delivered themselves to a foretaste of the silence and confinement of the tomb.

An hour's quick walking brought us to Umana, where carriages were to be in readiness to convey us across the country to Loretto. Formerly of some importance as an episcopal see, Umana is now reduced to a mere harbour for fishing-boats; still, however, containing some handsome though half-ruined buildings, and having its grass-grown piazza, dingy caffè, and aristocratic loungers. The bishopric has been merged in that of Ancona, but the palace yet remains, in readiness for an occasional pastoral visitation. We had been courteously promised we should find it open for our reception; and dusty, tired, and hungry, we were glad to cross its threshold. But before allowing us to sit down, the old couple who had charge of the *palazzo* insisted on conducting us through all the apartments, that we might see the best accommodation they had to offer was placed at our disposal. Accordingly, we were forced to perambulate long corridors and innumerable rooms full of doors, opening one into the other, through which it seemed vain to search for one that was not simply

a passage to the rest. The brick floors were sunken and uneven; and the furniture, which consisted of tarnished mirrors, high-backed stamped-leather chairs, carved worm-eaten tables, with discoloured gilding, all looked faded and decaying. The beds, with their heavy brocaded quilts, canopies, and hangings, did not look particularly inviting; but in the total absence of sofas, they served for an hour or two of repose: after which, refreshed by such ablutions as the scanty washing arrangements permitted—nothing beyond the usual tripod containing a small basin and jug being allotted to each chamber, or procurable throughout the whole palace—we assembled for breakfast. Here one of the middies narrowly missed upsetting the general harmony by relating his fruitless attempts to obtain a tub, winding up his narrative by the remark, 'that these padres must be a queer set, decidedly not hydropathic.' This observation being unfortunately overheard by the chevalier, who perfectly understood English, was immediately interpreted into a want of reverence for the priesthood. Turning very red, he said with emphasis: 'It was extremely unfair and narrow-minded to cast *that* as an imputation upon one class of the community, which was decidedly a national characteristic;' and an awkward pause ensuing, we should all have felt very uncomfortable, if the entrance of several *bottegas*, waiters from the caffè, bearing a number of little brass trays containing each person's cup, tiny coffee-pot, milk-jug, and allowance of powdered sugar, had not given a happy turn to the state of affairs. The price of this collation, including a liberal supply of rolls and cakes, did not exceed five *bajocchi* a head (twopence-halfpenny). More substantial fare was supplied by the remaining contents of the basket that had furnished last night's supper; and being now completely recruited, we all sallied out to see something of Umana.

Our appearance on the piazza created an immense sensation. It was evident the presence of strangers was no common occurrence to the industrious citizens pursuing there the *dolce far niente*. Then, too, in addition to the flattering notice of the outdoor population—the barber, the apothecary, the keeper of the lottery-office, the tobacconist, besides whoever happened to be making *conversazione* with them at the moment, all stood at their respective doors to look at us, and bowed with flattering urbanity. This tranquil demonstration, however, was soon eclipsed by an inroad of beggars, who had at first presented themselves in limited detachments; but as nothing could restrain our sailor-friends from distributing small coins in profusion, their numbers soon became astounding, and we ran the risk of being pulled to pieces in their eagerness, or deafened by their clamour. At this juncture, the consul and the three delinquents, forming themselves into a body-guard, faced round and menaced the most importunate with their sticks, while we availed ourselves of the opportunity to escape further pursuit, and laughingly descended a steep stony path leading to the beach.

Here some fishermen at once gathered round, and assailed us with inquiries as to whether we would not like to see the famous Grotta de' Schiavi, distant half an hour's row along the coast. This had not formed part of our projected itinerary; but the sea being exquisitely calm, and the weather delightful, the majority of the party were strongly inclined to follow the suggestion. While the point was still in discussion, an unexpected ally in surmounting the opposing side presented himself in the *Chiarissimo* and *Dottissimo Signor Dottore* —— (most enlightened and most gifted, thus he would be styled officially), the most popular physician in Ancona, and an especial favourite in my uncle's household. Summoned the previous night to Umana for a consultation, he had promised to remain till evening to await the result of the treatment he enjoined, and, not being a frequenter of caffès, was now beguiling the time by a stroll on the sea-shore.

Assuring the consolessa, who had a vision of banditti before her eyes, that even a delay of two hours would not hinder our reaching Loretto before sunset, and offering his escort in lieu of Monsieur V——, whose politeness was combated by his dislike to any marine expeditions, we soon obtained the good pair's acquiescence. The consul went back to the episcopal palace to take a second nap; his spouse, faithful to her duties, cheerfully prepared to accompany us, too amiable to give herself the satisfaction of looking victimised. Two boats were soon selected from a host of applicants, who remained furiously wrangling among themselves, and hurling imprecations at the head of their successful comrades, long after we had pushed out to sea.

Although the men pulled vigorously, rather more than the stipulated time elapsed before we descried a dark speck at the base of the white cliffs which rose, without a strip of intervening shingle, abruptly from the water's edge. As we approached, this proved to be an aperture wide enough to admit the entrance of a boat, and crouching as we glided under the low, dark passage, we found ourselves in a lofty circular cavern, with no place for the foot to rest upon except a narrow ledge of rock, two or three feet wide, that ran around it. A mournful interest, derived from well-authenticated facts, is attached to the Grotta de' Schiavi—that is, of the Slaves—to which its name especially bears reference. It was here, as the sailors told us, and the dottore confirmed, that in those times when the Adriatic coast was ruthlessly swept by the Algerine corsairs, they used temporarily to confine their prisoners, and deposit the booty they had collected. Landing them upon the narrow ledge within the grotto, they would leave them securely bound while they went in quest of further plunder, confident that no means of egress, or possibility of rescue, lay before the wretched victims they had torn from their homes and kindred.

This scene gave rise to an animated conversation, in the course of which the physician drew a parallel between the Christian slaves and the political victims still crowding the dungeons of Italy.

It was a sombre picture—yet the bright sunshine, the sparkling waters, the ineffable beauty of the cloudless sky, as we emerged from the grotto, were irresistible spells to counteract any feeling of dejection.

Duly drawn up on the piazza, we found, on regaining the shore, the two *vetture* previously bespoken, surpassing specimens of that delectable style of equipage—each with three spectral horses, whose mean bodily appearance was supposed to be atoned for by an extra supply of gingling bells and scarlet worsted tufts; the drivers, fierce and bravo-like; and the interiors painfully redolent of musty straw. There were six places in each, two in the *cabriolet*, and four inside; and the consul and Madame V—— respectively taking the command of a division, with many expressions of thanks and good-will to the dottore, whose presence had formed a very agreeable interlude to some amongst the party, we set forth in great style. The whole mendicant population, at least half apparently of the inhabitants of Umana, escorted us, like a guard of honour, as a tribute to the largesses of our good-humoured tars, and filled the air with their benedictions; while a number of boys and girls, even after the horses had been urged into a feeble trot, pursued us indefatigably for at least a mile, the former making wheels of themselves, and bowling along after the most approved fashion; and the latter springing up to the windows to offer their bunches of flowers, and obtain a farewell token of English liberality.

After a drive of four hours or thereabouts, through country equally fertile and diversified, we drew near

Loretto, situated on the brow of a very steep hill, crowned by the church of the Santa Casa. As we wound slowly up the ascent, we met the peasants in large numbers returning from some neighbouring fair, and were struck by the scowling looks with which they eyed us, and a general air of menace and defiance. Singularly enough, it is notorious that the population in the vicinity of this venerated shrine is the worst throughout the whole pontifical dominions. This is a perplexing fact to persons who, like the V—— family, were perfectly sincere in their belief of the legend of the holy house's miraculous transportation by angels from Nazareth; and who naturally would infer that the immediate presence of such a relic ought to have produced a salutary effect upon public morals. Their explanation of this inconsistency was briefly, that the town having been for centuries the resort of pilgrims of all ranks and from every clime, the Loretani had become corrupted by ever-changing intercourse with these strangers: an hypothesis we unquestioningly accepted, for it must not be forgotten we were now on delicate ground, and many an observation that might have jarred on our foreign companions, had to be altogether suppressed or carefully kept amongst ourselves. The sinister aspects of the groups we encountered gave a clue to the numerous robberies perpetrated in the neighbourhood; to say nothing of the darker tales of murder and revenge, of which the way-side crosses, so frequent during the last few miles, were ominously suggestive.

Equally unfavourable were our first impressions of the town, as we drove through a narrow street, lined on each side with booths, where every description of medals, chaplets, rosaries, and other objects of devotion lay exposed for sale, which we were loudly called upon to purchase. Slipshod women, their black hair escaping, matted and disordered, from the coloured handkerchiefs bound about their heads; beggars, in every stage and form of human misery—blind, palsied, maimed; squalid children; lean, fighting dogs; portly priests; dirty pilgrims with staff and scallop-shell: such is the appearance of the crowd that greets the traveller on entering Loretto.

On reaching the inn, we found a fresh assemblage of mendicants drawn up in array in the courtyard; objects so dirty and revolting, that one involuntarily shrunk from contact with them; and clamorous, even peremptory, in their demands, which are in general liberally complied with. Their trade is supposed to be a thriving one, since the majority of persons repairing to the town, do so from religious motives, and esteem this promiscuous alms-giving a stringent duty. Besides these, we encountered upon the unswept stairs several women with baskets of rosaries and medals, which they kept importuning us to buy, that we might have them blessed at the Santa Casa; and lastly, two or three tottering old men waylaid us on the landing, and pressingly offered themselves as our *ciceroni* to the shrine. But it was too late, or rather we were too weary for any more sight-seeing that day; and as soon as dinner was concluded, we were glad enough to betake ourselves to repose.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

I MAY not deny that with the commanding officer's words a great fear fell upon me, although pride—Maria Wilson being present—enabled me to assume an air of defiance, which no doubt favourably contrasted with the demeanour of my fellow-prisoners. Jacques Sicard's suspended breath burst forth in a torrent of wordy, ignoble rage, bespattering his captors, the court-martial, and all others directly or indirectly concerned in the infamous conspiracy against him with volleys of unflattering epithets, till silenced by '*Tais-toi, cochon!*' emphasised by a sharp blow on his mouth with the hilt of the officer's sword; whilst Harry Webbe, whose face had blanched to the hue of death, and whose knees smote each other at the bare appearance of the soldiers, presently gave unresisted way to the mortal terror which he had vainly struggled to master, and sinking down with a cry of horror at Captain Lenoir's feet, abjectly clasped them in the delirium of fear which deprived him of all self-respect and control.

'Get up, miserable coward!' exclaimed the officer, spurning the wretched suppliant with his booted foot.

My blood flamed at the humiliating sight, and casting off the hold of the soldier to whose more immediate custody I had been consigned, I darted forward, lifted young Webbe by main strength upon his feet, and retorted upon Lenoir with:

'It is you who in perfect safety insult a young man whom a—a sudden surprise has overcome for the moment, that are a miserable coward! Courage, Webbe!' I added, vainly the while striving to make him stand upon his feet. 'Courage!—a Frenchman's bark is a much grander thing than his bite at all times; and so it will prove in this case. The bullets that will kill you and me are not cast yet, take my word for it.'

Let not the reader suppose that this was a very daring act on my part. I must have felt, without reasoning upon it, that nothing I could say would in legal parlance damnify my actual position in the slightest degree. I was, besides, greatly irritated by Lenoir's brutal conduct towards Sicard as well as Harry Webbe; and then Maria Wilson, to say nothing of Clémence, was looking on.

Captain Lenoir stared at me with rather an expression of amused surprise than of anger. 'You crow well for so young a cock,' said he. 'We shall presently see whether it is true or false fire that gives life to such bold words. As to this poor devil,' he continued, 'there must be, I think, some mistake, for he cannot surely be the young desperado denounced by Monsieur Auguste Le Moine. If he were'——

'No—no—no; I am not he!' screamed the wretched youth. 'It was not I that slew Captain Le Moine: I was below in the cabin, and took no part in the fight—no part whatever, I swear to you.'

'Still your name is Webbe; and it was he that'——

'No—no; it is a horrible misapprehension! This is he,' added the fear-frenzied young man, turning fiercely upon me—'this is he who on that dreadful night led the boarders of the *Scout*. Speak, Linwood; deny, if you can, or dare, that it was at your hand Captain Le Moine met his death; that it was you whom Auguste Le Moine denounced at Avranches'—— His eye suddenly encountered Miss Wilson's, and instantly checked in his passionate appeal to me, he cast himself at her feet, and with sobbing agony exclaimed: 'Ah, God! I am ruined—undone—lost!'

'On the contrary, you are, I think, saved,' remarked the officer, 'if what you say is true; and your *friend* does not, it seems, challenge its truth.'

'It would be folly to do so, now that'——

'Enough! enough!' interrupted Lenoir. 'You are not compelled to criminate yourself. It is a pity, besides, that a brave lad should perish to save the life of a wretched cur that—— But time presses. Fall in, if you please. And I advise you, Monsieur Webbe, to recover the use of your legs without delay. Quick—quick! It is only ladies, be pleased to remember, that are privileged to faint,' he added with a glance at Maria Wilson, who had swooned in Madame Dupré's arms. 'If *you* do, the remedy we shall use will be the sharp point of a bayonet liberally applied. Oh, you *can* walk, I see. Adieu, mesdames. March!'

Thus suddenly collapsed Mr Harry Webbe's fighting reputation, destroyed by himself in the very insanity of terror, since a moment's cool reflection would have shewn him that if the military authorities of Havre were determined to be revenged upon Webbe, the privateer captain—and that, I felt, must be their chiefly actuating motive, as well as Mr Tyler's—by the legal murder of his son, the violation of parole would be quite sufficient excuse for such a deed. I sincerely pitied the unfortunate young man, whose timidity was, there could be no doubt, constitutional, impressed upon his being by the circumstances attending his birth, and uncontrollable by any effort of his will; and now, should he escape the menaced doom by court-martial, the grace and ornament of life were gone for ever. Maria Wilson, he must have read as plainly as I did in her look and gesture of astonishment, indignation, contempt, as she freed the skirts of her dress from his trembling grasp, was irrevocably lost, and what more afflictive stroke than that could fate have in reserve for him!

And if lost to him, might she not be won by me in the bright future which, upborne by Love's light wings into the airy regions of romance, and loftily overlooking with youthful Hope's bold, creative eyes, the cloudy screen of present doubts and fears, was, I fancied, already flushing the horizon with rising, rosiest light! Assuredly I might win her; and that thought glowed within my heart, inflamed my blood with fire from heaven!

Some gleams of that transcendental illumination of mind must have been reflected upon my features, for Father Meudon, who entered the prison in a state of extreme agitation, whilst we were halted for a few minutes in the fore court-yard, was struck with astonishment by my aspect and bearing.

'How is this?' he exclaimed: 'you look as if you were going to be crowned in the Capitol, instead of being dragged forth to suffer a violent, untimely death!'

The strength and sincerity of the good priest's apprehensions rudely dissipated the volatile fancies which uplifted and sustained me in the region of dream-land, and I fell at once to the hard, common-place, matter-of-fact earth again.

'I cannot bring myself to believe, I have not been able to realise the possibility,' said I, 'that the members of the court-martial before which we are about to appear, will dare to carry out the ferocious purpose you impute to them.'

'Dare! not dare!' echoed M. Meudon. 'Have I not explained to you over and over again that there is no daring in the case; that the will of the general in command is the law during a state of siege, and Havre has been in a legal state of siege for several weeks past, though the military régime has not been rigorously enforced? A few hours' delay,' added the reverend father, 'might have saved you; for there is now no doubt that the restored government will supersede General Véray; and that too, it is expected, by my friend Colonel Durand. Alas! the official mandate will arrive too late.'

The reappearance of Captain Lenoir, who had been giving a written receipt for his prisoners, was the signal to proceed: the heavy, sullen gates were thrown open, and the next minute we were in the midst of a hooting, yelling mob, all of whom, whether Bourbonist or Bonapartist, were unanimously in favour of shooting or hanging the two English pirates, as they were pleased to designate Harry Webbe and me. The soldiers effectively protected us, however, from the physical assaults of the crowd, and their merely verbal attacks were easily borne. One paramount, well-established fact, Messieurs Mob were determined we should be fully impressed with—that our execution, namely, had been already settled to take place on the North Rampart, at four o'clock precisely, it then being a few minutes past three.

'The scoffs and curses of the canaille,' said Father Meudon, who walked close beside me, 'are fortunately much less formidable than offensive, and I am not without hope—a faint one, I grieve to say—that their brutal wishes may yet be balked.'

'Is my mother,' I asked, 'cognizant of the gravity of my position?'

'Not as yet. She believes you to be simply accused of the minor offence of making use of false papers. It will, however, be impossible to conceal long the dread truth from her, now that savage denunciations of the English spies and pirates are resounding on all sides. Le Capitaine Webbe,' added Father Meudon, in a voice subdued to a whisper, 'has, I hear, fled from Havre: there is no hope of aid, therefore, from that quarter. But what *could* he have done to help us had he remained? Nothing, after all!'

The court-martial was to assemble in the Hôtel de Ville; and as Father Meudon was speaking, we turned out of the Rue de Paris into the flower and vegetable market, where the crowd was so dense that it was with difficulty our escort hurtled slow way through it. Suddenly, there was such extreme pressure upon us that the line of march was broken in the rear of where I walked; and the soldiers and prisoners were for a minute or two mixed up with the mob. I looked back, and saw a man wearing a blouse and a flapping broad-brimmed black straw-hat, which completely shadowed, and, except to a very near observer, concealed his features. He had viciously assaulted Harry Webbe, whose coat was nearly rent off his back in the struggle; and it was with difficulty the soldiers rescued their prisoner from the man's ferocious clutch. As I gazed, the broad, shadowing hat was slightly pushed aside, and I saw that the furious assailant was no other than Captain Kirke Webbe himself!

He had achieved his purpose of secretly thrusting a scrap of paper into his son's hand, which, when we had reached the Hall of Justice, Harry Webbe glanced at, and then passed to me. It contained these words: 'Be bold—fearless; deny nothing—confess nothing: I will save you yet.'

The caution had come too late with reference to the confession which Captain Webbe was chiefly anxious to prevent his son from making, and as for the promise to shield that son from the sentence of the court-martial, I could not, with all my superstitious faith in the privateer captain's genius for bold expedients and calculated daring, place the slightest dependence thereon. Force was hopelessly out of the question, and what could the subtlest cunning devise to arrest a doom which would be carried into effect immediately after it was pronounced? His father's positive assurance had, however, a vivifying influence upon Harry Webbe. A faint colour stole doubtfully back to his white cheeks, his drooping frame grew erect again, and his downcast eyes confronted the grim array which was presently before us with a trembling hope, a shrinking boldness as it were.

When we were marched into the Salle, two or three inferior officials only were present; but the public having been, after some demur, it seemed, admitted, the Salle was in a few minutes densely packed with excited spectators. Their impatience was not irritated by delay. Cries of 'Silence!—silence!' by the huissiers, preceded the entrance of General Véray, Colonel Durand, and three officers of inferior rank, who took their places in stern silence at a baize-covered table, before which Harry Webbe, Jacques Sicard, and I had been ranged in line with a hedge of glittering bayonets immediately behind us.

General Véray was a fine, soldierly-looking, gray-haired veteran; in the strong lines of whose war-and-age moulded features not a trace of human weakness

or indecision could be seen. Colonel Durand's handsome face wore a kindly expression, strikingly in contrast with the iron sternness of the general's; and the other members of the court-martial did not interest me much, thoroughly aware as I was that the fiat of the majority is conclusive of the decision of such courts, so called. I shall pass briefly over the formalities observed at that mockery of a judicial trial. We, the prisoners, were sternly questioned, and made to convict ourselves either by positive admissions or by refusals to answer, which were held to be tantamount to admissions of guilt. Harry Webbe, whose frenzied fit of terror had returned upon him, could not, for example, deny that he had given his *parole d'honneur* not to leave Havre, and that he had violated that pledge by escaping to Honfleur, with the intention of passing over to Jersey—a fact which was wrung from Sicard. Colonel Durand ventured to suggest that the prisoner was *gardé à vue*, which greatly mitigated his offence; and that it was besides extremely probable that he had been coerced into breaking his parole by his father, the notorious Captain Webbe, who, it had been ascertained, was the Baptiste spoken of by the gendarmes as the originator of, and chief actor in the riot at the cabaret.

'That is certainly possible,' remarked General Véray; 'but that audacious corsair not being before us, we must deal with those that are. It was not, at all events,' he added, with a look and voice of thunder, 'Webbe, father, who, a few days after a combat with a vessel of the imperial navy, presented himself at Avranches, a garrison-town, in the character of a citizen of the United States of America.'

Harry Webbe's wild denial of that part of the informal charge was confirmed by M. Auguste Le Moine himself, who I had understood was safe in Paris. He stepped forward, and assured the general-president that, if the prisoner who had broken his parole was Webbe the corsair-captain's son, he certainly was not the individual whom he, Le Moine, had detected and denounced at Avranches.

'That person is, however, before the tribunal: there is the young man,' he added, pointing to me, 'by whose hand my uncle fell, in perfectly honourable combat, I admit, and who, a few days afterwards—seduced, corrupted, no doubt, by the execrable English government—accepted the well-paid infamy, and will, I cannot doubt, receive from this tribunal the reward of a traitorous spy.'

A grim assenting smile flitted over the general's cast-iron countenance, and an approving murmur ran through the vengeful auditory. All eyes were now turned from Harry Webbe upon me; and the president, honouring me with a stern, stony gaze, demanded if I admitted the facts stated by M. Le Moine.

'I admit, Monsieur le President, that I had the misfortune to deprive, in accordance with the usages of war, Captain Le Moine of his life; and that at a banquet at Avranches, I committed the folly of permitting it to appear that I was an American; but I deny, with all the indignation which so dishonouring a charge excites in the breast of an honest man, that I was in France for any hostile or unworthy purpose.'

'You will not deny that you assumed various disguises in France, and passed under at least two different names. In St Malo, you called yourself Jean Le Gros, and were confederate with Jacques Le Gros, pretendedly your uncle, and really the corsair Captain Webbe.'

Mr Tyler, whom I had not before noticed, rose in a tribune at the right-hand upper end of the hall, and begged to state that he did not believe I was in the slightest degree cognizant of Webbe senior's infamous schemes; and that he, Tyler, had seen me without any disguise in St Malo—wearing, in fact, the very clothes I then had on.

'We are nevertheless informed,' said the subaltern officer who acted as secretary, after translating what Mr Tyler said—'we are nevertheless informed that William Linwood, whilst residing in St Malo, was disguised as a French peasant of the proprietary class.'

'That may be,' said Mr Tyler; 'but I repeat that I saw him on the very day I left St Malo in the dress he now wears.'

'Although,' persisted the secretary—'although you do not believe that the prisoner, William Linwood, was confederate with Jacques Le Gros, otherwise the corsair Captain Webbe, it is certain that he was on board the *Scout* when temporary possession was obtained of your ship, the *Columbia*. It is also well established,' added the officer, addressing the general-president, 'that William Linwood was one of the party at La Belle Poule cabaret, on the evening of the riot and rescue of his now fellow-prisoner.'

'Enough—more than enough!' exclaimed General Véray. 'The facts are too plain to require either comment or interpretation. Who,' he added, fiercely addressing me—'who furnished you with the passport of Adolphe, Louis Piron, by aid of which you for a time baffled justice?'

I did not answer, and Sicard was asked if he had not furnished me with the said Adolphe, Louis Piron's passport. The reluctant reply was a hesitating admission of the fact, followed by a vehement denial that he either then or now suspected or believed me to be a spy, or in any respect the enemy of France.

There were but few more questions asked, and the court were about to withdraw, not to deliberate upon our guilt and doom, but to formalise their decrees, when Father Meudon rose and requested that I might at least be allowed to give my own version of the motives and purposes of my visit to France. That very reasonable request was peremptorily refused. A statement which could not be verified, the general replied, would not refute or modify well-established facts.

The members of the court-martial then retired, and a buzz of animated conversation succeeded to the strict silence which had been imposed upon the crowded auditory. The conclusions that had been arrived at by nine-tenths of the spectators were freely bandied about, generally accompanied by a jest or sneer—in a few instances only by an expression of pity. It was decided that I, at all events, would be shot at the breaking up of the court, and at the open space near the North Barrier I heard a sous-officer say, in reply to a question from an acquaintance. Opinions seemed to be divided with respect to the fate of Harry Webbe; and Sicard was quite forgotten in the eager discussion of the two Englishmen's chances of life and death.

Strange to say, neither the quite openly manifested determination of the members of the court-martial—Colonel Durand excepted—to condemn me to death, the confident opinions I heard expressed on all sides that my fate was sealed, nor the cold, trembling pressure of Father Meudon's hands enfolding mine, whilst tears streamed down his pale face, brought home to me that the strong life dancing in my veins was upon the verge of extinction. The day was bright and genial; the fresh breeze, admitted through the wide, open windows of the Hall, brought with it the odour of flowers, the merry voices of market-girls, the laughter of children, and in the distance, a military band was playing lively melodies. The common air was vocal with busy, lusty life, and refused, as it were, to entertain the idea of death—of black, dumb death, and especially of death by murderous violence! No question that this was a very illogical impression of mine; still, I felt it strongly, and it was not sensibly weakened till the door through which the court had passed was again flung wide upon its noiseless

hinges, and the arbiters of fate stalked slowly to their places. The look of mournful compassion with which Colonel Durand regarded me, more startlingly impressed me than the stern visages of General Véray and his servile subordinates; and I suddenly awoke from a vain dream of security to find myself upon the edge of a precipice, at the bottom of which yawned a newly dug grave! My breath came thick and short; a dizziness seized me, and for a few moments I feared that I should disgrace my name and race by a degrading, and useless as degrading, exhibition of womanly weakness. By a great effort, I fortunately managed to keep up an appearance of unruffled, defiant composure, which powerfully excited the sympathy of Colonel Durand, and drew from General Véray a curt expression of regret that so bold a youth had rendered himself justly liable to a shameful death.

The reader will understand that all this while Harry Webbe was prostrated with abject terror; and I mention this the less reluctantly, that it throws into high relief—gives, in fact, the only moral value to the firmness he subsequently displayed, since what in him required an almost superhuman effort, would, to a son of ordinary nerve, have been a matter of course.

The command of the huissiers to keep silence was superfluous. The auditory held their breath that they might not lose a syllable of the tragedy of real life acted before their eyes.

Jacques Sicard, bourgeois and bottier of St Malo, was convicted and condemned to one year's imprisonment. This was the first judgment pronounced; and although it excited the liveliest indignation on the convict's part, the spectators seemed to be merely annoyed that it should have been permitted to delay the more exciting announcements for which they impatiently listened.

'William Linwood,' continued the military secretary as soon as Sicard's indignant remonstrances had been silenced—'William Linwood, a British subject, convicted of having entered two garrison towns of France as a spy; of being confederate, whilst there, with the notorious English corsair Webbe, and of having planned with him attacks upon his imperial majesty's allies, the United States of America; convicted, moreover, of having conspired with the said Webbe to enable his son, Harry Webbe, to violate his *parole d'honneur*—is, by a plurality of voices, condemned to be shot; two hours' respite being allowed, that he may avail himself, if so disposed, of the services of a minister of religion.'

A piercing, convulsive scream, which I too well recognised, broke in upon the last phrases of the infamous sentence. A sword passing through me would not have inflicted a sharper pang, and I leant for support upon weeping Father Meudon. 'I will go to thy mother,' he said, 'but presently return. Be comforted: thou art nearer Heaven than any here—nearer than thy cruel judges will ever be.'

'Harry Webbe, British subject,' proceeded the unmoved secretary, 'convicted of having broken his parole, and of being confederate with his father, Kirke Webbe, in piratical attacks upon his imperial majesty's allies, the United States of America, is condemned to be shot'——

'Mercy! Mercy!' shrieked the poor fellow; and he continued to pour forth such a torrent of wild supplication for pity, mercy—that it was some time before the general could make himself heard and understood, to the effect that the sentence of death would be remitted upon his, Harry Webbe's acceptance and fulfilment of a precedent condition to be named by the court.

'Anything—any condition, I will accept—fulfil,' gasped the prisoner.

'I believe that,' said General Véray, 'though that which I am about to propose is one which, but that the public weal requires it, I would not suggest, even to such a contemptible caitiff as thou art. Listen: You are definitively doomed to be shot, and that sentence will be carried out within, at the latest, two hours from now, unless you are willing and able to ransom your life by—by—— Read the condition insisted upon, Lieutenant Rogier.'

'The sentence of death passed upon Harry Webbe, a British subject,' said Lieutenant Rogier, reading from a paper, 'will be remitted, if the said prisoner can and will enable justice to lay hold of the corsair Captain Webbe, who is known to be either in Havre or the neighbourhood.'

A cry of horror arose from the auditory as the atrocious proposal left the lips of the military secretary, and it was some minutes before silence could be restored. As for the son, he gazed aghast, speechless, upon his tempters with an expression which no words could interpret.

'Silence!' thundered General Véray, 'or the hall shall be forthwith cleared. The proposal you have just heard,' he continued, addressing Harry Webbe, 'is dictated by a stern sense of public duty. The corsair-captain was the concocter of the traitorous conspiracies that have brought you, and what is much more to be regretted, the young man at your side, to the brink of an untimely grave. You are now offered a chance of avoiding that death. Which, then, do you choose—life or death?'

'You cannot mean this,' gasped young Webbe; 'you are men, not fiends in human form!'

'We are desirous of bringing a notorious malefactor to justice. You can aid us to do so; and by so doing, save your own life. What, once for all, do you say?'

'I cannot—dare not—will not'——

'Enough!' interrupted the general; 'your blood be upon your own head. The court is adjourned. Captain Lenoir, remove your prisoners.'

'One moment—hear me but for one moment!' screamed Harry Webbe.

'Do you accept the condition offered you?' sternly broke in the general. 'Yes—or no?'

'No—no—a thousand times no!' shouted the young man with the courage and energy of despair; 'I will die first.'

'The answer does you honour, and seals your doom,' said the general. 'Let the prisoners be removed at once.'

'I have a question to ask of Monsieur le Général,' said Father Meudon, pressing forward to the front of the tribunal. 'Does he pledge his word that if the corsair-captain, Kirke Webbe, is surrendered into the custody of this tribunal, the life of the prisoner, Harry Webbe, will be spared?'

'I pledge my word of honour to that effect. The corsair-captain once in our power, his son shall be immediately liberated.'

'I accept that pledge,' said a man, stepping briskly up. 'I am Kirke Webbe, the corsair-captain!'

FOUNDED ON FAITH.

In the neighbourhood of Bristol there exists an institution but little known to the general public, yet of such a singular nature that it may fairly be classed amongst the wonders of the age. It is situated at Ashley Down, one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city, and is simply and unobtrusively named 'The New Orphan Asylum.' Within its walls, 300 fatherless children, aged from a few months upwards, are fed, clothed, and taught. The elder girls are instructed in sewing and all domestic arts, and at a proper age are each provided with an outfit and a suitable situation; the boys are similarly fitted out, and apprenticed; and all this is done without any regular funds or subscribers, by a man who neither does now, nor ever

did, possess any property, or pecuniary means. Nor has a single shilling ever been solicited for its support, for the New Orphan Asylum is *founded on faith*.

This statement will probably raise a smile of incredulity; but it is, nevertheless, a fact which cannot be gainsaid. There is the extensive range of buildings, in substantial stones and mortar; there, too, are 300 living witnesses, the recipients of its bounty and protection. On every Wednesday, the doors are open to all who choose to inspect for themselves this monument of love and charity. Enter: in this stern, practical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century, it is refreshing to halt for a moment on such a verdant oasis. There is no charge for admission; neither are the attendants permitted to receive any fees; but in the entrance-hall is a small box labelled, 'For the Use of the Orphans;' and if you think fit to drop a coin therein, you may do so. Visitors are shewn the dormitories, each little bed with its snowy coverlet; the wardrobes, fitted up with presses, wherein every child deposits his or her Sunday clothing with admirable precision of folding and arrangement; the nursery, and its tiny inmates, their basinets and toys; and the dining-room, so large and lofty, and well ventilated, that it must be a pleasure to eat therein. Then there are the schools, three in number—the girls', the boys', and the infants'—all of whom go through their exercises and sing their simple melodies, wearing, withal, a healthy, hearty, and happy expression, which speaks volumes for the system under which they are trained. Passing on, we visit the 'cutting-out' and 'making-up' rooms, the bakery, the dairy, the kitchens, the laundry, the bath-rooms—all well arranged, and indeed perfect in their appointments. Another range of offices is devoted to various store-rooms. There are stores of flour, of bread, of meat, of rice, of oatmeal—good Scotch meal, which forms the staple of the children's breakfast. There are stores of shoes, of clothing, of soap, of linen, of crockery, and even of toys for the delectation of the younger ones. The staff of teachers, nurses, and servants is large and efficient; the mental and physical wants of the children are amply provided for, and their comfort most sedulously studied; and all this, as many well know, has been brought into existence literally out of nothing. Doubt it not. Were you as incredulous as Thomas of Didymus, yet must the evidence of your senses convince you of the reality of this extraordinary fact. Seek not to explain it away, for the truth of the history attached to that asylum is incontrovertibly established.

That history is to be read in a little book, entitled *A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller* *—a quaint, strange title, which, of itself, seems to remove us far from the world of steam, and gas, and electric telegraphs. It is written in a simple style, wherein is no seeking after effect or ornament, and consists principally of extracts from the author's diary. I much fear, that in giving the substance of this narrative, I shall be unable to render it due justice; but my limited space forbids expansion. Here it is:

George Muller's creed is so unsectarian, that I have never yet been able to ascertain its precise nature; he, indeed, distinctly states that he does not belong to any sect, and his writings, no less than his deeds, confirm the assertion. He is a Prussian by birth, and emigrated, in 1829, to England, where, to quote from the narrative, he 'began the service of caring for children who are bereaved of both parents by death, born in wedlock, and are in destitute circumstances, on December 9, 1835.' For ten years he carried on his work of love in Wilson Street, first renting a single house for the use of his protégés. As their number increased, other premises became necessary; till in 1845, four contiguous houses were occupied by about 130 children.

The expense of supporting these establishments was entirely defrayed by unsolicited contributions. Upon this principle they were started, and even when sorely pressed, it was rigidly adhered to. A perusal of the author's journal shews that he was often reduced to great extremities, from which he was always relieved in what will no doubt be deemed an unaccountable manner. Thus, under date August 10, 1844, is the following passage:

'In the greatest need, when not one penny was in hand, I received L.5 from a brother at Hackney.'

And again:

'*Aug.* 16, 1845. Our poverty is extremely great. The trial of faith as sharp as ever, or sharper. It is ten o'clock, and there are no means yet for a dinner. I now thought of some articles which I should be able to do without, to dispose of them for the benefit of the orphans, when one of the labourers (teachers) gave me L.1. There were also taken out of the boxes in the orphan houses 1s. 6d., and by knitting came in 2s. 3d., and from A. A., 2s.'

Such passages as these are of continual recurrence. Frequently, the last crust of bread, and sip of milk, was consumed, and Muller never contracted debts. Over and over again, the daily record commences with, 'Not a penny in hand!' and ends with, 'Only a few pence left;' and there was no treasure to draw upon, save the inexhaustible fund of faith—a fund which indeed appears to have fully answered every demand upon it, for the wants of the day were always fully supplied.

But the great work was yet to come. In 1845, Muller first began to conceive the idea of building an asylum for the accommodation of 300 orphans, and having fully considered the undertaking, 'I judged,' he says, 'that the cost would be L.10,000; and on November 4, I began asking the Lord for means.' Strangely enough, on the following 10th December, L.1000 came to hand. This was the largest donation which, up to that time, had ever been received; 'but when this money came,' he writes, 'I was as calm, as quiet as if I had only received one shilling; for my heart was looking out for answers. Therefore, having faith concerning the matter, this donation did not in the least surprise me.' Other donations followed, including a second sum of L.1000 on the 30th of December; and then he relates how he, 'having asked the Lord to go before him, went out to look for a piece of ground' whereon to build.

Here is a picture of startling sublimity! Imagine a gaunt, grave man, attired in a suit of rusty black, walking forth into the bustling city, like the pilgrims in Vanity Fair, and in all simplicity of heart, and earnestness of faith, seeking to be so directed to a suitable site. One almost expects to read on the next page, how that 'one of shining countenance appeared unto him, and bade him be of good cheer.'

It is not my intention to follow George Muller throughout the gradual process by which he effected his purpose; suffice it to say that, by little and little, the necessary funds flowed in. The building, which, with the land, cost eventually upwards of L.15,000, was commenced in July 1847; and in June 1849, the children were removed from Wilson Street to the healthier locality of Ashley Down. No flourish of trumpets ushered in the event; quietly and unostentatiously the children and their more than father walked from the one house to the other; and save that the old school-rooms were closed, whilst merry voices awoke the unwonted echoes of the Down, no change was perceptible.

Little more than twelve months elapsed ere Muller began to contemplate an extension of his work; and undeterred by the absence of visible means, the

* Nisbet & Co. London: 1856.

frequency of pecuniary difficulties, or the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to build another wing, capable of receiving other 400 orphans, with a view to the ultimate extension of this additional number to 700, or 1000 in the whole. The first donation received for this purpose was ten shillings! But, nothing discouraged, he persevered; and in May 1852, the building fund amounted to L.3530, 9s. 0½d. The next year this amount had increased to L.12,531. In 1854, upwards of L.5000 was added to the fund; and in 1855, the sum in hand being L.23,059, 12s. 0½d. —always the odd farthing—the new building was commenced, and is, at this present writing, on the point of being opened for the reception of the forlorn little beings for whose benefit it is designed. Whether the benevolent founder will be enabled to complete his self-imposed task, by the construction of the intended third building, time alone can determine. Let us hope so.

Muller seems to have been incited to his efforts by the success of a similar institution at Halle, in Prussia, founded in 1696 by A. H. Franke, professor of divinity. This is the largest charitable establishment for poor children in the world, containing 2000 inmates, and is in a flourishing condition. We will here let our author speak for himself:

'Franke is long since gone to his rest, but he spoke to my soul in 1826, and he is speaking to my soul now; and to his example I am greatly indebted in having been stirred up to care about poor children in general, and about poor orphans in particular. . . .

'At the last census in 1851, there were, in England and Wales, thirty-nine orphan establishments, and the total number of orphans provided for through them amounted only to 3764; but at the time the New Orphan House was being built, there were about 6000 young orphans in the prisons of England. Does not this fact call aloud for an extension of orphan institutions? By God's help, I will do what I can to keep poor orphans from prison.'

The utter abnegation of self which pervades the work is remarkable and characteristic. 'What have I done,' he cries out in one place, 'that men should praise me? I have only sought to be used as the honoured instrument of saving young children, who have neither father nor mother, from sin and vice.' Truly, such men are *in* the world, but not *of* it.

Contributions appear to arrive from all parts of the globe, and from all kinds and conditions of men. Here are a few entries, for example: 'From negro brethren in Demerara, 12 dollars;' 'From an archdeacon, and one of the Queen's chaplains, 12 guineas;' 'From one of the orphans formerly under our care, a sovereign;' 'From Mount Lebanon, L.2, and from Orleans, five francs;' 'From an Israelitish gentleman, an entire stranger, L.5;' 'From a shepherd in Australia, who had read my narrative while tending his flock, 12s.' The amounts vary from a single farthing to thousands of pounds; and the receipt of a copper coin, or the presentation of a check for L.5000, is recorded in an uniformly grateful strain.

Nor is it to money alone that assistance is confined. One gentleman offers his services gratuitously as an architect, and another as a surgeon. Another gives glass for the three hundred windows of the new building, and others send jewellery and ornaments, silver spoons and tea-pots, watches, gold and silver, old coins and needlework—to be sold for the benefit of the institution. On one day, 'three autographs of William IV., two of Sir Robert Peel, and one of Lord Melbourne,' were received; and on another, 'a Coverdale Bible of 1535, perfected almost sheet by sheet.' Perhaps the most singular gift of this kind was, 'A silver medal, given to the donor for being engaged in the taking of Java; but, laying down his honour, he desires to have this medal used to lay a stone in the new building.' Then there are donations of books, of coals, of provisions, and of clothes—old and new; donations, indeed, in almost every conceivable form. And in this manner, to sum up all in his own words, 'without any one having been personally applied to for anything, the sum of L.84,441, 6s. 3½d. has been given to me for the orphans since the commencement of the work.' And greatly has it been needed, for, in addition to the expense of purchasing land, and building and furnishing the asylum, the present average expense for each of the orphans is stated at L.12, 6s. 8d. per annum.

Not the least peculiar feature in the subscription-list is the absence of all personal publicity. Those who give to the New Orphan Asylum must do so from a pure and unmixed feeling of charity, for their names are carefully withheld; even their initials are rarely given; nor would any offer induce a departure from this rule.

No sectarian doctrines are taught in the schools, neither is any interest necessary to obtain *admission* for orphans. If they be deprived of father and mother, and in distress, that is sufficient passport to the large warm heart and helping-hand of George Muller. Long may his life be spared, and his labours blest!

PRESENT AND FUTURE OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

It is not many years since the upper classes of this country enjoyed exclusively, as if by prescription, the advantage of newspapers, periodicals, and books. In towns, even of a moderate size, they had their reading-rooms and libraries; while their artificer brethren, when they would indulge in intellectual luxuries, were obliged to be satisfied—if indeed they had the luck to come into turn at all—with a ten minutes' glance at the one political paper of the tap-room. Times are now changed. Throughout a considerable portion of the country, even in places where the upper classes are not numerous enough to afford a news-room, the working-classes—whose name is Legion everywhere—have their mechanics' institute; and this has not only its reading-room, but its educational classes, its lectures on interesting and important subjects, its concerts of music, and its enlivening soirées. Most of these institutions are self-supporting; but all are largely assisted by what used to be considered the antagonistic class, with contributions of money, gratuitous lectures, and gratuitous teaching. Even ladies assume the part of schoolmistresses—for there are female classes as well as male—and may be seen patiently assisting their humbler sisters in reading, writing, cutting out clothes, &c. Of what is this institution not susceptible? Already it has begun to add to its system penny-banks, which inculcate lessons, as good as any of the rest, to its juvenile members; and already access to higher than mechanical employments has been freely opened to such of the members as turn to best account the scholastic and practical teachings they enjoy.

The institution of examinations by the Society of Arts is certainly the most important event in the history of mechanics' institutes. The Society offers to test the acquirements of the pupils, and to bestow prizes on the most deserving, with certificates of progress which will be worth more to the possessors than any number of ordinary letters of recommendation. This fact will be understood when it is known that from four to five hundred of the leading firms have formally consented to receive these certificates as 'testimonials worthy of credit.' When this system comes to maturity by being responded to and aided by the institutes themselves, the jealous complaint will cease of clever but friendless young men, for the poorest youth in a well-doing village may look

upon the Society of Arts as a powerful friend, from whom he will receive a warm introduction to the first commercial and manufacturing houses in the kingdom.

There is another great advantage which has opened to the institutes—their banding together in a certain local union, which gives the poorest and most recent some share of the advantages of money and experience. The Yorkshire Union has just published its annual *Report*, which shews very clearly what may be done in this way. The Report itself is a history, carried on from year to year, of a certain number of institutes, and must be an admirable guide in the reformation of old and the formation of new ones. A delegate from each institute in the Union is sent to the annual meeting, and each institute furnishes its own Report for the period. The central committee gives advice, and, as far as possible, aid; it inquires into the merits of lecturers, and publishes the names of the paid and gratuitous; it sends its agent, when requested, to assist the local committees, and to deliver lectures; and finally, it lends books, in fifty volumes at a time, to institutes in need of the supply. Such advantages are obtained at a mere nominal fee: 5s. per annum when the members are 70 or under; 10s. when they are between that and 150; and 20s. when they exceed that number.

One interesting feature of the Union is the Itinerating Village Library, for the advantage of the inhabitants of villages where no mechanics' institute or local library exists. A subscriber to the library pays 1d. per week or 1s. per quarter in advance. Places where there are 25 subscribers have the use of 50 volumes, and for each additional 25 subscribers an additional 50 volumes. The history of this system, as given in the Report, seems to shew that a reading-room is essential to its full success. In three places, since the last Report, the result has been the establishment of independent libraries—the nuclei, probably, of institutes. The system exists also in Norfolk, where its operations were carried on last winter in forty parishes. 'Upwards of 3000 publications had been issued and circulated in the associated parishes, and the Report adduced instances of the anxiety of the labourers to read, or to have read to them, the contents of the society's book-cases. These cases are thirty-one in number; they circulate among a population of about 16,000, or three-fourths of the whole district.'

The number of institutes in the Yorkshire Union is 130, with 20,960 members. The annual income of 89 institutes is L.10,324. To shew the proportion of the sexes, we may add that in 100 institutes there are 17,387 males and 1112 females. Among the few complaints made in the Report is the falling off in the number of female members, amounting on the average to 14·6 last year, and 10 per cent. the year before. The following remarks are made on this subject in the Report from Ripon: 'To those who know anything of the domestic economy of our poor, it need not be said how much of its disorder, extravagance, and misery is owing to the want of proper training in early life. The daughters of the poor, sometimes from want of means, sometimes because the hard-working mothers with large families require their help at home, are taken from school at the very time when its restraints, discipline, and instruction are most likely to be beneficial. For the benefit of such, the ladies who work in our institute give their time and energies. On working evenings, they are in attendance to give instruction in cutting-out, making, mending, knitting, and whatever else in this department may be of use, as tending to the better ordering, comfort, and economy of the poor man's home. While the work is going on, an instructive book is read, remarks are made, and questions asked.'

The discouraging fact of the diminishing number of such pupils would seem, on the face of the Report, to be strangely at variance with another—that an increase in the infinitesimal fees does not seem to affect, in general, the number of the male pupils: but both these facts seem to us to depend upon the same principle. The average subscription is three half-pence per week, which usually includes not merely the classes, but frequently the library, lecture, and news-room. But what kind of education is it possible to give for this sum? In the sixty-seven best institutions of Yorkshire, we are told, 75 per cent. of the pupils were learning nothing more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. This, however small the outlay for each, was a bad speculation, for such acquisitions would hardly improve the learners' prospects; while, on the other hand, an increase to 4d. or 6d. per week would be considered prudently spent money, inasmuch as it would open out to them access to a chance of higher and more remunerative employment. As for the girls, of what pecuniary advantage is education of any kind to them? Why should not the mothers have their assistance at home, and save the half-pence their classes cost? These questions may be, to a partial extent, answered in domiciliary visits by the benevolent instructresses; but the practical solution will come before long of itself. The educated young men will not *marry* profoundly ignorant women, and the mothers will then see that it is an excellent speculation to leave their daughters for a reasonable time in the institute.

From a comparative table given in the Report, it is clear that lectures are not so popular a feature as they have been; and in the Reports of the affiliated institutes, the complaint is pretty general of the small attendance on such occasions. This seems to us to be owing to the subjects being very frequently too high-pitched. In the lists of lectures we find a great proportion that would do very well in the institutions of the gentry, but are quite out of place in the mechanics' institutes of small towns and villages. The taste of the institutes is shewn pretty clearly in the issues of books from the libraries. At Leeds, where the members are probably of a better class than usual, theology, philosophy and education, poetry and the drama, attracted, on an average, 1400 or 1500 readers; voyages and travels, 2300; fine arts and literature, 3000; history and biography, between 5000 and 6000; the exact sciences, chemistry and natural philosophy, a few hundreds; *and fiction*, 14,166. The amusing and the practically useful are the most popular subjects for the masses: the elegant, the learned, and the *recherché* fit audience find—though few.

The Reports of the affiliated institutes appended to the general Report of the Yorkshire Union, are exceedingly interesting. Some of these societies are shewn to be in a most flourishing state, while others are in the depths of misfortune, the committee only consoling themselves with the idea, that an energetic canvass of the place may give a turn to events. The most frequent complaint, however, is of want of accommodation: this chokes the whole concern, keeping down even the classes, and is the more vexatious that the sum required to build a complete institute is only about L.500.

We have ourselves, however, no fear of the ultimate result. Our only difficulty is in imagining how far an institution of such capabilities is to go as a lever for elevating the lower masses of the people. The thirst of these lower masses for knowledge communicated in an attractive form may be guessed by a statistical statement on the subject of free libraries and museums read to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science by Mr David Chadwick of Salford. By this document we learn incidentally, that last year the total number of visitors of the British Museum was

361,000, while that of the Royal Free Museum of Salford was 580,000, and is expected this year to exceed 800,000. The cause of this extraordinary difference can only be, that the British Museum is closed at six o'clock in summer, while that of Salford is kept open till dusk: in other words, the difference between the numbers must be composed in great part of the working-classes.

MY INTERVIEW WITH AN ACHENESE PRINCESS.

Not many years ago, a severe attack of what is known in India as jungle-fever compelled me, at the suggestion of my medical advisers, to seek change of air and scenery, by visiting for a period that most delightful and hospitable of eastern islands, Pulo Penang.

Whilst there, I was so fortunate as to be the guest of a worthy Scotch merchant, a near relative of Viscount Strathallan; and, as he had frequent commercial intercourse with the least frequented ports on the west coast of Sumatra, I gladly availed myself of his offer to accompany him on a betel-nut collecting cruise along the Pedir coast.

The vessel we sailed in was his own, and in every way fitted out suitably for the cruise in question, which was one not unattended with danger. The people of Sumatra, especially those about the west coast, were notoriously treacherous, and by inclination and rearing, a horde of ruthless pirates—a blood-thirsty, reckless set, in whose hearts humanity had never yet found a lodging-place; consequently, we went well armed: the ship carried six guns, and an unusual complement of men, including ten Manilla gunners. We had three officers besides the captain, the supercargo, and myself, all armed with pistols and cutlasses; and last, though by no means least, a famous old dog, the gift of a Danish captain, a creature nearly as high as a moderate-sized calf, and the best and most faithful watch we could rely upon in times of danger. After the watches were set, and the eight o'clock grog and biscuits had been discussed, I should have liked to see the man that durst venture upon deck before Phaon had been duly warned, and coaxed into recognition. He would instantly have been extended upon his back on the deck, and have lain there, under the animal's powerful paws till the captain's or some other well-known voice interposed for his liberation.

With such means, offensive and defensive, a few cases of Spanish dollars, and a full cargo of Turkey red cloth, we sailed from Penang one evening towards sunset; and after encountering the usual provoking calms, so prevalent between that island and Diamond Point, eventually anchored off Achen Head—one of a rather considerable fleet of trading-vessels, principally English and Danish, which were there assembled for the purpose of sharing amicably among them the various points of the coast, so that the trading operations of one captain might not clash with the interests of another.

In the course of a few days the commodore of this betel-nut fleet—a veteran Dane, the oldest trader to Sumatra—had appointed the vessels to the various trading-ports along the coast; and to us fell the lot of loading an intermediate cargo of rice, and carrying it to Penang; the supercargo in the meantime remaining upon the coast, bartering Turkey red for betel-nut, and warehousing the cargo in convenient sheds against our return.

Of Achen itself, I have very little to say; an open and exposed roadstead, with a low uninviting coast, to reach which a formidable shoal had to be crossed, possessed but small attraction for the little floating colony of Europeans there assembled; and, in security from the risks to be incurred amongst a people notoriously treacherous and cruel, we found ample occupation in fishing alongside the ships, especially by torch-light, or in shooting the wild ducks and geese, which hourly swept overhead, bound to those inland-lakes reputed to be so abundant in Sumatra, and equally famous for the deadly miasma their vicinity emits. Even had we possessed the inclination, our time was limited; and before the expiration of a week, the small fleet had separated, and was scattered over the intervening coast between Diamond Point and Achen Head. We ourselves anchored off a wretched village called Psatu Barra, so far from the land, that the natives brought off the rice in some of the largest proas, many of which were armed; all well equipped, and so dangerous, as to oblige us to permit only one boat to come alongside at a time, whilst a main-deck watch rigidly observed the movements of all the other boats hovering about us. The rice was measured over at the gangway; and at every tenth measure, its equivalent, either in Turkey red or dollars, was handed to the proprietor, who, seated upon the poop, smoked pipe after pipe of English tobacco, and drank brandy neat with as much apparent impunity as though it had been spring-water.

We worked day and night, for the moonlight favoured us, and in less than three days had completed our cargo. Not only the hold, but every available cabin had been stuffed full of rice in bulk; and the result of this glut in cargo had well-nigh proved our destruction. Just when midway between Sumatra and Penang, we were overtaken by one of those fearful squalls so prevalent off Diamond Point, and which come upon the unwary so unexpectedly as to endanger the safety of the vessel. Our captain was an old trader, but the great serenity of the night had, I am persuaded, lulled him into an unsuspicious nap. At all events, the first notification we had of the squall was the crash of the topmasts going over the side, and the simultaneous jerk of the vessel as she threw us out of our berths, and bent, gunwale under, to the force of the wind. The cabin light had been smashed to atoms; the binnacle swept over the side; the heavens were obscured by an impenetrable pall; and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, Buxo, the owner's Hindostanee servant, and myself, rushing from our respective berths towards the companion-ladder, were suddenly overtaken by, and completely hemmed in with, what in our alarm we supposed to be the sea making a clean breach over the vessel. Never was there a more ludicrous spectacle than we must have presented to the astonished Seacunny,* when he came below, horn-lantern in hand, to ascertain the amount of damage. The bulwarks of the side-cabins had given way under the pressure, and the whole volume of loose rice stowed therein had literally and *de facto* nailed Buxo and myself to the opposite side of the vessel—a dilemma from which we were liberated by the assistance of the lascars, as soon as they recovered from their convulsions of laughter.

After discharging our cargo of rice at Penang, we returned to the Pedir coast, and anchored off the town of Pedir itself, which was the chief city of that independent principality, then under the sway of a *ranee* or princess. Her highness, who had been previously apprised of our advent, had caused a considerable quantity of betel-nut to be warehoused in the immediate vicinity of her palace; and the day after our arrival, we were invited ashore to a friendly interview with the royal lady: at least, such was the intimation conveyed to us by an interpreter, a native, who at the same time hinted mysteriously, that we had better land well armed and prepared against treachery.

If truth must be told, not one amongst us relished

* Manilla helmsman.

the honour conferred; for my own part, despite curiosity, I would have much preferred being left on board; but for mutual security, it was best that all of us that could be spared should leave the vessel; and with as many arms secreted about our person as we could conveniently carry, we left the ship's side, and pulled in towards the landing-place. The distance was considerable, so that there was no hope of succour from the vessel, should that be required. As we approached, our spirits did not rise at the prospect before us: the boat had to be pushed over a very shallow bar, and we then entered a narrow river, whose banks were lined with luxuriant verdure, till a sudden bend shut out the view of the sea, and brought us into the presence of some forty or fifty half-naked savages, who were all armed with formidable Malay creeses, many of them also carrying spears. The loud shouting and capering of these ruffians seemed anything but conciliatory: however, the interpreter who accompanied us assured us that all was right, and we jumped ashore, determined at all hazards to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

Forming a kind of guard of honour, preceded by a drum and one or two ragged banners, this company escorted us into a dense, and apparently impenetrable brushwood, from which, however, we speedily emerged again, coming suddenly upon a wide clear space of ground, which had hitherto been entirely shut out from view, and in the centre of which rose a bamboo and mud stockade, containing the palace of the princess, and one or two smaller houses. The stockade had but one entrance-gate, and though it mounted six guns, was in so deplorable a condition, that the report alone of these cannon would have been almost sufficient to shake it to the ground. The palace was more substantially built, and consisted of a large bamboo and mat edifice, raised a considerable height off the ground, and supported upon the stumps of trees that had been evidently left there for the purpose when the rest of the forest was cleared away. Up a rickety old ladder our party climbed into the presence of royalty, and whilst her own subjects crouched on all-fours around, we were permitted to approach the *musnud*—which consisted of an empty rice-basket reversed—and to shake hands after English fashion.

Of the princess's personal appearance I have but little to say, save that she was portly, like most orientals who live well; whilst her garments consisted merely of a gold and silk tissue petticoat, with a loose shawl thrown over the shoulders. By her side was seated an extremely good-looking girl about fifteen years of age, who proved to be her only daughter. The floor of the apartment was liberally strewed with cocoa-nuts, yams, and a great variety of delicious fruits peculiar to these parts; there were also huge piles of betel-nut and the betel-leaf, from which the assembled native courtiers supplied themselves; whilst one man, who may have been the prime-minister, was continually occupied in pounding the ingredients in a little mortar, from which he supplied the princess, who, having lost a great many of her teeth, was thus saved the trouble of mastication. I need hardly say that, owing to this practice, and frequent expectorations, the floor was spotted like a leopard-skin.

We were welcomed with much courtesy, and feasted with fruits, rice-cakes, and the fresh milk of the cocoa-nut; then tobacco, rolled up in dry leaves, was handed round, and, princess and all, we fell a-smoking, and, through the medium of the interpreter, the palavering part of the business commenced. The princess undertook to supply us with a full cargo of betel-nut—the greater portion of which had been already collected—and to take, as equivalent, certain pieces of Turkey red. These preliminaries being arranged, preparations for dinner were commenced on rather a large scale. Immense quantities of rice were boiled in hollow bamboos; and from the screaming in the poultry-yard, we were convinced that great slaughter was going on there. The cookery was carried on down stairs under the immediate supervision of the princess's daughter, and in an incredibly short space a really sumptuous repast was served up on wooden platters. Some of the dishes were novel and tasty, consisting of chickens stewed in cocoa-nut milk, well seasoned with green chillies and onions; baked yams were also by no means contemptible. After partaking of this hospitality, we were escorted back to the boat, which we found deep laden with fruit, vegetables, and poultry, the gift of her highness the princess of Pedir.

After this interview, I visited the shore frequently, and though but slightly versed in the Malay tongue, managed to carry on trifling conversations. Emboldened by impunity, I often pushed my walks further perhaps than prudence might have dictated; but the younger of the princesses generally accompanied me upon these tours, and her presence alone was a sufficient guarantee for my safety. The girlish delight she evinced whenever I was fortunate enough to bring down some gaily plumaged bird with my gun, amply recompensed her for any fatigue or trouble.

A few days prior to our departure, three of the Malay lascars deserted, and, having obtained the princess's permission to search for them in the environs of her domains, accompanied by a native guard, we penetrated far into the country, both on land and by water. On the river, the scenery was desolate and wild. Now and then, a huge rhinoceros would poke up his nose in unpleasant proximity to the boat; but, apparently more alarmed than ourselves, would as speedily retreat. Once, and only once, I caught sight of one beautiful bird of the bird of paradise species; the trees by the water-side teemed with animation, and I do not remember to have ever seen so great a variety of the monkey-tribe as were here, swinging from branch to branch.

On shore I found the generality of the houses constructed upon the same principle as the princess's palace—that is, elevated upon poles. The country seemed in a high state of cultivation, and each house had a well-stocked poultry-yard and kitchen-garden, upon the produce of which, and the abounding fruits, in addition to a large supply of rice, the people subsisted and throve.

A rather unexpected and ludicrous circumstance brought my visit to Pedir to a sudden close: the princess had set her heart upon retaining me on the island as the future husband of her only daughter, and to this intent offered my friends several boat-loads of betel-nut as an equivalent. I am sorry to say that I was ungallant and unambitious enough to object to the intended honour, although, if I had known my own interest better, I might by this time have been a prince in my own right. The old lady, however, was exceedingly obstinate; and refusing to continue any further shipments until her demands had been complied with, we were compelled to go foraging at other ports; and very shortly afterwards, I bade a final adieu to the Pedir coast and my prospects of royalty.

KOUAN-FOU-YOUAN.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

In the fifth watch of the first day of the year, when winter reigns in all his severity, my tender wife died. Is there on earth a man more unhappy than I? Oh, if thou wert still alive, I would give thee a new robe for the new year! But, alas, thou hast descended to the gloomy kingdom watered by the Yellow Fountain. Come to me in the middle of

the night, that husband and wife may see one another again; come to me in the third watch; let me renew the illusions of the past.

In the second moon, at the birth of the spring, the sun shines longer in the sky, and each family washes its robes and linen in pure water. Husbands who have still their wives, love to adorn them with new clothes; but I, who have lost mine, I am a prey to a grief that wastes my life away. I have removed from my sight the little shoes that enclosed her pretty feet. Sometimes I have thought of taking another companion; but where should I find another so beautiful, so witty, and so kind!

In the third moon, at the epoch called Tsing-ming, the peach-tree opens its rose-coloured blossoms, and the willow begins to display its green tresses. Husbands who have still their wives, go with them to visit the graves of their relations. But I, who have lost mine, I go alone to visit her grave. When I see the spot where her ashes repose, burning tears stream down my cheeks. I present to her funeral-offerings; I burn for her images of gilded paper. 'Tender wife!' I exclaim, with a tearful voice, 'where art thou? Tender wife! where art thou?' But, alas, she is deaf to my cries! I see a solitary tomb, but I cannot see my wife. * * *

In the sixth moon, at the epoch called San-fo, it is difficult to support the burning heat of the day. The rich and poor then spread their clothes to air. I will expose a silken robe to the sun's hot rays. Look, here is the robe she wore on festival days!—here are the elegant shoes that enclosed her pretty feet! But where is my wife? Oh, where is the mother of my children? I feel as if a cold steel-blade were dividing my heart. * * *

The fifteenth day of the eighth moon, when her disc shines with its greatest splendour, men and women offer to the gods melons and cakes, which have a rounded form like that of the orb of night.* Husbands and wives go two and two to walk in the country, and enjoy the sweet moonlight; but the round disc of the moon can only remind *me* of the wife I have lost. At times, to relieve my wo, I pour for myself a cup of generous wine; at times I take my guitar, but scarcely can my trembling hand draw forth a sound. My relations and friends come, turn by turn, to invite me; but my heart, full of bitterness, refuses to share their pleasures.

In the ninth moon, at the epoch called Tchong-yang, the chrysanthemums open their golden cups, and every garden exhales a balmy odour. I would gather a bunch of newly blown flowers, if I had still a wife whose hair they could adorn. My eyes are wet with tears, my hands are contracted by grief, and beat my fleshless breast. I enter into the elegant chamber that was once my wife's; my two children follow me, and come sadly to embrace my knees. Each one takes me by the hand, and calls me with a choking voice. By their tears, their sobs, their gestures, they ask me for their mother.

The first day of the tenth moon, both rich and poor present winter-clothes to their wives. But I who have no wife, to whom shall I offer winter-clothes? When I think of her who shared my bed, who rested on the same pillow, I burn for her images of gilded paper, and my tears flow fast. I send these offerings to her who now dwells beside the Yellow Fountain. I know not whether these funeral gifts will be of use to the shade of her who is no more, but at least her husband will have paid her a tribute of love and regret.

In the eleventh moon, when I have saluted winter, I call my beautiful wife. In my cold bed, I double up my body, I dare not stretch out my legs, and half of the silken counterpane covers an empty place. I sigh and invoke heaven; I pray for pity on a husband who passes solitary nights. At the third watch, I rise without having slept, and I weep until the dawn.

In the twelfth moon, in the midst of winter's cold, I called my tender wife. 'Where art thou?' I said. 'I think of thee all day, yet I cannot see thy face.' The last night of the year, she appeared to me in a dream: she pressed my hand in hers; she smiled on me with tearful eyes; she encircled me with her caressing arms, and filled my soul with happiness. 'I pray thee,' she said to me, 'to weep no more when thou rememberest me; henceforth, I will come thus each night to visit thee in thy dreams.'

* The full moon presides over happy marriages.

THE STRANGER.

The wedding-bells are ringing as if it could not be
That there was any heart to-day which was not full of glee.

The wedding-bells are ringing; you hear it in their sound
That this is a high holiday for all the country round.

The wedding-bells are ringing, drums beat, and bugles blow;
A stranger passing through the place the cause of this would know.

He asks the brawny blacksmith who stands before his shed,
Wearing a coat with buttons bright, as if he too would wed.

The blacksmith answers smiling: 'You come from far away,
Else you would know of Lady Grace, and of her wedding-day.

'Tis a day of great rejoicing; and if your heart is light,
I 'd bid you see our village sports, and join the dance to-night.'

The stranger stands there gazing—the carriages pass by:
'That 's Lady Grace,' the blacksmith says—'she with the brave, bright eye.'

Gay horsemen follow after the carriages and four,
And all are trotting merrily towards the church's door.

Without the church the stranger stays, and hears the words begin;
He hears her voice—his eye grows dim—his heart grows cold within.

And now the altar 's silent, and with her joyous train,
The pride of all the country side comes smiling forth again.

But soon her footstep falters, and soon her smile has fled:
How can it be that she is sad, who was this instant wed?

She sees the stranger standing there, and it seems as if there lay,
'Twixt her and all her gladness, a shadow on the way.

But now the look is over—she turns away her eyes:
The past it can be hers no more—her path before her lies.

E. F.

DECAY OF IRON RAILINGS.

Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron from railings being fixed in stone with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two metals. This waste might be prevented by substituting zinc for lead, in which case the galvanic influence would be inverted: the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and as zinc is oxidated with difficulty, it would, at the same time, be scarcely acted on; the one remaining uninjured, and the other nearly so. Paint formed of the oxide of zinc, for the same reason, preserves iron exposed to the atmosphere infinitely better than the ordinary paint, which is composed of oxide of lead.—*Timbs's Popular Errors.*

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RECKONING THE WINNINGS.

In England, the grand epochs of the year are connected with the fate of grouse and partridges: on the continent, with a thing of far more general and absorbing interest. The great resorts of fashion there, where people crowd to drink nasty water and enjoy, or pretend to enjoy, fine scenery, have a third attraction much more powerful—public and licensed Gaming; and to many, of course, the opening and closing days of the tables are the most memorable dates in the calendar. Paris, although more abounding in eau de vie than in mineral springs, and in monts de pieté than in picturesque hills, was formerly the most distinguished of the temples of play, paying two million francs a year to the government for its licence; but it has now lost this dignity by the interference of the legislature, and its great salons de jeu have retired into the dangerous obscurity of the hells of London. One or two other places have likewise been erased from the list, which now chiefly consists of Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Ems, Spa, Geneva, and Monaco.

The gaming season begins in spring, when the leaves come out green and glittering in the sun, and closes in most places on the 1st of November, when they drop sear and withered from the trees. The 1st of November has more general excitement than the opening date, for on that day there comes into play a new element of interest; a new class, hitherto rigidly excluded, being then for the first and only time in the season, permitted to approach them. Many a wistful glance have these latter been accustomed, for months past, to throw at the shut doors; many an investigating look have they fixed upon the pale or flushed faces, the dead or burning eyes, of the privileged classes emerging from them; but now at length their turn comes, they are permitted to enter within the sacred precincts, and to feel in their own experience the glorious excitement of play. The time allowed them, it is true, is short—only a single day; but that suffices for the purpose: a few francs or florins don't take long, and luckily they have no fund to fall back upon when these are swept up by the good-natured bankers. In, therefore, they flock—gentlemen's servants, waiters, hotel commissionaires, petty trades-people of the town, shopmen, neighbouring villagers, agricultural labourers, farm-servants, with the wives of all who have wives to bring, and boys and girls from their first teen to their last—all are welcome to the honour of risking their year's savings upon the identical table which yesterday ingulfed the inheritance of princes.

In the meantime, the members of the other class, for whom the season is already at an end, prepare to carry elsewhere their haggard looks and aching heads. Some set out for Paris, some for London, some for Vienna, some for Berlin, some for St Petersburg, some for America; a good many lose themselves by the way, and sinking into some obscure pitfall, never turn up again till the following spring; not a few, on getting home, shut themselves up in their room to examine the pin-holed cards they have brought away, containing the history of the campaign, and invent from these data an absolutely infallible system of play by which to lose their money next year; while of those who reach London, a fair proportion forget the way to their clubs and their old landladies, and are fain to swell the competition for cabmen's boxes.

But the bankers? What becomes of them? How have they fared in the conflict? The answer to these questions is curious; and it so happens that we are able to throw some light upon a subject hitherto shrouded in mystery.

We shall take the principal temples of play seriatim, as we have catalogued them above.

Baden-Baden pays an annual licence of 300,000 francs. The present lease is for seventeen years from 1854, a period of eight years being fixed, and the remainder renewable, either on the same terms or at an advanced ratio. In four years, therefore, the bankers will have the option either of giving up their lease or submitting to a perhaps considerable augmentation of the licence. This large sum does not go into the pockets of the Baden government. It is laid out, through a special commissioner of the Baths, in embellishing the place—in gilding refined gold and painting the lily, for the whole locality is a paradise of beauty as it is. The seven less important baths receive only 50,000 francs among them, that of Baden-Baden taking the lion's share. In addition to the licence, the expenses are of course heavy, making up the aggregate costs to not less than 700,000 francs; but notwithstanding this, the net profit of the last season amounted to above *two millions!* Nor is there any chance of a reduction of this large sum in future years, so long as the place retains the prestige of fashion; for a curious clause in the treaty defends Baden-Baden even against the effects of its own justice or generosity by *forbidding* it to renounce either of its two zeros with which the game of roulette is played, or the *refait*, as it is termed, of rouge et noir. On the other hand, it is not permitted to be too greedy of business; its tables being limited to the present three —namely, one for rouge et noir and two for roulette.

The above is the speculation of a private individual, but the tables of Wiesbaden and Ems belong to a joint-stock company. They pay for the double licence

115,000 florins; but are prepared, it is rumoured, to offer 100,000 florins more for permission to keep their play-rooms open during the winter months. The expenses of this company for the season are estimated at 750,000 francs; yet at the last division of profits, a dividend was declared which entitled each of the 25,000 shares to 49·30 francs. This exhibits a net profit for the season of 1,232,500 francs! Baron de Wellens, the gérant or manager of the society, receives in lieu of salary, for what is reckoned his able services, 5 per cent. on these profits—an allowance which makes up the very respectable income of 61,625 francs or L.2465. As this sum, for six months' work, is more than equal to the salaries of all the Grand Duke of Nassau's ministers for a year, it has excited some remark; and at the last meeting of the society to hear the Report, one shareholder, astonished and alarmed at the announcement of so large a recompense, declared that it was absolutely 'scandalous.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the baron with his usual serene courtesy, 'I admit that the sum which produces this amount at five per cent., and pays you so handsome a dividend, is a large one. I am sorry you are dissatisfied with it: but another year the misfortune might be remedied; and I am sure if I could do anything that would give you satisfaction'—— But here he was interrupted by a general laugh, and the Report was received with acclamation. At Wiesbaden there are two tables for roulette, and two for rouge et noir; at Ems one for roulette and one for rouge et noir.

Homburg pays a licence of 50,000 florins, for which it is at liberty to keep the tables open throughout the entire year. The lease is for fifty-five years, of which sixteen have expired; the cost of all buildings, embellishments, and improvements to be defrayed by the society. The capital is divided into 10,000 shares; which received for last season (summer only) a dividend of 53 francs per share, giving a total profit of more than half a million. The owner of more than half these shares is a single individual, M. Blanc, the manager. There are five tables, three for roulette and two for rouge et noir; and they have this remarkable distinction, that the play is with only one zero. This does not affect stakes of less than 500 florins, but still it tends so far towards equalising the chances between the gamesters and the bank, that in April next the second zero, customary at all the other tables, is to be added.

Spa, since the suppression of the tables at Aix-la-Chapelle, has become a flourishing concern. The Company set apart 150,000 francs for the general expenses of embellishment, &c., and then divide the spoil with the state. This year's profits have exceeded a million francs. There is only one table for roulette, and one for rouge et noir.

Geneva, like Spa, pays no licence; but, unlike Spa, it has no connection with the government. Although it has enemies in the state council, however, the company are domiciled in the private mansion of the President of the Council himself, whom it gratifies with a rent of 25,000 francs. The general expenses here are about 125,000 francs, and the net profits 300,000; but this is nothing to its future, if it can only get over the enmity in the council, and be allowed to keep open the tables till the railway from Lyon, expected to be ready shortly, acts as a duct for treasure to pour into its bank. In anticipation of this, the manager, in imitation of the autocrats of the Opera, has been recently on a tour among the other gaming temples to recruit his staff, and has already at a fabulous sum engaged the services of one of the best croupiers of Homburg.

At Monaco, the society gives the prince one-fourth of the profits, guaranteeing to him 25,000 francs as the minimum. This year its receipts (about 80,000 francs) are said to have fallen short of its expenses; but notwithstanding this, as well as the unfavourable eye with which it is regarded by Sardinia, the prospects of Monaco are good, as by and by a ramification of railways will encircle it like the net of a spider. This is believed to be the only instance in which the reigning prince is a personally interested director of the Bank.

On casting our eye over the foregoing figures, we find that the half-dozen banks we have specified must have gained at play in a single season—putting profits and expenses together—seven million francs. Nor is this extraordinary fact to be taken as something peculiar to the present year: it is probably nothing more than the average annual rate at which the visitors of the places indicated submit to be shorn. And who are these visitors? Our readers may perhaps suppose them to consist of the mass of tourists who throw away here and there, without a thought upon the subject, a handful of five-franc pieces, or a few napoleons; but the fact is, that the most important of the victims are themselves intending victimisers, that the most feathery of the pigeons are the knowing ones, who, after mature study of the doctrine of chances, set forth every year from England, France, Germany, Russia, America, for the avowed purpose—to use their own language—of giving a lesson to M. le Baron de Wellens, of taking the shine out of M. Benazet, and of sewing up M. Blanc!

If these knowing ones, on sitting down to play a game of mere blind chance with a friend, were asked to give him odds, they would laugh at the idea. Odds, they would say, are given only in games of skill, such as billiards, to balance the inequality of the players, but in games of chance there is no inequality to balance. Yet this is precisely what they do with the Banks, which are secured certain odds by their fundamental rules. In playing either with the friend or the bank, however, in this unequal way, it is by no means impossible, despite the odds, that they may win: but with a difference. On finishing the friendly game, they pocket their winnings with a laugh, and determine not to risk them by repeating the frantic play, at which success was a kind of miracle; but success at the rouge et noir table is another matter: their mind is confused by the magnitude and complexness of the whole affair, by the mystery of the bank, the hopeless, fearless, bloodless serenity of the automaton-like croupier; they are incapable of reasoning as they do in the other case; the play, on the same terms, continues from hour to hour, from day to day, from week to week, and if they can hold out so long, from month to month, till they reach the inevitable goal of ruin at last. In the one case, in short, it is possible to win: in the other, impossible.

The principle is so clear, that there would be no chance of mistake, were it not that the prestige of the tables is kept up by the spectacle of temporary

success, while few or none are present at the final result: except when that is signalised by the report of a pistol, the withdrawal of the effigy whose last stake has been lost, and the scattering of the saw-dust upon the floor preventing the company for a few minutes from closing round the table as before, to drink in the absorbing announcement of a new game, *Le jeu est fait.* Not, however, that such catastrophes are common, although they have happened; people are more considerate now-a-days than to enact such scenes in public: when they do sink under their misfortunes—at least, when we English do so—it is into a chair by the tap-room fire opposite the cab-stand.

The reason why the last day of the season is the most popular, may be deduced from the foregoing. The visitors have no second day, or week, or month to insure their ruin: some, therefore, may win; and a single instance of success is worth more to the fame of the tables than a whole village of bankrupts. Only fancy that happy grisette, who, with flushed face, and yet shivering as if from cold, carried to the princely rooms in the morning her whole worldly fortune, which she had hoarded in an old stocking, consisting of two *pièces de cent sous*, and who could hardly be got out of the doors by force at night. She had won; she was winning—what cruelty to break off her golden dream in the midst! Happy grisette! another deal of the cards, another whirl of the roulette, would in all probability have stripped her of every sou; but kind fortune has turned her out of doors, the mistress of six bright and heavy crowns. It is true, Victoire was one of the great majority who lost; but does not her treasure make up for it, and will not the wedding come off just the same as if nothing had happened? This grisette will always be a benefactress of the Bank, for she will become a traditional heroine of her village; and as each new season approaches, her six pieces will be multiplied by report in at least arithmetical ratio.

It is an old notion of ours that if a man will have the folly to throw away his money on so hopeless a speculation, the less he knows of the doctrine of chances, and the less he bothers himself with pricked cards, the more easily he will get off. Many years ago we witnessed a circumstance at Frascati's, in Paris, which quite demolished our faith in the doctrine. The rouge et noir room was well filled with visitors of both sexes, and the playing went on pretty briskly. A new deal took place—le jeu est fait—and the company obeyed the signal. The red wins. Some left their money on the red; some transferred it to the opposite side. The red wins again, and is the favourite. Again—again. The players become suspicious: the doctrine of chances is now dead against the red, and the black is loaded with gold and silver. The red wins. The red wins—again—again. People don't know what to do. They have lost enough on the black; but what knowing one would trust the red? They stand looking on, except a few who persist—but cautiously—with the black, and fewer still who put down a trifle on the red with a smile, as if they did it in jest. The red wins. Again—again. The red wins, in short, to the very end; and a game which, without the intervention of the doctrine of chances, ought to have broken half-a-dozen banks, terminated in comparatively little mischief to either side. Whether a circumstance like this ever happened before or since, we cannot tell; but what we have related, certainly did occur in our own presence, at a time when we visited, from curiosity, all sorts of places as well as gaming-tables.

We are not sure that much good has been effected by the numerous moral treatises against gaming, or the equally numerous stories of ruin and misery the habit has occasioned. Gamesters, we fear, don't read moral treatises, and moral examples are looked upon as mere illustrations of the doctrine of chances. But we are more sanguine as to the antidotal power of the revelations of this paper. Seven millions a year against one is an awkward fact to get over. How do you like giving odds under the circumstances?

THE PARIAH'S REVENGE.

I WAS once acquainted with a Frenchman who could smoke any two Germans down. He was an artist, and, when I knew him, an exile, having got mixed up in some of the conspiracies against Louis-Philippe; but he always declared that his uncommon skill in the art of consuming tobacco had been acquired during his residence in British India, where he was employed for years in copying sculptures and inscriptions from the ancient tombs and temples for the Institute of France. Of his other experiences in the land of the Brahmins, he was not inclined to talk much on English ground; but one evening when we sat together, and his long pipe was in full play—my friend was generally most fluent then—our conversation happened to turn on the extent of empire England had obtained in the east.

'A curious study they are,' he said, 'the Hindoo and his ruler. Nature never intended the two races to occupy one country: suppose they were willing, it is an absolute impossibility that they could ever understand each other. The Oriental character and that of the Anglo-Saxon are the opposite poles of mankind; hence the rule of England in India has had no moral result. It has familiarised the natives with European commerce, and, to a certain extent, with European science too, but the Hindoo and the Mussulman remain as far from Britain as their ancestors.'

My response was about missions, and schools, and time.

'Well,' said my friend, 'we would never agree, and it's no matter; but I'll tell you an adventure which rather enlightened me on the subject when I was new in India.' This he did as follows:

It was at Agra, the ancient capital, where the sultans of the Persian dynasty reigned and built before the days of the Mogul. The modern city is still of great importance. There are holy places within its walls for Hindoo and Mohammedan, an English garrison, and a considerable trade; but all round stand the witnesses of earlier power and splendour—temples and palaces, and regal tombs—scattered for miles over the country, and interspersed with palm-groves, native hamlets, and the bungalows of the English residents. I had a full twelvemonth's work among them; and among other acquaintances made in my peregrinations, was that of an English family named Jackson. They had what might be termed a strong position in Hindostan. Mr Jackson was a high law-officer for the province; Mrs Jackson's brother was at the head of the Agra custom-house; their son was a captain in one of the regiments of that native army by which England keeps her hold on India; and their daughter was married to one of the Company's judges in Calcutta. With their family interest so well represented, and titled connections in one of the midland counties of England where they were born, you may believe that the Jacksons were rich and important people. They had a house in the city of Agra, chiefly for the transaction of business, and an extensive bungalow in the outskirts, situated on the banks of a rivulet, surrounded by a garden full of Indian flowers, shaded from the southern sun by tall palms, and commanding a glorious prospect of splendid ruins and eastern vegetation. There they lived in a degree of material luxury known only to the Anglo-Indian. Nothing was wanted that wealth could purchase, and they possessed the love for elegance and taste; so the great lawyer and his lady were considered the elite of Agra society, and my acquaintance with them could only be

accounted for on the ground that Europeans out of uniform were rather scarce, that life is somewhat dull in the Company's territory, that the Jacksons wanted their portraits, and that I was wanted to paint them.

They had resided almost thirty years in India, and believed themselves thoroughly acquainted with it and its people. So they might have been as regarded time and opportunity; but unfortunately the Jacksons had brought the English midland counties with them, and never could get rid of the burthen. They reasoned on the dwellers by the Jumna exactly as they would have done on those beside the Trent, and applied the rules of conduct laid down for Jim and Bill, in all the rigour of their Angloism, to Ali and Ranou. Mr Jackson was an upright, honourable man, with little depth and much narrowness of mind. Of his spouse I will only venture to premise that she did not pretend to be interesting, and the only part of her conversation I recollect is a lament over the inferiority of meat in India, and a wonder that the Hindoos did not leave off worshipping idols when they were told it was wrong. Their son—of whom I saw a good deal, his regiment being then in garrison at Agra—was a handsome young man, with very red whiskers, and a great, though silent, esteem of himself; and of their daughter I know only that she was a young married lady of remarkable propriety, and had two really beautiful children, twin-boys, around whom the whole family's affection, and much of its pride, was gathered.

The letters from Calcutta were full of them; their sayings, their doings, and their general progress. They were the theme to which Mrs Jackson returned from the two leading subjects I have mentioned—the topic to which the lawyer came down from his official dignity, and on which the captain condescended to unbend his mind. The twins were now in their fourth year, but the old people had not seen them since their first summer. The distance between Agra and Calcutta made the visit of the judge's lady to her parents rather rare. However, in the third quarter of my acquaintance with the Jacksons, it was publicly announced that Mrs Lester was coming with the dear children, and I was engaged to paint their portraits.

Like most families of distinction in British India, the Jacksons kept a considerable retinue. The requisitions of caste, which always limit the Hindoo's labour, and the indolence superinduced by a tropical climate, contribute to augment the number of these household troops. My friends had servants of all sorts and sizes; but among them there was none in more esteem or trust than a native girl, who acted as Mrs Jackson's own maid, and held besides sundry important offices, such as the charge of the household linen and the dealing out of the spices. They called her Zelle; and when her good mistress was in a hurry, it became Sally sometimes, but I believe her proper name was Zelleya. She was a Pariah, at least she did not object to do or touch anything; but her appearance had something of high caste in it, for that peculiar institution of India has the advantage of making the classes known without the help of dress or equipage.

Zelle had the tall, slender figure, the features of that fine mould which might be termed the classical of Hindostan—the upright carriage and elastic grace, the long, shining hair and pure olive complexion, which distinguish the Brahmin's daughter. She was young, too—I think not more than seventeen. By the way, that is not counted extreme youth in the east; but there was a cold glitter in her black eye, which, in spite of so much beauty, would not have charmed me. I thought Captain Jackson had come to a different conclusion. The near neighbourhood of his garrison made him almost a resident with his parents, and my frequent visits, in the double capacity of artist and friend to the family, enabled me to observe that Zelle's dress, which was a tasteful compromise between the costumes of Europe and India, was always more studied, and her black hair more carefully braided, when the captain was at home. Of course, it was by accident; but I once espied something very like an assignation in the garden, though, from circumstances too minute to be so long remembered, I believe that the siege did not advance as rapidly as the gallant captain could have wished; and Mrs Jackson had a mighty opinion of her maid. It was not easy to make an impression on the heart of that very respectable lady; but Zelle had achieved it, for the girl was clever and handy. I was told she could mend and clear-starch, mark and cut out as well as any maid from England; that she never had been known to tell a fib, black or white; might be trusted with anybody's wardrobe or jewel-case, and gave no trouble on the score of caste. Mrs Jackson also said that the girl was sincerely attached to her family; and with good reason, for they had been great benefactors to her and all her relations; and the good woman was accustomed to relate how Zelle's life, as well as that of her four sisters, had been saved in their infancy by the attorney-general's interference with that peculiar institution which, in some parts of Hindostan, saves the higher castes the trouble of providing trousseau and wedding-feasts; how her mother had been prevented from becoming a suttee by Mrs Jackson's cousin, then in the Agra mission, 'though the poor creature was scorned for it by all her heathen people, and somehow fell into the Jumna afterwards;' how her three brothers got advice and assistance from every branch of the Jacksons to take up honest trades, when the Company dispossessed them of some land to which they had no right in law; how, in consequence, one had a place in the custom-house, one had become a soldier in the captain's regiment, and one a small merchant in Agra. Mrs Jackson always wound up that recital of benefits by stating, that Zelle had been three years at the school for native girls; that she could read English as well as Hindostanee; that she never refused a tract, and the missionaries had great hopes of her.

Mrs Lester's visit had been expected to take place in that cool and pleasant season of the Indian year, which the English residents persist in calling the winter, because it extends from October to March, and their Christmas dinners come off in the midst of it. Intervening between the time of rain and the fierce heat, it seems the natural season for travelling; but by those many casualties which beset the goings forth of ladies—who will take everything with them, as well as maids and children—the judge's spouse, for he himself, good man, stayed at home in hot Calcutta, found it impossible to set out so early as she had intended; but as she travelled in the most expeditious manner, by boat and palanquin, it was hoped the family would reach Agra before the regular deluge set in. Meantime, my commission to paint the children had widened to a family group. Somebody had suggested that the moment of arrival would be the most striking scene; and as it was necessary to witness the ceremony before transferring it to canvas, I was bound to be at the Jacksons' bungalow in good time on the day the visitors were expected. Having English patrons to deal with, I was punctual. Mrs Lester and company were due early in the afternoon, and the house was on the *qui vive* for hours; but there was no arrival. Towards evening, the rain, which had fallen in occasional showers for some days, as it does at the beginning of its season, came down in good earnest, with a fag-end of a thunder-storm, which we heard raging far to the southward, and the Jacksons comforted themselves with the hope that the travellers had taken refuge in some tomb or ruin, of which there was no lack on their way, and should come on as soon as

the storm ceased and the moon rose. It had been arranged that I should remain till the picture was finished, and a painting-room was assigned me accordingly, situated in a sort of wing which Mr Jackson's predecessor had built for a ball-room; but the Jacksons being quiet people, who gave no balls, had divided it into three, by partitions of Indian matting. The central division was my painting-room, rather better lighted than any artist would desire by two windows looking into the garden; to the right was my bedroom, and on the left a spare apartment, considered the coolest in the house, and, therefore, intended for the much-regarded twins. Partitions of Indian matting, though cheap and movable, have two great faults—namely, that they allow sounds to pass readily, and are apt to shew minute crevices when they get dry. I was standing close by the one which divided mine from the children's room, putting my colour-box in order by the last light of day, and the Indian night gives short warning, when, through the heavy rain, which was coming down in water-spouts, there came a sort of half hiss, half whisper, the queerest sound that ever struck my ear. I was born in France; and there was a crevice within reach of my eye. What need of further apology? There was Zelle, alone, and all wet, as if she had just crept in through the window, which stood open, taking out of her little grass-basket something like a large green ball, which she carefully tucked in under the bolster of the bed. Which of her duties the trusted maid had come to perform so stealthily, I could not guess; but she stepped out of the window, and closed it behind her so swiftly and silently, that I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw her glide away into the verandah.

The rain continued, and the travellers did not come. Mrs Jackson hoped they had stopped for that day with some of the many friends they had on the road, and the family retired to rest at the usual hour. But the dry season makes crevices in roofs as well as in partitions: the rain had found one just above my bed, and poured in such a torrent, that before it was discovered, the chamber was perfectly uninhabitable. My good hostess, however, requested that I would occupy the children's room for the night, and I had installed myself there with candle and writing-case, in order to write letters which were justly due to sundry correspondents, for I was not inclined to sleep.

The whole house was silent. It was near midnight; and I was half-way in a letter to Armandine—we were friends then—when a slight rustle made me look up, and there stood Zelle as erect and composed as if she had come for one of the oft-mentioned tracts.

'Saib,' said she, 'there's a cobra in your bed: I smelled it as I passed your door, for my family were serpent-charmers. What will you give me if I take it away?'

'How did it come there?' said I, pretending to write on, though my pen was making cobras on the paper, for the green ball I had seen taken out of the basket recurred to my memory, and I knew the said serpent to be one of the most deadly of its kind. The Portuguese settlers call it the capella or hooded-snake, by which name it is known in Europe; but it had obviously not been placed under the bolster for me; and as Zelle replied quite innocently—

'I don't know, saib,' my resolution was taken, though it certainly was not the best policy.

'I'll give you half a rupee,' said I; and with a quiet gesture of assent to the bargain, Zelle approached the bed, turned up the bolster, and, without haste or fear, lifted out the deadly thing, coiled up exactly as she had laid it in; and, may I be forgiven, but I half wished it might bite her. Nothing of the kind happened to Mrs Jackson's maid: she laid the cobra carefully into her muslin apron, opened the window, and stepped out into the garden. The rain had ceased, and the moon was shining. I saw her go down the walk straight to the outer gate. She opened it too, and I followed her; but long before I could reach the gate, it was locked behind her, and the girl was out of sight. I returned to my writing-table, certain that she would come back for the half-rupee; and in less than half an hour, back Zelle came by the very way she went, and calmly closed the window, saying:

'Now, Saib, the cobra's at home with his friends, and has promised never to come near your bed again.'

'Very well, Zelle,' said I, getting between her and the door, 'I have promised you a half-rupee, and I will give it to you, but I saw you put that cobra in the bed this evening. If you tell me why you did so, I will not mention it to any of the family till you are two days safe out of the house; and if you do not, I will rouse them all, and tell them this instant.'

Zelle looked to see whether there was any way of escape, but I had my eye on the window; then her face took the fixed, stony look of the Eastern, who knows his destiny is not propitious.

'Saib,' said she, 'I put it there to kill the judge's children. My mother sent it to me, to be revenged on this family for all the evil they have done to ours. Listen, and I will tell you the truth, for you do not come from England. My father was a Brahmin and a Zemindar; he inherited his land by adoption into the family of our ancient neighbour Guzroo, and the Saib Lester, who then gave law in Agra, took it from him, saying he had no right, and it belonged to the Company. It had always been the custom to rear but one daughter in our house, and in due time that daughter was wedded, with a marriage-feast becoming a family of high caste; but the Saib Jackson found out this custom, and so frightened our people with his law that all the girls grew up. When my father's soul departed, my mother determined to become a suttee, according to the custom of her ancestors, that the family might have honour in this world and in paradise; but the preaching Saib, who is also one of the Jacksons, talked so much, that fear came upon her when the pile was ready, and she could not perform the ceremony. Now, see what the doings of these hogs, who eat everything, have brought upon my people. By the loss of his land, my father could not make the accustomed offerings; he therefore lost his standing in the temples and in the favour of the gods. By the loss of their inheritance, my brothers were brought down to trades beneath their castes. There was no means to make marriage-feasts for five daughters; all my sisters are therefore married to low-caste men, and I am a Pariah, drinking out of common vessels, and going abroad with an unveiled face. My mother was so despised by her neighbours and at the holy places, that she would not live, but threw herself into the Jumna, an offering to the goddess Durgá, who will not refuse even the polluted. By her favour, she has reached the transmigration of the serpent, and sent the cobra to me that we might be avenged on this family, who worship nothing but rupees, and think to buy heaven and earth with them. Now, Saib, give me my wages, for I have taken away the cobra and told you the truth.'

'I did not venture to reason with the maid of whom the missionaries had hopes. She took her half-rupee, and glided away to her own room. My own sleep was not sound that night, and in the morning Zelle was nowhere to be found. Neither mistress nor servants could give any account of her, but that she had performed her accustomed duties, and retired to rest as usual; that her room was all in order, and her trinkets and best clothes gone with her. I resolved to keep my promise, and let the two days elapse; but in the interim, I could not resist telling the story to a countryman and confidential friend of mine, who had been for fifteen years a silk-merchant in Agra.

'Take my advice,' said he, 'and say nothing about it. I know something of the English; they'll wonder why you did not immediately tell her master —what business you had to look through chinks —in short, they won't believe you; and if the girl's disappearance produces no worse effect on your reputation, you will be set down as a Jesuit in disguise; and I understand the Jacksons are stiff Protestants; yet it might be as well to warn the family by an anonymous letter.'

I took his advice, and the letter was sent; but not being in their confidence, the Jacksons never mentioned it to me.

The lady deeply regretted the absence of her handy maid. Mr Jackson made diligent inquiries after her, but all to no purpose; but some time after, the part of her doings which most puzzled me was cleared up. Why, do you think, did she come to remove the cobra? Not for the half-rupee alone; but her brother, the merchant at Agra, happened to be the very man from whom I was in the habit of purchasing trifles for myself and presents for my friends at home, and the bill I owed him just then saved my life.

The children arrived a week after, and I painted the family group. I saw Zelle dancing as a nautch-girl at one of the festivals at Delhi. I heard in the following summer that the twins had died from the bite of a serpent received in the garden of their father's country-house near Calcutta; and since then I never went to bed in India without looking narrowly under the bolster.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

LOST WOMEN.

I ENTER on this subject with a hesitation strong enough to have prevented my entering on it at all, did I not believe that to write for or concerning women, and avoid entirely that deplorable phase of womanhood which, in country cottages as in city streets, in books, newspapers, and daily talk, meets us so continually that no young girl can long be kept ignorant of it, would be to give a one-sided and garbled view of life, which, however pretty and pleasant, would be false, and being false, useless. We have not to construct human nature afresh, but to take it as we find it, and make the best of it: we have no right, not even the most sensitive of us women, mercifully constituted with less temptation to evil than men, to treat as impure what God has not made impure, or to shrink with sanctimonious ultra-delicacy from the barest mention of things which, though happy circumstances of temperament or education have shielded us from ever being touched or harmed thereby, we must know to exist. If we do not know it, our ignorance—quite a different thing from innocence—is at once both helpless and dangerous: narrows our judgment, exposes us to a thousand painful mistakes, and greatly limits our power of usefulness in the world.

On the other hand, a woman who is for ever paddling needlessly in the filthy puddles of human nature, just as a child delights in walking up a dirty gutter when there is a clean pavement beside it, deserves, like the child, whatever mud she gets. And there is even a worse kind of woman still, only too common among respectable matrons, talkative old maids, and even worldly fascinating young ones, who is ready to rake up every scandalous tale, and titter over every vile *double entendre*, who degrades the most solemn mysteries of holy Nature into vehicles for disgraceful jokes, whose mind, instead of being a decent dwelling-house, is a perfect Augean stable of uncleanness. Such a one cannot be too fiercely reprobated, too utterly despised. However intact her reputation, she is as great a slur upon womanhood, as great a bane to all true modesty, as the most unchaste Messalina who ever disgraced her sex.

I beg to warn these foul grubbers in the dark places of the earth—not for purposes of cleansing, but merely because it amuses them—that they will not find anything entertaining in this article. They will only find one woman's indignant protest against a tone of thought and conversation which, as their consciences will tell them, many other women think it no shame to pursue when among their own sex; and which, did the other sex know it, would injure as much as any open vice, by making men disbelieve in virtue—disbelieve in *us*. As to its vileness in the sight of Heaven —truly many a well-reputed British matron may be considered as much a 'lost' woman as any poor, seduced creature whose child is born in a workhouse, or strangled at a ditch-side.

It is to this class, who have fallen out of the ranks of honest women, without sinking to a lower depth still, that I chiefly refer: because with them, those for whom those papers are meant—namely, the ordinary middle ranks of unmarried females—are more likely to have to do. That other class—awful in its extent and universality—of women who make a trade of sin, whom philanthropists and political economists are for ever discussing, and can come to no conclusion about—this I leave to the wise and generous of both sexes who devote their lives to the subject; to the examination and amelioration of a fact so terrible that, were it not a fact, one would hardly be justified in alluding to it here. Wretched ones! whom even to think of turns any woman's heart cold, with shame for her own sex, and horror at the other: outcasts to whom happiness and love are things unknown; God and heaven mere words to swear with; and to whom this earth must be a daily hell:

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

But the others cross our path continually. No one can have taken any interest in the working-classes without being aware how frightfully common among them is what they term 'a misfortune'—how few young women come to the marriage-altar at all, or come there just a week or two before maternity; or having already had several children, often only half brothers and sisters, whom no ceremony has ever legalised. Whatever be the causes of this—and I merely skim over the surface of a state of things which *Times* and sanitary commissioners have plumbed to sickening depths—it undoubtedly exists; and no single woman who takes any thought of what is going on around her, no mistress or mother who requires constantly servants for her house, and nursemaids for her children, can or dare blind herself to the fact. It is easy for tenderly reared young ladies, who study human passions through Miss Austen or Miss Edgeworth, or the *Loves of the Angels*, to say: 'How shocking! Oh, it can't be true.' But it is true; and they will not live many more years without finding it to be true. Better face truth at once, in all its bareness, than be swaddled up for ever in the folds of a silken falsehood.

Another fact, stranger still to account for, is that the women who thus fall are by no means the worst of their class. I have heard it affirmed by more than one lady—by one in particular, whose experience is as large as her benevolence—that many of them are of the very best—refined, intelligent, truthful, and affectionate.

'I don't know how it is,' she would say—'whether their very superiority makes them dissatisfied with their own rank—such brutes or clowns as labouring men often are!—so that they fall easier victims to the rank above them; or whether, though this theory will shock many people, other virtues can exist and flourish, entirely distinct from, and after the loss of,

that which we are accustomed to believe the indispensable prime virtue of our sex—chastity. I cannot explain it; I can only say that it is so: that some of my most promising village-girls have been the first to come to harm; and some of the best and most faithful servants I ever had, have been girls who have fallen into shame, and who, had I not gone to the rescue, and put them on the way to do well, would infallibly have become "lost" women.'

There, perhaps, is one clue caught. Had she not 'come to the rescue.' Rescue, then, is possible; and they were capable of being rescued.

I read lately an essay, and from a pure and good woman's pen too, arguing, what licentious materialists are now-a-days unblushingly asserting, that chastity is *not* indispensable in our sex; that the old chivalrous boast of families—'all their men were brave, and all their women virtuous'—was, to say the least, a mistake, which led people into worse ills than it remedied, by causing an extravagant terror at the loss of these good qualities, and a corresponding indifference to evil ones much more important.

While widely differing from this writer—for God forbid that our Englishwomen should ever come to regard with less horror than now the loss of personal chastity—I think it cannot be doubted that even this loss does not indicate total corruption or entail permanent degradation; that after it, and in spite of it, many estimable and womanly qualities may be found existing, not only in our picturesque *Nell Gwynnes* and *Peg Woffingtons*, but our poor everyday sinners: the servant obliged to be dismissed without a character and with a baby; the sempstress quitting starvation for elegant infamy; the illiterate village lass, who thinks it so grand to be made a lady of—so much better to be a rich man's mistress than a workingman's ill-used wife, or rather slave.

Till we allow that no one sin, not even this sin, necessarily corrupts the entire character, we shall scarcely be able to judge it with that fairness which gives hope of our remedying it, or trying to lessen in ever so minute degree, by our individual dealing with any individual case that comes in our way, the enormous aggregate of misery that it entails. This it behoves us to do, even on selfish grounds, for it touches us closer than many of us are aware—ay, in our hearths and homes—in the sons and brothers that we have to send out to struggle in a world of which we at the fireside know absolutely nothing; if we marry, in the fathers we give to our innocent children, the servants we trust their infancy to, and the influences to which we are obliged to expose them daily and hourly, unless we were to bring them up in a sort of domestic Happy Valley, which their first effort would be to get out of as fast as ever they could. And supposing we are saved from all this; that our position is one peculiarly exempt from evil; that if pollution in any form comes nigh us, we just sweep it hastily and noiselessly away from our doors, and think we are all right and safe. Alas! we forget that a refuse-heap outside her gate may breed a plague even in a queen's palace.

One word, before continuing this subject. Many of us will not investigate it because they are afraid: afraid, not so much of being, as of being thought to be, especially by the other sex, incorrect, indelicate, unfeminine; of being supposed to know more than they ought to know, or than the present refinement of society—a good and beautiful thing when real—concludes that they do know.

O women, women, why have you not more faith in yourselves—in that strong inner purity which alone can make a woman brave! which, if she knows herself to be clean in heart and desire, in body and soul, loving cleanness for its own sake, and not for the credit that it brings her, gives her a freedom of action and a fearlessness of consequences which are to her a greater safeguard than any external decorum. To be, and not to seem, is the amulet of her innocence.

Young women, who look forward to marriage and motherhood, in all its peace and dignity, as your natural lot, have you ever thought for a moment what it must be to feel that you have lost innocence, that no power on earth can ever make you innocent any more, or give you back that jewel of glory and strength, having which, as the old superstition believed,

> Even the lion will turn and flee
> From a maid in the pride of her purity?

That, whether the world knows it or not, *you* know yourself to be—not this. The free, happy ignorance of maidenhood is gone for ever; the sacred dignity and honour of matronhood is not, and never can be attained. Surely this consciousness alone must be the most awful punishment to any woman; and from it no kindness, no sympathy, no concealment of shame, or even restoration to good repute, can entirely free her. She must bear her burden, lighter or heavier as it may be at different times, and she must bear it to the day of her death. I think this fact alone is enough to make a chaste woman's first feeling towards an unchaste that of unqualified, unmitigated pity.

This, not in the form of exaggerated sentimentalism, with which it has of late been the fashion to treat such subjects, laying all the blame upon the seducer, and exalting the seduced into a paragon of injured simplicity, whom society ought to pet, and soothe, and treat with far more interest and consideration than those who have never erred. Never, as it seems to me, was there a greater mistake than that into which some writers have fallen, in fact and fiction, but especially in fiction, through their generous overeagerness to redeem the lost. These are painted—one heroine I call to mind now—as such patterns of excellence, that we wonder, first, how they ever could have been led astray; and secondly, whether this exceeding helplessness and simplicity of theirs did not make the sin so venial, that it seems as wrong to blame them for it as to scold a child for tumbling into an open well. Consequently, their penitence becomes unnecessary and unnatural; their suffering, disproportionably unjust. You close the book inclined to arraign society, morality, and, what is worse, Providence; for all else, feeling that the question is left much as you found it; that angelic sinners such as these, if they exist at all, are such exceptions to the generality of their class, that their example is of very little practical service.

To refine away error till it is hardly error at all; to place vice under such extenuating circumstances that we cannot condemn it for sheer pity, is a fault so dangerous that charity herself ought to steel her heart against it. Far better and safer to call crime by its right name, and paint it in its true colours—treating it even as the Ragged Schools did the young vagabonds of our streets—not by persuading them and society that they were clean, respectable, ill-used, and maligned individuals; or by waiting for them to grow decent before they dealt with them at all, but by simply saying: 'Come, just as you are—ragged, and dirty, and dishonest. Only come, and we will do our best to make you what you ought to be.'

Allowing the pity, which, as I said, ought to be a woman's primary sentiment towards her lost sisterhood, what is the next thing to be done? Surely there must be some light beyond that of mere compassion to guide her in her after-conduct towards them.

Where shall we find this light? In the world and its ordinary code of social morality, suited to social convenience? I fear not. The general opinion, even among good men, seems to be that this great question

is a very sad thing, but a sort of unconquerable necessity; there is no use in talking about it, and indeed the less it is talked of the better. Good women are much of the same mind. The laxer-principled of both sexes treat the matter with philosophical indifference, or with the kind of laugh that makes the blood boil in any truly virtuous heart.

Then, where are we to look?—

'I came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance.'

'Neither do I condemn thee: go and *sin no more*.'

'Her *sins, which are many*, are forgiven; because she loved much.'

These words, thus quoted here, may raise a sneer on the lips of some, and shock others who are accustomed to put on religion with their Sunday clothes, and take it off on Monday, as quite too fine, maybe too useless for everyday wear. But I must write them, because I believe them. I believe there is no other light on this difficult question than that given by the New Testament. There, clear and plain, and everywhere repeated, shines the doctrine, of which until then there was no trace either in external or revealed religion, that for every crime, being repented of and forsaken, there is forgiveness with Heaven; and if with Heaven, there ought to be with men. This, without entering at all into the doctrinal question of atonement; but simply taking the basis of Christian morality, as contrasted with the natural morality of the savage, or even of the ancient Jew, which without retribution presupposes no such thing as pardon.

All who have had any experience among criminals—from the poor little 'black sheep' of the family, who is always getting into trouble, and is told continually by everybody that strive as he will, he never can be a good boy, like brother Tommy, down to the lowest, most reprobate convict, who is shipped off to Norfolk Island, because the mother-country cannot exactly hang him, and does not know what else to do with him—unite in stating that, when you shut the door of hope on any human soul, you may at once give up all chance of its reformation. As well bid a man eat without food, see without light, or breathe without air, as bid him amend his ways, while, at the same time, you tell him that however he amends, he will be in just the same position—the same hopelessly degraded, unpardoned, miserable sinner.

Yet this is practically the language used to fallen women, and chiefly by their own sex: 'God may forgive you, but we never can!'—a declaration which, however common, in spirit if not in substance, is, when one comes to analyse it, unparalleled in its arrogance of blasphemy.

That for a single offence, however grave, a whole life should be blasted, is a doctrine repugnant even to nature's own dealings in the visible world. There, her voice clearly says—Let all these wonderful powers of vital renewal have free play: let the foul flesh slough itself away; lop off the gangrened limb; enter into life maimed if it must be: but never, till the last moment of total dissolution, does she say: 'Thou shalt not enter into life at all.'

Therefore, once let a woman feel that, in moral as in physical disease, 'while there is life there is hope'—dependent on the one only condition, that she shall *sin no more*, and what a future you open for her! what a weight you lift off from her poor miserable spirit, which might otherwise be crushed down to the lowest deep, to that which is far worse than any bodily pollution, ineradicable corruption of soul.

The next thing to be set before her is courage. That intolerable dread of shame, which is the last token of departing modesty, to what will it not drive some women! To what self-control and ingenuity, what resistance of weakness and endurance of bodily pain, which, in another cause, would be called heroic—blunting every natural instinct, and goading them on the last refuge of mortal fear—infanticide!

Surely even by this means, many a woman might be saved, if there were any one to save her; any one to say plainly: 'What are you afraid of—God or man—your sin or its results?' Alas, it will be found almost invariably the latter: loss of position, of character, and consequently of the means of livelihood. Respectability shuts the door upon her; mothers will not let their young folks come into contact with her; mistresses will not take her as a servant. Nor can one wonder at this, even while believing that in many cases the fear is much more selfish than virtuous, and continued long after its cause is entirely obviated. It is one of the very few cases in which—at least at first—the sufferers cannot help themselves; they must suffer: they must bear patiently for a season the effects of the immutable law which makes sin, sooner or later, its own Nemesis.

But not for ever—and it is worth while, pausing over this insane terror of worldly opinion, to ask: 'Which half of the world are you afraid of, the good or the bad?' For it may often be noticed, the less virtuous people are, the more they shrink away from the slightest whiff of this odour of un-sanctity. The good are ever the most charitable, the pure are the most brave. I believe there are hundreds and thousands of Englishwomen who would willingly throw the shelter of their stainless repute around any poor creature who came to them and said honestly: 'I have sinned—help me that I may sin no more.' But the unfortunates will not believe this. They are like the poor Indians who think it necessary to pacify the evil principle by a greater worship than that they offer to the Good Spirit; because, they say, he is the stronger. Have we not, even in this Britain, far too many such tacit devil-worshippers?

Given a chance, the smallest chance, and a woman's redemption lies in her own hands. She cannot be too strongly impressed with this fact, or too soon. No human power could have degraded her against her will: no human power can keep her in degradation unless by her will. Granted the sin, howsoever incurred, willfully or blindly, or under circumstances of desperate temptation; capable of some palliations, or with no palliation at all—take it just as it stands in its whole enormity, and—there leave it. Set it aside, at once and altogether, and begin anew. Better beg, or hunger, or die in a ditch—except that the people who die in ditches are not usually the best of even this world's children—than live a day in voluntary dishonour.

This may sound fine and romantic—far too romantic, forsooth, to be applied to any of the cases that we are likely to meet with. And yet it is the plain truth: as true of a king's mistress as of a ruined servant-maid. No help from without can rescue either, unless she wishes to save herself.

She has more power to do this than at first appears; but it must be by the prime agent, truth.

After the first false step, the principal cause of women's further downfall is their being afraid of truth—truth, which must of necessity be the beginning and end of all attempts at restoration to honour. For the wretched girl, who, in terror of losing a place, or of being turned from an angry father's door, fabricates tale after tale, denies and denies till she can deny no longer, till all ends in a jail and a charge of child-murder; for the fashionable lady whose life is a long deceit, exposed to constant fear lest a breath should tear her flimsy reputation to rags; and for all the innumerable cases between these two poles of society, there is but one warning—No virtue ever was founded on *a lie*.

The truth, then, at all risks and costs—the truth

from the beginning. Make a clean breast to whomsoever you need to make it, and then—face the world.

This must be terrible enough—no denying that; but it must be done: there is no help for it. Perhaps, in many a case, if it were done at once, it would save much after-misery, especially the perpetual dread and danger of exposure which makes the sin itself quite a secondary consideration compared with the fear of its discovery. This once over, with all its paralysing effects, the worst has come to the worst, and there is a chance of hope.

Begin again. Put the whole past life aside as if it had never been, and try what you can do with the future. This, I think, should be the counsel given to all erring women not irretrievably 'lost.'

It would be a blessed thing if our honourable women, mothers and matrons, would consider a little more what could be done with such persons: any openings for useful employment; any positions sufficiently guarded to be safe, and yet free enough to afford trial, without drawing too harshly the line—always harsh enough—between these and those who are of unblemished reputation. Reformatories, Magdalen institutions, and the like, are admirable in their way; but there are always a host of cases in which individual judgment, or help, is the only thing possible. It is this—these thoughts which shall lead to acts, that I desire to suggest to individual minds, in the hope of arousing that imperceptible small influence of the many, which forms the strongest lever of a community.

I said, in a former paper, that the only way to make people good, is to make them happy. Strange that this fact should apply to circumstances like these now written of; and yet it does; and it would be vain to set it aside. Bid a woman lift up her head and live; tell her that she can and ought to live; and you must give her something to live for. You must put into her poor sore heart, if you can, a little more than peace—comfort. And where is she to find it?

It may appear a strange doctrine to some, but it seems to me that Heaven always leaves its sign of hope and redemption on any woman when she is left with a child. Some taste of the ineffable joy, the solemn consecration of maternity, must come even to the most wretched and guilty, on feeling the double life she bears, or the helpless life to which she has given birth—that life for which she is as responsible to God, to itself, and to the world, as any married mother of them all.

And the sense of responsibility alone conveys a certain amount of comfort and hope. One can imagine many a sinful mother, who, for the very child's sake, would learn to hate the sin, and to make to the poor innocent the only atonement possible, by giving it what is better even than stainless birth—a virtuous bringing-up. One can conceive such a woman taking her baby in her arms, and starting afresh to face the world—made bold by a love that has no taint in it, and cheered by the knowledge that no human being can take from her either this love, or its duties, or its rewards.

For it rests with herself alone the comfort she may derive from, and the honour in which she may be held by her child. A mother's subsequent conduct and character might give a son as much pride in her, and in the nameless parentage which he owes her, as in any long lawful line

> Whose ignoble blood
> Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.

Even a daughter might live to say: 'Mother, do not grieve; I had rather have had you, just as you are, than any mother I know. It has been better, for me at least, than if you had married my father.'

I have written thus much, and yet, after all, it seems but 'words, words, words.' Everywhere around us we see women falling, fallen, and we cannot help them; we cannot make them feel the hideousness of sin, the peace and strength of that cleanness of soul which is not afraid of anything in earth or heaven; we cannot force upon their minds the possibility of return, after ever so long wanderings, to those pleasant paths out of which there is no peace and no strength for either man or woman; and in order to this return is needed—for both alike—not so much outside help, as inward repentance.

All I can do—all, I fear, that any one can do by mere speech—is to impress upon every woman, and chiefly on those who, reared innocently in safe homes, view the wicked world without like gazers at a show or spectators at a battle—shocked, wondering, perhaps pitying a little, but not understanding at all—that this repentance is possible also; that once having returned to a chaste life, a woman's former life should never once be 'cast up' against her; that she should be allowed to resume, if not her pristine position, at least one that is full of usefulness, pleasantness, and respect—a respect the amount of which must be determined by her own daily conduct. She should be judged—as indeed human wisdom alone has a right to judge, in all cases—solely by what she is now, and not by what she has been. That judgment may be, ought to be, stern and fixed as justice itself with regard to her present, and even her past, so far as concerns the crime committed; but it ought never to take the law into its own hands towards the criminal, who, for all it knows, may have long since become less a criminal than a sufferer. Virtue degrades herself, and loses every vestige of her power, when her dealings with vice sink into a mere matter of individual opinion, personal dislike, or selfish fear of harm. For all offences, punishment retributive and inevitable, must come; but punishment is one thing, revenge is another. One only, who is Omniscient as well as Omnipotent, can declare, 'Vengeance is *Mine*.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XX.—CONCLUSION.

The suddenness of Webbe's appearance, and the boldness of a self-announcement which was nothing less than sentence of immediate death passed upon himself, literally lifted the members of the court-martial to their feet, and a hush of astonishment, I might almost say of fear, inspired by a greatness of daring, in presence of which every man there felt himself morally dwarfed, pervaded the crowded hall. Certainly the calmest, least excited person there was the privateer captain himself: true, his face was paler than usual; but he was perfectly self-possessed, and the gleaming smile which played about his cold, stern eyes, and slightly curled lips, seemed the expression of a sovereign disdain, untinged by a shade of personal fear, of the men into whose vindictive hands he had surrendered himself. I say, 'seemed' to be that expression, for could I have looked beneath the impenetrable iron mask acquired by many years' exposure to the hardening atmosphere of an ever-present mortal peril, I might possibly have seen a human heart, wildly palpitating before the immediate presence of the dread Shadow feared of all men, with whatever boldness faith, duty, pride, may enable them to confront it.

Still, not a momentary sign or hint of weakness could be discerned by the eager, vengeful eyes which searched Captain Kirke Webbe's aspect and bearing; and it occurred to me for the hundredth time that, but for that unfortunate game at leap-frog upon the quarter-deck of the *Gladiator*, and his consequent dismissal from the British naval service, on the eve of a

twenty years' war, he might have won a peerage, and a monumental tomb in Westminster Abbey.

General Véray presently reseated himself; motioned his subordinates to their places; the lieutenant-secretary nibbed his pen with a business air, and the interrogatory of the self-constituted prisoner forthwith began.

'You acknowledge yourself,' said General Véray, 'to be Webbe, captain of an English corsair lately sunk by French gun-boats off Cherbourg?'

'I repeat that I am Kirke Webbe, late captain of the *Scout* privateer, which foundered off Cherbourg a few days since.'

'And that you are the Jacques Le Gros whom the commander of the *Columbia*, an American ship, met with at St Malo?'

'It would be absurd to deny that in presence of the gallant commander of the *Columbia* himself, who, to avenge an injury done to him by a man, has endeavoured to hunt to death a stripling, as innocent of offence towards him—in a responsible sense—as yourself, Monsieur le Général. That he has not succeeded in doing so,' added Webbe, 'is solely due to the magnanimous offer of the court to permit the boy to save his own life by the sacrifice of his father's.'

'You further admit,' continued the general, 'that you are the commander of the French cutter, *L'Espiègle*, and, when acting in that capacity, are known as Captain Jules Renaudin?'

'Yes; and who in that capacity, it has been established by the unimpeachable evidence of the *Moniteur*, beat off, with a slight vessel mounting only four guns, a British frigate of forty cannons, after a running-fight of nearly an hour's duration, in which the ascendency of French valour, compensating for any odds, was, as ever, strikingly displayed. That, messieurs, you will in candour admit to be something *per contra*.'

Old stagers in such scenes as the members of the court were, the man's cool audacity took them completely aback, and they mutely questioned each other with interchanged looks of indignant astonishment as to whether they could possibly have heard aright. The mob of spectators, on the other hand, greeted the privateer captain's jibing sarcasm with a buzz of satisfaction and approval. The French are no doubt an acute as well as brilliant people; but for all that, he or she who could suggest a compliment to their genius or valour so outré, extravagant, that, if uttered without laughing, would not be taken by the mass of them *au sérieux*, must, according to my experience, have a great talent for invention. For myself, I was in doubt whether Webbe was comporting himself as such a man might when certain that nothing on his part could delay or accelerate the doom he had challenged, or whether he might not possibly have some expedient in reserve which would save him under all circumstances. My superstitious reliance on his fortune or 'luck' could alone have suggested the latter hypothesis. Certain it was, however, that he had at all events perfectly succeeded in impressing the court with a thorough conviction of his reckless, devil-may-care sincerity.

'The prisoner's confession is ample warrant for his condemnation to death as a spy,' said the general, looking round upon the members of the court, and gathering their, on this occasion, unanimous suffrages, given with a curt 'Oui,' or silent nod. 'Record the judgment,' he added, addressing the lieutenant-secretary.

'Stern and sharp,' interposed Webbe, 'as may be the practice of such courts as these, it permits the accused, I suppose, to speak a few words in defence or explanation, before definitive judgment is pronounced?'

'Well, yes; say on, but be brief.'

'I have first to state most solemnly—and standing as I do upon the brink of a grave voluntarily dug with my own hands, my word ought not to be doubted—that the prisoner, William Linwood, is guiltless of the offences laid to his charge. He came to France, as Father Meudon will, if necessary, be able to clearly prove, for a perfectly legitimate, honest purpose'——

'That is true, messieurs!' exclaimed M. Meudon; 'for an entirely innocent, laudable purpose.'

'As to his assumption of the character and attire of an American and French citizen, and passing by the name of Le Gros, all that was done by my direction and advice, and with no more thought on his part, that he thereby incurred the doom, than he had of lending himself to the work of a spy.'

'I beg to reassert my thorough conviction,' said Mr Tyler, again rising from his seat, 'that William Linwood is guiltless of participation in the crimes of the privateer Webbe.'

General Véray, after briefly consulting his colleagues in an under-tone, said, addressing Webbe:

'We are disposed to place faith in your declaration as regards the prisoner Linwood, and the execution of the sentence passed against him will be respited, in order to a further investigation of his case. Have you anything to urge on your own behalf?' added the general with abated sternness—the courage and generosity of the self-immolated prisoner having somewhat won apparently upon the veteran's favour.

'Nothing that to-day would avail me!' replied Webbe; and for the first time I detected a flush and tone of anxiety—slight and swiftly passing, but distinctly discernible by me who knew him so well, and watched him with such breathless scrutiny. It resembled the irrepressible gleaming forth of the fierce disquietude of a practised gambler, when about to turn the last decisive card upon which depends success or ruin.

'Nothing that would to-day avail me! The mighty emperor who raised France so high amongst the nations of the earth, has fallen: at this moment, the crownless monarch is being ignominiously driven forth into exile by kings who are indebted for their thrones to his generous forbearance; and who is there even amongst the veterans whose scarred brows the most directly reflect the glory which he has shed over all Frenchmen, that will now respect the wishes of one so contemned, powerless, cast down, when by so doing they must render themselves odious to the Bourbon whom foreign bayonets have placed upon a throne based upon a thousand victories, won for France by the great emperor? It would be folly to expect such self-sacrificing fidelity in these degenerate days; and I knew this morning, when I saw the white flag waving from the tower of St Thomas's Church, that the time had passed when Napoleon's protection would have availed me. It may be as well, therefore, that an appeal certain to be fruitless should remain unspoken.'

I should vainly attempt to describe the effect produced by this speech. Affected, bombastic as it may sound in English ears, nothing could have been more skilfully suited to the tribunal it was designed to influence. Even the miscellaneous crowd, who, if time-servers, worshippers of the rising sun of the Bourbons, were still Frenchmen, murmured hesitating, timid applause; and General Véray, who had several times risen from his seat as if about to speak, and as often checked himself and sat down again, his keen, hard eyes flaming, softening the while, at the allusions to the past glory and present humiliation of the emperor, burst out, the instant Webbe had concluded, with:

'Perish the Bourbon flag and those who display it! It does not wave over Havre yet; and whilst I command here, the emperor's authority shall be maintained intact, supreme as when his voice gave laws to Europe! But hope not, crafty, audacious man, that assertion unvouched by clearest proof will save you. Your word is nothing; but *prove* to me that you are

under the especial protection of his imperial majesty, which could only be for some signal service rendered by you, an Englishman, to him or to France, and I will set you free, though the Bourbon and his allies were at the gates to forbid me doing so.'

'The proof is easy, conclusive,' said Webbe. 'It was for a signal service rendered to General Bonaparte, and therefore to France, that I obtained the protection which, a few moments since, I had no hope would serve me in my present strait. It is true,' he added, drawing forth a folded, carefully kept paper—'it is true I am an Englishman; but'——

'What paper is that?' interrupted the general, with impatient vivacity.

'One written in a kind of hieroglyphic hand, which those who have once seen it never fail, I have been told, to instantly recognise. Monsieur le Général,' added Webbe, 'has no doubt, I perceive, upon *that* point.'

'None—none whatever: it is the emperor's character, and written when he was a young man. "I commend to the good offices of my friends and of all Frenchmen, the bearer of this writing—a foreign seaman who has just rendered me the greatest service that one man can owe to another.—BONAPARTE, General of the Army of Egypt." How came *you* by this?' sternly proceeded General Véray; 'and what was the great service spoken of?'

'It happened,' said Webbe, in a voice which I strove to persuade myself must be that of truth—so firm, clear, sonorous did it ring through the hushed hall—'it happened that I was in Malta when the French army, on its way to Egypt, landed there and took possession of the celebrated fortress of the Knights of St John. One morning, when the wind, having become favourable, the troops were re-embarking'——

'Stop!' thundered General Véray—'stop till you have heard me say that I was at Malta with the army, and distinctly remember all the circumstances, the minutest, connected with the deed to which, I have now no doubt, this paper refers. If you are "the foreign seaman" mentioned, you shall be instantly set at liberty; if, on the contrary, I find you to be an impostor, and if you are one, cool, astute, daring as you may be, detection is, be sure of it, inevitable—you shall be as immediately shot. Go on,' added the general, in a calmer, almost respectful tone, after having keenly marked the effect, or, more correctly, non-effect of his abrupt intimation and menace upon the privateer captain—'go on; I begin to believe you—and yet; but go on.'

'One morning,' resumed Webbe, 'when the wind having become favourable, the troops were re-embarking under the personal supervision of the commander-in-chief, a fanatical Maltese priest—a Spaniard, it was said, by birth—suddenly rushed at the general, whose back was towards him, with a naked poniard in his hand; and if he had not ended that great life, he would most certainly have inflicted a severe wound upon the Man of Destiny, had not the "foreign seaman," who chanced to be on the spot, perceived the danger in time to receive the assassin's blow upon his own arm. Here is the cicatrice of the wound inflicted by the poniard of the baffled priest,' added Webbe, turning up his right sleeve.

'Silence!' exclaimed the general, checking a movement of applause amongst the body of the audience. 'All this may yet prove, so far as the prisoner is concerned, to be an audacious fable. Where,' he added, continuing his interrogatory—'where, on what spot did the occurrence take place?'

'On the esplanade overlooking the great harbour.'

'Were any officers present with General Bonaparte at the time?'

'Not exactly present. Murat was sitting reading a newspaper upon one of the cannons a few yards off; and Kleber had just left the general-in-chief, who at the moment was observing the embarkation through a telescope.'

'What became of the intentional assassin?'

'He was shot within five minutes of his atrocious attempt by a party of the 2d regiment of the line.'

'How is it you remember so slight a circumstance as the number of the regiment?'

'Because the 2d of the line remained at Malta, and I several times afterwards saw and even drank with individuals of the firing-party.'

'The affair must have caused a great sensation in Malta?'

'It caused no public sensation whatever, inasmuch as it was forbidden to speak of it, perhaps because a disposition to murder is thought to be epidemical. I know, at least, that one French soldier was punished for alluding openly to the matter.'

'How was it that General Bonaparte did not, in return for such a service, recompense you in a more solid manner than by a recommendation to the "bons offices" of Frenchmen, which might never have been of the slightest service to you?'

'I wished for no other recompense; and besides that, General Bonaparte himself embarked within, I should say, a quarter of an hour of the occurrence.'

'How is it that the document neither gives your name, nor states that you were an "English" seaman?'

'The omission not only of a name but of a date, as you will have observed, I can only account for by the general's hurry. As to the expression "foreign seaman," I so designated myself. It would have been as imprudent on my part, at that time, in Malta, to afford a hint or suspicion that I was Webbe, captain of the English privateer *Wasp*, as to have made a similar avowal the other day at St Malo.'

'How has it happened that you have never sought to utilise this precious document during the many years it has been in your possession?'

'My vocation as captain of an English privateer was incompatible with a request to the emperor for any other than a pecuniary reward; and I was too proud, and, I may add, not sufficiently necessitous, to ask for alms, even of a Napoleon, in recompense of what, after all, was but an act of common humanity. It is, however,' continued Webbe, 'not quite correct to say that I have made no use of so precious a document, since, but for a secret reliance that it might one day stand my puissant friend at a pinch, I might not have ventured to play the hazardous game which, but for the fortunate accident that it is General Véray who commands at Havre, might this day have had a fatal termination.'

'And may have that termination yet,' retorted the general—'though, so much do I respect a man of nerve and courage, that I heartily wish the contrary. I shall ask you but another question,' he continued, 'and if you answer that with the same readiness and precision as you have all the previous ones, I can, and *will* doubt you no longer.'

The general paused before putting that last decisive question, and my pulse beat wildly, my breath came thick and short, for I again detected, or thought I did, the faint flush of disquietude which I had before observed. It had seemed to me during the last ten minutes that I was the spectator of a duel fought with flashing, fatal weapons, in which from one moment to another a mortal stroke might be given and received. That dread moment was now I believed come, and my heart sank within me.

'Your look quails not,' at length resumed the general, 'and your aspect seems to challenge and defy the menaced question; which in itself is to me a more satisfactory reply than you could make in words, for after all, one who has shewn himself to be so intimately acquainted with the Malta affair, will not find it a

difficult one to answer. Nevertheless, it shall be put. It is this: Where did General Bonaparte write this document, and where did he procure the paper and ink?'

'The paper and ink were supplied by an *invalide* who had been partially crippled by an accident on board the *Guillaume Tell*, I believe, and who was just then returning from the great harbour, where he had been to write letters for such of his embarking comrades as could not write themselves. The table used by General Bonaparte was one end of a big drum.'

'Enough. I am satisfied. You are free.'

A burst of applause from the changeful crowd followed the general's decision, which was, however, sternly rebuked and silenced.

'By my authority, as the general commanding in Havre,' said General Véray, 'I revoke and annul the findings of the court-martial upon all the accused, since it is manifestly impossible to pardon the chief offender and punish his subordinates, and I order that they be forthwith set at liberty. Record my decree in form,' he added to the lieutenant-secretary, 'and I will sign it at once.'

'Captain Lenoir,' said the general, after the formality of signing had been gone through with, 'you will escort the acquitted prisoners to their homes. As for you, Monsieur le Capitaine Webbe,' added the veteran, with a grim smile, 'I advise you to quit France without delay. A government may be installed here to-morrow from which I shall not be able to protect you, and in whose eyes the emperor's protection would be a crime, instead of, as with me, an inviolable safeguard. The court is dissolved.'

It was not long after three o'clock when I emerged from that stifling hall into the free air: in but little more than an hour I had, as it were, passed from life to death; and back from death to life! My brain swam with the rush and conflict of emotions so acute and violent, and, darting away in a kind of delirium from the escorting soldiers, I pushed my way through the crowd in I neither knew nor cared what direction, so that I could obtain sufficient space to think, to breathe in. That fevered tumult of the mind subsided, and I presently found myself in La Rue Bombardée, whither I do not now ask the reader to accompany me. There are incidents in the lives of us all before which, though an angel would smile as he looked thereon, it is imperative to draw a veil.

We dined late on that day; and I was sitting alone, as evening closed in, over the dessert, when Captain Webbe made his appearance. The torturing ordeal through which he had so lately passed, had not left a perceptible trace upon his buoyant, elastic spirits; and it was not long before I knew that his resolution to marry his son to Maria Wilson was as fixed and determined as ever. He said he should probably quit France in a few days for Jersey, though not for the reason suggested by General Véray, as he had nothing to fear from the Bourbon government, which, there was no longer any doubt, would be formally proclaimed in Havre on the morrow.

'Which formal proclamation,' added Webbe, 'would have taken place some hours too late for us, but for my success in bamboozling the illustrious General Véray to-day.'

'That elaborate story was then a fabrication—the imperial voucher a forgery!'

'You have an unconquerable propensity, Master Linwood, to jump at extreme conclusions: the imperial voucher was perfectly genuine, and the story, with one slight variance, true throughout—the slight variance being, that the name of the foreign seaman was Hans Kliebig instead of Kirke Webbe.'

'How on earth, then, came you in possession of the important document?'

'By a very natural sequence of causes. I was at Malta when the attempt was made upon Bonaparte's life, and Hans Kliebig was one of the crew of the *Wasp*, which was dodging about off and on in the vicinity of the island. Hans had the misfortune to be killed a few weeks afterwards in a brush with an armed French transport, and the paper in question fell into my hands. It was not, however, till General Bonaparte and Captain Webbe had respectively become emperor and Captain Jules Renaudin, that it occurred to me that such a testimonial might some day prove a trump-card in the very ticklish game to which I was inextricably committed. And now as to matters of pressing moment. Madame de Bonneville has been arrested and lodged in prison.'

'Say you so? That is indeed a swift commending of the poisoned chalice to her own lips.'

'She is charged with having fled from her creditors, and, as a consequence, with fraudulent bankruptcy. She must, of course, be liberated by the immediate payment of her creditors in full.'

'Pray, who must of course liberate Louise Féron by the immediate payment of her creditors in full?'

'I—you—your family; all of us who, from various motives, are interested in not setting such a plotting, unscrupulous devil at defiance. In the note you received from me in the early part of the day, I apprised you that I had been compelled to compromise with her—— Ah, the reverend Father Meudon, the very person I have been wishing to see and speak with!'

'That wish has been reciprocal, Monsieur Webbe,' replied M. Meudon, as he shook hands with me in silent gratulation of my escape from that day's perils; 'for I was told you were about to fight a duel with Monsieur Tyler, the American captain.'

'It was fought an hour since,' said Webbe; 'at least, I was twice fired at by Mr Tyler, which was held by the seconds to have afforded him complete satisfaction, as, not being hit, it certainly did me. I hardly need say that I did not return his fire. And now, my dear Linwood,' he added, 'I have to request, with leave of this reverend gentleman, that you inform Mrs Linwood that we, Father Meudon and I, wish to speak with her for a few minutes privately.'

'Meaning that I may not be present?'

'That is my meaning. I am anxious to consult Mrs Linwood and Monsieur Meudon upon a matter chiefly personal to myself, and for the present only them.'

'Not having the slightest wish, Captain Webbe, to force myself upon your confidence, I will at once convey your message to Mrs Linwood.'

That private council of three lasted for perhaps an hour, at the end of which, Webbe and M. Meudon left the house together without seeing me, and my mother herself not very long afterwards sent a message to say she was about to retire to rest—my father had done so some time before—and advised me, after a day of such painful excitement, to do the same.

I was in no humour to comply with such sensible advice. This avoidance of me gave strength to the suspicion which had begun to dawn upon me, that the private conference related to some scheme hatched in Webbe's fertile brain for bringing about a reconcilement, and if a reconcilement, the immediate marriage of his son with Miss Wilson. My mother was, Webbe knew, strongly desirous of promoting the match, lest, forsooth, her precious son should throw himself away upon a mere nobody, whom God had nevertheless gifted with rarest personal and moral loveliness and grace. I was not so clear with respect to Father Meudon's part in the plot, unless, indeed, they were about to attempt carrying their point by a *coup de main*, as it were, and celebrating the marriage forthwith.

Absurd! impossible!—I must have lost my senses to imagine such a thing. Equally absurd to fear, to suppose that romantic, hero-admiring Maria Wilson could possibly be induced to unite herself with the

wretched craven that, in her presence, had crawled in the dust before—been spurned, in her sight, by the booted foot of an insolent Frenchman, and resented it not. Never, never, never!

The eccentric *pas seul* which accompanied my arrival at that delightful conviction, was arrested by a brisk rat-tat at the street door, presently followed by a step ascending the stairs, which I believed to be that of Father Meudon. I was right—it was Father Meudon; his round face and black eyes sparkling with radiant bonhomie, with goodness enlivened by benevolent joy, and a few gleams, perhaps, of gratified self-esteem.

'Ah, my young friend,' he exclaimed, almost running to, and then tightly embracing me, 'allow me to again congratulate you! This is, indeed, a day of happiness. But where is madame your mother?'

'In bed, long since.'

'Madame is right, and you also ought to have been in bed long since. So ought I; but never mind, I shall not leave Havre to-night, so there is still time for me to sit down and take just one glass of wine with you. You do not know what that fierce, gentle, mean, generous Captain Webbe wished to consult Madame Linwood and me upon,' added the exulting priest. 'No, but I may tell you now, for the mission with which he intrusted me is accomplished, the object gained, completely, finally! Blessed are the peacemakers. Gloria!'

'What is accomplished completely, finally?'

'The reconcilement of two youthful lovers, whom a misunderstanding—no, not a misunderstanding, that is not true—whom, what shall I say?—a misfortune, yes, a misfortune, had estranged. Ah! the beauty, the grace, the ingenuous candour of that young girl! I give you my word,' added M. Meudon, proffering me his snuff-box, 'that never, to my recollection, have I seen a more charming person than Mademoiselle Marie Wilson. Do not be impatient, my young friend; that is no doubt a platitude to you who know Mademoiselle Wilson; but'——

'But—but me no buts,' I rudely interrupted. 'If you have anything to tell me, tell it.'

Father Meudon looked grave, almost offended for a moment, but his happy face, refusing to be wrinkled into that expression, relaxed immediately. 'You are evidently suffering from febrile irritation,' said he; 'nevertheless, I should like to make you a participator in the pleasure I have this evening experienced.'

'Proceed, Monsieur Meudon: I will listen in respectful silence.'

'Well, this is what has occurred since I left you: Monsieur le Capitaine Webbe explained to madame your mother the estrangement that had taken place between the lovers, and its cause—before known both to you and me. Madame Linwood shewed the liveliest anxiety to remove that estrangement; and when Monsieur Webbe hinted that I, as an entirely disinterested person, could do so more effectually than any one he knew, madame entreated me to exert myself to the utmost to bring about so desirable a result. I consented, the more willingly that the young Webbe's heroic sacrifice of himself to-day, rather than betray his father, had given him, spite of previous prejudice, a high place in my esteem.'

'The heroism of refusing to purchase shameful life by butchering his own father! Bah!'

'Not heroism in you, my young friend, nor in others physically and morally constituted like you, would there be heroism in such an act. You would do so as readily and instantly as you would interpose your person between your mother and the uplifted dagger of an assassin; but the young Webbe is, you know, physically, morally, a—a'——

'A coward! out with it—a wretched coward! You will say nothing truer than that, reverend sir, if you talk for a week.'

'Be it so; and how much greater, sublimer, therefore, the effort which enabled him to triumph over that physical and moral weakness, that—— But the discussion, I perceive, irritates you, so I will just glance over the incidents of the last delightful hour, and take leave. I was to go, you understand, to the Hôtel de France, where Mademoiselle Wilson, Madame Dupré, and Mademoiselle de Bonneville, or Waller, are staying—not ostensibly as a reconciler of estranged lovers, but to speak with Captain Webbe, who would precede me there by a few minutes. Having in that manner introduced myself, it was arranged that Madame Dupré should refer to the doings at the Hôtel de Ville, and question me thereon—opportunity for me to dilate upon those agitating occurrences in a sense favourable to the young Webbe, who sat apart in an attitude of the profoundest dejection. I do not think I was ever so eloquent before,' continued M. Meudon with swelling self-esteem; 'and the result was that the way having been judiciously prepared by me, the proposition of reconcilement was made in a direct manner by Madame Dupré, and seconded, enforced by everybody. Such an appeal, judiciously prepared for as I stated, could not be permanently resisted; and at length Mademoiselle Wilson yielded reluctantly—yes, reluctantly, I must admit that—to our entreaties. With a modest grace which would have delighted you, as it did me, she rose from her chair, and gliding towards Webbe *fils*, who was fairly sobbing with excitement, said, in the sweetest voice in the world: "Let the past be forgotten, Harry"—— Harry, by the way,' M. Meudon interrupted himself to inquire, 'is an endearing variation of Henry, is it not?'

Repressing with difficulty a malediction upon both Harry and Henry, I asked the priest if he had finished.

'You are ill, very ill,' said he—'that is clear, and I will no longer detain you from needful rest, than to say that the reconcilement was perfect; and that to-morrow Marie Wilson and Harry Webbe will be married by Monsieur Pousard, the Protestant minister at Ingouville—both bride and bridegroom being, unhappily for themselves, members of the heretical Anglican church. And now, my dear young friend, go to bed at once, and good-night.'

I think I must have fainted after M. Meudon went away, for I had no recollection of the interval—more than an hour—which elapsed from the time he left till I crept to bed, not to sleep, but to toss about in feverish unrest till towards the morning, when I dozed off into dreamy broken slumber, during which the terrible events of the day oppressed my struggling faculties with shadowy incongruous terrors. Suddenly light and calm took the place of darkness and tumult. I stood before an altar near a bride, Maria Wilson; but the next moment my grandame Linwood replaced her, and called upon 'Master William' to come nearer. I vainly strove to do so; my limbs seemed to be manacled, till, with the fierceness of the struggle, I awoke.

Awoke to find my dream in part realised—that good Dame Linwood was bending over and calling upon Master William to arouse himself, in a voice broken with joyful, tenderest emotion. As soon as we could speak of anything but the joy of again seeing each other, I learned that immediately upon the receipt of my mother's letter, sent through Mr Dillwhyn, Mr and Mrs Waller hurried to Portsmouth, communicated with Mrs Linwood, and hired a fast-sailing cutter, in which all three embarked for Havre, where they arrived shortly after the substitution of the white flag for the tricolor gave notice that the port of Havre was at last unsealed to the nations so long at enmity with France.

'It is late—nearly eleven o'clock,' said Dame Linwood, 'and Mrs Waller is waiting with nervous

impatience for you to rise and bring her recovered daughter to her arms. We have sent for Webbe, but he, his son, and the aspiring shoemaker who proposes to espouse Lucy Hamblin, are gone to some distance, it seems, to make arrangements for a marriage between Webbe's son and a Miss Wilson, which is to take place to-day.'

I rose at once, and hastened down stairs to the tiny drawing-room. The first person I saw on entering it was my grandfather Waller, the tall, portly gentleman of my childhood. I did not recognise him, but he greeted me with affectionate cordiality, and turning round, presented me to his wife, Mrs Waller.

Heavens and earth! Mrs Waller was Maria Wilson herself, wanting only the bloom and freshness of youthful life; and ah! now I remembered where I had seen the sweetly pensive expression of face which had so struck me when I first beheld the Jersey maiden! Mrs Waller's portrait to be sure, forgetful, senseless dolt that I had been, once shewed to me by Mrs Linwood, wore that peculiar expression, as still did the beautiful original.

Instantly I seized the clue to the whole Webbe-Féron mystery. All was clear now; and simultaneous with that conviction, was the flashing thought that I might yet be in time to prevent the detested marriage with young Webbe. With a scarcely articulate cry, intended to explain that I would bring Mrs Waller her daughter, I dashed out of the room, down the stairs, into the street, hailed a passing empty *fiacre*, and was swiftly driven off to the Hôtel de France. Maria Wilson and Clémence, both dressed as brides, were there alone, Madame Dupré herself being temporarily absent. I said they must both come with me at once upon a matter of life and death. They yielded mechanically, as it were, to the fiery impulse communicated to them, and in less than ten minutes the fiacre set us all three down at No. 12 Rue Bombardée. The street door opened—I seized Maria Wilson's hand—we ascended the stairs, closely followed by Clémence; and dragging the terrified girl as it were towards Mrs Waller, I exclaimed: 'Your daughter, madam, your lost child!' I heard the cry and sob of maternal recognition, and then the room, the figures swam around me, and I knew nothing more till some half-hour afterwards, when having, by the help of vinegar, burnt feathers, and other stimulants, regained consciousness, I learned that the drama had at last been finally played out. Webbe, who returned to the Hôtel de France a few minutes after we left it, at once hurried to the Rue Bombardée with the desperate hope of being yet in time to prevent Miss Wilson from seeing my mother: the Wallers arrival he had not heard of. In presence of the scene which there awaited him, he saw that further deception would be useless, absurd, impolitic, and he at once acknowledged that Maria Wilson was the long-lost Lucy Hamblin; Clémence, the true Maria Wilson!

I have little to add, and that little must be very briefly set down. Webbe's version of his and Louise Féron's substitution of one child for another was, that till about three years before negotiations were opened with my mother, they were really not aware that there existed an indelible mark which would render the scheme of passing off the niece of Madame de Bonneville—who was really the sister of Captain Wilson's wife by the same mother, though not by the same father, and had in her younger days as often gone by the name of Broussard as Féron—for the true heiress, impossible. They believed the assertion in the hand-bill to be a mere ruse, intended to frighten the abductors into restoring the child. That discovery made, a compact was ultimately entered into by which Madame de Bonneville consented that young Webbe should marry the true heiress upon condition that she, Madame de Bonneville, received the twenty thousand pounds odd belonging to her niece, who was to be compensated for her loss of fortune by marriage with rich—according to French ideas, rich William Linwood, my noble self. There is nothing else of importance, I think, which the narrative itself does not sufficiently explain; and now as to the results that followed the elucidation of the plot, and the defeat of the plotters, in which those readers who insist upon what is called poetical justice—a myth, I fear, which has no tribunal in this unpoetical, work-a-day world—will find themselves disappointed.

In the first place, abundant care was taken that my father's vindication before the world should be full, complete, unchallengeable. It was so; and he lived to a good old age in happiness and honour.

No one was disposed to deal harshly—I ought perhaps to say justly—with Captain Kirke Webbe; and about three weeks subsequent to the final frustration of his marriage project, he sailed with his wife and son, and something like three thousand pounds in his pocket, for the Cape de Verd Islands—the reward promised by my mother and grandmother having been paid to him. He departed in high spirits, and I must be excused for saying I could have better spared a better man.

Maria Wilson, alias Clémence de Bonneville, espoused honest Jacques Sicard, and the happy pair finally domiciled themselves in a handsome villa upon the Havre *côte*. Madame de Bonneville was supported by her niece in undeserved competence, which she did not, however, live long to enjoy. She was drowned about six months after her niece's marriage, while crossing in an open boat from Havre to Honfleur.

Light flows upon the paper as I write down the last paragraph which I shall pen—light and warmth—a pale, cold reflex of the soul-sunshine which has shed a glory over my noon of life, and now gilds the evening of my days: This, copied from the London *Times:* 'Married at St James's Church, William Linwood, Esq., grandson of Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, to Lucy Hamblin, daughter of Mrs Waller by a former marriage.'

Vale, vale.

END OF KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

THE FOSSIL-FINDER OF LYME-REGIS.

WHAT trifling incidents may and often do become important in the course of years! We are even tempted sometimes to view them as preternatural, or designed by Providence to be harbingers to future events.

We were led to this reflection when reviewing something we witnessed at Lyme-Regis. We were sojourning there in beautiful weather in the year 1800. A day or two before, a company of strolling equestrians had arrived, and displayed their agility in various performances; but they presented no departure in any point from what we had seen, and for many years after continued to witness in the out-of-door exhibition of vaulting, and the grand finale of Billy Button's journey to Brentford. In the middle of the performance, tickets were issued for a lottery, in which copper tea-kettles, gown-pieces, legs of mutton, and a silver watch were the prizes. In those days, no charge was made for admission into the field; the riders were remunerated by the profits upon the lottery. Good roads now enable equestrians to carry about a tent with them, and a charge is made for each admission-ticket.

On this evening, attracted by the vaulting, crowds of towns-people were seen making their way to the Rackfield, through the narrow and ancient streets of that borough, by the Cockmoile or prison, Monmouth Street, and the church.

Expecting the arrival of our invalid aunt, we had

left the crowded ring of delighted spectators standing upon the grass in a level field at the back of the town. The weather was very sultry, and the harvest was nearly in, it being the 19th of August. A passing cloud discharged a heavy shower, and crowds hastened through the streets to their homes. About five o'clock there was an awful peal of thunder, which re-echoed round the fine cliffs of Lyme Bay. Our attention was called, soon after, to a group of noisy talkers, who had an infant, for whom they wanted some hot water. A bath was procured, and the apparently dead child was bathed with ultimate success, amidst the joyful exclamations of the assembled crowd. Three dead bodies were carried home at the same time, one of whom was the nurse of the infant whom she had taken to the Rackfield. There, the three were together with the infant in arms when the shower began, and the whole ran under the dangerous shelter of an elm-tree, when the flash of lightning dealt instant destruction to all but the babe. This baby was the offspring of a carpenter and his wife, who lived near the jail. She had been a dull infant, but was dear to her parents: her name was Mary Anning.

Fifty years before the catastrophe we have described, two very important entries in the world's bulky catalogue—watering-places and geology—did not exist.

As regards the former, the sea, up to that time, was judged to be designed for commerce, and sea-side towns for the residence of merchants and fishermen. There were no migrations to the sea-side. Why should people go to the coast? and at a time when the healthy climate of Northampton was attributed to its distance from the *noxious fumes* of the sea. There were watering-places, it is true, but these were towns which possessed mineral waters. At this period, however, 1750, Dr Russel, the son of a London bookseller, wrote upon the beneficial effects of sea-water upon glandular affections; and straightway did our countrymen, like so many land-crabs, make towards sea-lodgings wherever they could find them. Dr Russel was obliged to reside at Brighton to direct the bathers, his patients, and old towns were revived in a surprising manner, and new ones founded. Brighton, Hastings, Weymouth, Lyme-Regis, &c., were metamorphosed; Torquay, Worthing, Bognor, Bourne Mouth, Weston-super-Mare, &c., sprang up from the bare shore.

As to geology? This great science was in its earliest infancy, without form or fashion. Some noble pioneers had been clearing the way; but the startling outbreak had not yet taken place. Watering-places had begun when geology was unknown. But what have watering-places and geology to do with our story? You shall hear.

The infant thus recovered, as we have told, grew up a fine lively girl. Her fate was decided by circumstances which rule most of our destinies; and it involves some interesting particulars which pertain to the history of science.

The coaches from London to Exeter passed through Charmouth, two miles from Lyme. A man named Lock, whom Dr Maton, the tourist, calls *Curiman*—that is, curiosity-man; but who is better known as Captain Cury, had for some time accustomed himself to attend the coaches. He offered for sale *curosities* to the passengers daily, and adopted the nomenclature of the day for his fossils. There were the *bones of crocodiles' backs* and *jaws*, *ladies' fingers*, *John Dorie's petrified mushrooms*, *&c.* This captain was the first vendor of *curosities;* a Mr Crookshank, a retired London tradesman, was the first collector of such things; and soon a gentleman, named South, came occasionally in the summer in pursuit of interesting objects.

Richard Anning, the infant's father, was a carpenter, and often accompanied Mr South to the shore. When Richard found anything pretty, he placed it upon a table in front of his residence to attract the attention of visitors. But at length Richard, when on his way to Charmouth in the year 1810, to deliver a message, taking a short-cut, fell over the cliff at the present New Cut, and died in consequence of the injuries he received. This fossil-seller's visits to the beach had made his wife, Molly Anning, very angry, as she considered the pursuit utterly ridiculous.

After her father's death, which the family, consisting of a widow, one son, and a daughter, felt sorely in a pecuniary point of view, Mary Anning went down to the shore to look for curosities. She found a *cornemonius*, a corruption of *cornu ammonis*, which is now called an ammonite. Her age was then ten years. Something occurred as she was returning which decided at once her future career. A lady in the street, seeing the pretty fossil in her hand, offered her half-a-crown for it, which she accepted; and from that moment fully determined to go down 'upon beach' again, and thus find means to support the family. She did so regularly, and roamed over the ledges of blue lias left uncovered by the sea at low-water. When the layer of stone was removed by workmen or the action of the sea, a bed of marl remained. In four months after, Mary Anning saw a bone of some kind projecting from this marl. She traced the organic fossil—a crocodile as was then believed—and men she hired dug it out. H. H. Henley, Esq., the lord of the manor, purchased these organic remains for the sum of L.23, intending the fossil for his private museum; but he eventually gave it to Bullock's Museum, where it was greatly admired; and the trustees of the British Museum purchased it when the Piccadilly collection and exhibition were dispersed. This so-called crocodile was no less than a specimen of the ichthyosaurus, and what a history does the name of this fossil animal present! It quite engrossed the attention of the scientific world. The great geologists, Buckland, Delabeche, Sir Everard Home, Birch Conybeare, Cuvier, and the élite of that body in this and other nations, were for six years deep in the study of the contribution from the young girl of Lyme-Regis. Mary Anning, now called with great respect Miss Mary Anning, furnished drawings of fragments, supplied deficiencies in published accounts, and proceeded to discover plesiosauri, pterodactyles, and fish more numerous than the present sea produces. Only look round the cases of the British Museum, and you will see that the grandest specimens were found by Miss Mary Anning. The science of geology has become firmly established; honour to those who, and under no small discouragement, laboured in its infancy. Miss Mary Anning was known to Sir R. Murchison, Sir C. Lyell, Professor Owen, Agassiz, and, in a word, to the greatest savans of the age. Many illustrious foreigners made a pilgrimage to Lyme. Her death, when it took place, was a great misfortune to the town; but the inhabitants smiled incredulously when the fact was mentioned. Just so at Yverdun, Pestalozzi having gone to prison for the sum of L.25, no one could see what that could have to do with the welfare of the place. One hundred and fifty residents, however, who had come from Russia and other countries to take lessons from Father Pestalozzi for a twelvemonth, returned home, and the town was nearly ruined.

Mary Anning was of rather masculine appearance. She braved all weathers, and was far too generous in allowing even wealthy visitors to accompany her in her explorations without requiring a fee, as some naturalists now very reasonably do. A cancer in the breast was the cause of the death of this remarkable character, at the age of forty-seven, on the 9th of May 1847. An obituary window has been set up in Lyme Church in remembrance of her. Who can ever hope to fill the place she occupied? Were Mary alive, I

should like to have extracted from her a list of the famous men of all countries with whom she maintained a correspondence. The Geological Society subscribed towards the window, 'in commemoration of her usefulness in furthering geology.' Molly Anning, the mother, who was quite an original, used to say of her famous daughter that she was a history and a mystery. The lower orders, who could not understand what she had achieved, remembered the deadly flash of lightning.

SIMPLE PEOPLE AND THEIR INVESTMENTS.

THERE is so much truth, sagacity, and practical usefulness in the following little article of the *Scotsman* newspaper of November 17th, that we believe we must be conferring a public benefit in helping to extend its circulation:

About joint-stock companies there lurk many obstinate and mischievous prejudices in the human mind, confusing the relations of debtor and creditor. When a merchant possessed of just five thousand pounds invests it all in boxes of indigo, and sells them at a tempting price to a buyer, who fails to pay him, he goes into the *Gazette*, of course, and the result is counted in the natural order of things, for he had his eyes open, and must have known that he ran some risk. He is to some extent, in fact, a gambler—he tables his stake, and he pays the loser's forfeit. But the retired half-pay officer, the widow, the slenderly endowed old maid, do not perceive that they may be doing precisely the same thing when they lay out their L.500 in the shares of a joint-stock company. They do not speak of trading—they say they are investing. If the joint-stock company sell to unsound purchasers, or lend to precarious debtors, they risk the individual partners' money as much as if he did the same thing with it. And yet how many people, who would not entertain for a moment the notion of risking their money in trade, or of lending it to some private borrower who proposes to do so, will, without hesitation, hand it over to a joint-stock company to be gambled with as the managers may please. Nor is there generally, in times when all runs smooth, the slightest anxiety about the soundness of the 'investment,' or any curiosity to know what those who have taken the pittance into their clutches are doing with it; but there is a child-like reliance not only on their honesty, but on the extreme prudence of men generally of a class who being ever ready to risk their own wealth on the chances of extravagant profits, cannot be expected to resist the temptation of throwing other people's money into the game, especially when they are neither controlled nor even watched.

Individual thrift makes public wealth, and individual losses make public calamities. It surely tends to support the hallucination which causes these calamities, that in mercantile nomenclature the losses of shareholders are not losses to the public. It has been the boast of the Scottish banking-system that every bank truly founded on it has paid 20s. in the pound to every note-holder, and to every depositor; but how has this been accomplished? By the ruin of whole tribes of shareholders. And the shareholder, is he not a man and a brother—is not the shareholder often in the position of a helpless sister? If a hundred poor depositors have their savings restored to them, is it nothing that a hundred poor shareholders have lost all their humble investments?

There seems in the meantime no remedy for risks and disasters, such as we have been referring to, but individual prudence. In the first place, let humble investors eschew large and tempting profits or percentages, for these are the sure concomitants of risks. But further, they ought to be assured about the business of the joint-stock company in which they embark their capital, as if they were embarking it in business entirely of their own. They cannot, of course, make themselves acquainted with the several transactions of the company, but they should know that it does not speculate in fluctuating sales—like an eminent bank which speculated in indigo, an article liable to great oscillations in value—and that it does not advance money on insufficient or tainted security. It is hard, perhaps, for those who are not men of business to assure themselves on these points, but unless they know them either through their own skill or the assurance of adepts whom they can trust, they must keep in mind that in buying shares they do not *invest* their money—they *speculate* with it. The vast enlightened enterprise—the great prosperity of the company—will be no effective substitute for such a knowledge, for the bold operations which are likely to bring it to ruin will readily invest it with these characteristics. . . . When the humble seeker of an investment sees the names of capitalist potentates in a list of directors, he should remember that these are men who can afford to gamble for great prizes at the risk of losses, and he may be none the worse of keeping in recollection the story of the giant and the dwarf who went out together to battle. Even the new arrangements for establishing companies on limited responsibility, capable as they no doubt are of very beneficial results, must not supersede individual prudence and inquiry. Let the natural limitation of the word 'limited' be duly remembered. It does not exclude the subscribed capital from loss. He who subscribes L.500 to such a company is warranted against further loss, but he may lose that L.500, and if it be, as it may be, all that he possesses, the limitation will be of small service to him.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

SHE sleeps; but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware;
The lovely edifice
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle habitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept,
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—and slept,
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy lute
That light with laughter used to play,
And left all dull and mute
The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He shut the glancing windows too;
With fringe of drooping gold,
He darkened the small panes of blue.
Sheer from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne;
The road she journeys on,
Wends evermore, without return.
To ruin and decay
The fairy palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn. C.

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID.

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal the commencement of

OCEOLA:

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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FALSE THEORIES AND THEIR RESULTS.

OUR community does a vast amount of hard work, and realises considerable returns for it; but it is wonderful how much of these results is wasted. False theories in political economy lose us half the benefits of our national industry. One by one, we get them trampled out. One age sees the prejudice against forestallers expire. Another witnesses the extinction of 'protection.' But these pets of ignorant selfishness are hard to kill. One which clamours for large credits as an encouragement to trade, and for large issues of paper-money as needful thereto, has been in the course of killing for many years, but unhappily is not dead yet. What may be called the authorised or parliamentary monetary system of the country, is against it; but it lives, nevertheless. Unwise theorists support it; and in places where speculative commerce is rife, there are men who venture their means to carry it into action; for, somehow, a false theory *will* work itself out. Some of its votaries may be kept right by the *applomb* of their common sense; but others are sure to be carried beyond the line, being most likely favoured in that movement by certain persons to whom the results of the false theory are convenient.

The consequence is—a Bank, professing to supply 'a want generally felt in the commercial community.' Its directors are partly men of substance under the false theory, partly men of little substance for whom 'increased accommodation' is desirable. Shareholders of the same character are obtained, besides a vast number of innocent, ignorant people, who are led to believe that their little fortunes, portions, and endowments cannot be better placed for a profit. The leading spirit is the false theory as to 'increased accommodation.' Some would take a less charitable view of the said spirit; but we believe that sincere error does nine-tenths of all the mischief done in this world, and deliberate roguery but a small part. Even those ultimately found to have done the most harm as the debtors of the bank, we believe to be in general men misled by views false, but entertained in perfect good faith.

Well, the bank goes on. Now, what should a bank do? In the first place, how should merchants carry on their business? The fundamental principle in all great scenes of industry is simply this: *Saved results of labour—or capital*—are the means by which further work is done. Those who possess such results, and employ them in fresh undertakings which they have thoroughly ascertained to be calculated to make a profitable return—the only criterion of their soundness—will be benefiting the world and themselves in so doing. And where the capitalist is himself the worker of the fresh undertaking, or keeps a sharp eye on those to whom he intrusts his funds to be used, the results are likely to be tolerably satisfactory. Such may be called the *natural* order of things in work and in commerce. To proceed on this principle, is to act in harmony with the divine ordinances; and all such action is productive of good. Where, on the other hand, a set of men, with little or no capital of their own, are endowed temporarily with a merely ideal capital based on credit, we always find that wilder projects are undertaken, management is less prudent, and waste and loss almost inevitably follow. The latter kind of trader has everywhere to outbid and undersell, to grasp at every promise of a market however perilous, to be constantly making great sacrifices for the fulfilment of his engagements; he raises obstructions against himself by the very inflation which his kind of business gives to the prices of all those articles on which his work-people live. While he almost ruins, or at least creates great difficulty and loss to all sound and well-intending traders in the same line, he does no real good to himself, but sooner or later comes to destruction—the fate of all those who will not take God's rule as *this* way, which is truth, but insist on taking it *that* way, which is error.

There is a legitimate, safe, and honourable business for banks in facilitating the business transactions of persons trading on actual capital; but if a bank sets itself to support adventurers with little or no capital by giving them credit, it clearly lends itself to what is wrong, and prosperity cannot be expected for it. Fortunately, the greater number of our banks keep mainly to the legitimate business—scarcely any, perhaps, but what go beyond the line somewhat, for the false theory cannot quite be withstood; but, happily, the greater number do not trespass to any serious extent. But there is an order of banks—generally of recent institution—*it is not the destiny of any to be old*—which act almost wholly on the false theory. 'Assistance to expanding commerce' is with them the cry. The colossal speculations of Liverpool and Glasgow impress them greatly. Pushing men who have suddenly sprung from nothing into transactions of considerable moment, especially those who seem to have been clever in breaking into new walks of commerce, are received with favour, and allowed liberal accommodation. Directors permit each other to get similar favours. At first, perhaps, a certain moderation is observed, but with an 'expanding commerce' this is difficult to be maintained. After five thousand is in peril in an account, it becomes necessary to give other five thousand to recover the first. This, too, being

compromised, further advances must be made. Good money goes out in search of bad, and neither comes back. The debtor sometimes honestly expresses a desire to stop and declare insolvency; but the bank, for its own credit, will not allow him. It advances more—and more—and more. We have lately been astounded with single accounts in a deficit equal to a grandee's fortune. There is something Titanic in such sins. There can be no doubt that the actual posture and character of a bank such as we have described, is simply that of a fomenter and supporter of all kinds of false and unprofitable business throughout the country. It is the adventurer ultimately in all these cases, and it becomes the ultimate sufferer. In short, its funds and its credit are compromised, till, error having spent itself, a collapse takes place, and the bank is obliged to suspend payment. Then do we hear a Babel of wild outcries. The bank, according to some, has only suffered a little in a good cause—so tenacious of life is the false theory. Other banks are loudly railed at for not supporting it through its temporary difficulties. A judicious few see that great errors have been committed, and acknowledge the justice of the punishment. But the sad thing is, that the shareholders, who thought themselves only employing their money at a fair rate of interest, find they are committed to losses of indefinite magnitude. It never had occurred to them that they were authorising a set of men, hardly known to them, to speculate for them, and on their responsibility, in every kind of imaginative project which the seething brains of a commercial city could invent. Quiet ladies, living the most unspeculative of lives, were thus speculating by proxy, without once dreaming of responsibilities, till they were suddenly startled with the prospect of ruin, or an approach to it. Could anything be more pitiable than such a consequence of simple ignorance? One looks round for some one to wreak vengeance upon, or at least to visit with a seemingly due indignation. But if he takes a candid view of the matter, he will most likely be arrested in his design. The immediate administrators have been doubtless greatly to blame; but they have not meant any harm; quite the contrary. They had a doctrine that there was need for increased accommodation to an expanding commerce—they have fairly worked it out—and, the doctrine being unfortunately false, behold the consequences.

Yet, while we acquit the fallacious banking-men of dishonesty, we must frankly express our opinion that they are encouragers of dishonesty in others. The reckless speculators with other people's money, whom they supply with funds, are all dishonest workers, for they are seeking gains at the hazard of others; indeed, pursuing a career of the purest selfishness. The proper destiny of these men, seeing they had no capital of their own wherewith to seek profits, was to take subordinate places in the concerns of those who really have capital, and to try thus to realise a fair remuneration for a modest industry. But they despised such honest working. They would be quickly rich at the expense of their neighbours. For all who countenance, or in any way assist such unrighteous ambition, there can be nothing but condemnation. And if they suffer loss in consequence, and are themselves brought to ruin, they have only reaped the crop which they sowed.

Increased intelligence, and an improved sense of the real government of the world, and of the necessity of conforming to it, will alone save our community from such shocks as it has lately received. If men would truly learn that there is but one source of wealth, *work done judiciously in time and place;* that promises to pay can never be themselves wealth, or be of any good use unless they represent real wealth; if they would, amidst the excitements of an industrious career, never lose sight of the beauties of soberness and moderation, and keep in mind that there are many other precious things to look after in this life besides money; we might hope to see these disgraceful confusions cease to be periodical, as they have hitherto been. The great evil is ignorance. Our people shew immense industry; but want of sound knowledge is constantly balking them of its fairest fruits. Men occupying important stations in life, men commissioned with great trusts, will, as a rule, be found unacquainted with the simplest principles of political economy. Active merchants, whose aspirations have perhaps led them into the senate of the realm, will be found standing up, and unblushingly advocating fallacies in that science of the most transparent character—all the time pretending to be sound practical men, and no theorists, as if a multitude of right practical steps became a falsity and a dream when they were agglomerated into a general principle. The success of such men will generally be found to have depended on adherence to some profitable routine, or a few lucky conjunctures. They are in danger from every new and unwonted step they take, particularly when they attempt to carry realised means into higher fields of business—as, for instance, into banking. Then they are seen to act like the children which they really are; then does the value of their boasted practicalness appear. The last estate of these men is extremely apt to be worse than the first.

MORAL SUNSHINE.

In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris is a sun-dial bearing this inscription: *Horas non numero nisi serenas* (I count only the sunny hours)—a pretty and appropriate motto for the ancient timekeeper, and one which might, with almost equal propriety, be adopted by those merry mortals who are the moral sunshine of our work-a-day world, and who appear as heedless as the dial itself of the fact that even sunny hours are numbered by a shadow. Happy beings! the birthright of enjoyment they possess surpasses the fabled gifts bestowed by fairy godmothers, since it enables them by a mental alchemy to turn dross to gold, and to laugh away the wrinkles from Time's brow of care. And then the power they have over the sympathies and the affection of their fellow-creatures! Time and difference of opinion cannot shake the hold these counters of the sunny hours take on our good-will and kindly feeling; and we think of Raleigh cheerful in the prison and on the scaffold; of More meeting death with playfulness; and even of the worldly but merry Cardinal de Retz, laughing at the malice of Mazarin, and seeking a gay revenge for his imprisonment by writing the life of his jailer—with a sort of affectionate interest which we do not bestow on other perhaps wiser and better personages. Even in fiction we acknowledge the charm, and love Falstaff in spite of his cowardice and gluttony, and feel more for Mercutio than for Romeo himself. Happy-tempered people are perfect sunbeams in our everyday life, and, like sunbeams, make their way through difficulties and obscurities that would effectually repulse duller spirits. We will introduce some two or three of these light-hearted individuals to our reader, trusting that he may find them, as we have, pleasant acquaintances. And first, out of respect to the motto which suggested our sketch, we will select M. Jules Bernard, whose history is a good exemplification of the advantage to be derived, even in worldly matters, from a cheerful and sanguine temper.

He was born of republican parents during the first French Revolution, and received a good education, being destined for the profession of the law. His father was engaged in commerce, and was supposed to possess a large fortune; but at his death, which took place when Jules was about nine-and-twenty, his affairs were found to be greatly embarrassed. Their final

arrangement left the young man almost destitute, and dependent on his own exertions for support. Having always had a great facility in acquiring languages, he determined to proceed to England, and try to turn his powers as a linguist to good account; but he brought to his adopted country no introduction and a very slender purse, and found himself therefore as completely lost in London as if he had suddenly alighted in the Great Desert.

A heavy shadow was then marking his life, but he saw only the occasional gleams of sunshine vouchsafed him in the kindness of some few of the surrounding strangers. His lodging was in a time-stained, gloomy house in one of the dullest and dirtiest streets of London, but he used to congratulate himself on its elevation bringing him into a purer atmosphere; and on its comparative quiet, from its not being a thoroughfare. At first, the reserve and coldness of the people, so different from the sociable and courteous character of his own countrymen, somewhat chilled him; but, as he said when recounting his history to us, 'there was warmth behind the snow-cloud;' at least it was evident that the dwellers beneath the same roof were thawed by the sunny hilarity of the Frenchman, whose singing the popular *chansons* of the day attracted the attention of his landlady, and introduced him to her tea-table. To be sure, the good woman was by no means equal in point of education or station to her lodger, but Jules was not fastidious; he appreciated her motherly kindness and common sense, and preferred her society to his former absolute solitude. The rainy days of England and his want of employment were now the evils he most deplored; but the former were destined to be of essential service to him, and even in the end, to remove the still greater one of idleness.

It was on the very wettest of wet days that Jules, weary of watching the descent of the rain on the opposite house-roofs, tied his comforter round his throat, and armed with an umbrella, issued out into the streets. He had walked to some little distance from his abode, when he perceived a gentleman with a young lady leaning on his arm standing beneath an archway. The former was endeavouring to shield his companion as much as possible from the storm, from which they had no other shelter than the narrow arch, being without an umbrella; moreover, there was no cab-stand, or rather hackney-coach stand, near, nor any shops in which they might have taken refuge. Bernard, with the courteous gallantry of his nation, advanced, and offered the lady his umbrella; the gentleman, rather surprised at such unusual civility from a stranger, accepted it for her, 'till a vacant carriage should pass;' and Jules took his place beside them, meantime, beneath the arch. They entered into conversation on the weather—the ordinary topic of the English—and the stranger, perceiving that their new friend was a Frenchman, asked him if the contrast between the sunny days of his own land and the climate of England did not greatly distress him. The cheerful negative which followed, the light spirit that disdained that subjection to the elements which the sadder Anglo-Saxon acknowledged, interested the unknown, who was a man of intellect, and considered himself a philosopher. He asked if his companion found that his health, as well as his spirits remained unaffected by the island atmosphere; and Bernard acknowledged that he had been slightly indisposed on his arrival in England; 'but,' he added, 'it was from the change of diet, not the air. I was too poor to be able to procure sufficient fruit, and the want of it, in warm weather, affected me; but happily, one day I thought of oranges, which were not quite gone out, and leaving off all other food, purchased two dozen; and by the time I had eaten them, was quite well again. Ah! monsieur, we do not half appreciate the good gifts *le bon Dieu* bestows on us. The people round me looked on the over-ripe fruit that cured me as worthless, and for myself I then first learned the full value of an orange.'

The stranger was amused, and when the arrival of a vacant hackney-coach separated them from his new acquaintance, expressed a wish to know him better, and asked for his address. Bernard gave it willingly; and from that time a way was opened for him to fortune and comfort. The unknown proved to be a physician of eminence, and very speedily procured in the families of his patients, pupils for the French teacher. The cheerful energy of Jules rapidly brought him into repute. His pupils loved him, for childhood is seldom uninfluenced by the attraction of a happy temper, and his teaching was consequently most successful. Indeed, it was impossible not to learn with a master who could not be brought into daily communion even with nouns and verbs without bestowing on them a portion of his affections; who talked of words as of living things, till the student remembered them and their adjuncts rather as friends than as mere abstractions, and, consequently, were as little likely to forget the gender of a noun or the conjugation of a verb, as they would have been to become oblivious of the names of their intimate acquaintance. A merry jest or a whimsical similitude fixed many a dry rule in their memories; and thus he laughed his way up the high road to success, till the dingy lodging was exchanged for a good house in a large city square, where *he* saw bright-green on leaves veiled by eternal dust, and rejoiced in having a prospect of a wide space of sky, regardless and heedless of the intervening smoke.

It was when his fortunes were most prosperous that he became our teacher, and occasionally we gathered from his own lips the story of his life; though so completely did he dwell on and count 'the sunny hours,' that even the account of his early trials and difficulties did not cause a painful impression.

Happy old man! in a strange land, he had created round him, by his warm-hearted hilarity, a circle of friends, perhaps even more affectionate than if attached to him by the ties of affinity. His portrait by a first-rate artist smiles from the wall of his pleasant drawing-room; it was painted for, and presented to him by his pupils. The elegant silver coffee-pot from which his coffee is poured on *les Dimanches* was also their gift. He is wealthy, and he rejoices in diffusing round him a portion of his own happiness. Daily, some poor and unknown foreigner or struggling teacher dines at his hospitable board; and on Sundays a group of such persons spend their weekly holiday in his house, and he devotes himself to their entertainment: a motley party, speaking many different tongues; some well dressed, some very shabbily attired, but all infected by the contagion of his mirth, and forgetful of their work-a-day cares in his presence. Some of his more peculiar friends once remonstrated with the excellent host on the incongruous mixture of his society, and received the simple reply, 'that his invitations were given in accordance with the spirit of *l'Evangile*.'

Monsieur Bernard is a rare and happy specimen of the union of industry and contentment; truly might he assume the motto: *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

Our next 'merry mortal' was far less blessed by nature and fortune with those external gifts we are apt to value so highly; yet, with a calmer and quieter manner than the volatile Frenchman, he possessed, we believe, to the full as happy a disposition.

We were walking on a cold March morning on the esplanade of a fashionable watering-place, when we first saw him. It was one of the most uncomfortable days we can remember. The sky was thickly overcast with clouds; the wind was high and chilly; the sea looked heavy and sullen, and there was a disconsolate tone in the hoarse murmurs it breathed upon

the shore; and yet there stood, leaning against the railing of the esplanade, a Hindoo, clad in the graceful and picturesque, but very insufficient garb of his native land. He was a slight delicate-looking man of good caste, judging by his complexion and features; his eyes were fixed with a mild thoughtful expression on the sea, and he held a few tracts in his hand. His presence reminded us forcibly of the brilliant east, towards which our thoughts had turned with vain regret several times that morning: and approaching him, we asked 'if he did not miss the sunshine.' He replied: 'Sun shine here too sometimes, Ma'am Sahib, and to-day clouds very pretty!' The reply struck us. We entered into conversation with the dark-browed Asiatic, and found that he was called John, having received baptism from a Christian missionary. He had accompanied an English master to his native land, and married a very young and pretty English girl; but unhappily, shortly afterwards, the gentleman died: his family, if he had any connections, did not care for or trouble themselves about his Hindoo attendant, and the poor fellow, when his last paid wages were gone, found himself wholly dependent on his wife's labour for support; but she was burdened with the care of a child, and in very delicate health, so he had resolved on trying to get something himself by selling little books. 'People very kind,' he added; 'they buy books, and I get bread and meat for the wife and baby, and rice for me.' 'But you must be so cold.' 'No, not very; and then when the sun shine, he *great deal prettier, because he hide his face before.*' We grew in a few days quite an intimate acquaintance of John Commo; he confided to us all his little successes, but never troubled us with complaints of his privations. One theme on which he loved to descant was the beauty of his young child. Its image appeared to haunt his path, and, doubtless, thoughts of it beguiled the weary hours during which he stood patiently waiting the charity of the passers-by, for he never begged of any one. Suddenly we lost sight of him, and we fancied he had left the place, his old station remained so long unoccupied; but at the end of about three weeks or a month, we saw him again standing one Sunday near the church door. We went up and spoke to him immediately. He looked ill, and his bright sunshiny smile was gone. We asked him how he was. 'Very well,' was the reply. 'And the baby?' His dark eyes filled for a moment, and then he gave his own smile again, as he answered: 'Poor baby! gone where *sun shines always.*'

He had been ill, and had been obliged to go into the Union with his wife and child. The little family were separated, and he never saw his boy again. 'But,' he added, 'not *all* bad even there.' The chaplain of the house had been a missionary in the east; could speak his language; had grown interested in him; and had promised to get him sent back to his native land by the Missionary Society; and till that hoped-for time arrived, he resumed his former mode of life; looking, in the gloomiest and coldest weather that visits us during our chilly spring, as if he always saw the sun behind the cloud. One morning he stopped us—his face wearing an expression of more than ordinary pleasure—to offer a little gift as a token of his gratitude for the small services we had rendered him. It was a wafer-stamp, manufactured from a bone he had picked up in the road! but carved with great skill, and quite an elegant little affair, considering the coarseness of the material and tools used in its formation. It was a parting souvenir, as he was about to be sent to his own land again. We bade him call on us at the house of our friend, in order to receive some trifles in the way of clothing for his wife and her infant—another child born since he left the Union. He came, and we introduced our happy vagrant to the notice of one of the most beneficent men we know; he was loaded with gifts of all kinds; hospitably entertained in the servants' hall, and finally bade us farewell for ever, with the deepest shadow on his merry face that we had yet seen, leaving us with the conviction, that wherever the remainder of his pilgrimage might be cast, it would be cheered by a contented spirit.

But we must not close our sketch without giving a little instance of counting the 'sunny hours' in one of our own nation; albeit, our slow Anglo-Saxon spirits are, we are bound to acknowledge, more prone to mark the shadow than the sunshine.

There stood, in our village, an old-fashioned cottage, the property of a maiden lady named Markham, who was, however, universally called, by all who knew her, 'Miss Sally'—a certain proof of her popularity with her neighbours. We are of those who think that there is a physiognomy in houses, and that the general effect of their appearance helps the observer to some knowledge of their occupants' characters. Now, Miss Sally's cottage was precisely the sort of dwelling that, if it had belonged to a miser or a 'dull fellow,' would have been a very temple of gloom. The rooms were low, with heavy beams across the ceilings; the windows had deep seats, and being long and narrow, gave but little light; tall prim poplars shaded the front of the house, and there had been, in former days of superstition, a ghost-legend attached to it; nevertheless, Miss Sally Markham managed to render it a cheerful home. Her old-fashioned furniture was always arranged to the best advantage, and with a certain degree of taste; in winter, a blazing fire; in summer, a profusion of the gayest flowers enlivened her sombre parlour; and no ghost, we are quite certain—unless it were an uncommonly happy sociable one—could have resisted the exorcism of her merry musical laugh: anything evil or unhallowed must have fled from it. And though she lived alone with only one old servant, and had but a very limited income, Miss Sally was much sought after and even courted. There was not a house with children in it where her appearance was not hailed with glee; they understood and loved her, and she was 'aunt' by adoption to half the parish. She never appeared to grow older—her blithe nature retaining, far beyond the period of youth, its freshness of enjoyment and perception; and yet village rumour said that she had had her cares—nay, had even been crossed in love! but, if the latter tale were true, she had borne it much better and more wisely than Viola's imaginary sister, for it had evidently not proved detrimental either to her health or her complexion.

About the time we first became acquainted with Miss Markham, a new arrival had recently taken place in the village; *the* great house, *par excellence*, had been taken by a wealthy manufacturer, who proved to be a bachelor. It was astonishing what a sensation he created in the place! How the young ladies bought new bonnets, and how the mammas, as soon as they knew he was wifeless, ceased bewailing the extinction of the 'good old family' of the ancient squire! The parish-church was as gay as a parterre of tulips the first time Mr Spicer occupied his new pew. Almost the only lady who had not grown smarter was Miss Sally Markham, who still wore the same straw-bonnet and quiet shawl, and, moreover, the same sweet smile she was ever wont to have on her happy face.

The next week, people called at the manor, and gave parties to its new lord. The little place became quite gay, and Miss Markham was invited everywhere; for she was of great use in making a party go off well, her spirits being generally a strong stimulant to those of others: moreover, she was not considered likely to become a dangerous rival to the fair aspirants to the vacant place at the manor. People were pleased that she amused Mr Spicer, and that she rendered themselves more amusing also, and they rather over-

calculated the counter-charm of her plainness and her poverty.

One morning, some three months afterwards, an astounding announcement electrified the village gossips: Mr Spicer was going to be married! and—alas for the matchmakers—to Miss Sally Markham! The report was at first too much for their faith; but time fully confirmed it: very shortly, the church-bells were ringing merry peals in honour of the marriage of the lonely little lady of the cottage; and the vicar related how Mr Spicer had told him, that from the first, he had resolved on proposing to Miss Sally; requiring, to cheer his retirement from the excitement and toil of the world, not a young lady who dressed well and sang Italian bravuras, but an amusing companion, who looked on the bright side of things, and would help him to count the sunny hours, and to forget the shadows.

HINDOO EMIGRANTS.

The writer was one of twenty Englishmen engaged in conveying from east to west 260 natives of the Carnatic. Forty of these were women; and thirty, children under ten years of age; the remainder, youths or adult men. Most of the males were strictly coolies or labourers, chiefly agricultural; but some had exercised specific arts or callings, as metal-workers, bricklayers, painters, basket-makers, cloth-weavers, confectioners, barbers, milkmen, washermen, shoemakers. One had been employed in making garlands for native festivals and funerals. Many had been gardeners, drawers of toddy from the palmyra trees, bullock or bandy drivers, and a number had worked in the paddy-fields. Several had been 'boys' or palanquin-bearers, some peons, policemen, or messengers; others, domestic servants, cooks, or horsekeepers. One had been a sepoy. Two had been schoolmasters, of whom one could read and write English imperfectly. About a dozen had been to the Mauritius as free emigrants, and had there acquired some knowledge of French. Fifteen of the party were Mussulmans, six or eight, Roman Catholics, and of the remaining, about fifty were Parialis. Their ages varied, but by far the greater number were in the prime of early manhood.

Their complexions were of all shades, from light bronze or yellow, through rich chestnut brown, to dark olive, bordering on black. The children were the fairest, but among adults there was a wide range. The younger men were especially handsome, with open oval countenances, fine eyes and teeth, smooth soft skins, and well-proportioned forms. Some were, of course, of less graceful mould, but scarcely any were misshapen, and a few were of peculiarly attractive aspect. The women were inferior to the men in personal appearance.

Though amply supplied with clothing by the government emigration authorities at Madras, they made little use of it on board, and dressed as they were accustomed to do on shore. The men contented themselves with a cloth round the loins; the garment of the women was a long cotton cloth, wrapped and folded so as to conceal the trunk, and descending to the knees, or a little below them. Simple as were the materials, there was much scope for elegance and taste in the way in which this female drapery was worn. They invariably left the head uncovered; the men sometimes did the same; but at other times investing it with a turban or cap. In both sexes, the feet and legs were bare. Young children were quite nude, but had a string round the middle, to which the forecloth would afterwards be attached.

Unpretending, however, as was their costume, these coolies were as profuse in ornaments as their means would allow. The women, if unable to procure bracelets of the precious metals, wear rings of glass upon their wrists, and the greater the number of these rings, the better are they pleased. As they are necessarily drawn on over the hands, they fit loosely upon the arms, and clank one on the other as the wearer moves. Rings of silver, pewter, or brass, in lieu of more costly fabrics, are worn upon the fingers and toes, and rings or jewels hang from the tip and sides of the nose. The neck is encircled with strings of beads, or decorated with tassels and trinkets of various devices, suspended from a cord. The lobe of the ear is perforated, and through the aperture is introduced a coil of painted paper or palm leaf, wound on itself like a watch-spring. By contrivances such as these, the lobe is sometimes much elongated, and converted into an open circle, larger in circumference than the whole remaining portion of the ear. Little children are decked with necklaces, bracelets, and rings, before they assume a particle of clothing. Among men, earjewels are frequent, and in a few may be observed the pendent lobe. Some also wear finger and toe rings.

In the arrangement of their hair, these emigrants exhibited a great diversity of taste, with much of what some might call an absence of all taste. It was frequent with the men to shave the head, except a tuft on the crown and at the sides. The hair of the vertex is never cut, and is sometimes long enough to reach the waist. It is either plaited into a queue or tied into a knot, or suffered to hang dishevelled. The hair is occasionally cut in the most fantastic shapes and patterns, and at other times permitted to preserve its natural growth and appearance. The women leave it as nature formed it, and in them it is often luxuriant and beautiful. It is generally lank and soft—in a few instances, thick and curling. In young children, it may be brown; in adults, always black, but soon whitens with age. Most of the women had their arms tattooed in blue, but there was nothing remarkable in the devices. The other prevalent adornments, if such they may be called, were the usual idolatrous symbols. The Vishnuvites paint three yellow lines, diverging upwards from the root of the nose; the Sivaites present three parallel horizontal white lines across the forehead, breast, and upper arms; and it is common with them to have a vertical blue line down the centre of the forehead. It was the absence of these marks that chiefly distinguished from the rest the Mohammedans and Roman Catholics.

Both sexes were sadly inattentive to personal cleanliness. Every morning, however, they might have been seen in rows along the deck, washing their mouths, and rubbing their teeth with pieces of stick, kept for the purpose. This was not neglected, even if it included the whole ceremony of ablution. They were also in the habit of frequently pouring water on their feet. The principal occupation of the women was that of destroying the vermin with which they were infested.

Their food was according to a dietary scale prescribed by government, and was more liberal than their necessities or inclinations required. Rice was the staple article, to which the other ingredients, the dholl—a species of pulse—the salt fish, the ghee or clarified butter, the tamarinds, and savoury herbs, were rather regarded as accessories. Each day's first duty was to serve out in one mass the requisite amount of provisions for the whole. The subsequent appropriation and preparation of this food were left to the emigrants themselves. It was for the most part conducted by a certain few, who possessed more activity than their neighbours, and sufficed to occupy them all the morning. The rest were perfectly willing to be exempt from any trouble but that of eating. The proper quantity of rice they estimated by a measure brought with them, which allotted to each about twenty-four ounces a day; and having been

duly proportioned, it was set to boil in large pans. A cook-house was provided on either side of the ship, one for men of caste, the other for Pariahs and Mussulmans. Mohammedans will not eat unless the cook be of the faith, but Pariahs are quite content to take their food at Moorish hands. One day, at the commencement of the voyage, the Mohammedan cook refused to act, in consequence of some offence he had received, and his place having been taken by a Pariah, the Mussulmans refused to eat. They demanded a fresh supply, but with a view of correcting such evils for the future, the request was disregarded. One of the number, however, whose flesh was weak, although his name was Tippoo Saib, partook of the accursed thing, and thereby provoked an indignant outbreak on the part of the 'true believers.' The torrent of abuse poured forth, by one youth in particular, was overwhelming and terrific. Of execrations and expletives they have no lack, but the denouncement most in vogue is that of all kinds of defilement and dishonour to the female relatives of the offender, past, present, and to come. A Hindoo, one morning, was detected eating meat that he had obtained from the ship's cook, and had a sentence of excommunication passed upon him by those of his own caste, though with none of the violence of the Mussulman proceedings. The Pariahs will eat anything. The greatest difficulty in provisioning the emigrants related to the article of water. At first, there was much grumbling about the scantiness of the supply, although the consumption exceeded the stipulated allowance of three quarts a head per day. So, one morning the distribution was given up into their own hands, and as it was so managed that many did not obtain any at all, we had in the evening a rather serious disturbance. After this, we had to watch it ourselves, but by degrees they learned to practise greater discretion and equity, and a better understanding soon prevailing among all classes, they could safely be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. In the cooler weather experienced in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the allowance of water was more than they needed, and the only article of which the full prescribed amount was ever in demand was tobacco.

Smoking was their great solace, but they had some positive and defined amusements. A tumtum or native drum had been provided for them, and when first introduced, occasioned much merriment; but as, in their music, noise is the chief element, the instrument was soon disabled and laid aside. There was a good deal of singing among them, and they had many rhyming tales or fables, but the sounds to which they rehearsed them scarcely deserved the name of tunes. Men would dance in circles to a measured step, clapping their hands or striking short sticks; but women never joined in the exercise. The only sedentary game remarked was one played with counters upon a diagram, like a draught-board, chalked on the deck for the purpose, and seemed to partake of chance and skill combined. Many of the youths amused themselves with athletic sports, and there was a general tendency to cheerfulness and mirth, with no deficiency of resource as to pastimes. During the lovely weather we enjoyed while running through the south-east trade of the Atlantic, their fondness for grotesque dressing, mummery, and practical joking was pursued in a more systematic manner; and with the aid of some rude scenery, and a concerted plan, they got up a kind of theatrical entertainment. We Europeans were ceremoniously invited to witness the performance, in which, so far as we could comprehend it, there was not much to admire, but as a means of harmless diversion to a native audience, it was not to be despised.

On this, as on other occasions, we were necessarily much indebted to the services of the professed interpreters; but such lingual acquirements as passed muster with the authorities at Madras, were far below the standard that strangers like ourselves would have found it desirable to impose. One only of this official class spoke fluent English. He was a smart young man, who had been servant to an officer, and could converse with equal apparent ease in four of the languages of India, but his character was by no means a model of propriety. The vernacular tongues of the people were the Tamil and Telugu, and the Mussulmans among themselves used the Hindostani, which they have derived from their migratory forefathers, but it is not generally known to the heathen inhabitants of Southern India. The Telugu natives were about a fourth of the entire number, but most of them could speak Tamil also, and many of Tamil extraction were acquainted with Telugu. A knowledge of the two languages would seem to prevail extensively; but while they have common affinities, they are very unlike in details. The Telugu men who worship Vishnu are the proper Hindoos. From fifteen to twenty on board were able to read and write with ease. Some denied that they could do either; but on trial, it was found that they could form and pronounce the numerous alphabetical characters and combinations of their native language. The number of these letters and sounds is something formidable to an English student of the Tamil. Others said that they could read; yet, when books were placed in their hands, they were evidently at a loss. It seemed a common occurrence that they should know their alphabet, picked up, it may be, from their parents or playfellows, without possessing, under ordinary circumstances, an opportunity for further acquirements. The information thus gained would be almost mechanical, and of little practical utility. The inquiries made with a view of testing their attainments, led to a great rage for cultivating the literary arts. Paper, pens, and ink were eagerly asked for, or else they were content with borrowing or contriving styles for engraving the palmyra-leaf. Some became teachers, others learners; and from morning to night, for several days, the ship resounded with the accustomed din of a school-room. Each little world, like the larger one, has its fashions and its toys, pursued intensely while they last, but easily changed and soon forgotten. But every encouragement was given to the emigrants to favour their efforts for improvement; and it is to be hoped that, during the voyage, all learned something which may have contributed to their subsequent advantage.

Two births took place into our community. The attendant process, with Hindoo women, appears to involve little suffering or restraint. They had amongst them a species of medical and surgical practice. In local hurts and pains, they trusted much to local applications, poultices of tamarind, or dholl, or anything they could procure, chunam rubbed upon the spot, frictions, and shampooing. For inward complaints, their great remedy was 'pepper-water,' a warm infusion of aromatic herbs and spice, with onions and sugar. Castor-oil was the medicine with which they were best acquainted, and with the use of opium they were too familiar. To prevent or cure convulsions in children, they were in the habit of scarring the body with red-hot needles. This proceeding was chiefly regarded as a charm, though the counter-irritation might have some effect. They would also fasten strings round their limbs, both as amulets during disease and as votive tokens after recovery. These were called Sawmy, and supposed to have some sacred character or consequence. This word was of the commonest application in reference to the creed of heathenism. It entered into their most familiar patronymics, the equivalents of our Jones and Smith, as Ramasawmy, Veerasawmy, Venketasawmy, Mootoo-

sawmy, Moonesawmy, Rungasawmy, Cundasawmy, Appasawmy, Chiunasawmy. Some man would occasionally rant and rave, as if divinely or demoniacally inspired, throw himself into paroxysms resembling epilepsy, and then give vent to incoherent sayings, while the bystanders looked on with superstitious reverence and awe. This was explained as being the work of Sawmy—that is, of some good genius, whose influence had been invoked, or else of some evil genius whom there was a struggle to expel. Such an exhibition was several times presented, and it reminded us of the pythonesses of old, or of the 'possessed' of the Gospel narrative.

To the dark and uncertain teachings of their heathenish creed may be traced their moral imbecility, and especially their propensity to suicide. On two occasions, when morning broke, alarm was given of a comrade missing; and the only conclusion at which we could arrive was, that he had voluntarily drowned himself during the night. Both had been on the sick list, though not dangerously indisposed; and no motive for the deed could be alleged but their general want of power to bear up against suffering of any kind. Threats, and even attempts at suicide took place, as the result of disputes and annoyances, and but for interference, would have been carried into execution. The emigrants were sadly prone to regard trifles in the worst light, and exalt them into affairs of serious importance. They were deficient in moral energy to resist physical evil, soon became depressed, and thus were unable to raise their fallen spirits. This was especially the case with bodily ailments and disasters; those vexations and disturbances which so often arose among them, were found, when analysed, to originate in the most absurd and trivial causes. Although so fond of quarrelling, they were not much addicted to fighting. They were lavish in the foulest abuse, and indulged in menacing gestures, but they rather avoided than courted a close engagement, and a few blows soon dismayed them. Tall stout men would cry like children, if perchance the assault they received were more than verbal; and in all their disputes, there was little danger of their doing one another much harm. They were frequently vexed with the question, who among them should be greatest? Some pretended that before embarking they had been invested with a kind of authority or pre-eminence, and would occasionally appeal to the ship's officers for confirmation of their claims. From the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth, it was generally advisable not to interfere; but care was always taken to correct any evident mistakes, and to prevent the exercise of improper liberties. They were treated with uniform kindness; and on the whole, their conduct was good. At no time had we to deal with positive disaffection or disrespect. Some who at first occasioned a degree of trouble and anxiety, afterwards became orderly, civil, and industrious. At the termination of the voyage, there was in all a perceptible improvement in condition and demeanour.

When the hour of parting had arrived, not women and children only, but men also, shewed evident signs of sorrow and reluctance. Much of this may have resulted from timidity or doubt as to their future lot, but much of it arose, we fully believe, from pure regret, and grateful estimation of the care they had received. They were not landed direct in Georgetown, but sent to estates up the river Demerara, or along the coast, in small schooners belonging to the proprietors. Our coolies were distributed among five different estates, in gangs of fifty, formed by mutual arrangement, according to caste or family and social connections, each party having an interpreter; and most of them had to travel from twenty to thirty miles. Every one was furnished with a passport, which, after five years' service, would procure him a free return to his native country, if he chose to demand it. On the estates, they were to be accommodated with lodging and medical attendance, free of charge. For the first fortnight or month, they were supplied with food in lieu of wages; they afterwards would earn according to their amount of labour, being paid in the same proportion as Africans or Madeirans. For hard toil, they were not well suited; but what they undertook, they would execute with neatness; and there was enough in the necessities of the colony to give them all remunerative employment.

A REALLY GOOD DAY'S FISHING.

I HAVE a most unfeigned admiration of good old Izaak Walton, and all fishermen; I like to think of them as contemplative men, who might be anything they choose—statesmen, divines, poets—only that they prefer being fishermen—lovers of their kind, lovers of scenery, lovers of all living things, and possessing some good and unquestionable proof that the worm which they thread alive upon their pitiless hook, and which, to the ordinary eye certainly seems not to like it, does not in reality suffer in the least. I confess I have been many times upon the verge of calling Piscator, my uncle, from whom I have expectations which such an appellation would ruin, a cruel and cold-blooded old villain for the quiet way in which he will torture his live bait—never taking the poor creature off until it has wriggled its last, and then instantly impaling a fresh victim—or selecting a lively minnow out of his green water-box, and throwing him into the pleasant river, his wished-for home, with a hook that he does not know of at first, poor thing, in his underjaw. When he has done his duty even ever so well, and given warning of the approach of prey in the most sagacious manner by pulling at the float, and has been rescued alive, Jonah-like, from the interior of some enormous fish, Piscator will not yet suffer him to depart, but, confessing that he is a very good bait—as if that compliment could atone for these many indignities and pains—drops him again delicately into the stream; conduct only to be equalled by that of the widowed lady in the legend, whose late husband's body is discovered by her lover in the garden fish-pond, a receptacle for eels; upon which, 'Poor dear Sir Thomas,' says the lady, 'put him in again, *perhaps he'll catch us some more.*' Worse than all, to my taste, looks my revered uncle, when he is running after a May-fly, in order to impale that: one can bear to see a boy in pursuit of a butterfly, because it is not so much cruelty that actuates him as curiosity; but an old gentleman, bald, pursy—which epithet reminds me that I must not let Piscator peruse these remarks—and perspiring, striving to catch and put to death, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, a happy and inoffensive insect, is a shameful sight. No; I confess I like to see fishermen use artificial flies; the mere hooking of the fish—which, after all, *are* meant to be eaten—through those horny, bloodless lips of theirs, I don't believe is very painful; and I regard these baits with a clear conscience. A good fisherman's book is a museum of unnatural science, and I like to examine it gratis upon some river-bank, with a cigar in my mouth, while Piscator fishes. He sets about this new creation about October, and by April has finished quite a pocket-arkfull of these additions to nature. This scarlet fly, almost as big as a bird of paradise, must have taken him a good long time. 'It is a military insect, and a most tremendous bait for the female,' says my uncle, who, I am thankful to say, is a confirmed old bachelor; 'there is nothing in that fine creature whatever except a little wood and wire; but he kills, Bob—he kills.'

Why, by the by, do pursy old fellows after fifty, almost without exception, repeat their words?

'It *is* a fine day,' observes Piscator, when I salute him in the morning—'a very fine day—a very fine day, indeed, Bob,' as though there was somebody contradicting that assertion. And 'your mother is well, is she, Bob? Your mother is well? Good, Bob, good—very good.' I think they have some idea that this makes an ordinary sentence remarkable, and they wish, perhaps, to give you an opportunity or two of setting it down in your note-book.

'What is this huge black and white fly, uncle,' I inquire, 'like an excellent imitation of a death's-head moth?'

'Death's-head fiddlestick!' cries Piscator, in a fury; 'it's nothing of the kind, Bob—nothing of the kind. I call it the Popular Preacher, and it also is a good bait for the female—the serious female, that is. I have killed a number of chub with that fly, sir—a number of stout chub.'

There is a sort of box, also, attached to Piscator's book which contains even still more wonderful effigies; spinning minnows, twice as large as any in real life, and furnished with Archimedean screws; mice with machinery inside instead of intestines, and composite animals—half toad, half gergoyle—of which pike are supposed to become readily enamoured.

What a glorious amusement must indeed be that of the fly-fisher, climbing up in his huge waterproof boots the bed of some rock-strewn stream, amid the music of a hundred falls, and under the branching shelter of the oak and mountain ash, through which the sunbeams weave such fairy patterns upon his watery path! I never could throw a fly myself by reason of these same branches; I left my uncle's favourite killer—brown, with a yellow stripe—at the top of an inaccessible alder, on our very last expedition together, just after we had taken a great deal of trouble, too, in its extrication from the right calf of Piscator, where I had inadvertently hitched it. I am too clumsy and near-sighted, and indeed much too impatient for the higher flights of fishing. Piscator starts in the dusk, in order to be up at some mountain tarn by daylight, and comes back in the evening with half-a-dozen fine trout, well satisfied; now I would much rather have half-an-hour's good fishing for bleak in a ditch with a landing-net. However, I do rise to gudgeon-fishing.

I know no pleasanter and more dream-like enjoyment than that I have often experienced on the bank of some ait (which some ingenious persons still spell 'eyot') in the bosom of old Father Thames; or, better still, on an arm-chair in a punt pitched in one of his back-waters. Let a little beer be in the boat and some tobacco, with perhaps a sympathising friend; then what a scene it is! Before us, the great roomy eel-pots are hanging idle over the foamy lasher, in waiting for the night; their withy bands seem dry and rotten enough in the sunshine, but they are good for many a summer yet; beyond them lies the round island where the bending osiers dip their green heads into the flood till they be needed; in its centre, is the large leafless nest of her, 'born to be the only graceful shape of scorn,' the river swan; and around it grow those 'starry river buds,' the lilies; on the right hand, stately woods slope up from the very bank to the horizon; on the left is the miller's garden, upon an island likewise, with the high broad mill-stream running swiftly on its eastern shore, almost upon a level with the flowers; clack, clack, goes the great clumsy wheel, whose shining paddles we see disappear, one after one, under the low dark archway; and whir, whir, go half a score of little wheels within the bowels of the quaint old wooden house; along the main stream, beyond the mill-race, and separated from it by another island, ply the heavy-laden barges with half-a-dozen horses apiece, on one of which the lazy driver sits, like a lady, sideways, with his red woollen cap drooping upon one side, and his pipe scarcely kept alight; market-people are going and returning along the towing-path, too, to Camelot, or, as it is called at this particular time and place, to Cookham; pleasure-boats pass in the distance, filled with ladies, with brass bands, with racing crews; the locksman sees them from his lofty post, and the huge gates slowly part to let them through: all this we watch afar off, and have no part with the great stream of existence regarded from its calmest of back-waters. As for the fishing itself, that is very pleasant; I always look away when the man puts on the gentle; and my friend and I have shilling bets upon which catches the next fish. We did bet at least at one time, until I detected him in the ingenious but fraudulent manœuvre of pulling the same perch up again and again, by which he not only won half a sovereign of me, but gloried in his shame. I love the very dropping of the boat from 'pitch' to 'pitch;' the careful fixing of it between its two bare poles; the measuring with the plummet for length of line; the chucking the bread and meal in for the gratuitous entertainment of the fish; the grating of the iron rake in the pebbly bottom; and all the machinery which is set in motion to persuade me that I am doing something and not nothing.

Better than all, perhaps, is the after-entertainment at the old-fashioned river inn, where jack is stuffed in some peculiarly fragrant manner, or there is an especial patent for frying trout; where awful specimens of both those fish, with particularly protuberant eyes, are suspended in the low-roofed cosy dining-room, along with the portrait of some famous fisherman, and the rules of the local angling club. The heroes of these places are not insolent and puffed up with knowledge, as hunters and shooters for the most part are, but freely and graciously impart intelligence to the unlearned. I confess at once that I have caught but two perch all day; my friend, three perch; and Jones, the man, about eight dozen. 'Ay, ay, and very well too,' observes the landlord; 'Jones is a good rod; you should have tried Miller's Hole with the minnow;' and so on. I have fished for bigger fish than perch. I once went out—went in, I should say—to spear barbel: that is a very splendid and almost warlike amusement. You see the leviathan reposing upon the pebbles beneath; silently, softly, you seize a long barbed spear, and measure the distance between you and your prey exactly; you think it to be about four feet, whereas the real depth of water is six feet at the very least. Striking, under this impression, with all your force, you throw yourself into the river, arrive upon the very spot which the barbel recently occupied, and are lucky if you can swim as well as he. Whenever I attempt anything above my perch, indeed, I fail miserably; 'the party' who occupied my seat in the punt on the previous day has caught so many trout, he could not carry half of them away with him; and 'the party' who comes the day afterwards, again, is equally successful; but, for me, I might just as well have baited my hook with a pack of cards. However, at the end of this last summer, I had one really good day's fishing, killing with my single rod carp and trout, of such magnitude and number as Piscator himself would have been proud to tell of; and it came to pass in this way.

The Marquis of B——, whom I call 'B.' in conversation with strangers, is a good friend of mine, who has known me for many years. If he met me in the market-place of our borough, his lordship would, I am sure, say: 'How d'ye do?' or, 'How are you?' and thank me, perhaps, for the pains I took about the return of his second son. I have dined more than once at the Hall, during election-time, and his lordship has not failed to observe to me: 'A glass of wine with you?' or, 'Will you join us, my dear sir?' quite confidentially upon each occasion; the words may be nothing indeed, but his lordship's manner is such that

I protest that when he speaks to me I feel as if *I had had the wine.* Well, only a month ago, he sent me a card, permitting me to have one day's fishing in his home preserves. Piscator tried to persuade me to give it up to *him*, but I said 'No,' because he can catch fish anywhere, and I do not possess that faculty; so he gave me the most minute directions overnight, and lent me his famous book of flies, and his best rod.

How beautiful looked the grand old park upon that August morning! The deer—

> In copse and fern,
> Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail—

cropping with reverted glance the short rich herbage, or bounding across the carriage-drives in herds; the mighty oak-trees, shadowing half an acre each; the sedgy pools, with water-fowl rising from their rims with sudden cry; and the winding brooks, where shot the frequent trout from side to side. Now from their right banks I fished—now from their left; and now, regretful that I did not borrow Piscator's boots, I strode, with turned-up trousers, in the very bed of the stream; still, I could not touch a fin. I began to think that my uncle had given me, out of envy, wrong directions, and provided me with impossible flies. At last I came upon a large brown pool, with a tumbling fall; and 'Now,' cried I aloud, 'for a tremendous trout, or never!'

'Never,' cried a hoarse voice, with provincial accent; 'I'm dang'd if thee isn't a cool hand, anyway.'

This was the keeper. I saw how the case stood at once, and determined to have a little sport of some kind, at all events.

'Hush, my good man,' I whispered, 'don't make a noise; I have reason to believe that there are fish here.'

'Woot thee coom out of t' stream (it was up to my waist), or maun I coom in and fetch thee?'

'No,' said I blandly, 'don't come in on any account, the least splash would be fatal; stay just where you are, and I daresay you will see me catch one in this very spot. It's beautiful weather.'

I got out upon one bank, as the giant, speechless with rage, slipped in from the other. When he had waded half-way across—

'Do you think I am poaching, my good man?' inquired I innocently.

'I knaws thee is't,' quoth the keeper, adding a violent expletive.

'Well, I have a card here from my friend B.,' said I, 'which I should have thought was quite sufficient.'

'Thy friend B.,' roared the other sarcastically, 'let me get at thee.'

'Yes,' said I, 'old B. of the Hall; don't you know him?—the marquis.'

The dripping savage was obliged to confess that my ticket of permission was genuine.

'But how do I knaw as thee beest the right man as is named here?' urged he obstinately.

A cold sweat began to bedew me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my visiting-cards.

'Right man,' cried I indignantly; 'of course I am, why not?'

'Of coorse, why of coorse,' sneered the brutal ruffian, 'thee must coom along with me.'

A bright thought suddenly flashed across me: 'Look here, my good man; look at my pocket-handkerchief; J. P.; ain't those the right initials? Confound you, would you like to see the tail of my shirt also? I'll tell B. of you, as sure as you live.' At which the giant, convinced against his will, left me in peace.

I fished until dewy eve, and still caught nothing. At last, in the near neighbourhood of the Hall itself, I came upon a little pond environed by trees; the fish were so numerous in it, that they absolutely darkened the water. I had only just lodged my fly upon the surface, and, behold! I caught and easily landed a magnificent carp; again, and a trout of at least six pounds rewarded me; a third time, and I hooked another carp; and so on. I was intoxicated with my success. In the couple of hours of daylight which yet remained to me, I filled not only Piscator's largest fishing-basket, but my pockets also. 'What will my uncle say to this?' thought I. He did not know what to say. We dined, we supped, we breakfasted off the very finest; we spent the next morning in despatching the next best in baskets to distant friends. I was the hero of the family for four-and-twenty hours, although Piscator tried to make out that it was all owing to the excellence of his flies. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, however, arrived my friend the keeper, taller than ever, pale with passion, more inimical-looking than on the day before.

'Well, thee hast about been and done it, with thy ticket and thy friend B.,' quoth he.

'Yes,' said I cheerfully, 'you're right: I rather flatter myself I have. Sixty-seven pounds of fish, my man' (triumphantly).

'Sixty-seven pounds!' said he, with a ghastly grin.

'Ay,' said I, 'not an ounce less: thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of—I'm hanged if I know what fish.'

'Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of he's hanged if he knows what fish,' repeated the keeper, as if he was going to cry.

'Yes,' added I; 'and all out of one little bit of a pond.'

'Pond!' cried Piscator, entering the room at this juncture, 'you never told me anything about a pond, Bob.'

'Well—no,' said I, blushing a little. 'I confess I thought it better to say stream. I did catch them in the pond close by the Hall.'

'Why, you've been fishing in the marquis's private stew, Bob!' cried my uncle horrorstruck.

'Yes,' cried the keeper, blowing into his fists, as if preparing for a murderous assault upon my countenance; 'he's been a-fishing in the stew-pond, in his friend B.'s private stew.'

And this was the only really good day's fishing I ever had.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

GROWING OLD.

> Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
> As ye sit by your fire at night?
> Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
> When your heart and your step were so light?
> 'I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
> And of all that I joyed in then;
> But the brightest that ever arose on me,
> I have never wished back again.'

GROWING old. A time we talk of, and jest or moralise over, but find almost impossible to realise—at least to ourselves. In others, we can see its approach clearer: yet even then we are slow to recognise it. 'What, Miss So-and-so looking old—did you say? Impossible: she is quite a young person; only a year older than I—and that would make her just——. Bless me! I am forgetting how time goes on. Yes'—with a faint deprecation which truth forbids you to contradict, and politeness to notice—'I suppose we are neither of us so young as we used to be.'

Without doubt, it is a trying crisis in a woman's life—a single woman's particularly—when she begins to suspect she is 'not so young as she used to be;' that, after crying 'Wolf' ever since the respectable maturity of seventeen—as some young ladies are fond

of doing, to the extreme amusement of their friends—the grim wolf, old age, is actually shewing his teeth in the distance; and no courteous blindness on the part of these said friends, no alarmed indifference on her own, can neutralise the fact that he is, if still far off, in sight. And, however charmingly poetical he may appear to sweet fourteen-and-a-half, who writes melancholy verses about 'I wish I were again a child,' or merry three-and-twenty, who preserves in silver paper 'my first gray hair,' old age, viewed as a near approaching reality, is—quite another thing.

To feel that you have had your fair half at least of the ordinary term of years allotted to mortals; that you have no right to expect to be any handsomer, or stronger, or happier than you are now; that you have climbed to the summit of life, whence the next step must necessarily be decadence. Ay, though you do not feel it; though the air may be as fresh, and the view as grand—still, you know that it is so. Slower or faster, you are going down-hill. To those who go 'hand-in-hand,'

And sleep thegither at the foot,

it may be a safer and sweeter descent; but I am writing for those who have to make the descent alone.

It is not a pleasant descent at the beginning. When you find at parties that you are not asked to dance as much as formerly, and your partners are chiefly stout middle-aged gentlemen and slim lads who blush terribly and require a great deal of drawing out. When you are 'dear'-ed and patronised by stylish young chits who were in their cradles when you were a grown woman; or when some boy, who was your plaything in petticoats, has the impertinence to look over your head, bearded and grand, or even to consult you on his love-affairs. When you find your acquaintance delicately abstaining from the term 'old maid' in your presence, or immediately qualifying it by an eager panegyric on the solitary sisterhood. When servants address you as 'Ma'am' instead of 'Miss;' and if you are at all stout and comfortable-looking, strange shopkeepers persist in making out your bills to 'Mrs Blank,' and pressing upon your notice toys and perambulators.

Rather trying, too, when in speaking of yourself as a 'girl'—which, from long habit, you unwittingly do—you detect a covert smile on the face of your interlocutor; or, led by chance excitement to deport yourself in an ultra-youthful manner, some instinct warns you that you are making yourself ridiculous. Or catching in some strange looking-glass the face that you are too familiar with to notice much, ordinarily, you suddenly become aware that it is *not* a young face; that it will never be a young face again; that it will gradually alter and alter, until the known face of your girlhood, whether plain or pretty, loved or disliked, admired or despised, will have altogether vanished—nay, is vanished: look as you will, you cannot see it any more.

There is no denying the fact, and it ought to silence many an ill-natured remark upon 'mutton dressed lamb-fashion,' 'young ladies of a certain age,' and the like—that with most people the passing from maturity to middle age is so gradual, as to be almost imperceptible to the individual concerned. It is very difficult for a woman to recognise that she is growing old; and to many—nay, to all, more or less—this recognition cannot but be fraught with considerable pain. Even the most frivolous are somewhat to be pitied, when, not conducting themselves as *passées*, because they really do not think it, they expose themselves to all manner of misconstructions by still determinedly grasping that fair sceptre of youth, which they never suspect is now the merest 'rag of sovereignty'—sovereignty deposed.

Nor can the most sensible woman fairly put aside her youth, all it has enjoyed, or lost, or missed—its hopes and interests, omissions and commissions, doings and sufferings—satisfied that it is henceforth to be considered entirely as a thing gone by—without a momentary spasm of the heart. Young people forget this as completely as they forget that they themselves may one day experience the same, or they would not be so ready to laugh at even the foolishest of those foolish old virgins, who deems herself juvenile *long* after everybody else has ceased to share in the pleasing delusion, and thereby makes both useless and ridiculous that season of early autumn which ought to be the most peaceful, abundant, safe, and sacred time in a woman's whole existence. They would not, with the proverbial harsh judgment of youth, scorn so cruelly those poor little absurdities, of which the unlucky person who indulges therein is probably quite unaware—merely dresses as she has always done, and carries on the harmless coquetries and *minauderies* of her teens, unconscious how exceedingly ludicrous they appear in a lady of—say forty! Yet in this sort of exhibition, which society too often sees and enjoys, any honest heart cannot but often feel that of all the actors engaged in it, the one who plays the least objectionable and disgraceful part is she who only makes a fool of *herself*.

Yet why should she do it? Why cling so desperately to the youth that will not stay? and which, after all, is not such a very precious or even a happy thing? Why give herself such a world of trouble to deny or conceal her exact age, when half her acquaintance must either know it or guess it, or be supremely indifferent about it? Why appear dressed—undressed, cynics would say—after the pattern of her niece, the belle of the ball; annoying the eye with beauty either half withered, or long overblown, and which in its prime would have been all the lovelier for more concealment?

In this matter of dress, a word or two. There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *première jeunesse* are most prone to fall into: one hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile—such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white tarlatane, or the anomalous adorning of gray hair with artificial flowers. It may be questioned whether at any age beyond twenty a ball-costume is really becoming; but after thirty, it is the very last sort of attire that a lady can assume with impunity. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening-dress which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day, if she would only have done nature the justice to assume, in her autumn-time, an autumnal livery. If she would only have the sense to believe that gray hair was meant to soften wrinkles and brighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-coloured gowns, fripperied over with

trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted substantial gown and a pretty cap will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance. Above all, if she would observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable—that though good personal 'points' are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbeautiful ought ever, by any pretence of fashion or custom, to be shewn.

The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say—though not very soon—'Oh, I am not a young woman now; it does not signify what I wear.' Whether they quite believe it, is another question; but they say it—and act upon it when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! they forget that if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our 'looks,' it is when our looks are departing from us. Youth can do almost anything in the toilet—middle age cannot; yet is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy is it to do this, when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows: not easy when things are otherwise. This perhaps is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and 'old-fashioned' in their dress—'What does it signify?—nobody cares.'

I think a woman ought to care a little for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there are in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste, and convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers moulding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion. Still, that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation, by shewing up to them the out-of-date costume of another. Neatness invariable; hues carefully harmonised, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in colour, until black, white, and gray alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age: these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives. No poverty, grief, sickness, or loneliness—those mental causes which act so strongly upon the external life—can justify any one (to use a phrase probably soon to be obsolete when charity and common sense have left the rising generation no Fifth of November) involuntarily 'making a Guy of herself.'

That slow, fine, and yet perceptible change of mien and behaviour, natural and proper to advancing years, is scarcely reducible to rule at all. It is but the outer reflection of an inward process of the mind. We only discover its full effect by the absence of it, as noticeable in a person 'who has such very "young" manners,' who falls into raptures of enthusiasm, and expresses loudly every emotion of her nature. Such a character, when real, is unobjectionable, nay, charming, in extreme youth; but the great improbability of its being real, makes it rather ludicrous, if not disagreeable, in mature age, when the passions die out, or are quieted down, the sense of happiness itself is calm, and the fullest, tenderest tide of which the loving heart is capable, may be described by those 'still waters' which 'run deep.'

To 'grow old gracefully,' as one, who truly has exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it, is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end, is not only to recognise, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth's departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our own life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and colouring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling-dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people being 'not a whit altered'—'just the same as ever'—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of 'too late to improve'—'too old to learn,' &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

And this brings me to one among the number of what I may term 'the pleasures of growing old.'

At our outset, 'to love' is the verb we are most prone to conjugate; afterwards, we discover that though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies (*vide* Lennie or Murray) 'to be, to do, or to suffer.' To know—that is, to acquire, to find out, to be able to trace and appreciate the causes of things, gradually becomes a necessity, an exquisite delight. We begin to taste the full meaning of that promise which describes the other world as a place where 'we shall know even as we are known.' Nay, even this world, with all its burdens and pains, presents itself in a phase of abstract interest entirely apart from ourselves and our small lot therein, whether joyful or sorrowful. We take pleasure in tracing the large workings of all things—more clearly apprehended as we cease to expect, or conduct ourselves as if we expected, that Providence will appear as *Deus ex machinâ* for our own private benefit. We are able to pass out of our own small daily sphere, and take interest in the marvellous government of the universe; to see the grand workings

of cause and effect, the educing of good out of apparent evil, the clearing away of the knots in tangled destinies, general or individual, the wonderful agency of time, change, and progress in ourselves, in those surrounding us, and in the world at large. We have lived just long enough to catch a faint tone or two of the large harmonies of nature and fate—to trace the apparent plot and purpose of our own life and that of others, sufficiently to make us content to sit still and see the play played out. As I once heard said: 'We feel we should like to go on living, were it only out of curiosity.'

In small minds, this feeling expends itself in meddling, gossiping, scandal-mongering; but such are only the abortive developments of a right noble quality, which, properly guided, results in benefits incalculable to the individual and to society. For, undoubtedly, the after-half of life is the best working-time. Beautiful is youth's enthusiasm, and grand are its achievements; but the most solid and permanent good is done by the persistent strength and wide experience of middle age.

A principal agent in this is a blessing which rarely comes till then—contentment: not mere resignation, a passive acquiescence in what cannot be removed, but active contentment; bought, and cheaply, too, by a personal share in that daily account of joy and pain, which, the longer one lives the more one sees, is pretty equally balanced in all lives. Young people are happy—enjoy ecstatically, either in prospect or fruition, 'the top of life;' but they are very seldom contented. It is not possible. Not till the cloudy maze is half travelled through, and we begin to see the object and purpose of it, can we be really content.

One great element in this—nor let us think shame to grant that which God and nature also allow—consists in the doubtful question 'to marry or not to marry,' being by this time generally settled; the world's idle curiosity or impertinent meddling therewith having come to an end; which alone is a great boon to any woman. Her relations with the other sex imperceptibly change their character, or slowly decline. Though there are exceptions, of old lovers who have become friends, and friends whom no new love could make swerve from the fealty of years, still it usually happens thus. If a woman wishes to retain her sway over mankind, not an unnatural wish even in the good and amiable, who have been long used to attention and admiration in society, she must do it by means quite different from any she has hitherto employed. Even then, be her wit ever so sparkling, her influence ever so pure and true, she will often find her listener preferring bright eyes to intellectual conversation, and the satisfaction of his heart to the improvement of his mind. And who can blame him?

Pleasant as men's society undoubtedly is; honourable, well-informed gentlemen, who meet a lady on the easy neutral ground of mutual esteem, and take more pains to be agreeable to her than, unfortunately, her own sex frequently do; they are, after all, but men. Not one of them is really necessary to a woman's happiness, except *the* one whom, by this time, she has probably either seen, or lost, or found. Therefore, however uncomplimentary this may sound to those charming and devoted creatures, which of course they always are in ladies', *young* ladies' society, an elderly lady may be well content to let them go, before they depart of their own accord. I fear the waning coquette and the ancient beauty, as well as the ordinary woman, who has had her fair share of both love and liking, must learn and shew by her demeanour she has learned that the only way to preserve the unfeigned respect of the opposite sex, is by letting them see that she can do without either their attention or their admiration.

Another source of contentment, which in youth's fierce self-dependence it would be vain to look for—is the recognition of one's own comparative unimportance and helplessness in the scale of fate. We begin by thinking we can do everything, and that everything rests with us to do; the merest trifle frets and disturbs us; the restless heart wearies itself with anxieties over its own future, the tender one over the futures of those dear to it. Many a young face do I see, wearing the indescribable *Martha*-look—'troubled about many things'—whom I would fain remind of the anecdote of the ambassador in China. To him, tossing sleepless on his bed, his old servant said:

'Sir, may I put to you, and will you answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?'

'Of course.'

'And will He not also do the same when you are gone out of it?'

'I know that.'

'Then, do you not think, sir, that He is able to govern it while you are in it?'

The ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.

Alas, it is the slowest and most painful lesson that Faith has to learn—Faith, not Indifference—to do steadfastly and patiently all that lies to her hand; and there leave it, believing that the Almighty is able to govern His own world.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older, that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain; so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life, because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blindworm under a stone.

For lesser evils, the fact that our interests gradually take a wider range, allows more scope for the healing power of compensation. Also our strongest idiosyncrasies, our loves, hates, sympathies, and prejudices, having assumed a more rational and softened shape, we do not present so many angles for the rough attrition of the world. Likewise, with the eye of that Faith already referred to, we have come to view life in its entirety, instead of agonisingly puzzling over its disjointed parts, which are not, and were never meant to be, made wholly clear to mortal eye. And that calm twilight, which by nature's kindly law so soon begins to creep over the past, throws over all things a softened colouring which altogether transcends and forbids regret. I suppose there is hardly any woman with a good heart, and a clear conscience, who does not feel, on the whole, the infinite truth of the verses at the head of this paper, and of the other two verses which I here add—partly because a pleasant rhyme is a wholesome thing to cling about the memory, and partly in the hope that some one may own or claim this anonymous song:

Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight?
'I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet;
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were even in falling, sweet.'

Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more
By the hearth that they made so bright?

'I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then:
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again!'

Added to all these reasons, contentment, faith, cheerfulness, and the natural calming down of both passions and emotions, which give a woman greater capacity for usefulness in middle life, than in any previous portion of her existence, is another—her greater independence. By the time she has arrived at the half of those threescore-years-and-ten, which form the largest available limit of active life, she will generally have become, in the best sense of the term, her own mistress: I do not mean as regards exemption from family ties and restrictions, for this sort of liberty is sadder than bondage, but she will be mistress over herself—she will have learned to understand herself, mentally and bodily. Nor is this last a small advantage, for it often takes years to comprehend, and act upon when comprehended, the physical peculiarities of one's own constitution. Much valetudinarianism among women arises from ignorance or neglect of the commonest sanitary laws; and indifference to that grand preservative of a healthy body, a well-controlled, healthy mind. Both of these are more attainable in middle age than youth; and, therefore, the sort of happiness they bring—a solid, useful, available happiness—is more in her power then, than at any earlier period.

And why? Because she has ceased to think principally of herself and her own pleasures; because, as I tried to shew in a former paper, happiness itself has become to her an accidental thing, which the good God may give or withhold as He sees most fit for her—most adapted to the work for which He means to use her in her generation. This conviction of being at once an active and a passive agent—self-working, worked through, and worked upon—is surely consecration enough to form the peace, nay, the happiness, of any good woman's life: enough, be it ever so solitary, to sustain it until the end.

In what manner such a conviction should be carried out, no one individual can venture to advise. Women's work is, in this age, if undefined, almost unlimited, when the woman herself so chooses. She alone can be a law unto herself; deciding, acting according to the circumstances in which her lot is placed.

And have we not many who do so act? Women of property, whose name is a proverb for generous and wise charities—whose riches, carefully guided, flow into innumerable channels, freshening the whole land. Women of rank and influence, who use both, or lay aside both, in the simplest humility, for labours of love, which level, or rather raise, all classes to one common sphere of womanhood. And many others, of whom the world knows nothing, who have taken the wisest course that any unmarried woman can take, and made for themselves a home and a position: some as the ladies Bountiful of a country neighbourhood; some as elder sisters, on whom has fallen the bringing up of whole families, and to whom has tacitly been accorded the headship of the same, by the love and respect of more than one generation thereof; and some as writers, painters, and professional women generally, who make the most of the special gift apparently allotted to them, believing that, be it great or small, it is not theirs either to lose or to waste, but that they must one day render up to the Master His own, with usury.

Would that, instead of bringing up our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties at all—we could instil into them, that above and before all, they are to be *women*—women, whose character is of their own making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy: let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonour as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell:

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi chi entrate.

God forbid that any woman in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty, and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door!

But after the season of growing old, there comes, to a few, the time of old age; the withered face, the failing strength, the bodily powers gradually sinking into incapacity for both usefulness and enjoyment. I will not say but that this season has its sad aspect to a woman who has never married; and who, as her own generation dies out, probably has long since died out, retains no longer, nor can expect to retain, any flesh-and-blood claim upon a single human being. When all the downward ties which give to the decline of life a rightful comfort, and the interest in the new generation which brightens it with a perpetual hope, are to her either unknown, or indulged in chiefly on one side. Of course there are exceptions; when an aunt has been almost a mother, and a loving and lovable great-aunt is as important a personage as any grandmother. But I speak of things in general. It is a condition to which a single woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary.

Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

All things are less dreadful than they seem.

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest and most inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet dreamy hour 'between the lights;' when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the Coming Morning.

A finished life; a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer; surely this is worth living for? And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course,

and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up his jewels.

On earth too, for as much and as long as the happy dead, to whom all things have long been made equal, need remembering, such a life will not have been lived in vain.

> Only the memory of the just
> Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

Before the great bell for the palace at Westminster was cast, about the middle of last August, a commission was sent to France, while the Paris Exposition was still open, to collect information 'respecting the most esteemed chimes in France and Belgium, and whether there are in those countries makers acquainted with the traditions of the art, or who have applied the discoveries of science to the improvement of bells, or to efficient substitutes for them.' In answer to this inquiry, the commissioners, Professor Wheatstone and Sir Charles Barry, learned that no such efficient substitutes have been discovered, and that no improvement was known on the established mode and materials for casting them.

There were some, however, who thought otherwise, and we were told that cast-steel bells were the things for the nineteenth century, till experiment proved their sound to be too harsh. The Institute of British Architects occupied three evenings of a session with papers and a discussion on the sonorous subject. Why should we, with our advanced knowledge, adhere to the old forms?—why could we not set up large gongs, or great metal basins, or huge tuning-forks, as in the St Nicholas Church at Hamburg? Mr C. H. Smith shewed to the Institute that two cones of soft steel, one being in a certain proportion larger and longer than the other, would, when united at their bases, and there supported horizontally, give out a prolonged musical sound on being struck on the centre of gravity of the whole mass. By varying the proportions of the cones, any accordant musical note could be produced; and if one was made of bell-metal, and the other of steel, the effect was yet more musical.

Then, arguing from the gong, was it not a mistake to make bells so heavy? Would it not be better to hammer them into shape, as is the practice in making brass pans and caldrons. To say nothing of having a compacter metal, and with it a better tone, what a saving there would be in expense. No unimportant consideration this, seeing that the prime cost of the metal for the Westminster bell amounts to L.1700.

In the discussions which followed, all parts of the subject came under notice: the casting of bells, the best shape for them, how they should be hung, how rung, and other points interesting only to the initiated; and a good deal was said that appears to be perfectly conclusive. Mr E. B. Denison, Q. C., shewed by direct experiment that although a gong gives out an imposing sound in a room, it cannot in reality be heard half so far off as the sound of a bell of half the weight. Moreover, the gong does not answer at once to the blow, as the bell does—a most essential requirement—neither does it melt off into a prolonged musical sound. The deep solemn tone of the coiled wire upon which American clocks strike is familiar to numbers of persons: it might be taken for the great bell of a cathedral; but they may easily satisfy themselves that an ordinary clock-bell will send its sound to a distance where the other is perfectly inaudible; and so of the steel cones.

Seeing that a hemispherical bell answers so well for an indoor clock, would the same form not be the best for church bells? This question appears to have been settled by the hemispherical bells shewn in the Great Exhibition. They had a thick rim, and when struck with pieces of wood, gave out a tone deeper than that of some of the Great Toms renowned in belldom; but if you walked away to the end of the building, you could not hear it; nor was it then audible, even if the blow was struck with a hammer. We thus see that depth of tone by no means involves penetrating power. Where the sound is not required to travel to a great distance, as in cemeteries, hemispherical bells have been introduced with advantage.

A curious fact with respect to this kind of bells is worth mentioning. If you take a tube, the diameter of which is half, and its length the same as the diameter of the bell, and hold it near the rim of the bell, the sound given out is greatly increased, and different qualities of tone may be produced by employing tubes of different sizes. But the penetrating power of the sound is not increased; a bell of the same weight and of the ordinary form is heard further off. The phenomenon is confined to the hemispherical bell, for no increase of sound is obtained by applying a tube to the pyramidal bell. 'If I am to offer a guess at the reason of this,' says Mr Denison, 'it is that the upper part of the common bell, which is nearly a tube in shape, does really act as the sounding tube to the vibrations of the bell when struck.'

That the bells of former ages are generally better than those of the present, will astonish if it does not mortify those who hold modern science to excel all that has preceded. The old founders had some method of treating their bells, which, if not entirely lost, is never practised. They had some law of proportion between the inside and the outside. An illumination on a medieval manuscript represents a man grinding the inside of a bell; and it is a fact that a bell finished off in a lathe, quite smooth on both sides, gives a better note than one left in the rough. On this point, Mr C. Varley stated 'he had witnessed the full effect on the occasion of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, near the end of the last century, when two splendid musical snuff-boxes were taken as presents to the emperor; they played five tunes each, and opening the lid started one tune. It being desirable to obtain the utmost perfection, the musical part, and the tuning and fitting of the bells, were intrusted to his late uncle, Mr Samuel Varley; and though the bells were smoothly cast, in that state they were like bells in dampers, when compared with the musical sound from the truly turned and polished bells. The inside being made quite true to the outside, caused the entire co-operation of the whole bell to produce the sound.'

Mr Wheatstone says, touching this part of the question: 'The very unsatisfactory result of the chimes constructed for the Royal Exchange, which have been twice recast, without any ultimate advantage, shews that no known bell-founder in England can be relied on.' A fact by no means flattering; although it appears that testimonials as to the 'very fine' qualities of bells are as readily producible, as for the effects of Life Pills or Taffy's Elixir. Who that has heard the carillon at Bruges, and other places on the continent, will not regret our lack of skill in this particular? Mr Denison says there are many much bepraised bells which he would not 'buy at a penny a pound, except for the purpose of selling again at ninepence.' [Since this was written, the Big Ben of Westminster has given it a remarkable commentary by cracking.]

However, not to throw too much discouragement on modern bell-founders, we cite another passage from Mr Denison, which shews that our forefathers, with all their knowledge, were sometimes at fault. 'Most Oxford men,' he observes, 'believe their Great

Tom is a very fine bell, just because it makes a loudish noise; and they have no idea, and cannot have any, whether it is either the quantity or quality of noise which ought to come out of a bell of seven and a half tons. Whereas, I know that a *good* bell of half that weight would give a much louder, and a much pleasanter sound, and that, in fact, the bell is about as bad as possible.' This Oxford Tom was cast in 1680. The great bells of York and Montreal, and the *new* Tom of Lincoln, though not quite so bad as it, are described as 'all very far short of what they ought to be, and very inferior to the *old* Tom of Lincoln, which was cast in 1600, and was considered the finest large bell in England.'

A fiddle improves by age and use; a piano does not, neither does a bell. There is, perhaps, a slight improvement for the first few years, but afterwards the quality deteriorates. Metal, we know, is altered by repeated and long-continued hammering. Thump a piece of iron, and you change the quality of its magnetism: the shock of the waves modifies the magnetism of an iron ship; and some of the music is knocked out of a bell by long-continued use of the clapper. A peculiar effect is noticed in the bell of Cripplegate Church when it strikes twelve: the first two or three strokes are distinct and clear, then a discord begins, which accumulates with every stroke, until with the eleventh and twelfth a complete double sound is produced. Unsoundness in the metal may have something to do with this; and a fault of this sort, which is more often present than is commonly supposed, is aggravated by age. Mr Varley once blew the two surfaces of a brass air-pump plate nearly half an inch apart, when in appearance it was perfectly sound. The clapper, as a rule, injures bells much more than the clock-hammer; it wears them thin in certain places. They then crack, and become useless. As a remedy for this, methods have been proposed—and one has been patented—for turning a bell from time to time on its point of suspension, so that the clapper may not play too long on any one part.

Bells should be hung so that their mouth will be just above the sill of the belfry windows. Tourists, while walking round a foreign church, not unfrequently remark that they can look up into the bells from the ground. The reason is obvious—that the sound should all escape through the windows. In English belfries, the bells are sometimes hung so much below the windows, that great part of the sound is lost. Another defect is, that the windows are made too small, and are too much choked with louvre-boards. The proper way is to have large windows with but two or three stone louvres, and a wire-netting to keep out birds.

Bell-ringing is often said to be injurious to the church tower: the oscillation is great, and the vibration of the masonry perceptible. But the old builders knew what they were about; they supported the timber framework to which the bells are hung on corbels or brackets built into the wall, and left a clear space all round, whereby the effect of vibration was sensibly diminished. But it happens that the timber frames become weak in course of years; and church-wardens, to save the expense of proper repair, seek to strengthen the wood-work by driving wedges between it and the wall. The consequence is, that the wall is forced outwards, and being loosened every time the bells are rung, it eventually cracks; and instances have occurred in which the tower fell, or was obliged to be pulled down and rebuilt. Sometimes new strengthening timbers have been fixed, and in such a way, that as the bells swung, the beams moved to and fro as battering-rams against the walls. The old way of placing the framework is thought to be the best, if not left at the mercy of ignorant interference.

We learn from the foregoing particulars, that very much more goes to make up the proper effect of a peal of bells than would be supposed. From the earliest stage in the production of a bell, the same nicety is required. The metal is generally composed of four parts of copper to one of tin; and as metals, while fluid, throw off vapours, and diminish in bulk as water does while boiling, the metal which melts most easily must not be put into the furnace with the other. It is sometimes desirable to melt the metals in different furnaces; then especial pains have to be taken to insure proper cooling, so that the whole mass shall be of one homogeneous texture. If cooled suddenly, the metal becomes stringy inside, and appears to have twice as much tin in it as when cooled slowly. The smoother the bell is, the better; hence all mouldings, ornaments, and inscriptions on the outside, are so much taken from the goodness of the tone. The addition of silver to the metal does not improve the sound, though it is thought that aluminum, being very sonorous, might be added with advantage.

We conclude these loose remarks on bells with a few particulars of the weight of some of the most famous bells of Europe. The great bell of Moscow, which was broken in 1737, weighs 193 tons; the bell at the Kremlin, which fell down in 1855, weighs 63 tons; the bell at Novgorod, 31 tons; at Vienna, cast in 1711, 17 tons 14 cwt.; at Notre Dame, Paris, 12 tons 16 cwt.; at York, cast 1845, 10 tons 15 cwt.; St Peter's, Rome, 8 tons; at Exeter, cast 1675, 5 tons 11 cwt.; St Paul's, London, cast 1709, 5 tons 4 cwt. There is at Peking a bell which weighs 53 tons.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT ON 1855.

The Registrar-general's report on 1855 has been lately published. It is rather voluminous, from the variety of tabular statistics it contains, and is somewhat lengthened by the addition of an interesting letter from Dr Farr on the causes of death in that year.

One hundred and fifty thousand marriages, 635,000 births (exclusive of the still-born), and 425,000 deaths, were registered in 1855.

It appears that early marriages among women have increased rapidly in the last few years, being most frequent in Stafford, Durham, and Monmouth, the great coal-districts, and most rare in London, Middlesex, Devon, and North Wales. Early marriages among men have also increased; but, as might be expected, three-fourths of those who marry under age are females. In 1855, there were upwards of 3,000,000 of married couples in England. Of these there were 900,000 in which only one of the couple could write, and 700,000 in which neither husband nor wife could sign their names—a lamentable fact, deserving the attention of that useful personage, the 'schoolmaster at home.'

In 1855, one child was born to every thirty of the population, the ratio of births having slightly increased from 1838, when the proportion was only one to every thirty-three persons living. Births were most numerous among the collieries. In Durham, there was one birth to every twenty-two of the population; while in Westmoreland there was only one to every thirty-seven. Twenty-six boys were born for every twenty-five girls; and of every sixteen children born, one was illegitimate. The latter births were most frequent in Cumberland, Norfolk, and Westmoreland, where the average was one to every eleven, and most rare in Huntingdon and Monmouth, where the ratio was only one to twenty-three.

The records of the last eighteen years shewed the mortality to have been lowest in 1850, when there was one death out of every forty-eight persons living, and highest in 1849, the year of the cholera, when one in every forty died. In 1855, there was one death to every forty-five of the population, the mortality of

the year being below the average of the preceding ten years for ages under forty-five, and above it for all ages after fifty-five. The latter fact is mainly attributable to the severe cold in the earlier part of the year, which was probably the cause of more than 20,000 deaths.

'The cessation of the epidemic of cholera,' says Dr Farr, 'and the diseases induced by the cold winter, are the great facts of the year. . . . . The cold led to an increase in the consumption of coal; people approached nearer to the fire than in ordinary years, and the cold was thus the indirect cause of probably more than 400 deaths by burns alone.'

Eight hundred and fifty infants died from want of their natural nourishment, and one mother died for every 213 children born. The deaths from poison were 380; in 1848, they were 467. This decrease is partly attributable to the fact of arsenic being now much less easily obtained. Upwards of 800 deaths are ascribed to 'alcoholism,' 1300 to hanging and suffocation, and 2500 to drowning. Of those who died, only one in fourteen had reached old age.

The most fatal of all causes of death was consumption. To bronchitis and pneumonia, a fourth of the deaths is to be ascribed, and the same number is attributed to old age, convulsions, premature birth and debility, scarlatina, and typhus. Thus half the mortality was owing to eight causes.

A comparison is made between the registration returns of France and England for the year 1853. The mortality of France, on the whole, exceeds that of England and Wales; but among the middle-aged, death is much busier in England than in France. The French suffer severely in times of famine, having no poor-laws or other provision as an insurance against starvation. They fall rapidly, too, before the cholera, on account of a defective supply of water, and an abominable system of cess-pools. The deaths in France exceeded the births by nearly 70,000. Some have attributed this to cholera and scarcity; but be this as it may, it is an indisputable fact that the births in France are actually decreasing. To a population of 1000, there were, in 1854, thirty-four births in our country, while in France there were only twenty-six.

An analysis of the relative numbers who did not sign their names, but made their marks in the marriage-registers, has been taken to shew the state of elementary education in the two countries. It appears from this, that among the men of the two countries the proportion is nearly the same—thirty-four in every hundred not signing their names; but among the women it is different, for in France fifty-five in every hundred made their marks, while in England the number was only forty-eight in every hundred.

Nearly 177,000 persons emigrated in the year 1855. Of these 63,000 were of English or Welsh origin; of whom 30,000 sailed for our Australian colonies, 28,000 for the United States, and only 5000 for our North American possessions; 25,000 of them were adult males, 22,000 adult females, 1300 children under fourteen years of age, and 2000 infants.

We cannot conclude without drawing attention to the fact, that 'Ireland is the only civilised country which is without a system of registration of births, deaths, and marriages.'

THE YOUNG UN.

This is the vulgar colonial name of the dugong, or sea-cow of Australia, scientifically, the *Halicore Australis*. It is described as something resembling at once the whale, the porpoise, and the seal; and is found in the shallow waters on the coast of Moreton Bay, browsing upon the marine herbage that grows upon the flats. When full grown, it is ten or twelve feet long; it rises to the surface to breathe, and suckles its young. Its sense of hearing is very keen, which makes its capture (by the harpoon) difficult. But the properties of the animal as food are deserving of the greatest attention. We take the following from the (Australian) *Argus*: 'Its flesh is not only palatable and nutritious, but actually curative in a very high degree, and is particularly good for all forms of scrofula and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. In its fresh state it is something like tender beef; and salted, it very nearly resembles bacon—so nearly, indeed, that I unconsciously ate it at friend Cassim's for bacon, and was rather startled by his assurance afterwards, that the morning's rasher consisted of the flesh of a "young un." But the principal value of this animal consists of the oil, which is extracted from it in large quantities. An intelligent medical man, in long practice in Brisbane, has found that this oil possesses all the virtues, and more than all, of the celebrated cod-liver oil of the pharmacopœia. When properly prepared, the dugong oil is almost entirely free from all unpleasant odour or flavour, and the quantities which can be administered are, therefore, very much greater than is the case with the cod-liver oil, without risk of offending the most delicate stomach. With a little management, it could be obtained in large quantities, as each full-grown animal will yield from eight to twelve gallons of the oil.'

WE REAR NO WAR-DEFYING FLAG.

[This piece is from *The Poetical Works* of Robert Story (Longman), a volume of minor poetry, written throughout a course of more than thirty years, yet, from first to last, exhibiting a curious equality in tone and merit. The most spirited are the political poems, which, being of a high conservative tendency, are remarkable as the productions of a peasant at a time of great popular discontent.]

We rear no war-defying flag,
Though armed for battle still;
The feeble, if he like, may brag—
The powerful never will.
The flag we rear in every breeze,
Float where it may, or when,
Waves forth a signal o'er the seas
Of 'Peace, good-will to men!'

For arms, we waft across the waves
The fruits of every clime;
For death, the truth that cheers and saves:
What mission more sublime!
For flames, we send the lights afar
Outflashed from press and pen;
And for the slogans used in war
Cry—'Peace, good-will to men!'

But, are there states who never cease
To hate or envy ours?
And who esteem our wish for peace
As proof of waning powers?
Let them but dare the trial! High
Shall wave our war-flag then,
And wo to those who change our cry
Of 'Peace, good-will to men!'

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID.

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal the commencement of

OCEOLA:

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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THE POETRY OF PUSS.

A clean-swept hearth, the soft wavering light from a blazing fire, dancing shadows on the walls, a soughing of wind in old trees without doors, a kettle singing on the hob, a cat purring softly on the hearthrug—form a picture of domestic comfort and repose, familiar, probably, to every reader of this Journal. Of this truly English interior, the Cat is the crowning feature—the living link between inanimate comforts and our reflecting selves.

We ourselves are always conscious of this fact, and sensible of Pussy's beauty and slumberous grace, although, from some peculiarity in our constitution, we cannot bear a cat in the room. Poor puss! we were born with one of those strange antipathies to *cat*-kin which no effort of reason can overcome. We acknowledge the picturesque effect of her presence, but we cannot abide her near proximity; it induces a coldness and sickness, unlike any other feeling. Nor are we alone in this antipathy; we are acquainted with several persons who suffer from, and are conscious of a cat's presence, even when she herself is unseen. We were once told by a scientific friend that the reason might be found in the great amount of electricity contained in its fur, manifested by the sparks proceeding from the skin when rubbed in the dark.

Might not these occasional sensations, and the known fact of the emission of visible sparks from a black cat's skin, have originated the 'demonology' of these quadrupeds?

Be that as it may, the cat has obtained a high place in the imaginative literature of the people. Very early we meet with her there. It is she who is the sole friend of the lonely 'prentice-boy in his wretched garret; she lies at his feet, as he sits by the wayside listening to the weird chimes; and, finally, she wins for him the wealth and state they prophesied. Pussy and Sir Richard Whittington have gone down to posterity together.

Pussy has her place also in the nursery rhymes known to us as 'Gammer Gurton's,' those strange fantastic jingles, full of wit run mad, which have come down through the lapse of three centuries. In them she is a very distinguished and elegant personage. Her dress, her fashionable carelessness, her choice of society, are all flatteringly described. *Par exemple:*

> Pussy cat, mew! jumps over a coal;

she would not soil her delicate paws—a fact, for cats are scrupulously clean;

> And in her best petticoat burns a great hole

—she has a choice of garments—

> Pussy cat, mew, shall have no more milk,
> Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

Then comes 'The travelled Puss,' so elegantly translated in the *Arundines Cami*. We give the English and its Latin:

> Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?
> I've been to London to see the queen.*
> Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what did you there?
> I frightened a little mouse under the chair!

In Latin thus:

> Dic ubi terrarum, dulcissima Felis, abires?
> Augustæ in plateas, Reginam ut cernere possem.
> Et quid in Augusta tibi contigit, optima Felis?
> Attonitum feci murem sub sede latentem.

Amongst fairy legends, Pussy's poetical place is also distinguished. She is the confidant and friend of the miller's desolate son, in the French tale which so well matches with our Whittington legend; her inventive and rather swindling ingenuity transforms him at length into a veritable Marquis de Carrabas, and unites him in marriage with the daughter of the somewhat credulous and avaricious king. This tale can be traced to an Italian origin;† and indeed *Puss in Boots* may be said to belong to European literature.

There is another very amusing French fable—*apropos* of instinctive nature—in which a prince falls in love with his cat, and desires a benignant fairy to transform her into a woman. The request is granted; but the palace happening to swarm with mice, the prince's slumbers are disturbed by his bride springing out of bed to go a-mousing, which so disgusts him, that he sees her without regret restored to her original shape. Very significant of a *mésalliance*.

As the *White Cat*, Pussy charmed our childhood by a certain melancholy grace. There was something very touching in her hopeless love for the errant prince, reminding one of the exquisite lines in Shakspeare:

> The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
> The hind that would be mated with the lion
> Must die for love.

Scandinavia, as well as England, France, and Italy, boasts of its cat-legend—not so pretty and domestic as the English, not so subtle as that of France and Italy, but whimsically grotesque. As it is not so well known as *Whittington, Puss in Boots*, &c., we transcribe it.

There goes the story that an old Troll, or Dwarf, of Bröndhöi, who had married a young wife, grew jealous of her interest in a young Troll—the Trolls are the

* Elizabeth.
† It is called in Italian *Gagliuoso*.

dwarfish hill-men of Scandinavia, good-natured, sociable, and very ugly spirits—and vowed he would take his rival's life. The disturbance his jealous *lunes* occasioned amongst the little people, caused him to be nicknamed Knurremurre—*Anglicé*, Rumble-grumble. The object of his malignity thought it expedient to leave the hills till his enemy's wrath and jealousy had subsided; so, turning himself into a fine tortoise-shell tom-cat, he journeyed to the neighbouring town of Lyng, in Jutland, and established himself in the family of a poor, honest man named Plat.

Here he passed his days easily enough, being treated kindly by the family, who never dreamed that they were entertaining, in Pussy's person, a Troll crossed in love; a fact which by no means affected his appetite, as he devoured every day plenty of milk and good grout—a species of food like frumenty, made of shelled oats or barley.

Plat happened to return from work rather late one evening, and, as he entered the room, the cat was sitting in his usual place, scraping meal-grout out of a pot, and licking the pot carefully.

'Hearken, dame,' said Plat, as he came in at the door, 'till I tell you what happened to me on the road. Just as I was coming past Bröndhöi, there came out a Troll, and called to me, saying:

Hör du, Plat,
Siig til din Kat,
At Knurremurre er död.'

(Hark ye, Plat,
Tell your cat,
That Knurremurre is dead.)

The moment the cat heard these words, he tumbled the pot down on the floor, sprang out of the chair, and stood up on his hind-legs. Then, as he hurried to the door, he cried out, to the amazement of the worthy couple: 'Knurremurre is dead! I may go home as fast as I please.' They followed him to the door, and beheld him scampering up the Troll's hill with wonderful eagerness. We are not aware of the result—that is, whether he wedded the widow or not; but this legend of the Troll turned cat is still told in the lowly homes of Denmark.

A very similar tale is told in Ireland, the only difference being that the personages in it are all cats in pure good faith, and address the countryman as he passes the village churchyard.

But it is time to turn from these pleasant and playful pictures of Pussy to her darker and more poetical one. Doubtless, her pretty, graceful movements, her love of domesticity, and her shrewdness, originated the fables of faëry, and the characteristics ascribed to her in them. But the very subtilty which gave her a place next to *Reynard the Fox* in the literature of the middle ages, obtained for her an unenviable position as regarded the superstitious fears of the period. She is the attendant of the witch; the malicious familiar who is supposed to advise the mischiefs which those feared and detested unfortunates perpetrated. To be old, ugly, and to have a black cat, was a dangerous thing in those twilight days. The fiend, eschewing his former choice of a serpent, was supposed to inhabit the feline form; and the glittering eyes, so plainly to be seen in darkness, the electricity of the fur, the arched back, and the spitting of Pussy when offended, all tended to confirm the superstitious awe attached to her. The very name given her, *Greymalkin*, modernised Grimalkin, was that of a fiend, though now we connect no such notion with it. The dramatists of the day confirmed this cruel slander, and have immortalised the superstition. Middleton, who preceded Shakspeare, has the following scene:

Voices of spirits in the air. Come away, come away!
Hecate, Hecate, come away.

Hecate. I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may.
Where 's Stadlin?
Voices. Here.
Hecate. Where 's Puckle?
Voices. Here,
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.
Hecate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
[*A spirit like a cat descends.*
Voices. There 's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air 's so sweet and good.
Hecate. Oh, art thou come?
What news? what news?
Cat. All goes still to our delight;
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hecate. Now, I am furnished for the flight.
Firestone (*Hecate's son*). Hark! hark! (*The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.*)
Hecate (*going up*). Now I go, now I fly,
Greymalkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over seas (our mistress' fountains);
Over steep towers and turrets
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howl of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.
Cat. No ring of bells, &c.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with Shakspeare's allusion to the same superstition. In the dark cavern where the witches wait Macbeth, the first sound that breaks the awful silence, is

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;

an augury evidently of some important event; probably like the pricking of the witches' thumbs on the approach of Macbeth.

Sometimes the poor animal is supposed to suffer for the completion of the witches' incantations. Ben Jonson in his Masque of Queens, makes a witch sing thus:

I, from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leapt the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Killed the blacke cat, and here is the brain.

But the fairy and demoniacal power of Pussy is now only a remembrance or a myth.

Gray's *Ode to a Favourite Cat* contains something of the same allegorical, playful character as the fairy tales anent her. Wordsworth restores her to nature in her prettiest, and yet most ordinary appearance. Our readers may compare these two poems, with which we finish our talk of cats.

ODE TO A FAVOURITE CAT.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send:
No dolphin came, no nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard;
A favourite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wondering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold.

Contrast this with the natural beauty of Wordsworth's kitten:

* * * *

See the kitten on the wall
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink,
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none;
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again!
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

* * * *

The end of this little poem contains so sweet a lesson, drawn from Pussy and her freaks, that we cannot refrain from adding it:

I will have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way,
That when Time brings on decay,
Now and then, I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness,
Pleased by any random toy,
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with life's falling leaf.

Commend us to Wordsworth for finding

Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Scottish heraldry has also some claim on Pussy. The motto of the famous Clan Chattan is: 'Touch not the cat but (*i.e.*, without) a glove'—a warning which proved fearfully significant in the *combat à l'outrance* commemorated and rescued from the gloom of history by Walter Scott in his *Fair Maid of Perth*.

Everybody knows how Ireland immortalises the valour of her Kilkenny cats, who fought in a shamrock-like duel of three, and were so well matched that they *all* conquered and ate up each other, leaving nothing to commemorate the deadly combat but *three tails!*

With this climax, we shall close the poetry of cats, adding only one trait of Pussy, so romantic as to deserve a place in her poetical memorial, though it is strictly true: When the Duke of Norfolk found himself imprisoned in the Tower for the sake of the unhappy Mary of Scotland, the faithful friend who sought and shared his captivity was his favourite cat. She made her way into his unknown and unseen prison-chamber, by getting down the chimney.

THE SILK-WEAVERS OF LYON.

The operatives of Lyon have gained for themselves a sinister name in the history of the period extending from the accession of Louis-Philippe to the establishment of the present empire in France; and although the strong hand of power, which, under the present *régime*, holds every element of disorder in check, has subdued these turbulent masses also, the name of 'the right arm of socialism,' which still clings to the silk-weavers of Lyon, proves that though the volcano may be at rest, it is not considered extinct. This fact, together with the peculiar organisation of the industry of Lyon, invests with a special interest the vast agglomeration of about 250,000 individuals, all more or less directly engaged in the manufacture of one species of merchandise which maintains an undisputed superiority in all the markets of the world; and a sketch of their life and activity may therefore not be unwelcome.

The character of the city of Lyon bears a strong affinity to the character of its population. Unlike other towns, it does not form a compact, homogeneous mass. Its various parts, on the contrary, are separated from each other by natural barriers, which at the same time indicate the social barriers that separate the various classes of the inhabitants. Built partly on the slopes of the steep hill which is bathed on the right and on the left by the Saône and the Rhône, whose waters here still remain distinct, and partly in the small plain that stretches from the foot of this hill towards the confluence of the two rivers, Lyon, not content with remaining thus pent up between the two

streams, spreads herself along the heights of Fourrières, on the right bank of the Saône, where was the cradle of the ancient city, and along the left bank of the Rhône, where the suburb of La Guillotière extends itself freely in a vast plain; and within these great divisions there are smaller ones, so strongly marked, that they seem to make a distinct town of each quarter of the city.

In the centre of the city at the foot of the hill, and along the quays on the right bank of the Rhône, dwell the merchants and commercial agents, still busy building up fortunes for their descendants, while the classes whose fathers did this for them seek quiet far from the bustle of trade on the southernmost slope of the hills towards Perrache. In La Guillotière, separated from this the most aristocratic quarter of the town by the waters of the Rhône only, are encamped those nomade and deeply degraded classes which form part of every large population, and which are more especially distinguished by calling into constant activity the vigilance of the police; and up the steep slopes towards the Croix-Rousse climb the houses of the *fabricants*, rising tier above tier, and few of them less than six stories high. The parent nucleus of the industrial activity of Lyon will be found on the right bank of the Saône, in the old quarters of St George and St Just, the native home of the docile, inoffensive, puny race, known under the name of *canuts*, which formerly represented the silk-weavers of Lyon, but which has now entirely disappeared, or only survives in the person of some dwarfed old man, with spindle shanks, obese body, and sallow, lantern-jawed face, who may be seen from time to time hovering round the precincts of the sombre cathedral of St John, the former headquarters of *la canuserie*. But on the summit of the heights overlooking the centre of the town, in the famous *quartier* of La Croix-Rousse, is gathered together the great mass of the present proud, discontented, and turbulent race of silk-workers; and from these heights it was that in 1831, 1834, and 1848, they went forth undaunted to confront the trained troops of their country.

The manufacturing activity of which Lyon forms the centre, extends over several of the departments bordering on that of the Rhône, and comprises from 60,000 to 70,000 looms, of which from 30,000 to 35,000 belong to the city itself, or to the communes which have of late been incorporated with it. The spectacle, so familiar to the dwellers in our manufacturing towns, of thousands of operatives thronging into one great building, there to perform their daily task, is never seen in Lyon. Here the workshop is represented, not by a huge edifice with tall chimneys and hundreds of glazed windows, but by a humble dwelling, as a general rule containing no more than four or five looms, and in which the workmen live and work entirely independent of the so-called manufacturers who employ them; for these latter keep no stock on hand, and do not maintain in their pay large masses of men, who are considered as their special hands; but when orders come in, either directly from the shopkeepers, or through the agents established in Lyon or in Paris, they send out their clerks to recruit weavers, as in the middle ages, before the introduction of standing armies, men were sent out in times of necessity to enrol soldiers, who were disbanded again when no longer needed. The choice of designs, on which some houses spend annually enormous sums, devolves upon the manufacturer, and he also furnishes the raw material to the chiefs of the workshops or *chefs-d'atelier* whom he has engaged; but here his authority and his activity cease, except in as far as regards a certain superintendence, for the exercise of which it was a rule up to 1789 that the door of the atelier should never be kept locked. The industrial contract entered into between the manufacturer and the chef-d'atelier ceases on delivery of each piece of goods ordered, and though the former may continue for some time to employ the same workers, the contract must be renewed each time a piece of work is finished. The chef-d'atelier is the owner of the looms, and is aided in his labours by hired workmen and workwomen, who are termed *compagnons* and *compagnonnes*.

It has been calculated that two looms require the services of five persons; and the 70,000 looms comprised within the manufacturing districts of Lyon thus occupy about 175,000 individuals, half of whom are gathered together in the city itself. This army of workers is recruited in two ways—either by hereditary transmission of the trade from father to son, or by the enrolment of new hands from the country, who are tempted by the allurements of the city to leave their fields or their herds, and are engaged by the chefs-d'atelier first as apprentices, and are afterwards promoted to be compagnons; but who, once admitted into the trade, are never known to leave it again, though a certain love of change, and a somewhat overwrought sense of dignity, which is very apt to take offence, lead to frequent changes of atelier. The wages of the compagnon depend upon the price paid by the manufacturer to the chef-d'atelier for each piece of goods, the invariable custom being for the latter to give half to the compagnon, and to keep half for himself. The prices paid are generally low: the following is cited as a fair example by M. Andiganne in his work on the working-classes of France,* from which we borrow our facts. For plain black silks of ordinary quality, the merchant-manufacturer pays 70 centimes per mètre, and the weaver can make little more than four mètres a day, though he works from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night. This gives a daily gain of three francs, of which half falls to the share of the chef-d'atelier, and half to that of the compagnon. Some goods are more profitable to the maker, and some less; but M. Andiganne is of opinion that the above will be found a correct average, if all the various kinds of goods produced in this great centre of labour be included in the calculation. The numerous women employed in the workshops are paid the same as the male workers. To them almost exclusively is left the weaving of the plain silks, which demands less physical power than the manufacture of the figured goods; and they are also employed as dressers, winders, &c.

Considered individually, as well as *en masse*, the character of the Lyon weaver of the present day is very different from that of the ancient *canuts*, whose gentleness, docility, and submissiveness were proverbial. The actual representatives of this class, according to M. Andiganne, are, on the contrary, proud, sensitive, self-important, and very independent in their bearing. In the chefs-d'atelier, these tendencies have manifested themselves in political turbulence; in the compagnons they have led to a spirit of disaffection and insubordination in relation to the chefs, and to an entire severance of the more intimate bonds which used to exist between them; for, until a comparatively very recent period, it was customary for the chef to board and lodge his compagnons, who, living under his roof, came to be considered in a measure as members of the family. But while such was the case, little domestic services were expected from them, against which the jealous independence and touchy dignity of the men of the present day revolt; and in most cases, therefore, this custom has been discontinued, to the great detriment of both parties—the men being losers in point of money, as the employers never made any charge for lodging, and allowed them their board at the usual rate of six or eight sous per day for the so-called 'pittance,' which includes neither bread nor

* *Du Mouvement Intellectuel parmi les Classes Ouvrières.*

wine; while the masters, though freed from many little daily annoyances, have less security as to the regularity and assiduity of their men.

The changes which have taken place in the physical characteristics of the manufacturing population of Lyon since the days of the ancient *canuserie*, are equally striking; and these, which are all in favour of the modern worker, are chiefly owing to the great improvements introduced in the construction of their dwellings and their looms in the course of the present century. The improvements in the domestic architecture have further led to the development of a taste for home-comforts; for, in spite of his political turbulence, the Lyon weaver is domestic in his habits. The aid of a woman being indispensable in many of the accessory processes of the manufacture, and the whole organisation of his business being such as to keep him almost constantly at home, the chef-d'atelier invariably marries at a very early age; and even during periods of slackness, or entire cessation of business, the weaver will be found the greater part of the day sitting in front of his inactive loom, sunk in gloomy meditation; while in happier times it is not unusual to see him employing his leisure hours in adorning his dwelling or adding to its comforts. The habit of mixing in political clubs, and taking part in secret societies, has, however, in some measure slackened the domestic bond; and of late years, the silk-weavers are seen less frequently amusing themselves *en famille* on a Sunday, though their tastes still remain more refined, but perhaps also more expensive, than those of the working populations of other parts of France. They have not the fatal habit of gorging themselves with brandy two or three times a day, which, M. Andiganne asserts, prevails almost universally among the operatives of France. Even in the use of wine, the chefs-d'atelier are very moderate; and although among the compagnons inebriety is less rare, they stand, nevertheless, as regards this point, immeasurably above their fellow-workmen of the north and east of France.

The Lyon weavers frequent coffee-houses in preference to pot-houses, and more especially the *cafés-chantants* of late years imported from Paris, and which are as great favourites on the banks of the Rhône as on the banks of the Seine, the population of the south being great lovers of music and of theatrical representations of all kinds. It has also been observed that the operatives of Lyon give more attention to their outward appearance than is usual with the same class in other parts of France. It is their ambition to appear on Sundays in the same dress as the classes immediately above them; and the picturesque blouse and cap, which is the distinguishing costume of a workman in France, give way, on the Sunday, to the more prosaic frock-coat and hat of the citizen of the middle class. Unfortunately, however, these tastes are frequently indulged in without any reference to the means at command, for provident habits do not figure among the prominent virtues of the manufacturing population of Lyon; and yet never was providence more needed than in the case of this population, for the silk-manufacture being entirely subject to the capricious rule of fashion, and in a great measure dependent on foreign markets, frequently passes, in a few days, from extreme activity to complete immobility. A workman who for a month, perhaps, has been obliged to work sixteen or seventeen hours a day, will then have to submit to weeks of perfect idleness; and to the great mass of Lyon weavers these fluctuations are the conditions of their existence. Various means have been devised to counteract the evils arising from this precarious nature of the trade, and among these M. Andiganne mentions, in terms of high praise, two modern institutions, which have in a great measure superseded the older savings-banks and provident societies, which were very limited in their action. These are, a mutual aid society (*Société Générale de Secours Mutuels*) and a superannuation fund (*Caisse de Retraite*); in addition to which, we may notice a yearly sum allowed by the municipality to provide for persons whose advanced age does not admit of their benefiting by the Caisse de Retraite. The mutual aid society is richly endowed by means of a special duty levied in its favour on the *Condition des Soies*,* and constituting a species of voluntary taxation imposed by the trade on itself. By means of this, in addition to the subscriptions of the honorary members and the regular payments of the beneficiaries—namely, two francs per month for every male member, and one franc and a half for every female member—the society is enabled to allow a daily sum of the same amount to every member labouring under illness; while an additional sum of twenty francs per annum paid into the national Caisse de Retraite, insures to each a pension for life when grown too old for labour.

In spite of the misery that reigns among the working population of Lyon at times of deep depression in the silk-trade, the weavers are never found swelling the number of beggars that encumber the streets of the city. They run into debt, they endure the direst privations, but they look for no assistance; and it is never at such epochs that insurrections break out among them. Indeed, although the hardships to which they are in various ways subjected, are no doubt at the bottom of the spirit of discontent and revolt so often evinced among them, their turbulence seems to arise from the speculative tendencies of their intellects, rather than from any distinct practical views regarding reforms to be introduced. The active imagination of these men, which renders them incapable of dwelling long on one subject, or of contemplating it on all sides, prevents them in most cases from forming a correct judgment of their own position, or of the circumstances that bear upon it; and therefore, notwithstanding their affectation of independence, says M. Andiganne, they submit with extraordinary readiness to the influence of the ideas and passions of others. Abstract subjects, hazy ideas, vague solutions, most easily captivate them. It is not necessary that they should understand a speech to be carried away by it; if it contain but some high-sounding generalities such as these: 'the antagonism of labour and capital,' 'the sacredness of insurrection,' 'the organisation of labour,' 'universal fraternity.' He who inscribed on his standard those famous words, 'We will live working or die fighting!' knew well the character of this population; so easily roused to violent but purposeless action by a few striking words; and the deputation of Lyon workmen despatched to Paris during the insurrection of 1831, to lay their grievances before the government, and who, when interrogated by M. Casimir Perrier as to the measures of relief they wished to propose, found that they had come away without a definite idea on this head, affords a true measure of the mental condition of their class.

In a country where free-trade principles have as yet gained so small a number of adherents, even among the educated classes, and where political economy thus proves itself to be but little understood, we cannot wonder that the working-classes should not yet have learned to understand that no arbitrary standard can be imposed on wages, and we are not therefore surprised to find that the rate of wages is the constant theme of declamation among the silk-weavers. Looking to their peculiar mental tendencies and to the difficulties by which they are surrounded, owing to the peculiarly precarious nature of the trade in which they are engaged, we can also readily understand how it is that

* An establishment formed for the purpose of ascertaining the specific weight of silk, independently of the moisture which it absorbs.

this population has shewn itself above all others willing to receive the teachings of modern socialism, and we can only hope that the ruler who has known so well how to check the ebullitions of this popular frenzy in France, will find means to introduce such material improvements in the condition of the labouring classes, and more especially of the silk-weavers, as will render them less liable to grasp after shadows.

THE TWIN QUADROONS.

'TWENTY minutes to two!' exclaimed my friend Stokes, after looking at his watch. 'How slowly we jog on! I'm afraid we shall be too late for church; I'm sorry for that.' This exclamation rather surprised me, for Stokes is not renowned for his attention to religious observances; but I contented myself with making some remark on the probability of his being in time at least for the sermon.

'Hang the sermon!' said he, in the most irreverent manner. 'The sermons preached in that church are got up for nigger hearers, and all the beloved brethren are black. Many of the congregation have their backs well cut in the morning, and go there in the afternoon to learn that it is done upon the authority of the gospel. No; it's not the sermon—it's the music I'm after. I tell you what,' continued Stokes, growing enthusiastic, and wheeling round on the seat, so as to face me more completely—'I tell you what, I've heard your Jenny Linds, your Grisis, your Kate Hayes, and your Bishops, but I'd rather hear those two yaller gals that sing in the choir of the Old African Church at Richmond, than any opera-singer you could scare up between Naples and London. I tell you what,' concluded he, with a confident look, 'them gals can't be beat; them gals are *some:* now mind, I tell you.'

'That's *so*,' said a lank individual at my elbow; 'that's quite *so*. Them two gals are screamers. I hearn one of 'em sing *Home Sweet Home* at a concert the darkies guv at their church, and it couldn't be beat easy nohow, *I* reckon. Why, I went home to my old 'oman, and our dirty old log-hut looked jest as fine as the White House at Washington: it did, by jingo. I give it to you, stranger, as my 'pinion, that that air gal can't be got over on *Sweet Home*. I'll back her on *that* song agin anything you kin start up anywhere.'

I was a traveller in America. I went over to see our Brother Jonathan under his own vine and fig-tree. One of the particular objects of my journey was to see for myself whether he did treat his black fellow-countrymen as people often say he does. For this purpose I was making an excursion, in company with Stokes, into one of the strongholds of slavery; was travelling into the great state of Virginia—the state that has given birth to so many of the chief rulers of the American confederacy—the land of the F.F.V.s, as the poverty-stricken, negro-breeding aristocracy of that sovereign state are pleased to denominate themselves.

'What is F.F.V.?' said I to Stokes, the first time I heard it. 'What is F.F.V.?'

'Oh, you ignoramus,' he replied; 'it means First Families of Virginia.'

'Who are the F.F.V.s? Are they a large class?' I innocently inquired.

'Quite a large class,' replied Stokes; 'for every man who is possessed of two niggers is an F.F.V.; every old woman who owns a palsy-stricken darkey, that she hires out for five dollars a month, is an F.F.V.; every dirty boy, whose uncle used to own a nigger, is an F.F.V.; in fact, everybody who is connected with niggers in the way of ownership, either directly or indirectly, is an F.F.V. There, now,' concluded he, 'you have the whole thing; treasure it in your mind, for it is not every one who can get so lucid an explanation of what an F.F.V. is.'

On we went, clattering over the rough road between Aquia Creek and Richmond. As we whisked by the farms that here and there dotted the side of the railway, I could not help noticing that the houses wore a dilapidated look; that the tillage seemed rude and imperfect; that the fences were falling, and the growing crops very indifferent. I couldn't help thinking, for the life of me, that something was wrong; that the glowing descriptions of the state's prosperity, which I had so recently read in the *Richmond Inquirer*, were a little overdrawn; for the country through which we were passing certainly would not have impressed a stranger with an idea that any very remarkable prosperity existed in that region at least.

'Things don't wear a very flourishing appearance around here,' I remarked to my lank neighbour.

'Wall, I kaint say they do; things air pretty much at sixes and sevens about here. The land on them farms ain't worth much, I reckon. You see them air's breedin'-farms.'

'Oh, stock-growing places,' I replied—'sheep or cattle?'

'Nuther one ner tuther. Stranger, we don't raise nuther sheep ner cattle down here; we turns our attention to something more valable; we raises niggers, and a tolerably large crap is turned out every year, I reckon.'

'You don't mean to say you raise men and women for the purpose of selling them, do you?' I asked with some astonishment.

'You've hit it, stranger; we do that air very thing; and we turns out the tallest crap of niggers every year that can be scared up south of Mason and Dixon's line. That's *so*, ain't it, curnel?'

'To a superficial observer,' replied the colonel—a starched-looking individual—'one, sir, entirely unacquainted with the workings of our peculiar institutions—this great and prosperous commonwealth of Virginia must appear to be upon the brink of ruin. He does not hear the sound of the forge or the anvil; he does not see manufactories rearing their heads beside our creeks and rivers. We admit, sir, that the sound of the spindle is seldom or never heard within our borders. What of that, sir? Virginia, sir, scorns all these. She leaves the manufacturing of railroad iron, of cotton goods, of wooden pails, of shoes, and linsey woolsey, to the greasy operatives of northern cities: hers is a higher mission, hers a nobler aim. Virginia, sir, has assumed the duty of raising slaves to cultivate the fields of the far south, to raise cotton, rice, and sugar to clothe and feed the poor, oppressed, priest-ridden, and king-cursed pauper nations of the Old World. I repeat it, sir, Virginia's great, and her greatness is in her niggers. With them she is building herself an ebony monument which shall tell the story of her greatness to coming generations. On the top of this great monument, sir, she will kindle the beacon-light of freedom, towards which will rush the down-trodden millions of European despotisms in search of the liberty, equality, and fraternity they are denied in their native lands. The lying traducers of our noble state have dared to say that we are relapsing into barbarism, that we improve nothing; but I need only point to our niggers as a refutation of the vile slander. Sir, what were those niggers when they were first brought to the shores of Virginia? Sir, they were flat-footed, crooked-legged, and bandy-shinned, with black skins and woolly heads. Now, sir, look at them; see what they now are. Sir, we have bleached them out to a Saxon standard of fairness: the serf of Virginia is now almost as white as the serf of Russia, and more valuable; for with the infusion of American blood, he has acquired American energy and

intelligence. Sir, if the sons of Virginia have done no more, they have done *this;* and the world will one day do them justice for the ability they have displayed in this direction.'

'That's *so*,' said the lank individual before mentioned. 'Go at it agin, curnel; it takes you to spread yourself on that air question.'

Thus encouraged, the colonel proceeded: 'I see, sir, you are a stranger; travelling, I presume, with the intention, sir'—— But here the eloquent colonel was interrupted by the entrance of the conductor, whose sonorous cry of 'Tickets, genlmen; tickets, if *you please*,' completely drowned the voice of the defender of the cherished institution of the southern states.

Stokes quickly found the porter of the Exchange Hotel, and sent up our luggage.

'Now for it!' cried he—'come on.'

'Nonsense,' replied I; 'you are not going to church in this guise? Why, we are both covered with dust.'

'Never mind the dust. There is no one to see us but niggers; and while you are jabbering here, they will have sung the first hymn—so let's have no more talk, but come on.'

On we went, pushing our way through crowds of neatly dressed people of every shade of black, brown, and yellow, that lined the side-walk of the wide street through which we were walking.

'Oh, we need not hurry so, after all,' said Stokes, pointing before him; 'there goes the minister. We need not trouble ourselves to catch up to him; there is a desperately long prayer before the singing; and I'm not particularly anxious to hear it.'

And so we sauntered on until we came in front of the church, around the door of which a knot of well-dressed gentleman-like young men were standing.

'Do you see those dandy fellows there?' said Stokes, pointing to the group just mentioned. 'Ten chances to one, they are all slaves. Some of them I know are: business brings me here so often that I begin to know the people.'

'You don't mean those nice-looking young men?'

'Yes, I mean just them. They might be put on the auction-block to-morrow. Notice particularly that one in the handsomely fitting surtout—the young man with an Italian-looking face and black hair. I know him: his name is William Sykes. He belongs to a company of gamblers.'

'Impossible!' replied I. 'Why, the man's white.'

'In complexion, I grant you; but he has African blood in him notwithstanding—and is a slave for life.'

'How well dressed they all are. They don't look as if they endured much suffering.'

'That's the way,' said Stokes, 'with all you English travellers. Your idea of a slave is in accordance with the wood-cuts in the popular geographies—a bare-headed black man, with a piece of cotton round his loins, a ball and chain at his ankle, and a hoe in his hand. You travel over the country from city to city, and often, because you don't see the counterpart of the picture, you go home with an idea that the whole thing has been dreadfully misrepresented. It's a matter of pride to a rich slave-owner to dress his negro well; he puts fine clothes on him as he does a silver-mounted harness on his horses—to display his wealth. Why, you numskull, it is not for the man's sake any more than it is for the horses'. Let me tell you, you stupid beef-eating Britisher, that there is many a master who takes the skin off his nigger's back, and then covers it with a broadcloth coat at five dollars a yard. Don't judge them by their feathers. But it's time to go in church,' concluded he, as he opened the door and stepped in, followed by me.

Service had not yet commenced; so, after we were seated, I had an opportunity to look about me. There were assembled nearly, if not quite, three thousand people of every shade, from the jet-black colour of the negro, to the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon, yet all identified as one people, all coming under the denomination of 'niggers.' In the great number of quadroons and mulattoes present, I began to have a realising sense of the exertions of the sons of Virginia in the bleaching process referred to by the colonel.

Just then I heard a voice behind me ask—'Haven't you got over it yet, Aunt Molly?'

'No, chile, and never shall. He was my last boy, and they've sold him. I tell you, girl,' said she, with sudden energy, 'don't you never get married—never. I know you are thinking 'bout it, honey; but don't you, chile, that's a dear. If that George Barkley wants to marry you, tell him he must buy you fust, for den, you see, your children will all be free.'

'He's too poor, Aunt Molly; he got nothing but his barber-shop to support him—he can't buy me.'

'Then don't you marry him, girl: take the advice of a broken-hearted old woman, who has seen every chick and child she ever had sold away from her, and don't you marry him; if you do, unless you are free, every little baby you have will be a knife in your breast. Take my advice, chile; don't get married till you are free, or maby you'll live to be a poor miserable broken-hearted old woman like I is.'

'Did you hear that?' I asked of Stokes.

'O yes, I heard it; but it's none of your business nor mine—we can't help it.'

'But I tell you it is our business,' said I wrathfully; 'it's every man's business—every man worthy of the name must feel it his duty to protest'——

'Protest fiddle-sticks!' said Stokes. 'There is to be one sermon from the pulpit, I don't want another from the pew; so please shut up instanter, for they are going to sing.'

I looked up into the pulpit, and saw a hatchet-faced individual clearing his throat preparatory to reading the hymn.

During the reading of the verse, Stokes had turned in such a manner as to enable himself to face the choir.

'Who are those white ladies dressed in mourning, sitting in the front row of the choir?' I asked of him.

'They are not white. Those are the gals we were talking of in the cars—those are the Twin Quadroons. One of them, you see,' whispered he, 'is taller than the other—she is the prettiest; her name is Kate; the other is her sister Rachel; but hush, they are about to begin.'

Now, I don't pretend to judge music critically or artistically; any school-girl of thirteen can tell you more about an Italian bravura than I can. I've been to the opera numberless times: I've heard Grisi, Piccolomini, Amidei, Alboni, and every other si and ni that has been before the public for the last ten years—I've heard them all, I say; but they never produced such feelings in my bosom as were aroused by the sweet voices of those two girls. I felt a sensation beneath my waistcoat to which I had been previously a stranger; and, as the sweet mournful wailing notes of the hymn floated through the long low building, a film came over my eyes.

The words, 'My dear hearers,' coming from the pulpit above, drew my attention to the coming text: 'Content, with godliness, is great gain.' I will not attempt to review the whole of the abominable discourse, nor to describe how the meaning of the Scripture was perverted to give sanction to the iniquitous system of slavery; but these were some of the words:

'My dear hearers, don't you know that when you wish to change the condition in which you have been placed by a watchful Providence, that knows what is best suited to your wants; when you rebel against your situation, and want to be free men and women; when you entertain hard thoughts and ungrateful

feelings towards the kind masters and mistresses that God, who knows how unable you are to take care of yourself, has provided you with: don't you know, my dear hearers, that this is being discontented, and that you thereby lose the great gain that godliness associated with content would bring you.'

When I heard this, I was almost choked with indignation; but when the preacher went on to assure his beloved brothers and sisters, that their masters and mistresses stood to them in the place of God, and ought to be obeyed as cheerfully—that when their skins were torn from their backs by the scourge, it was a chastisement from on high—and that when husbands, wives, and children were sold away from each other, it should only teach them pious and contented submission—I had much to do to retain my seat. At length the sermon was finished; and then, whilst a collection was being made, we had another piece from the choir, in which a solo was admirably sung by one of the quadroon sisters; then came the benediction and dismissal.

'If we hurry out,' said Stokes, 'we shall have an opportunity of seeing the two gals as they leave the church.'

We accordingly pressed forward to meet them as they descended the stairs. They were sweet-looking creatures, with a marked resemblance to each other. Kate, the taller, was a trifle handsomer than the other; her lips were not so full, and her face more perfectly oval; and a shade of pensiveness rested on her whole physiognomy, that did not distinguish the countenance of her sister. But they had the same wavy black hair, deep hazel eyes, and fair complexions; and when they smiled, the strong likeness between them was brought more strikingly out.

Stokes and I by some means became separated by the crowd, and I suffered myself to be borne on the current that set strongly from the church.

It was early spring-time, and the air was balmy with the breath of roses and lilacs. I felt glad to escape from the close air of the church, and had no inclination to go to my hotel, so I determined to wander for a while to take a look at the city.

On I went through quiet streets, pausing now and then to peer into gardens and admire their luxuriant beauty. At last I found myself in a retired spot upon the outskirts of the town, where a clear stream of water dashed over a bed of shining pebbles.

Being a little fatigued with my walk, I sat down upon a large stone by the water-side, and listened to the musical ripple of the creek. I had been enjoying my solitude for some time, when I was aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. I was a few feet from the pathway, and concealed by the bushes that fringed the edge of the stream. As the footsteps approached nearer, I began to distinguish voices in earnest conversation.

'It's of no use, William,' said a voice which I instantly recognised to be that of Kate, one of the twin quadroons; 'it is better, far better that we should remain as we are. We have no security that if we were married to-morrow we might not be separated the next day for ever. No, no; it's folly to think of it; you must give up all hope.'

'Give up all hope, Kate! that's impossible. Hope is all that's kept me alive for years: when that fails me, I shall cut my throat, or do some other desperate thing.'

'O William, William, for God's sake, do not talk in that rash way: my heart is almost broken now; pray, don't you add to my sufferings—I have enough to bear.'

'Kate, I've something to bear too. Don't I love you better than my own life?—haven't I waited for years, in hope of some favourable change in our fortunes; and then to hear you talk so calmly of my giving you up almost drives me crazy. Kate, don't you think your master would let you buy your time? I've saved up some few hundred dollars; and, with care, I might in time raise sufficient to buy you out and out.'

'O William, I didn't want to tell you; I thought to let you find it out when I was gone; but I must tell you now, and let my heart break at once. William,' said she, whilst her sobs almost choked her utterance, 'you're too late. God help us both to bear it. William, I'm sold. Master sold me on Saturday to his son-in-law, and I'm going to Missouri with him next Wednesday.'

After this revelation there was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Kate, and the half-stifled groans of the young man.

'O Kate,' said he, 'has it come to this at last, after all my hopes, and all my struggles. When you are gone, Kate, there will be nothing to bear me up—nothing;' and in his agony, the young man sobbed as loud and uncontrollably as poor Kate herself.

'Kate,' said he suddenly, 'are you afraid to try to escape; have you ever thought of running away? If I am willing to try it, will you run the risk with me?'

'I'd run any risk with you, or for you; but the chance of our getting off is so small, that it seems folly to try.'

'I know the chances are against us; but we are to be separated anyhow; so, if we failed, we should be no worse off: and we might succeed—we are both so very fair, that we might pass for white.'

'O William! I am afraid not—every one knows us here: my face, in particular, is as well known as any in Richmond. No, no; it won't succeed—we should be detected at once; besides, we have no friend who would help us—no way of procuring any disguise. Do you know any one who would help us?'

'No, Kate, not a soul. There are many I know who would not lay a straw in the way of our escape, yet they dare not run the risk of assisting us. No; my plan should be, to go boldly up to the station at night, and ask for tickets: in the confusion and hurry of departure, the chance is we might get them; then, once away from Richmond, I have but slight fear of detection.'

'William, the risk is too great; we should be certain to be detected at the station. As I said before, we are both too well known; we must be disguised in some way. O God, if we could only find some friend to aid us!'

I had been on the point of offering my services several times during their conversation, but had restrained myself. Now, however, I could stand it no longer, and rushing precipitately from my concealment, exclaimed: 'I'm your man—I'll be your friend—I'll stand by you to the last; just tell me what to do—tell me how to help you, and I'll do it in spite of all the slaveholders in Richmond.' I had not calculated the effect my abrupt appearance would produce, and was therefore greatly shocked to see poor Kate sink fainting on the ground. William, who was the young man pointed out by Stokes as the property of gamblers, looked the personification of fright, and for a moment seemed undecided whether to run away or jump into the creek. 'Don't be alarmed, my good fellow,' said I, raising Kate from the ground; 'I'm an Englishman, thank God! You need not have the least fear of me. I hate slavery as much as you do; and I'll help you to escape with all my heart, without inquiring about the consequences.'

The young man looked at me suspiciously as he took Kate from my arms, exclaiming: 'God will judge between us if you betray us, for my blood will be on your head!' Then turning to the reviving girl, he continued: 'Kate, love, look up; here's hope come at last—don't be frightened; the gentleman says he'll be our friend. He's an Englishman, Kate.'

Kate looked at me with beseeching eyes.

'For God's sake, don't betray us, sir!' said she. 'It was only idle talk—we can't escape, sir; and we know it.'

'But I say you shall escape!' said I indignantly. 'Do I look like a liar and a traitor? I tell you again, I'll break all the laws on the statute-book of Virginia but I'll get you off, if you will only trust me. Only tell me how I can serve you. I heard all your conversation, and I'm deeply interested in you. Here my hand upon it!' Kate took the hand I extended her, and as she held it, leaned her head on her lover's shoulder, and wept.

'Where can I find you again?' asked William.

'Here,' said I, 'is my card; I'm at the Exchange Hotel.'

'I will come to you to-morrow, and let you know what you can do for me; but, for Heaven's sake, sir, don't betray us! Oh don't be angry,' continued he, as he saw my face flush; 'we have never received anything but oppression and unkindness from white people, so you should not be surprised if we hesitate to trust one immediately.'

'True, true,' I replied, as I wrung Kate's hand; 'I don't wonder; but I hope I shall be able to prove that we are not all alike. Good-bye;' and I walked slowly up the lane, turning occasionally to look at them until their forms became indistinguishable in the dusk of coming night.

Night had fallen ere I reached the hotel. I found Stokes in a towering rage, pacing up and down the apartment. He saluted me, on my entrance, with: 'You're a pretty fellow, now, ain't you? Here have I been waiting without my supper, expecting you every moment in the last two hours; and you have been racing all over Richmond, I suppose. Do you think, sir, that every one is, like yourself, able to eat enough at one meal to last through the week? I'm no bear, sir—I don't live upon my own fat!' I mildly ventured to remark, that he could eat with his own mouth, and could have gone to tea without me; whereupon I heard him grumble something about impertinence and ingratitude, as he led the way to the tea-room.

We did get tea; and such a tea as that was can be got up nowhere but on that side of the Atlantic. There was the huge pile of buckwheat cakes—a winter delicacy, that had lingered a little beyond its appointed season, that it might catch a glimpse of the fine white perch and delicious shad that had made their appearance with the early spring-flowers; there was corn-bread, corn-dodgers, flap-jacks, and jonny-cake, Indian pone, and corn pound cake—in fact, Indian meal in every description of cake that American ingenuity could invent. Then the oysters, stewed, fried, and pickled—oh, you little copper-flavoured natives of Old England, hide your diminished heads! I thought I had tasted oysters before I left my native shores, but on this eventful night I was cured of my vanity. I took two of the fried on my plate, and they covered it. I tasted them; and then, to use Stokes's language, 'went in for myself.' I ate 'em stewed, I ate 'em raw, I ate 'em pickled; and then I ate 'em fried, and commenced on the stewed again, till the black waiters grinned; and Stokes told me he was ashamed of me, and expected they would charge me double board. I ate a respectable tea, or supper, as they call it in America, and then went to bed, and had a respectable nightmare. I dreamed I was a locomotive, with a pair of brazen wings, and a furnace in my breast; and that Kate and William got astride of my back, and I flew off with them, with all the authorities of Richmond in pursuit. I soared about in my dream until I had got quite out to sea, and was flying away to England. The chalk cliffs of my old home were visible when I began to tire; and after the most frightful efforts to sustain myself, I sunk exhausted into the sea, and woke to find I had fallen out of bed, and that my head had got into the foot-bath I had been using the night before.

The next morning, William made his appearance punctually at the hour appointed. He looked suspiciously round him, after accepting the chair I had placed for him, and hesitatingly whispered: 'I think I've hit upon a plan that will be successful, if we can carry it out. I discovered it by the merest accident. I was in a confectionary kept by an Italian, and while I was buying some fruit, an organ-grinder came in. He was dumb, and his wife, an Englishwoman, I think, carried on the conversation. I find they are going to remain here, and give up going about the country; and she wanted to get work in the store. The man is of my size, and wears his beard very much as I do; and it struck me that if I could get his organ and clothes for my disguise, I could make free with a dress that our cook owns, which in the pattern and colour is very like the woman's. I in his clothes, and Kate in a dress similar to hers, we might escape; but the difficulty would be to get the organ and the clothes, and it's at this point I want your help: if we can get them, we will run the risk. I followed the man and his wife home; here is the number of the house, and the name of the street.'

'A capital plan—capital!' said I. 'I'll go at once and hunt them up. But how shall I let you know if I succeed?'

'That's easily arranged. Are both these hats yours?' asked William.

'Yes, both.'

'Then let this be the signal: you come to the saloon where I attend the billiard-tables—White's Saloon 'tis called—if you get the things, wear the white hat; and in that case you'll bring them to where we met yesterday evening. We'll be there at eight o'clock to-night. I've trusted you, sir: I may almost say my life is in your hands. If you are not true to me'——

'Never fear,' replied I. 'You'll find me all right; rely on it, I'll do my best.'

'Here, sir, is the money for the organ and tickets. Good-bye; remember I've trusted you.'

Everything went on well, as was projected; and at the appointed time I was at the place of rendezvous with the organ and clothes, and Kate and William very soon made their appearance.

'Come now, my good fellow,' said I, 'there is no time for parley. Here are the clothes; slip them on over your own.'

William hastily did as I directed; then handing him the tickets, I said:

'You have twenty minutes to reach the cars; here are the tickets. Now, good-bye, God bless you; I shall come and see you off; but it will be at a respectful distance—we must not recognise each other.'

Kate took my hand. I saw by the light of the moon, that had just come out, that her eyes were glistening.

'Good-bye, man or angel, I don't know which to call you! Good-bye. Look above,' said she, with a trembling voice—'He rewards.'

William could only press my hand again and again—gratitude had made him speechless.

I followed them at a safe distance, saw them enter the cars, which a few moments after were flying with lightning speed toward the north star.

A week passed away, and still there came no tidings of the fugitives. I began to be anxious, and was daily inquiring of Stokes whether anything had been discovered respecting them, as their escape was a topic of great discussion in Richmond.

'Have you heard any news?' said I.

'What kind of news?' answered Stokes.

'About Kate and William.'

'Kate and William be darned,' said Stokes wrath-

fully; 'you are always bothering me about Kate and William. One would think you were part owner of both. No, I know nothing about them. One thing I do know, that the sister, Rachel, is to be sold at auction to-morrow, unless previously disposed of by private sale.'

I said nothing more to Stokes, but put on my hat and bolted from the room.

In ten minutes after, I was at the well-known establishment of Messrs Pulam and Davis, brokers in the bones and sinews of their fellow-men. 'Go,' said I to the clerk, 'to General Bleucher, who has advertised that young girl for sale; go and buy her: make the best bargain for me you can.'

'What! you going into it so soon?' said he.

The man had seen me before. I had visited the pen they kept, under pretence of examining their stock.

'Yes,' said I; 'I've made up my mind to buy that girl, so please attend to the matter at once. I will call again in the morning.'

On returning the next day, I found myself the owner of 'Rachel, aged nineteen, and warranted sound in every particular,' as I took up the bill of sale. When I returned to the hotel, after getting through this stroke of business, I found a letter awaiting me, postmarked 'Niagara Falls.' I tore it open, and read as follows: 'We are safe on the other side. You know who.'

'Hurrah! hurrah!' shouted I, capering around the room—'hurrah! hurrah! they are safe!'

'What the deuce is the matter with you?' said the astonished Stokes. 'Are you going crazy? Who is it that's safe?'

'Why, Kate and William. Who else do you suppose?' said I. 'Hurrah!'

Stokes started up with a look of alarm, and exclaimed: 'Hush, man; for Heaven's sake, hush. Do you want to be ruined for ever? What have you been about? It can't be possible that you've had anything to do with their escape. You certainly haven't been such a fool as to mix yourself up in any such business?' And Stokes rose and looked out into the entry to see if we were overheard by any one; then, returning to his seat, asked: 'Tell me truly, have you had anything to do with it?'

'Yes, I have,' said I boldly.

'Then you are a greater fool than I took you for,' replied Stokes. 'Don't you know,' he continued, 'that you have exposed yourself to the possibility of being incarcerated in the state's prison for life? How did you do it?'

I then related to him the whole affair, concluding with the boast that I did not fear the whole of Richmond, although at that very moment I was shaking all over in contemplation of the risk I had run. When I had finished, Stokes, putting on a long face, replied:

'Do you know, sir, I've a great mind to give you up to justice. I'm out of all patience with you, you abandoned malefactor. Here I brought you into the hospitable state of Virginia, confiding in your honesty, and you signalise your advent by conspiring with and assisting runaway niggers; spiriting them off with as much facility as if you had been born on the underground railway, and been a conductor of the line ever since you left your cradle. Go, sir; pack your trunk, and make tracks for some dirty abolition city; take the girl you have bought with you, and shew me your face no more.' And, as he concluded, he crushed my hat down over my eyes, and left the room, shouting with laughter as he went: 'Queer fellow that, Stokes!'

A week after this occurrence, a gentleman of remarkably prepossessing appearance might have been seen seated in the cars which were to take him from Niagara to New York, where, it is said, he took the steamer for Europe. On the platform beside the train, a group of three persons were standing as it moved away; they waved their handkerchiefs and kissed their hands. William Sykes, his wife Kate, and sister Rachel, formed the group, and the prepossessing man in the cars was your very humble servant.

THE CUCKOO MYSTERY.

THE truth of Lord Bacon's saying, that 'an admixture of a lie hath ever something pleasant in it,' is well illustrated in some points of natural history, where a fiction, which a single observation would shew to be false, has held its ground for centuries. It is difficult to account in any other way for the obstinate vitality of many simple and almost obvious lies. One of these cases is that of the cuckoo. This bird has been a favourite subject for poets and naturalists to exercise their imagination about; though the latter have far exceeded the former in the boldness and originality of their fictions. It is lucky for some of these daring romancers that the cuckoo cannot bring an action for libel against them, or the case of *Cuculus canorus versus* Pliny, Ælian, and others, might terminate unfavourably for the defendants.

Setting aside the reckless inventions of authors, there is much that is curious and interesting about the habits of the bird. It is a well-known fact that the cuckoo never builds a nest of its own, always committing its young to the care of other birds; accounts of this strange habit are to be found in every popular book of natural history, and every school-boy has his own particular legends concerning it. It is singular, however, that though the young cuckoo itself has furnished the subject for so many tales and pictures, the egg, in English books at least, has hardly been noticed. In Germany, the case is different; there the bird is much commoner than with us; and the observations of some German naturalists have established one of the most remarkable facts in the science of ornithology. We find their observations recorded in a German quarterly publication, entirely devoted to ornithology, named after the distinguished ornithologist, Naumann,* and edited by one well known in the science, Mr E. Baldamus.

It has always been remarked that the egg of the cuckoo is exceedingly variable in colour; sometimes a light greenish blue, and sometimes spotted with different shades of gray and brown, like that of many song-birds. This strange variableness is curiously illustrated by Mr Baldamus.† 'Before me lies, in a box with many compartments, a small collection of birds' eggs; at first sight, it might be taken for a collection of the eggs of various warblers. I ask a lad, who is pretty well acquainted with the common eggs of the neighbourhood: "What is this egg?"—"A garden warbler's." "And this?"—"A wheatear's;" and so on.' But the fact is, all these eggs are cuckoos', which 'are found, as most ornithologists know, resembling those of almost all the common warblers—the water-wagtail, blackcap, skylark, meadow pipit, &c.'

He afterwards gives a list of twenty-eight birds, whose eggs the cuckoo's have been found to resemble; among which are those we have mentioned, as well as the redstart, the reed warbler, the red-backed shrike, the redbreast, &c.‡ Now, the singular thing is that, with few exceptions, these have been found in the nests of the birds whose eggs they resemble; or, in other words, *the egg of the cuckoo agrees in colour with those among which it is laid.* This remarkable fact is established by numerous observations, which Mr Baldamus has reduced to a tabular form. From this table it

* *Naumannia; Archiv für die Ornithologie.* Stuttgardt: Hoffman. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Naumannia*, 1853; p. 307 (3d quarter).

‡ He also gives a plate representing a great number of these varieties; no one could believe, at first sight, that they were all cuckoos' eggs.

appears that out of seventy-six cuckoos' eggs, sixty-four agreed in colour and markings with those they were associated with; the remainder mostly resembling those of the white wagtail and the reed-warbler.

It also appears that the reed-warbler is favoured with the largest number of cuckoos' eggs—nine out of the seventy-six, of which eight exactly resembled its own eggs. The white wagtail comes next, taking seven eggs coloured like its own, and one like the reed-warbler's. The hedge-sparrow, which is supposed to be so frequently the young cuckoo's foster-parent, has only one. This is, at all events, enough to shew that the rule holds good in most cases, and the exceptions will presently be seen to be easily explicable. The end attained by this is, obviously, that the bird which has the care of the young cuckoo treacherously committed to her, may not recognise the stranger's egg among her own. Another question is, how it is accomplished—whether the same cuckoo always lays eggs of one colour, or of colours varying according to the nest they are laid in?

It has been supposed by some, that the sight of the eggs lying in the nest, so works on the imagination of the female cuckoo, that the egg she is about to lay takes their colour, as Jacob made Laban's ewes bring forth spotted lambs by putting half-peeled rods before them. This is not without analogies in physiology; but the facts are against it. For instance, cuckoos' eggs are sometimes laid in empty nests; and two cuckoos' eggs, of different colours, have been found in the same nest: also, observations seem to shew that the same bird always does lay eggs of the same colour. *First*, The colour of cuckoos' eggs seems, in some measure—Temminck says, entirely—to depend on the locality; and it is well known that the cuckoo always haunts a certain small district year after year. Three cuckoos' eggs have been found in the same district in different birds' nests, but undistinguishable from each other. Each bird must, of course, if this is the case, be provided with the instinct to lay its eggs in the nests of a particular species; and it will only occasionally, when it cannot find a nest of this species at hand, have recourse to the nests of other birds. This also explains why the exceptions almost always resemble the eggs of those species which are the principal favourites with the cuckoo, such as the white wagtail and reed-warbler, as mentioned above.

Secondly, Various observations shew that the colour of the egg is fixed before the cuckoo sees the eggs it intends to deposit it among. For instance, a female cuckoo was caught alive on a haystack, in the neighbourhood of which was a redstart's nest it probably intended to visit, and, when in confinement, laid a greenish-blue egg like a wheatear's, and thus, of course, very much resembling the blue eggs of the redstart. Again, a cuckoo was observed slowly and quietly flying into a small bush near a wood: though frightened away, it returned again; and when at last it left the bush entirely, a pratincole's nest was found on the ground, with the bird sitting on it, and, close by on the ground, an egg resembling the pratincole's, but larger—exactly like what the observer declares he has occasionally found in pratincoles' nests before, and believes to be cuckoos' eggs.

The cuckoo had obviously been looking for a nest for its egg, but was prevented from depositing it here by the obstinate sitting of the pratincole. Why, then, was the egg on the ground? It is a curious fact that the cuckoo always lays its egg on the ground in the first instance, and conveys it to the nest in its mouth. In many cases, this is necessary; for instance, it would be impossible for the cuckoo to lay its egg in the ordinary manner in the nest of a redstart or a water-wagtail in the hole of some tree or wall. Female cuckoos have been shot with the egg in their mouth. Levaillant observed the same habit in the yellow cuckoo of Africa—many which he shot in this way either half-swallowed the egg, or cast it out of their mouth in the death-spasm. This is no doubt the origin of the stories of the old writers that the cuckoo laid its egg from its mouth. It must require a pretty wide gape to take in the egg, and with most birds it would be impossible; but the extreme smallness of the cuckoo's egg in proportion to the size of the bird permits it. Such an arrangement as this must also be very necessary when so small a nest as the golden-crested wren's is chosen—for this tiny creature sometimes has a monster of a young cuckoo foisted upon her—the weight of the cuckoo laying an egg in the ordinary way, would quite break down the little nest.

Mr Baldamus speaks of having found cuckoos' eggs in the nests of the red-backed shrike, which imitated the two varieties of the egg of that bird, in having either a greenish or reddish-gray ground colour. This, of course, gives a certain amount of difficulty in distinguishing the cuckoo's egg; but it can generally be recognised, in the first place, by its size, which varies very little; it is very small in proportion to the size of the bird, being generally smaller, and never larger, than that of the skylark. There is generally, too, a perceptible difference of colour from the eggs it is associated with, and the spots are seldom if ever arranged in a ring round the larger end, as in so many eggs. The shell is very thin, and has a peculiar *grain*, which is difficult to describe, but may be seen by comparing the cuckoo's egg with some other under a lens.

The facts we have mentioned are all taken from German sources. There are special facilities in Germany for inquiry, in consequence of the bird being much commoner than with us; but we have already seen some definite confirmations in English specimens, and there is no doubt that further investigations would elicit still more remarkable results. Here is a field where even our younger readers may do good service to science; let each bird-nesting school-boy who reads this, see in the ensuing spring whether the cuckoos of his own neighbourhood have the same habits. Nothing is required but intelligent observation. It is important to discover whether the same bird really returns every year to the same district or beat; and whether cuckoos' eggs of one colour are especially characteristic of each district.

FESTIVITIES IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

In Ballygarriffe we don't manage things exactly like other people; we rather pride ourselves on some of the peculiarities which serve to distinguish ours from the plebeian villages in our neighbourhood. We are remarkably aristocratic—rather painfully so towards any luckless wights who come amongst us without proper credentials of gentility. They had far better go to Austria without a passport, or to London without money! Any hardy resident who ventures to call upon them, invite them, or recognise their existence in any shape or form, runs a very great risk of being tabooed in his or her own proper person; our code of gentility resembling in this respect the laws of quarantine—that contact with the suspected brings even the healthy under *pratique*.

Even amongst ourselves, we have little cliques and coteries, which maintain a sort of skirmishing and border warfare with each other; and some of us who form a portion of the 'cream of the cream,' are willing occasionally to take an unlawful and venturous dip into the skimmed milk of society.

Men, unmarried men especially, are very scarce amongst us; and, of course, like everything else, they are esteemed precious in proportion to their rarity.

At one time, there were forty marriageable ladies residing in and about Ballygarriffe—'the forty thieves,' as a sarcastic old bachelor called them; while the number of gentlemen at all likely to assume the gilded chain of matrimony, was actually limited to three.

'Forty deplorables, and but three availables!' exclaimed a visitor one day; 'what a dreadful disproportion!' Matters have somewhat mended since then—not matrimonially speaking, however; for although we have a few more bachelors amongst us, yet, like fish that have been often angled for, and foxes that have frequently run before the hounds, they have become so wary, so difficult to catch, that our village is known almost proverbially as the worst place in Ireland in which a young lady may practise the exciting and profitable sport of husband-hunting. On account of this paucity of gallant knights and squires, we ladies are wonderfully independent of their company and escort; indeed, Ballygarriffe, albeit situated in 'our troublous kingdom of Ireland,' as good Queen Bess used to call it, is about the quietest and most peaceable spot in the dominions of Queen Victoria. Miss Saunders remarked to me one day: 'My dear, one may walk about here at any hour of the day or night without even an umbrella.' The non-essential character of which implement, however, referred exclusively to its secondary use as a warlike weapon; for our often-weeping skies render its legitimate office anything but superfluous.

We have pleasant little tea-parties now and then at each other's houses, where the usual programme of the evening is as follows: First, excellent strong well-creamed tea and coffee; and such a Sally Lunn, rich, light, gold-coloured, as I never saw equalled at any trans-Ballygarriffite party. This commendable meal is partaken of by the guests, comfortably seated round a table; Mrs Bennett, indeed, once resolved to be genteel, and to have the tea, coffee, and cold sweet-cake—a miserable substitute for the glowing Sally Lunn—handed round properly on trays; but one handmaiden managed to upset a cup of coffee over a pink silk-dress; and the other sent cake, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl flying into the centre of an ottoman, covered with satin patchwork, the 'box-pattern,' and the very pride and delight of its owner's heart.

So the trays were voted a bore, and the handmaidens a nuisance; and every one was glad to return to the bright mahogany-table and the pleasant hissing urn.

After tea, follow *de rigueur Annie Laurie*, *To the West*, and *Excelsior*, sung and performed by one or more of the company. We all *say* that we're extremely fond of music; that, in fact, it is quite a passion with us; but I sometimes cannot help suspecting that in reality we are all very glad to get to the third act of the evening—namely, a round game. This is usually either 'Club the Constable,' played for love, and therefore very honestly; or extremely limited loo, of which so much cannot be said. Indeed, the cheating is so barefaced, so avowed, so much a matter of course, and so general, that it becomes quite honest; and the laughter, fun, and jesting, the comical disputes about the ownership of a disputed threepenny, and the transparent flirtations conducted beneath the equivoque of winning or losing queens, hearts and knaves, render our Ballygarriffe card-playing the merriest and most innocent gambling in the world. But the 'seeing each other home' after these festivities is the most amusing part of the business. Sometimes there are five several sets of ladies going in different directions, while the whole available protecting contingent consists of two housemaids, one dog, one lantern, and two gentlemen.

One of these latter, being an old married man, tucks his wife under his arm, and walks off in total disregard of 'the girls he leaves behind him.' The other, one of our very few availables, as Miss Saunders's maid remarked: 'Poor gentleman, has to *dwide* himself.'

We seldom have a moon on those tea-party evenings; and as to gas, such a thing is not to be named amongst us. The upstart town, indeed, on the other side of the river, lately set up a gasometer, and offered, half scornfully, to lay subaqueous pipes across, and give us the benefit of its illumination. But, as we all agreed, 'gas would spoil Ballygarriffe: the dirty, narrow streets of Merton, filled with drunken sailors and squalling brats, might indeed require to be lighted at night; but our pretty terraces, our clean, quiet roads, our village street, which has houses at one side only, and trees at the other, quite like a boulevard—they surely require no other illumination than that of the twinkling stars and silvery moon.' This latter clause was the contribution of a sentimental maiden, Miss Angelina Stamers, who resides in a romantic cottage with her widowed sister, Mrs Bennett. The moon and stars are certainly all very well, when they happen to be so courteous as to shew themselves; but when we have to go home in the dark, funny little scenes do occur.

Our lanterns, like most articles under the surveillance of Irish servants, generally contrive to be *hors de combat* when they are wanted.

'Why won't the lantern continue lighting to-night, Leary?' inquired Miss Allen of her servant, as the flickering flame expired in the very darkest part of the strand-road.

'Why, thin, myself doesn't know, miss, unless 'tis on account of the wick.'

'What's the matter with it?'

''Tis the way, miss, Norry couldn't find the wicks anywhere from the top to the bottom of the house; and so she unravelled one of the masther's worstead socks, and put in a bit of the yarn, thinking 'twould do beautiful; but I'm afeard it won't light.'

If the moon, according to the ancient legend, be the receptacle of everything lost on the earth, she certainly must contain a good many of our lanterns. Mine, at all events, like Miss Allen's wicks, was not to be found 'from the top to the bottom of the house,' when I wanted it one dark evening that I and a young friend who was staying with me were going to drink tea at Mrs Allen's.

'What shall we do without the lantern, Mick?' I inquired of my butler.

'Oh, don't be afeard, ma'am; I'll light ye there in style, never fear!'

So, trusting to this oracular promise, we proceeded to array ourselves for our expedition. It happened that my young friend had brought nothing with her in the way of a head-covering but a particularly stylish, and, therefore, an especially small bonnet; so, for reasons partly of economy and partly of comfort, and trusting to the darkness of the night, she, in the absence of the master of the house, coolly put on his wide-awake hat. I offered her, in addition, the loan of another portion of his garments, which, however, she declined, on the plea of their utter incapacity to contain the vast circumference of a steel petticoat. Well, we were ready at last, and standing in the hall.

'Mick!'

'Coming, ma'am, immediately.' And up walked our satellite, looking as brilliant as a primary planet, from the ingenious contrivance which he carried in his hand. It consisted of an end of thick mould-candle, lighted in a cracked tumbler, which, after all, served admirably to light us on our way, and shewed off to such advantage the laughing blue eyes and rich nut-brown hair beneath the saucy wide-awake, that I really think if we had met any beaus that evening, they could scarcely have retained secure possession of their hearts.

There was rather a sharp breeze sweeping along the strand-road; and Mick, a martyr to his own discovery, was fain to keep his hand on the top of the tumbler, until the sensation of burning becoming intolerable, he used to remove the aggrieved member for a moment, and shake it well. We could hear him, at the same time, mutter *sotto voce:* 'Bad luck to it!—'tis more throuble than the lantern, afther all!'

At length we reached our friend's house in safety, guided, as her son remarked, 'by a Will-o'-the-Wisp, if not by a Jack-o'-the-Lantern.'

Mrs Bennett returned with us that night, her homeward path lying in the same direction as ours. The wind had gone down and the moon risen, and very calm and beautiful was the scene around. On one side were fields and groves stretching down to the road; on the other, the gently plashing tide washed the low parapet-wall which bounded the footpath. Not a human being did we see during our walk. Mick kept close behind us, ostensibly in dutiful attendance, but really because he was fully persuaded that the road was 'airy'—that is, haunted by ghosts; and nothing, I suppose, would have induced him to travel it alone.

'What a lovely night, Mrs Bennett,' I said. 'I am sure, only for the sake of appearances, we do not want a servant, or any one else, to protect us.'

'No, indeed. Angelina and I often walk here until it is quite late, and we never met any one to speak to, except one night, when a poor, civil, drunken man asked us to allow him to walk along with us, in order to prevent the police from arresting him.'

'And did you consent, Mrs Bennett?' I asked, with some curiosity; for although I knew her and her sister to be about the most good-natured women in Ballygarriffe, I really scarcely thought their kindness of heart would carry them *that* length.

'To be sure we did; and he walked along with us quite civilly, until we got to our own door; only saying now and then: "Do you think, ma'am, the police will take me up?" And we used to say: "O no; make your mind easy, we'll protect you!" So he thanked us, and got into the ferry-boat, and I hope the men in it took good care of him, and did not let him fall overboard.'

'Good-night, Mrs Bennett,' I said, cordially pressing her hand; 'I'm glad we did not meet any drunken men, whether civil or uncivil, to-night.'

It was duly announced one day in Ballygarriffe that Miss Saunders was going to give a large party, a real undeniable ball; and in order to furnish the necessary quota of partners for the young ladies, our village contingent being quite inadequate, and the demand far exceeding the supply, the hostess was obliged to have recourse to the nearest garrison-town.

The officers then stationed there were all English, and being quite fresh arrivals, they knew nothing whatever of our village or its society; but finding their quarters extremely dull, they were delighted to accept Miss Saunders's invitation; and, accordingly, five gay military heroes made their appearance at the appointed time.

It happened that amongst the native guests invited were Mr Taylor, his wife and sister; and it so chanced that they arrived rather fashionably late, some time after the officers had made their appearance. Having, according to our primitive custom, walked from their home, the two ladies were shewn up-stairs by their hostess's neat maid, in order to have an opportunity of bestowing a little mutual adjustment on their coiffures. And this process proving of somewhat a lengthy nature, Mr Taylor was left far longer than he approved of, to stand in the hall and await, with what patience he might, the tardy descent of his fair womankind. Being naturally of an active disposition, he looked around for some means of whiling away the time; and his attention being attracted by a basket of visiting-cards lying on the table, he began to turn them over, without, however, deriving much amusement from the mere perusal of a set of well-known names. Raising his eyes from this profitless employment, he happened to glance at the opposite wall, where the officers' greatcoats were hanging in a row; and a bright idea struck him. We know, on good Dr Watts's authority, *who* it is that 'finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;' and assuredly the inspiration seemed not wanting on the present occasion. Hastily selecting a number of ladies' cards, appertaining to our single as well as our married notabilities, he stuffed them promiscuously into the pockets of the greatcoats; and then, in a calm and complacent frame of mind, accompanied his wife and sister into the reception-room. A pleasant, merry party it was: the rooms certainly were scarcely large enough for the amount of polking required to fit into them; and the consequent collisions, or 'collusions,' as an old friend of mine always says, were neither few nor noiseless.

'Young Waters trod on my toes,' said Mr Digby, 'but I paid him off in the next polka, for I gave him a blow of Georgiana Wilson, which sent him spinning across the room.' The probably unpleasant effect resulting to the young lady, of being thus made useful in the novel character of an offensive weapon, never seemed to trouble her chivalrous partner.

'Ah!' observed one of the officers, a remarkably tall, stout, and awkward-looking son of Mars, as he endeavoured, with an assumption of languid grace, to walk through a quadrille with a smart, *espiègle*, bright-eyed little damsel—'Ah, they might as well ask a man to waltz round a washing-basin, as to daunce in such a room as this!'

'Certainly,' was the reply—and the rosy lips that uttered it scarcely reached the hero's massy shoulder—'even the ocean, you know, appears small when Leviathan taketh his pastime therein.' Thanks to the extremely compressed dimensions of the quadrille, this retort of little Miss Davies was heard by every one engaged in it; and the captain was ever afterwards known at mess by the *sobriquet* of 'Leviathan.'

There was a capital supper; plenty of good things were eaten, and plenty of good things were said during its progress. And then came more dancing, and the mirth grew fast and furious; nor was it until long after daybreak that the young ladies and the officers found themselves restored to their respective quarters.

It was rather late the following day when the military gentlemen discovered the fair ones' cards lying snugly concealed in their pockets. A council of war, or rather of courtesy, was held, and it was decided *nem. con.*, that it must be the custom among the wild Irish, when they wish to make the acquaintance of strangers, for the ladies to take the initiative after this singular fashion.

'Hang it, there were some smart, pretty girls among them,' said one gay lieutenant; 'and I vote we go down in the next train, and pay a round of visits at Ballygarriffe. It would be a pity to disappoint the dear creatures.'

The proposition was carried by acclamation; the ladies both young and elderly, quite innocent of foregone conclusions, were charmed with the affable small-talk of their military visitors. Walking-parties, boating-parties, dinners, and picnics, were speedily organised; papas, husbands, and brothers amiably consenting to leave their cards at the barracks; and an inordinate quantity of flirtation was of course the natural and necessary result.

Two *bonâ fide* matches also, which, I am happy to say, are likely to turn out very well, trace their origin to Mr Taylor's idle five minutes in Miss Saunders's hall; and I have just heard of a third as on the *tapis.*

Little Miss Davies has actually determined to tempt the perilous ocean of matrimony in company with Leviathan, who, she thinks, is likely to prove a better partner for life than he did in that memorable quadrille.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

BEFORE this goes before the public, the launch of the *Great Eastern* or *Leviathan* will probably have been accomplished. The disappointment in the first attempts was the greater, that the company are in want of money, and hoped to raise L.100,000 on mortgage of the big ship, when once she should be in the water. The delay revived the question as to the economy of such a monster. Certain shrewd shipowners say that 1500 tons is the largest size that *pays*, and they ask sagaciously, whether any government will risk ten thousand troops at once in one vessel? Only let the *Leviathan* take her plunge, and these and other interesting questions will be answered.

Nothing came of the electric light, which we were told was to be used on the same occasion. It has been tried, however, a few miles higher up the Thames, to light the workmen employed on the new Westminster Bridge, and with a result which appears fatally objectionable. Its intensity produces shadows so very black, that the workmen were continually betrayed in their movements, and fell off the stages into the water. Something yet remains to be done to make the electric light practically available: for operations under water it answers well.

Some years ago we noticed a series of promising electrical experiments made by Mr Baggs at the Polytechnic Institution; and we are glad to find that he continued his researches. He has now a scheme for accelerating the transmission of messages by the electric telegraph—a useless scheme, as some will think. But although the signals fly fast enough along the wire, the manipulation by which they are produced is comparatively slow. A clerk cannot by any possibility spell more than a certain number of words in a minute, and Mr Baggs purposes to get over the inconvenience by employing steam. He takes a band of gutta-percha which is pierced with holes; into these holes, pins are inserted, which represent the message, and the bands being set in motion by the steam-engine, the pins make contact in passing with the signal apparatus, and thus deliver the message to the wire with all desirable rapidity. This application of power to telegraphy, if it can be realised in practice, involves important consequences, especially with a sub-Atlantic cable in prospect, and the under-sea lines to the Levant. It may be necessary to remind our readers that Mr Baggs employs frictional and not galvanic electricity, finding it better suited to the required work.—The lines of telegraph across the Mediterranean are coming into operation, and Paris has been brought into communication with Africa. The first messages were sent from Algiers to Bon; thence by way of Sardinia, Corsica, Spezzia, Piedmont, Savoy, Chambéry to Marseille.

The Institution of Civil Engineers opened their session with papers on practical subjects: 'On Lighting Mines by Gas,' for example, the importance of which may be inferred from the fact that the estimated cost of the oil and tallow burnt in the mines of England is L.500,000 a year. In one of the Cornish mines the expense is L.7000; and taking the two counties, Devon and Cornwall, it amounts to L.90,000 per annum; and all the while the light is imperfect, and the effect on the air of the mine highly deleterious. Mr Wright, the author of the paper, described an experiment made at Balleswidden Mine, which proved entirely successful. Gas was forced by pressure down the shaft—a depth of 780 feet—and all the ladders and workings were lighted, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The annual cost of candles had been L.834; of gas, it was not more than L.487; and, besides, 'the ventilation was better, there was an entire absence of the sickening smoke and bad odour previously pervading the mine, arising probably from some particular compounds of hydrogen and carbon, given off during the imperfect combustion of the candles.' Indeed, the introduction of gas appears to be advantageous in every respect; and although there is no risk of explosion in the Cornish mines, Mr Wright sees no 'reason why the system should not be extended to mines generally, and under certain precautionary measures, to coal-mines.'

Mr Peter Barlow is busy with the subject he brought before the British Association at Dublin, 'On the Mechanical Effect of Girders and Suspension-chains;' he demonstrates by reasoning, and seeks to do so by experiment, that the most economical bearer of a railway bridge is a suspended iron girder. He proves, what Mr Fairbairn admits, that the Britannia Bridge over the Menai is five times as heavy as it ought to be, and might have been with perfect safety. The people at Montreal might perhaps save a million or two of dollars were they to adopt Mr Barlow's method.—But of all the projects recently initiated or revived, those for effecting railway communication direct between France and England are the most astonishing. M. de Gamond proposes a tunnel to run under the bed of the Channel, with shafts rising at intervals as towers above the water, to insure ventilation; and an artificial island to be formed midway, as a convenient station and universal port. He has published a quarto volume, with map and plans on the subject. An English engineer, on the other hand, is for building a bridge, to rest on great piers erected at intervals of about 500 feet all across from Dover cliffs to Cape Grisnez. We mention these schemes as characteristics of the age; not that we think them likely to be carried out, or that it would be desirable to attempt by any such means to abolish the 'narrow seas.' Less magnificent, but more useful, is the proposal—which at last seems to be made in earnest—to get parliamentary sanction for omnibus-tramways along some of our principal metropolitan thoroughfares.

When the calculating-machine, invented by Mr Scheutz of Stockholm, was exhibited at Somerset House and in other places, we more than once drew attention to its merits. We rejoice for the inventors' sakes—father and son—to hear that our government have bespoken one of their machines for the use of the registrar-general. That useful and industrious functionary will employ it to calculate the tables, and arrive at the data which add so materially to the value of his periodical *Reports*. Another kind of machine, talked about by Mr Mechi, at an agricultural meeting in Essex, seems to foretoken a marked change in the cultivation of farms. It is described as an implement combining a railway, 'adapted for agricultural purposes, patented by Mr Halkett, by which he promises to plough land at 1s. 7d. the acre; hoe it at 1s. 3d.; get in the harvest at 1s. the acre; and carry the manure, &c., of the farm at 1d. per ton per mile.' If all this can be realised, it will be interesting to watch the effect of such an implement on the condition of the rural labourers.

Mr Wyatt Papworth's paper, read at the Institute of British Architects, entitled 'An Attempt to determine the Periods, in England, when Fir, Deal, and House

Painting were First Introduced,' is worth attention, and as likely to be acceptable to the general reader as to the profession. Mr Papworth shews that deal boards were imported from Norway at the early date of 1272. In Elizabeth's reign, fir was largely used; hence it is a popular error to believe that our ancient houses were built exclusively of oak timber. Painting of woodwork begins to be mentioned in the thirteenth century; but in that and the fourteenth, whitewash was the favourite mask of walls inside as well as outside the house; and in London, the thatch even was whitened—perhaps as protection against fire. Mr Papworth concludes his paper with some excellent practical remarks on house-painting, which explain wherein consists the difference between good work and bad work, and reveals some of the tricks of the trade; but as this is a part of the subject we have heretofore noticed, further mention of it here may be dispensed with.

The first meeting of the Royal Society—the first of a session as important to science as that of parliament is to the nation—was made attractive by General Sabine's *vivâ voce* exposition of his paper on the magnetic observations made by the captain and officers of the *Plover*, while they lay for three years at Point Barrow during the search for Franklin. To an outsider there may not appear anything very astonishing in such a work; but these observations are of especial interest, inasmuch as they shew that what are called 'magnetic storms'—that is, unusual disturbances of the magnets—take place simultaneously at Point Barrow, and at Toronto in Canada, but in precisely opposite directions. In this opposition General Sabine believes a clue may be found to one of the causes of terrestrial magnetism, and that if observations were made in a spot about midway between the two, a neutral point would in all probability be discovered; and this point once clearly made out, the way, full of promise, would be open for further discoveries. The question is considered to be of such importance that government have been asked to send out an expedition to the arctic coast to make observations about the mouth of Mackenzie River, in which latitude it is thought the neutral point will be found. Three years of observations would be required to furnish trustworthy data, and to admit of the necessary comparison with those made in other places.

St Andrew's Day brought, as usual, the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society—their first in Burlington House. Lord Wrottesley, the president, shewed in his address from the chair, that science has not been idle of late: he summed up her achievements, spoke confidently of the future, and then distributed the rewards by which the Society mark their appreciation of meritorious achievements. He gave a royal medal to Professor E. Frankland of St Bartholomew's Hospital for his valuable chemical researches, particularly on the constitution of the alcohols; another to Dr Lindley, the well-known botanist and author of works on botany; and the Copley medal to Michel-Eugène Chevreul, a French savant to whom chemistry and art are largely indebted. By his investigations and experiments upon saponaceous compounds, he determined the true cause and nature of saponification, and opened thereby the way for a new branch of industry, now highly appreciated by thousands in the form of stearine and composite candles. But for Chevreul's experiments, the obtaining of hard and valuable fats from coarse low-priced oils would probably not yet have been possible, nor would organic chemistry have become the master-science it now is. Although aged, Chevreul still pursues his researches with enthusiasm. His recent work *On the Law of the Contrast of Colours*, has made his name familiar to a large class of students who are not chemists. We are glad to observe that the Royal Society maintain their commendable practice of ignoring nationalities, and of seeking only to encourage science in the award of their honourable distinctions.

Dr Livingstone has set off on his return to Africa, rich in fame and fortune, but not beyond his deserts. We hear that the sale of his book has produced him not less a sum than L.5000. He goes first to Lisbon, to confer with the Portuguese government on the question he has so much at heart; and in the course of a few months we may hope to hear of his doing great things towards the introduction of trade among the natives of Africa. He is now independent; and being so thoroughly self-reliant, he will not be one to shrink from any labours which may seem to him a duty. Apart from the story of his adventures, his book is valuable for the incidental glimpses of character it affords, for its plain dealing with the faults and blunders of the Cape government, and with the want of moral conscience among the Boers. We may mention here that Lord Clarendon has promised that a vessel shall be despatched forthwith to explore the Zambesi. Good news this for cutlers and cotton-spinners.

Mr Fortune, who has come home, and written a third book about China, has had an offer from the United States government of the agency for the introduction and culture of Chinese productions within the States. —We are to have now a weekly mail to India, and there is some talk of introducing our alphabet for native use into that country.—At Irkutsk—far away within the Arctic Circle—the Russians have a gymnasium or college, in which German was one of the languages taught. By a recent ukase, German is to be dropped in favour of English, or, as the imperial document has it, 'the American language.' The Russians have a settlement at the mouth of the Amoor, to which the Americans trade; hence, to facilitate intercourse, this language is to be studied in the schools. A few years ago, we gave a brief summary of an American's project for an exploration of the Amoor, and to penetrate to the interior of Tatary along the great stream.

News has been received from Mr Palliser, who, as we mentioned some months ago, started with an expedition to explore unknown parts of British North America, between the head-waters of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. The region comprehends 112,000 square miles, inhabited partly by Indians. A primary object of the expedition is, to find a practicable passage across the Rocky Mountains in that latitude, by which safe communication may be established between Canada and Vancouver's Island—a matter likely to become of great importance. At the date of his dispatches, Mr Palliser was at Red River settlement—a place of which it is said that it has been helped into helplessness; and he intended to winter at Carlton House Fort, and to get across to the Pacific in the course of 1858. He had visited the Kakabaka Falls on White Fish River, which plunge down a height of 171 feet, and he considers that they form a grander spectacle than Niagara.

We learn from Norway, that the last winter in Greenland was so unusually severe, that five hundred persons died of hunger, owing to their ordinary supplies being cut off by the terrible weather. Let us hope that the present winter is merciful to Captain M'Clintock and his little band of adventurers who are out to search for relics of Franklin.—We add to this a fact about our own weather. On that wet Thursday, October 22, which broke up the dry season, two and a half inches of rain fell, thus giving in one day more than a tenth of the whole annual rainfall. The London districts included in the Registrar-general's Reports comprise 78,000 acres, and it has been computed that twenty million tons of water fell within that area on the day in question.

BANK-NOTES.

BANKS AS THEY WERE, ARE, AND OUGHT TO BE.

BANKERS used to consider themselves [some still do] bound to have a positive knowledge of the soundness of the parties upon whose bills they advanced the money of their customers. They discounted, in fact, within the circle of their own acquaintance; they gave legitimate help to legitimate trading, they distributed the help fairly; and they kept, besides, a sufficient reserve to make them easy about the demands of their depositors. Of course, on this system no large interest, if any interest at all, could be allowed upon deposits; and fortunes were not to be made in a few years.

Gradually, however, has grown up a totally different system, and, under stress of unhealthy competition, banking has been driven from its safe and honest course. The banks and bill-brokers have become the upholders of fictitious credit, and the finders of capital for the conduct of enormous businesses by men of no means. Instead of discounts belonging to real trade, they keep afloat millions upon millions of bills that represent no value whatever; and uphold a rotten competition, that robs fair traders of their rightful profits, and involves honest men in the ruin of rogues. The joint-stock banks keep little or no reserve of their customers' money: it is out on mortgage, out on ships, out on loans at fixed periods, out on bills, out on call with the bill-brokers. By these shifts, they pay large dividends, and run large risks, at the peril of their shareholders and depositors.

Surely no one imagines that the Liverpool Borough Bank, the Western of Scotland, the Staffordshire and Wolverhampton, or the Northumberland and Durham district bank, have been compelled to close their doors from losses in the true business of banking. It is not as bankers, but as traders, as money-lenders, as builders of ships and warehouses, as pushers of trade and stampers of worthless bills for bankrupts or penniless men, that they have failed. The closing of their doors comes of a career deserving exposure and punishment, and the non-exposure of which, more than the failure of the banks, is a public calamity.—'R.' in the *Leader*. The remedy proposed is, that the Bank of England shall charge 1 per cent. additional on re-discounts.

CURRENCY AND CAPITAL.

The omission to keep in view the double function performed by gold and convertible bank-notes of serving at once as *capital* and *currency*, has led the public mind into inextricable confusion on the subject of restriction, of which the advocates of unrestricted issues have largely availed themselves. The mystery may be cleared up by calling the managers and directors of the Western Bank, and others in similar circumstances, and the insolvent merchants to whom they have advanced the capital and deposits of their confiding customers, before a committee of the House of Commons, and examining them as to the causes of the present commercial embarrassments. Let the merchants be asked—When you had funds of your own in any of the banks of your district, did you find a difficulty in obtaining *currency* with which to conduct your exchanges both at home and abroad? They could give only one answer—'No.' Let the next question be—'When you extended your transactions beyond the limits of your own resources, was it *currency* as a medium of exchange that you wanted, or *capital?*' Only one answer could be returned to this question—'It was capital.' Then let them be asked: 'Do banks supply capital to manufacturers and merchants?' They would probably answer, 'Yes; that is one of the objects of their institution.' 'Whence, then, do the banks derive the capital which they lend?' 'From their shareholders and depositors.' 'When you say that the *currency* is deficient, do you mean that all the gold and convertible bank-notes in the United Kingdom are not sufficient to enable merchants to buy goods and pay debts in any part of the world, provided they possess a legitimate command over these by having deposits or balances at their credit with their bankers?' We should like to hear their answer to this question. It could not, consistently with reason, be in the negative. We should follow it up by asking: 'Or, do you mean that persons who are carrying on trade greatly beyond the limits of their own resources, and have no balances of their own with their bankers, find it difficult, especially when their solvency comes to be doubted, to obtain gold and bank-notes, on easy terms, to serve them as *capital* in sustaining their overgrown transactions?' The answer to this question would, we think, bring out the fact, that *currency* has never been wanting to those who hold balances with their bankers; and that it has been gold and bank-notes to *officiate as capital* that embarrassed traders have really been demanding.

We should then proceed: 'When the banks have advanced, in loans and discounts to merchants, all their subscribed capital, and as large a portion of their deposits as they should, in prudence, part with—if these do not suffice to supply the wants of men who are trading on borrowed capital—is it the duty of government to come to the aid of such borrowers, and permit the banks to issue notes for their accommodation, without reference to their ability to convert them into specie on demand?' The answer to this question would, in our opinion, shew that the opponents of the Bank Restriction Act, under the equivoque that the *currency* is deficient, really demand an unlimited supply of inconvertible bank-notes, which may serve *them* as *capital* in maintaining their speculations.—*Scotsman newspaper.*

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID.

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal the commencement of

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A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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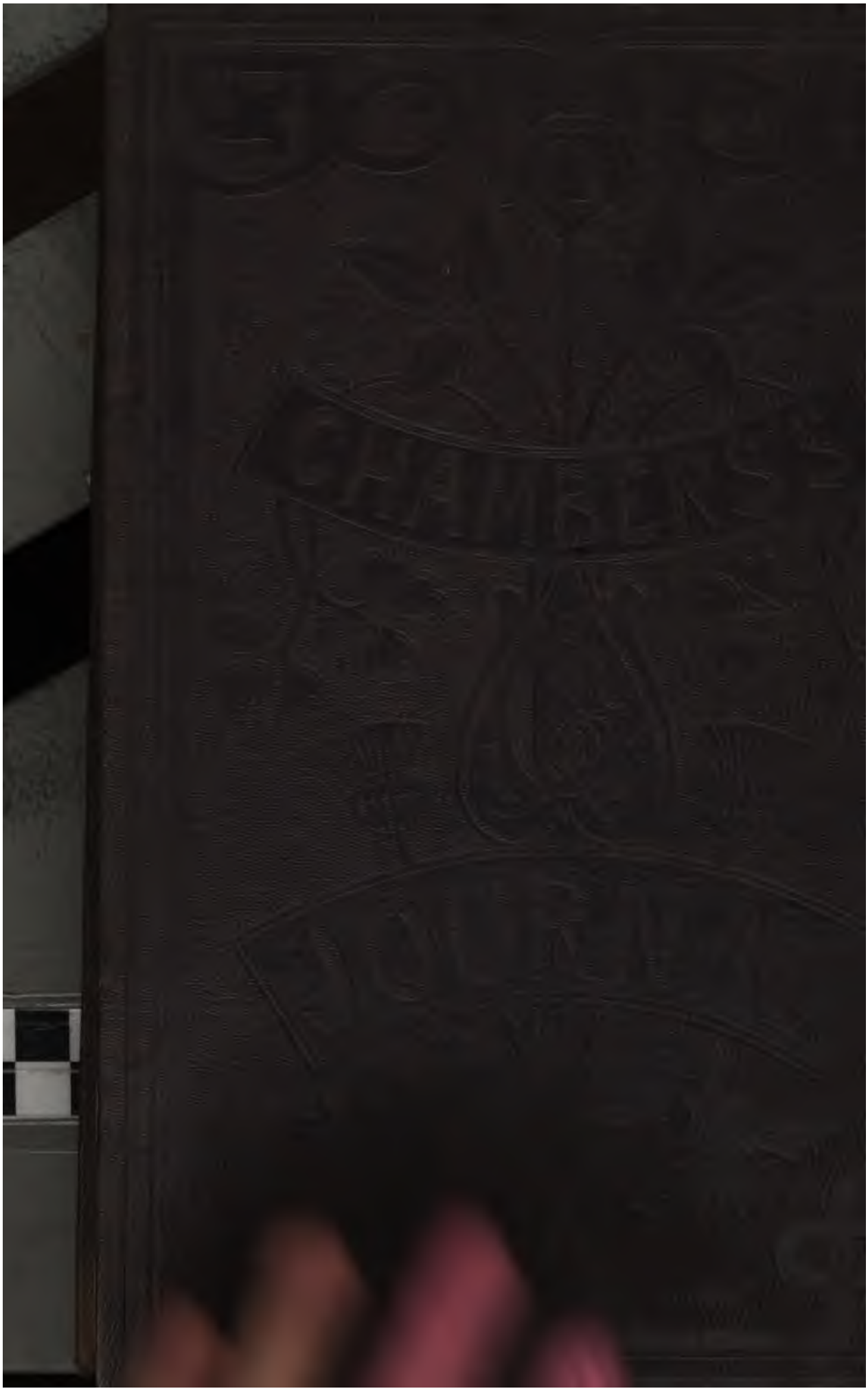
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